

THE
PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL:

AN ILLUSTRATED

Weekly Miscellany

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF
PAID TO THE



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THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

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[DEATH OF GENERAL SIR GEORGE CATHOART.]

ADDRESS.

THIS Journal has been established with the view of benefitting the PATRIOTIC FUND, it being intended that, during the continuance of the war, the whole of the

profits shall be devoted to the purposes of that benevolent exchequer. The idea has had its origin in that practical feeling of sympathy for the British soldier which, we rejoice to think, is co-extensive with the limits of the empire he so valiantly defends. That it should be so is

alike honourable to the heart and understanding of the nation; since, not only does it argue an intelligent appreciation of the soldier's relation to the State, but also testifies to that sense of moral rectitude which prompts us to requite his services by means more effective than words. At all periods of the world's history, the claim of the soldier upon the friendship of his country has, in civilised communities, been unhesitatingly admitted. Nor has this claim been interpreted in a purely personal sense as referring to the soldier only; it has also been held to include all such members of his humble household as, allied to him, whether by blood or marriage, were dependent on him for support. The principle was fully recognised in ancient times. The Athenians received the wives and children of slain soldiers into the tutelage of the State, and deemed it the first duty of citizenship to provide for those, whom a zeal for the commonwealth had deprived of their legitimate protectors. The soldier carried this thought with him into the battle-field, and in the hour of mortal conflict fought none the less valiantly for the confidence it inspired, that even though he should fall, those who were dearest to him on earth would not be forsaken. Indeed the moral grandeur of his sacrifice and the dignified attitude that that man was sure to assume in history, who laid down his life in the cause of his fatherland, were in themselves sufficient to avert from his family such a misfortune, and from his country such a reproach. No dignity was comparable to his who sealed with his blood the covenant of his fidelity to the land that bore him. It is not easy to imagine how any man's claim upon our gratitude can be paramount to his who not only protects our life at the cost of his own, but insures to us that exemption from aggression, or, in a word, that *liberty* without which life were not worth the acceptance of an intelligent being. If he survive the perilous experiment, let us wreath for him an unfading garland, and reserve for him the richest honours in our gift; if he fall in the heroic attempt, how otherwise may we attest our gratitude than by planting on his grave the laurel we had designed for his brow, and throwing the shield of parental solicitude around those who saw in him, not only their country's champion, but their own personal protector—the author of their *earthly being*, or the partner of their domestic destinies. The soldier is under a chivalrous contract with his country to cherish and protect her to “the last gasp of truth and loyalty;” but his country has also a sacred contract to perform in his regard. Patriotism exacts from the soldier a bitter tribute—death; from the citizen a less glorious but not less valuable service—beneficence. And it appears to us that the citizen's obligation is imperative in the degree that the cause the soldier defends is holy, and his defence of it heroic. Assuming this to be so, there never was a period when the claims of the British soldier were more urgent and inevitable than at the present moment, for

Europe has pronounced this to be a just, honourable, and necessary war; and all nations are of accord in praising the chivalry with which the allied armies have conducted it. The soldiers of France and England have more than upheld the traditional renown of their arms, and their heroism will endure comparison with the most famous conflicts of antiquity. Not Cannæ, not Thrasymenus, not Thermopylae itself, has witnessed deeds of more heroic daring, scenes of more romantic gallantry, than those which have shed the lustre of an undying glory on the banks of the Alma, the valley of Balaklava, and the crimsoned cliffs of Inkermann. To make adequate provision for the maintenance of the families of our killed and wounded soldiers by means of a State endowment, would be altogether out of the question; and, even though the thing were possible, it would be a reproach to any country to satisfy, in such a manner, a claim to which her national honour is committed. Justice and honour are alike concerned in this matter: and nothing, surely, could be more abhorrent to the honest pride of an Englishman, than that that should be exacted as a tax which he is willing to present as the free and unbidden offering of a grateful and generous heart. Mercy has no legitimate connection with machinery. It falleth “like the gentle dew from Heaven,” and so falling, refreshes, exhilarates, and delights, but never does it come with less of blessing to its recipient than when it is pumped at him with the piston of parliament, through the hose of taxation. Sensible of this truth, the English people have engaged in a movement which, though it has the grace and dignity which the sanction of the SOVEREIGN is so well calculated to bestow, is yet a great effort of voluntary benevolence, springing spontaneously from the heart of the nation, and deriving nothing either of authority or regulation from the Legislature. The benevolent ingenuity of the country is everywhere busy with expedients to promote the success of the undertaking, and it has occurred to the ORIGINATORS OF THIS JOURNAL, that the establishment of a weekly periodical whose entire profits shall be devoted to the Patriotic Fund, would afford to a large class of the public an easy, frequent, and inexpensive, but at the same time very effective opportunity for testifying their sympathy in so noble a cause. It is with this purpose that the “PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL” is now established: and with a view to the satisfaction of the public, it is proposed that an auditor shall be appointed to report the results of the weekly sales to the Royal Commissioners, whose receipts for the amounts paid to the Fund shall be published at short intervals.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to add, that the “JOURNAL” shall be conducted with spirit and talent, and that no labour shall be spared to achieve for it such a literary character as may give it other claims to consideration, besides those for which it is indebted to the excellence of its intention.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR GEORGE CATHEART.

THE prowess of the Allied troops in the East, so remarkable in every contest, was never shewn in a more glorious and decisive manner than at INKERMANN—a name that will be associated in the annals of fame with the most distinguished battles in ancient or modern warfare. All our readers are acquainted with the stirring incidents of that eventful day, the 5th of November, when through the gloom of a damp and misty Sabbath morning, 50,000 Russians advanced with guns and ammunition carts to a position in front of the right wing of the British army, and were received with that cool and determined courage which has won for the British soldier imperishable renown. The battle of Inkermann, it has been justly observed, "admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and vallies, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, until our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France." Passing over the details of the conflict in which the brave Colonel Gambier was severely wounded, we would allude, more particularly, to the event which our artist has selected for his subject, the death of the heroic and excellent General Cathcart.

Sir George, seeing his men massacred by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, to rally them. He perceived at the same time that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, "Have you not got your bayonets?" As he led on his men, it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A dreadful volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill, with diminished ranks, and the loss of near 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body.

Thus perished, on the field of glory, one of the noblest men that ever graced the annals of their country. A grateful nation will never forget the sorrowful circumstances attending the warrior's death, and, amidst the thanksgiving for so signal a victory, the name of General Sir George Cathcart will be mentioned with affectionate respect and admiration.

The family of Cathcart is of great antiquity: Reinaldus de Kethcart appears a subscribing witness to a grant by Alan, the son of Walter Dapifex Regis, of the patronage

of the church of Kethcart, in the monastery of Paisley, in the year 1178. From this Reinaldus lineally descended Sir Alan Cathcart, whose valour at the battle of Loudoun Hill, in 1307, is thus recorded:—

"A knight that then was in his rout,
Worthy and wight, stewart and stout,
Courteous and fair, and of good fame,
Sir Alan Cathcart was his name."

The Cathcarts have for a long period been distinguished in arms. Alan, the third Lord Cathcart, was killed at the battle of Pinkie, in 1547. Charles, the eighth baron, distinguished himself as a military officer in 1715, particularly at the battle of Sheriffmuir. Lord Cathcart, who served as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Fontenoy, 1705; and the father of the hero of Inkermann, William Shaw, tenth baron, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the expedition to Copenhagen, and was rewarded on his return by the honour of the British peerage, and who was advanced, in 1813, to the dignity of Earl Cathcart.

The Hon. Sir George Cathcart served in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 in Germany, as aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, and was engaged at Lutzen on the 3rd of May; Bautzen, 20th and 21st May; Dresden, 28th August; Leipzig, 16th, 18th and 19th October, 1813. Brienne, 1st February; Bar-sur-Aube, Arcis, 21st March; and Fère Champanoise, 25th March, 1814. Served also in the campaign of 1815, as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, and was present at the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo.

THE ABSENT BRAVE.

Tell them breezes, swiftly flying
To that far-off Eastern land—
England weeps each brave son dying,
Proud of her heroic band!

Tell them Fame twines wreaths of glory,
For the warrior's dauntless brow,
And narrates in deathless story,
All the ills he's suffering now.

Days of battle; nights so weary;
Hunger, thirst, and biting cold;
Through these watchful nights so dreary—
Thoughts of home, though deep, untold!

Tell them breezes, swiftly flying—
Tell them loving hearts are here,
Watching, longing, hoping, sighing—
Let this thought their vigils cheer—

That the Sabbath bells are ringing,
In their own green native land;
While, from every heart are springing,
Prayers for that devoted band!

Or, as sets the sun in glory,
Far behind the boat's rous wave,
Maiden's fondly heed the story,
Trembling for the absent brave!

Tell them Hope the bark is steering—
Tell them succour's nigh at hand!—
Days are dawning bright and cheering
Comfort from their native land!

At the battle of Inkermann, a sergeant in one of the English regiments found himself by accident for a short time alone in advance. He was immediately beset by five Russians. He shot one, bayoneted another, and fell before the attack of the other three. They had given him five wounds, when he felt a horse's hoof near his head. The Russians fled, he jumped up as he could, and found himself dragged upon the horse and being carried to the rear for some 200 yards. When in safety, his preserver, a French officer, took his hand, kissed it, left him and returned to the front. That sergeant said, he would give a great deal to know who the general officer was that rescued him.

WHY I TOOK THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.

TIME has set some wrinkles in my forehead, and strewn my head with some white hairs, since that cheerless December night, when thinking myself the most unhappy of mankind, and believing myself, in my foolish thought, to be persecuted by fate beyond all hope of remedy, I left my house and home and all that knew me, or were dear to me on earth, with the resolution to go and be a soldier, and get killed upon some battle-field. Let us gather to-night round the winter-fire; and while the talk of war, of high heroic deeds, and hardships nobly borne, rings in our ears, we will call up the ghosts of those days to tell the story of my soldier-life.

The glowing ashes, as I sit musing and looking into them, are full of images and shadows of those times; but brighter and clearer in my mind's eye is the picture of that quiet home where I spent my childhood. It is an ancient but well-preserved house, beside an antique, sculptured gateway in a cathedral city. It is, in fact, within the cathedral close—as trim, and neat, and quiet as itself. A sycamore stands before the door, and throws a shade upon the house, and on the pebbled footway in the heat of the day. Over our window is a black bust of Homer with a hand across his hair, and large blind eyeballs which frightened me to look at when I was a child: underneath this are the words "Luke Pennington, bookseller;" and through the small well-polished window-panes you see the backs of folio volumes—most in antique binding—standing in their shelves. Who but a bookseller, and a grave divinity bookseller, would have thought of setting up in business in that still retreat? and who but such a grave and solitary man as my father would have thought of setting up there either as a bookseller or otherwise?

When I think of myself, living in the solemn shade of those old cathedral towers, stealing away to school at an old verger's—also within the cathedral close—where I sat among five other boys, sedate and quiet as myself, and everything else around us, every one of them looking older than he was, and all living on the spot, and belonging to parents in some way connected with the cathedral—when I remember myself, a little later, sitting in my father's shop, gravely at work in labelling volumes or writing accounts, seeing but three or four customers all day, or watching the long bar of dusty sunlight coming in at the door and creeping up the walls, making the faded gilt upon the book grow bright and new again—when I think what a meek, quiet, inoffensive youth such a life had made me, I wonder how I could ever have looked likely enough to make a soldier, for any recruiting sergeant to risk a Queen's bright shilling on such a poor speculation.

To tell the truth, I was an awkward, ungainly boy—a queer, solemn, old-fashioned figure, that would have been quizzed, and stared at or ridiculed into something better, if I had not lived among people as odd, and uncouth as myself. I wore a waistcoat with flaps, and a long-tailed coat, something like what was in fashion in the latter part of the last century. An aged barber, whom my father liked, used to cut my hair, leaving it very short on the forehead, and very long at the sides, as you see in the portraits of boys of a hundred years ago. Such a dress was held to be a token of a quiet and obedient spirit; and my father and the people whom he knew were as severe in such matters as a colony of Quakers. Old church dignitaries, when they came to purchase

books, viewed me and my costume with an eye of favour, spoke well of me to my father, and inwardly resolved to continue their patronage to the son, whenever he might die or give up business. So I grew up, happy to sit in a corner and read when the labours of the day were over, or to take a solitary walk, or to retire in dull weather to a dull bedroom, there to practise solemn tunes upon a flute.

Now, all who have read the story of Cymon and Iphigenia, in Dryden's Fables, will guess that I fell in love, and so became changed, as most young men are who fall in love. And so I did; but the change was slow and cost me many a pang as you shall hear.

My schoolmaster, Jabez Low, had a daughter, whose name was Margaret. She was a pretty girl, but the prim and old-fashioned spirit of our people had fallen upon her also. Her father, who was a widower like mine, dressed her like the portrait of her grandmother, taken when she was a pretty little girl. She managed his household, when a mere child, and did not mind her monotonous life; though I think she was naturally more cheerful than we were. Her activity astonished me, and made me regard her with a kind of wonder. But she was shy, and spoke little. I have met her sometimes in the street, and she would pass me with a timid good morning, and never raise her eyes from the ground. I was but a lad then, and was quite as timid in her presence as she was in mine. I liked to be in the house, and would often stay there on a holiday, having some lessons to prepare: but Margaret rarely spoke to me, or I to her. One day, however, I said to her (I had known her about two years then):—

"Margaret."

She cleared her voice, and answered faintly, "Yes."

"Do you," I asked, "do you like to hear any one play the flute?"

"Yes, I think I do."

I hesitated awhile, thinking what I should say next; but not being able to decide upon anything, I held my tongue, like a foolish fellow as I was. I had a faint wish that she would remember that I played the flute, and desire me to produce it and play an air to amuse her; but she said nothing and I went away.

This unfortunate allusion to the flute increased our embarrassment. I wished that I had never spoken of it, or that, having spoken of it, I should at least have finished what I wished to say. But the opportunity was gone, and at the bottom of my faint, foolish heart, I felt as if it could never come again. But one hot, summer afternoon, finding myself again alone with her, and hearing through the open window the chanting of the chorister boys, who were practising in the cathedral, I ventured to say again, very faintly—

"Margaret."

She looked up from her work, and waited for me to go on.

"Can you hear the chorister boys?"

"I was listening to them," replied Margaret.

"Do you like to hear them?"

"Very much: I like all music."

"Would you like me, by and bye, to play you something on the flute?"

"Very much, if you will be so good," replied Margaret.

When the choristers had ceased, I dipped my hand deep down in the pockets of my long-tailed coat, and pulled up, very awkwardly, and one by one, the pieces of my worn, yellow, cracked, and string-boned flute, and

prepared, with much wetting of the joints, to fit them together. So Margaret, with a composed face, listened patiently, while I, comically screwing my tongue into the vent-hole, commenced a plaintive air, leaning against the door-post and with my legs crossed, in the manner of a poetical shepherd piping to his flock. Oh, that I had an artist's skill to sketch that droll beginning of a boy's courtship!

Jabez Low entered while I was playing, and, opening the door sharply, struck the flute by accident out of my hand, scattering it in pieces over the floor. He helped me to gather them up from under tables and out-of-the-way places into which they had rolled, but Margaret did not smile throughout the whole scene. In spite of her education, she had, at the bottom of her nature, a sense of the droll or ridiculous that must have caught something of the oddity of our proceedings; but she merely offered to help us, and seemed really sorry for the interruption.

How many times I dipped down into my long-tailed pocket, and brought up my sections of a flute, and wetted and screwed them together; how many dismal airs I played; how often I listened with her to the chanting of the choristers, before I began to suspect my boy's passion, I cannot tell, or try to tell, without laughing at myself.

I had come to man's estate; my father had died, and I had succeeded to his business, and to some little property which he had left to myself and to my aunt, who lived with me and assisted me in the business. I might already have been dreaming of marrying and settling, if I had been a bold youth; but I was not a bold youth, and, as yet, I thought not of such things. As for Margaret Low, I knew I liked her, and I thought she liked me, and that she did not dislike my performances on the flute; but seeing her constantly, it had never struck me to speak to her of my affection.

One night, sitting with her and her father—for I generally spent my evenings with them—she told me that she was going to London, on a visit to a relative. I have not forgotten how that sudden announcement affected me. I asked her how long she would be absent?

"I do not know," replied Margaret; and, as I thought, with unfeeling coolness. "I may perhaps stay there six months."

"She goes to be a companion for her cousin," interrupted Jabez Low, with the same cold and unfeeling tone. "My brother thinks it will make her more womanly."

"More womanly!" I repeated dreamily.

"They say that to live awhile in London will do me good. I don't know why," said Margaret.

"Nor do I," remarked I.

"My niece pressed for her to come," cried Jabez Low, "and I can't refuse her anything."

That was all! That was the only explanation which they thought to give me of the reason for our separation. She was to depart on the third morning after; and I began to grow very miserable, and to imagine accidents and misfortunes of all kinds. It would not interest any one to know the silly things I thought and said in those three days, nor what I whispered to her when we walked together on the night before she started, under the sycamores in the cathedral-yard. Nor will I tell what she said in answer; for that is a secret which, even after many years, I have no right to tell. We parted happy enough, I think, though I had little more than a half-promise of her affection. I pressed her to write to me from London, and she consented. That was all; but it was a great stride for me to make, and it consoled me for her absence.

Many months—long wearisome months, I thought them—passed away. She had kept her promise, and had written to me at least one letter for every five I scribbled at my desk among the books. The time drew near when, with a passion strengthened by long absence, I was to meet her again—the time when my flute, grown dry and dusty with neglect, was to be screwed together once more, to please her, as I thought. Her cousin was to come with her, and I went to meet the coach upon a cold November-day. I walked so far to meet them that, when the coach passed me, and they smiled and nodded at me from the window, I had to toil after them on foot. This made me half an hour behind, and, I dare say, made me look foolish enough in their eyes; but I thought nothing of that when Margaret shook my hand so cordially, and with nothing of the old timidity, and said how glad she was to be at home again; and that it was kind indeed in me to come so far to meet them.

But Margaret was indeed much changed. Her dress was better and more fashionable, like that of her cousin. Her manner was not over-bold, but she was more lively than she had been. She talked of London and the sights she had seen there; she laughed with her cousin, who was far more lively than she was, about the things they had seen and the persons they had met, until I began to feel as if I belonged to a different sphere from theirs. An unmeasurable distance seemed to have been placed between her and me. I felt uneasy with them, and her cousin's sly glances, beautiful as she was, and the power, so strange to me, which she possessed of ridiculing all things, made me dread her. It was rare that I found Margaret alone now; and when I did, a something in her tone and manner chilled me—I believed that her cousin ridiculed me behind my back, and I began to hate her in my heart. I consulted Jabez Low about it; but he said he could not control his daughter in such matters, or make her other than she was.

I could not bear this. So after neglecting my flute and my business, and falling into a habit of wandering about the town at night, or lingering near old Jabez Low's house, I resolved one evening to speak to Margaret seriously, and learn whether she still had any love for me. Poor Margaret! I do not blame her now, when I remember what an awkward, eccentric fellow I must have seemed to her, if she had learned to feel ashamed of me. But that night I felt nothing but the coolness of her manner, and what seemed to me, her cruel indifference. My heart was too full to speak much, but when I left her, bidding her a tremulous good night, it was with the determination never to see her any more.

All that night, I lay awake revolving many things in my mind; and before the evening of the next day, I had settled my plans. I could not stay in the town—the house in which I lived, and the places I had been accustomed to, had become hateful to me. About dusk (it was in the winter time, and on a cold and windy day, after long rains)—I stole up into my bed-room, and packing up a few articles in a kind of knapsack, and taking a little money with me, I wrote a letter for the aunt with whom I lived, and placed it on my table that she might find it there when I was gone; I told her that I intended to enlist in the army, and gave her some directions for carrying on our business. After which I broke my flute into small pieces, and cast them into the grate; and then taking my bundle, I crept stealthily down stairs, and went out, shutting the door noiselessly behind me.

Oh, it was a cheerless night indeed! far more cheerless than ever night appeared to me before or since. The old cathedral clock was striking seven; but the yard was as dark, and silent, and deserted, as if it had been midnight; for the wind whistled in the leafless trees, and penetrated into the oil-lamps, and made their miserable flames quiver, as if they too felt the cold. I hesitated a moment—not with any wavering in my purpose, but with the desire to look again at old Jabez Low's house before I bade farewell for ever to the well-known place. My determination was soon taken, and I stole up to the door and looked in at the windows. In the lower room, where I used to play the flute to Margaret, a fire was burning and I could see the shadow of a woman's figure on the wainscot. I heard sounds of talking and laughing, and recognised the voices of Margaret and her cousin, though I could not distinguish their words. They were sitting there without candles; but the blazing fire was reflected strongly on the walls, and cast a light into the street. I did not wait there long. The cheerful room, the merriment of its inmates, compared with the desolate aspect of all without, and my self-inflicted misery, made me feel bitterly against them. I turned away quickly, and passing our house again without ever looking at it, I hurried through the back streets of the town, and kept on—sometimes walking, sometimes running—till I got upon the highway.

My destination was a sea-port town, nearly twelve miles distant; and the roads were dark and heavy with the rains; but I walked so fast, that it was but ten o'clock as I came into the streets of the town. Most of its shops were closed, and as I was ashamed to ask where the recruiting-sergeant's quarters were, I walked about some time without finding them. I was standing at the corner of a street, hesitating whether to take a lodging for that night, and seek the place I wanted in the morning, when a man approached me; and to my surprise, inquired where the soldiers were enlisted.

"I do not know," said I. "I am myself in quest of the place."

"Why, it is Mr. Pennington!" exclaimed the stranger.

I started at the sound of my own name, as if I had been guilty of forgery, and were flying from justice. I did not remember the stranger's voice; but looking at his face, as we stood near the lamp, I recognised him for a son of the hair-cutter, for whom my father had so great an esteem.

"Yes," I stammered. "Are you going to enlist for a soldier?"

"Yes; and you?"

"I was thinking of so doing," I faltered, for I was taken so much by surprise, that I had no power to prevaricate.

"And a prime life it is too," said he.

"Do you think so," I asked.

"Sure of it," he answered, so confidently, and with such a cheerful tone, that it struck a kind of life into me. "But what makes you think of soldiering? I always thought you too fond of a quiet life for that."

"A whim," said I; "I cannot tell you any more."

"I understand it," said my companion. "You were tired of the dull, old-fashioned life we led there. What man of spirit could stay at home, as I have done, to be treated for ever as a lad—to be dressed in clothes fitted for my great-grandfather, and to be compelled to cut people's hair all one way, till they looked like scarecrows. Not I, forsooth, while there is a soldier's life

open to you—a short life it may be; but a bold and noble one."

"I am afraid you will find it a hard life too," said I. "If you would heed my counsel I would advise you to return."

"Nay, Mr. Pennington," he answered, "my mind is made up; so if you will not go with me, I must go alone."

There was something in the lad's manner which pleased me, and made me unwilling to part with him, so I desisted from my attempt to dissuade him, and walked away beside him. He left me once or twice to make inquiries, and finally we turned down a narrow lane, and stopped at the door of a humble public house.

"This is the place," said my companion; "red curtains and painted cheques—'tis the 'Lord Ligonier.'"

I followed him quickly up the steps, ashamed to show less alacrity than he did; but my companion stopped short upon the threshold, and whispered in my ear.

"What name?"

"I don't know," said I. "The sergeant is a stranger to me."

My companion laughed loudly at my simplicity, and said, "Not his name; yours."

"Pennington," I answered.

"Oh! very well," he returned. "You give your own name, do you?"

"I had not thought about that," said I, suddenly perceiving the inconvenience that might arise from giving my own name.

"I thought so," replied my friend. "Now I have a capital idea for you, which I think you will say is a great deal better than false names. Let us change names."

"Where is the advantage of that," I asked.

"Everywhere," he returned. "It may mystify friends at home and set them on the wrong track, which is what I want to do, till I get out of England. And next it is a whim I have. See here! I was going in first as Gabriel Harvey, you next as Luke Pennington: now if we change places, and change names too, we may be said to have changed lots, and may see in each other what we might have come to."

My companion drew back as he spoke; and at that moment, the door opened, and a portly soldier, in a gold-laced cap, said in a husky voice:

"What you might come to? Did I hear any man about to enter the service of his country, ask what he might come to? Oh! Mr. Landlord; you tell 'em, do, what you've seen. What rawboned, ragged lads, you've known to come back with a sword at their sides, and gold epaulettes upon their shoulders, blessing the day when they came into the 'Lord Ligonier,' and inviting you to draw anything you liked at their expense."

The sergeant held the door wide, and the landlord, in his comfortable bar, nodded and winked at us as we entered. The sergeant led the way into a large room, where a dozen ill-clad and half-furnished-looking men were sitting by a fire. They looked at me as I came in; one sullen-looking fellow said something, and another laughed a hoarse laugh.

"Manners, gentlemen!" said the sergeant. "These are real gentlemen, and they'll do credit to your corps: they enlist to see a little of the world—they're not ragged-muffins." At this the one who had laughed before, laughed louder, and even the sullen one yawned, and stretched himself, and uttered something like a laugh. I caught the sergeant eyeing them sternly; but as soon as

he felt my look upon him, his countenance relaxed into the artificial smile which it had worn at first.

"And now, gentlemen," said he, "I hope you'll not be offended if I ask you to get a shilling's worth of anything you please at my expense. I know you're not in want of money; but it will be doing me a pleasure. And may I ask your name?"

"Gabriel Harvey," said my companion, interposing, and answering for me.

"Good: and yours?"

"Luke Pennington."

My companion and I took our seats, at some distance from the group around the fire, where we sat till bedtime, and the next morning we were marched away to the barracks of a town some miles distant.

And thus I found myself a soldier. If I had had any misgivings up to this point, I had certainly none now. My lot I felt was cast; and I was determined not to refuse. As for Margaret, I never thought of her save as sitting by a cheerful fire, careless of what might have become of me. The world and I had parted for ever; and I heard with delight that the regiment for which I was intended was ordered to go abroad.

It was sometime however before I became sufficiently drilled to fulfil my duties satisfactorily. My companion was quick and active; but the habits of my former life were difficult to shake off. For some time I went through my exercises in the clothes which I had worn on the day when I enlisted, and my quaint-cut garments excited the ridicule of my companions. They endeavoured to annoy me, but I exhibited a determination to resist which deterred most of them, though one of them, a strong and daring fellow, named Pearson, never failed to jeer me when he saw me. I bore this quietly, though I think he saw by my manner that it would be dangerous to presume too far upon my silence; but one evening, as I was crossing the barrack-yard, he met me, and winking to his companions, advanced quietly towards me: then suddenly snatching my hat from my head, he flung it away among the crowd. I had never known till then, in my quiet way of life, how angry I might feel under provocation; nor had I, until then, learnt the secret of my own strength. I doubled my fist, and struck him a violent blow in the face, and seeing him reeling, I struck him again and again, until he fell to the ground. His comrades raised him, and he attacked me furiously; but I met him coolly, and parried most of his blows, until I found an opportunity of closing with him, and throwing him again. In this way I soon tired him; for I found to my surprise that—strong as he was—I was the stronger; and finally his companions drew him away. He never annoyed me after this, nor did I ever hear again any of the jeers that I had borne so patiently.

It would not interest any one to tell how by degrees I threw off all my old habits, as easily as I had cast off my antique garments—how I began to laugh at my former self, to like the manly life of a soldier, and to look upon the world with a more cheerful eye. I had not forgotten Margaret; and when I remembered how ridiculous I must have appeared to her at times, I half forgave her for the unkindness which had driven me out—a wanderer on the earth. But I had chosen my way of life, and I was too proud to go back.

My regiment was sent to India, and many a hard fight we were in there, both in skirmishes, and in great battles. My comrade, Gabriel Harvey—or Luke Pennington, as by our strange compact I was compelled to call him—

was always by my side—not to cheer me, for I did not want that, but to enliven me with his company through many a day of hardship and danger. Often as we have sat by the embers of a fire, at night, I have looked at him sleeping, and thought of the words he used upon the night when we enlisted, and of his strange idea, that by taking my place, and name also, he would, in fact, be exchanging lots with me. There was something fantastic in it which pleased me. It was the idea of the gambler, who changing places with his partner, feels a strange pleasure in seeing what ill fortune he has escaped, or what riches he might have won. It was as if I had become disembodied, and could watch my former self, and calmly note its destiny. When he was sick, as he once was for some time, I have tended, and felt a strange fascination compelling me to think of the possibility of his death, and to shudder at the idea, as if it were my own death, which nevertheless by some strange power, I should be able to contemplate myself. A kind of awe stole upon me at such times, and if he were asleep, I have felt compelled to rise, and listen for his breathing, to assure myself that he was still in life.

One day we had been upon a heavy march in an enemy's country, and it was our turn to watch at an outpost during a part of the night. I met Gabriel as I was going, and told him how weary I was, and he cautioned me by no means to let sleep overpower me; and so with our customary good-night we parted. It was a fine night, in the mild season—starlight, but no moon shining. I walked to and fro for some time, and thought of Gabriel's words; but the desire to sleep came upon me so strongly, that I could not shake it off. I knew that it was death at such a time to be found sleeping on my post; but though I walked to and fro quickly, and endeavoured to arouse myself, I found it impossible to conquer my heaviness, and I dropped upon the ground, and fell asleep. Wild and terrible dreams haunted me. The sense of the danger I incurred in sleeping continued with me, oppressing me, and breeding images of terror and distress, till at last I came back again to the thought of my criminal neglect of duty. I dreamed that I had been found there, tried, and ordered for execution. I saw the faces of the men, and the row of guns pointed at me, when just as they were about to fire, Gabriel stepped from the ranks, and covering me, received the balls from the soldiers' muskets, and fell dead. I had knelt beside him, raised him in my arms, wept over him, and tried to staunch the blood, that was flowing from a wound in his breast, with the handkerchief which the soldiers had given me to make the signal for them to fire. In the midst of this distress a voice in my ear startled me, and I awoke.

"Is that you, Gabriel," said I, clutching at him, in my anxiety. "Speak! I have had a horrid dream."

"A dream!" answered Gabriel. "Good God! the guard would have been here in another moment, and have found you sleeping!"

"I could not resist, Gabriel," said I; "my extreme weariness overcame me."

"Thank Heaven! I came to you," he replied. "I too dreamt that you had been found sleeping, and condemned to death—that I was one of those who were ordered to fire—and that—"

"You interposed to save me," I interrupted, excited by the strangeness of the incident.

"It was so," he continued, "and I fell wounded—at which point I awoke. I could not rest after that; but

came here to see if you were awake. But I hear the guard approaching—good night!”

Saying this, he glided away and disappeared so quickly, that I stood there meditating upon this singular incident, and feeling as if the whole had been a dream. The guard relieved me soon after, and I returned to our encampment, but I could not sleep again all night, but lay revolving the circumstances of my past life, and wondering where it would end, and what would be the fate of my companion.

We were roused soon after daylight, and ordered to stand to our arms; and we knew there was to be sharp work that day. Gabriel passed me to take his place—we were both sergeants now. He bade me “good morning” but he had no time to speak. He looked pale and worn, and I could have given all I possessed to have been able to speak to him of the incident of the night before, and to be assured from his own lips, that I had not dreamed the whole scene. We fought a hard battle that day; and I was wounded once in the left arm, and again through the leg which brought me to the ground. I lay there some time among the dead and wounded, and no help came to me, for the battle was still raging at a distance. I had fainted with hunger and loss of blood, and was in great fear of the pillagers, who always hover about a battle-field to rob, and murder the wounded, if they resist. At length, seeing some shrubs and bushes at a distance, I determined to try to crawl towards them, dragging myself along the ground with my right arm, as well as I was able. I had crawled several hundred yards in this way, when I found myself close to the body of one of our men, and turning aside to avoid it, something attracted my attention. Raising myself on my elbow, I looked and saw what I have seen so often since in dreams—what even now I cannot remember without a shudder. It was the body of my poor comrade Gabriel Harvey. With a sudden feeling of strength I sprang upon my feet, but fell again to the ground, and finally crawled towards him. I called him by name again and again. I dared not listen for his breathing: for though he was still warm, I knew that he was dead. Yet I continued for a long time wildly calling “Gabriel! Gabriel! pray speak to me.” I felt for my handkerchief, and held it to the wound in his breast, from which the blood still flowed; when I suddenly recollected my dream, and that it was exactly in that way that I had seemed to tend him during that terrible vision—then I thought of our compact, and the singular notions that I had had respecting it, until I felt him drop from my arms, and I fell as it were asleep.

I lay in Calcutta, at the hospital, for several months after that, first with my wounds, and next with a fever, until I recovered; when it being seen that I was lame they discharged me, and sent me back to England.

I had an odd feeling of pride, which made me resolve never to return to my native place again; never to give them tidings of me; never to claim the property which of right belonged to me; but to lose myself in the great mass of London life, working for my living, unknown and unheeded. But an irresistible desire to see my home once more—a desire such as none can know who have not left their country or wandered about as I did, grew upon me. Five years I had been absent, and I took a pleasure in picturing to myself the changes that had occurred there, and in wondering what had become of Margaret, till one day I set out to visit the old place again. I walked about the streets near dusk, and looked

at all the houses, noting the changes in the names of shopkeepers, and observing everything that was strange there; and after dark, I turned with a beating heart through the ancient gateway, into the cathedral yard. Over our window I saw another name than mine; but the black bust of Homer was there yet, and it was still a bookseller’s. Some one passed me there; but I did not dare to ask questions, and I went on anxiously to look at Jabez Low’s house. I saw at a glance that it was empty. Its lower shutters were dirty and weather-beaten, as if they had been long closed like that; and above, the bare windows looked dark and desolate, as everything else there. I thought of the night when I had looked into the lower room, and seen the fire blazing, and Margaret and her cousin there; and I knew that I had cherished a hope of seeing it again as I had left it. But the sight of the place, abandoned as it was, made me heart-sick; and I turned away. Near the gateway, I met a man, of whom I asked what had become of Jabez Low.

“Dead, sir!” he answered.

“Dead?” I repeated, as if asking indifferently. “I knew him slightly. How long has he been dead?”

“These three years, or ’twill be at Christmas.”

I recognised my informant for one of the old-fashioned boys who were my schoolfellows at Jabez Low’s. He was little changed, save that he had become older; but it is no wonder that he did not know me. I would fain have asked him about Margaret, but the words died away upon my tongue.

“And was not there a bookseller here?—a Mr. Pen—Pen—”

“Mr. Pennington,” said the man. “Do you mean young Pennington?”

“Yes.”

“Oh! he ran away for a soldier, and nobody ever heard of him after, as far as I know; his aunt gave up the business after awhile, and went to live in one of her own houses down in Carmelite Street.”

My heart was too full to ask him more. I thanked him and turned away. I knew the house in Carmelite Street to which my aunt had gone. It was an old house which had belonged to my father, and was now mine whenever I chose to own it. I resolved to go there also, and look at the place, undecided yet whether to declare myself, or to return to London once more, and let no one know of my visit.

The lower window of the house had the shutters half-closed, but I could see into the room between them. It was a cold evening in the street without—scarcely less cold than on the night when I departed, though not so windy—and the sight of that comfortable room, and the tea-things on the table, all glistening in the firelight, made the place, to such a poor homeless wanderer as I was, a paradise, from which I seemed to have been shut out for ever. Two figures were beside the fire—one was my aunt—and they were both in mourning. The stranger was a young woman, something like Margaret in figure; but I knew she would not be in mourning for her father after three years. Nevertheless, I caught the sound of her voice, and knew in a moment that it was her. Margaret, I thought, might be in mourning for another relative; but for whom was my aunt in mourning, and why was Margaret there?

A strange sensation stole upon me,—such I had not felt since that dreadful night when I held poor Gabriel Harvey in my arms upon the battle-field—a sensation as



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if I were indeed dead, and had returned to watch the living mourning for my loss. I guessed in a moment that the news of Gabriel's death had reached England in the lists of slain, and that the accident of his taking my name had led them to believe that I was dead.

I knew that the sudden surprise of my return might prove dangerous to my aunt; but I could not restrain myself. I cried aloud to her by name; I saw her start from her chair and stagger a little; but, quickly recovering, she rushed towards the door, and in a moment I stood there in her arms, with Margaret beside us weeping, and begging me to tell them that it was indeed myself come back alive.

"Aye, alive, Margaret," said I; "and a different kind of man I hope; though you may still feel ashamed of a worn-out soldier, wounded in two places and doomed to limp about upon a stick."

I told them that night all that had occurred to me since I left, and how it was that I came to be reported dead; and we sat there by the blazing fire, hour after hour, till long after midnight, never tired of talking of these things—and my aunt told me how Margaret had loved me from the first, and had worn the mourning for my death, and come to live with her. Oh! it was worth wandering for five years, and suffering all that I had suffered, to know such a night as that!

Poor Gabriel's father had died of grief for his departure, and thus was spared the pang of knowing that, he who had been reported merely wounded, owing to our change of names, had been in truth shot dead upon the field of battle. The bookseller's shop did not prosper with the new tenant as it did with us, and thus it came

again into our hands; and when Margaret and I (a newly-married couple) lived there together with my aunt, and the place was restored, and the old gilt folios ranged in their old places, we were happier than ever. Often, in the summer weather, I have looked up at my name over the door, and at the black bust of Homer, touched with the trembling shadows of the leaves, and have felt as if the story of my life was but a dream, and all these things had ever been the same.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her gently as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know,
That aught were easier than to bless.

LOWELL.

THE intense interest felt among all classes in the great work of mercy with which the name of Miss NIGHTINGALE is associated, stimulates a desire to know a few incidents of her previous life.

Florence Nightingale is the younger daughter of William Edward Nightingale, Esq., of Embley Park, Hants, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. Her mother was the daughter of William Smith, Esq., formerly M.P. for Norwich. The subject of our sketch is about 35 years of age, or, as the public have been reminded, about the age of Queen Victoria. Her personal manners and bearing display, in a certain degree, the bias of her nature, and inspire those whose high privilege it is to enjoy her confidence, with an earnest and sincere attachment. Calm and gentle, she awakens the respect and

admiration of all who come in contact with her, by the force of silent persuasion, and the eloquence of an "unspoken language." That she is a woman of strong determination of character is evidenced by her recent acts. To an intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of France, Italy, and Germany—in which languages she converses with a rare facility—Miss Nightingale adds a mastery of more than one branch of the mathematics, and several similar studies have absorbed her girlish hours. She has also been an observant traveller; every important district of Europe having been visited, with a view to acquire information on those subjects which, at an early period of her life, chiefly excited her curiosity; and she has penetrated even to the remotest sources of the Nile, and where, most probably, no Englishwoman's face had before been seen. Miss Nightingale was in Rome during the period of the present Pontiff's popularity, and after a short sojourn, left the "eternal city" while the enthusiasm in his favour was at its height. In one of these journeys, our heroine visited a peculiar institution, established on a comprehensive basis, and embracing an hospital, infant and industrial schools, and a female penitentiary. The policy of this institution of Kaiserwerth was so much in accordance with her views, that she remained there about three months, performing the arduous duties of night-watching, and complying, in all things, with the rigid discipline of the establishment. She was indeed so favourably impressed by this singular association, that she visited it again—making another prolonged stay—and published an account of its origin and management, on her return to England.* As we have already intimated, Florence Nightingale gave early indications of an extraordinary genius, and of an anxiety to glean experience wherever opportunity presented itself. But for the war, the world would perhaps have remained, for many years to come, unaware of the existence of the subject of this memoir; and few of us would have learned how to estimate her real worth. But, it must not therefore be presumed that this noble woman was idly spending those talents designed by Providence for His highest purposes. Her girlhood was distinguished by an active benevolence that is remembered with lively emotions of gratitude by the poorer inhabitants of Wellow, Lea, and Holloway—villages adjacent to her family residences. The village school, too, was the scene of her first educational efforts; and later in life she toiled—even to the sacrifice of her health—in the ragged training school of St. Anne's-street, Westminster. She subsequently undertook the duties of "Lady Superintendent" at the "Establishment for invalid gentlewomen during illness," in Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

We have now to mention the most eventful period in the life of Miss Nightingale. A cry was heard from the shores of Turkey and the Crimea—from the maimed and dying soldiery—for help to mitigate the perhaps necessary horrors of a military hospital. The appeal was not in vain. From one end of England to the other offers of assistance were poured in to the Government; and, as we write, the streams of charity are swelled by ten thousand benevolent contributions of money and material aids in endless variety. But, unquestionably, the most practical relief has been afforded by the band of devoted women who under the superintendence of Florence Nightingale, set sail for Scutari, and are now in attendance at the

bed-side of the stricken warriors of civilization, cheering the gloomy hours of sorrow, and softening the pangs of affliction, as true women only have the power and faculty to do. Lady Maria Forrester is entitled, without doubt, to the honour of being the first to suggest the formation of a band of nurses for the East. On the 11th of October last, this lady—having previously engaged three nurses—waited on Miss Nightingale, and entreated her, if possible, to take the management of the expedition, or to recommend some other competent person in her stead; Lady Forrester adding that, in default of a more suitable person being found, she would herself undertake this duty. But as Miss Nightingale yielded to her friend's request, and undertook to organise a really efficient corps of nurses, and Mr. Sidney Herbert also immediately gave his official sanction on behalf of the Government to the proposal, her ladyship "felt that her part of the work was over," and retired from active interference, expressing her satisfaction with all the arrangements that had been made.

Other writers have described the active scenes of piety and usefulness in which Miss Nightingale has been engaged since her arrival at Scutari. But in reply to the sagacious sneers and faint-hearted suggestions of the over-wise, who whispered their doubts of the possible efficiency of womanly efforts in a military hospital, it is right to give an evidence—brief, but cogent—of the complete success of the undertaking. Oh! there is more power in the "instinctive wisdom of a woman's heart" than in the stale routine of professional experience—at least in such matters as those we refer to. We will not dwell on this subject, but give the words of an eye-witness, dated Scutari, Nov. 10:—"Miss Nightingale," he says, "appears eminently qualified for the noble work she has undertaken, and I trust she may have strength to carry it out. Her labours will spare the clergy many a sad sight of men sinking for want of proper nursing, and because food cannot be administered often enough. This is impossible with only hospital orderlies; but, with the nurses, all who need will be supplied." To this testimony may be added a proof that the lesson of self-denial and patient sacrifice of the world's enjoyments have not been wasted upon ungrateful hearts; for the same authority says:—"Our soldiers are delighted with the nurses. One poor fellow burst into tears and exclaimed to me, 'I can't help crying when I see them. Only think of Englishwomen coming out here to nurse us; it is so homely and comfortable.'"

But there is still one suggestive fact told by the writer already quoted, which shows the bias of this lady, whose early life was surrounded by all the adventitious circumstances of wealth and fortune. "Lady Stratford," he remarks, "comes and sends frequently, and has made me her almoner for jellies, pies, and soups for the officers. Miss Nightingale only takes care of the men."

In the preceding narrative we have purposely endeavoured to lay before the reader a bare record of facts, and have restrained the expression of our gratitude to a woman who has so heroically vindicated the benevolent feelings of her sex, the charities of her order, and the humanity of these latter days. We have restrained the expression of an admiration we share in common with every phase of society, because we know how keenly sensitive Miss Nightingale must feel on the subject. It will be enough therefore for us to say, that in proportion as her heroism and devotion are known to the world, so must she command the respect and admiration of all good men.

* *The Institution of Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, for the Practical Training of Deaconesses, &c.* London: Hookham & Co., Bond-street.

THE FAITH OF A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

PANOLA is a small village of Old Castile, situated in that narrow part of the province where abundant fertility strongly contrasts with the sterility of the rest. An oasis in an arid desert, an Andalusian landscape hidden in the steppes of the sierra, Panola is truly a delicious garden, probably unique in its beauty; for nature seems to have done her work under the guiding hand of some great botanist and painter, so as to unite on one spot of the globe all the riches and beauties of creation. After having traversed fifty leagues without seeing a tree, or passing near the smallest rill of water, the traveller suddenly finds himself in the midst of woods and flowers of every description, ranged on mossy terraces of rock, the whole strongly resembling a colossal and picturesque conservatory. There the cork trees of varied form and pendant branches mingle with the bright verdure of the *carob*, or St. John's bread-tree. The pale olive is seen in the long alleys formed of the white aloe; there each luxuriant group of shrubs is surrounded with tufts of the white rock-rose, and covered with large, white flowers, resplendent and dazzling as the magnolias of the New World. The hill-sides are covered with a garment of white lilac blossoms, the plant distilling an aromatic perfume which embalms the surrounding air with the sweetness peculiar to the sunny south.

The roads which intersect Panola conduct through fields of odorous lavender, where the strawberry tree rises beneath the protecting branches of the elm trees, or intertwines with the *nopal*, a species of vegetable coral well known in Castile. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation there reigns a freshness, which brings to mind the valleys of Normandy.

In a house occupying the best portion in the centre of this lovely landscape, at the extremity of the village of Panola, a fête was being held in 1838, and joy was being manifested in a manner peculiarly Spanish. A magnificent harvest of wheat had been collected and deposited within the grange, amidst a thousand exclamations of contentment. All the inhabitants of the village had assisted in this undertaking, and, at the end of the day, a trophy was formed of the last sheaves of corn and a high pole with streamers, while around it danced, according to immemorial custom, the youths and maidens of the neighbourhood, dressed in their best holiday attire, and keeping time with their feet to the sound of the guitar and castagnets. This fête was called "La fiesta de las Espigas," or the feast of the ears of corn—the Harvest Home.

But all the persons assembled in that dwelling were not equally joyous; for depression and sorrow were side by side with gladness. In a small room adjacent to that occupied by the revellers, there was profound silence. The windows were open, and on the green sward beneath might be seen the merry groups of dancers assembled round the pole. Two men were in this apartment, both apparently absorbed in their own reflections, though from motives as widely different as was the disparity in their ages. The elder, seated at a small table attached to a gothic sideboard, was an old man of about sixty years of age, but who appeared more worn and bent by fatigue and anxiety than by years. His head, encircled with an honourable crown of silvery locks, was slightly bent forwards over his chest; his whole appearance struck the beholder as being both majestic and patriarchal.

Wrinkles marked his forehead, but it was both broad and serene; his features were also somewhat sharpened, but were strikingly noble; and the glance of his eye, scarcely less vivid than in earlier years, spoke of one of those strong and fine southern natures in which the heart and mind do not decline with the body, but rather retain the original verdure of youth, and add to it the benevolence of advancing years. The only perceptible mark of weakness evinced by the patriarch, was in one of his legs, which was stretched out before him as though invalidated—as the brave old man stood no doubt in need of the stick that rested at his left side. The dress of the veteran might be styled half-military, half-agricultural. It consisted of a close-fitting coat with a skirt, the colour of Spanish tobacco, with a small cloak of the same colour—an essential garment to all Castilians; a girdle of red worsted wound twice or thrice round the body—a *haut-de-chausse* that had certainly been worn by a warrior before serving as a covering to a country squire, if one might judge from the scanty cut of the cloth, and the scarlet band that served to decorate it. The hat hung up beside him was small and round in shape, terminating in a sort of sugar-loaf, with a narrow brim turned up and surrounded by faded binding.

The name of this veteran, who had seen much service for many years in the royal army, was Señor de la Sarga. He was poor and noble, like all Castilians; with this difference, however, that his claim to noble birth was as real as his poverty. Descended from a family impoverished centuries back, the little manor-house at Panola was, with the fields surrounding it, his only domain. But it is well known that in Spain the term poverty is not synonymous with indigence; and the Señor Sarga, with his modest mansion and its small enclosures, was actually better off than many a country squire in our land, who might even own a castle and wide-spreading lands.

The young companion near him, Stefano de la Sarga, was his fifth son, the only remnant of his family left at home, while the four elder were actively engaged in the service of Don Carlos. Stefano de la Sarga, a fine fellow about twenty years of age, stood acknowledged by all the *belles* of the surrounding country as not only the handsomest, but the most accomplished hidalgo to be met with at Panola: a perfect type of the Spanish race in all its pride and grace, with a face bronzed or rather gilt by the glowing sun; large black eyes, cast in an almond shape, and shedding forth calm but ardent glances; regular features set in a complete oval; hair as black as the raven's wing, curling slightly around the throat, and a face beaming with the proud national expression that would be sufficient to cause a Castilian to be recognised amidst any other people in the world. This last peculiarity in the physiognomy of Stefano almost bordered on a fierce expression, which was not very prepossessing, as those who met him for the first time might be led, from this circumstance, to conclude he might be either vindictive or dissimulating by nature.

The costume of the young man consisted in the famous holiday dress peculiar to the Spanish, known as that of the *majo*, and the splendour of which has caused many a traveller to remark that no prince in Europe is attired better than a simple Castilian peasant. And indeed, amongst all civilized men, the dress of the Andalusian or Castilian *majo* is remarkable as being relatively the most costly. Stefano now wore a vest of black cloth, very short, and ornamented with braid and ribbon of



a similar colour, with an embroidery in the style of a fringe, also black in tint, and perfect in taste and effect. Between the lapels of this vest lined with yellow silk, an embroidered shirt, with turned down collar, was but partially hidden by a small waistcoat fastened together by golden buttons; a loose cravat, passed through a ring of the same metal, reached to the chest. Breeches of knitted silk were fastened to the knee by tassels; shoes of the finest yellow-coloured skin, half covered by gaiters of the same material, widened as they reached the wide part of the knee, so as to show white silk stockings; add to these the ancient Spanish net, now only worn on ceremonious occasions, and complete the head-dress by a black beaver hat, the small rim of which was turned up under a long feather, and you will find that you have placed before your mind's eye an exact picture of the holiday costume of a *majo* of Panola. On donning a habit of this kind, set aside for days of festive meeting, the inhabitants of Castile cast off their usual gravity, so as to give themselves entirely up to a state of exuberant mirth. Such, however, was not the frame of mind of Don Stefano, for the sombre sadness of his countenance contrasted strangely with the brilliant appearance of his dress. Standing by an open window at some distance from his father, old Sarga, holding lightly and negligently a bouquet of half-faded white jessamines in his hand, and resting on his right hand against the moulding of the casement, he watched with a melancholy gaze the reapers dancing with the village maidens, or only answered the provocations addressed to him, as they passed before him, by a sad bend of the head, or smiles that were more melancholy still.

Occasionally, however, the eyes of Stefano flashed forth a dazzling light, and his chest disburthened itself of a sigh. This was caused by the nearer approach of one of the dancers (far prettier than any of her companions) towards the window, when he fancied he could feel the rapid fanning of her light mantle, or the sweet odour of her bouquet. "How lovely she is!" he would then exclaim, as she passed. To be able to watch her longer, he leant languidly out of the window.

"Don Stefano!" exclaimed the old man, who had for some instants been watching the pre-occupation of his son.

"How they all gather eagerly around her!" continued the young man, without hearing what was said.

"Don Stefano!" repeated Señor Riaz in a louder tone.

"It is because she dances with such exquisite grace!" added the dreamer, more deaf than ever.

"Don Stefano!" cried the old Castilian, at the utmost pitch of his voice.

Drawn at last, by this loud summons, from the fair object of his contemplation, the *majo* said indifferently, turning his head:

"Did you not call me, my father?"

"Why—most certainly," resumed Sarga, smiling; "and you have become aware of this rather late! What are you thinking of so profoundly, my son?"

"What was I thinking of?—nothing; I was only looking at the reapers dancing round the corn-sheaves."

"If you were thinking of nothing, my friend, you would follow their example, instead of looking at them."

"I have not the heart to dance!" sighed the young man, as he walked away from the window.

"And why should that be?"

"I know not."

"Then," thought the old man, "I begin to understand why."—"My son," he resumed, quietly, "put these pistols and poignard back in their place."

Don Stefano took up the arms, and, looking on them in order not to betray his thoughts, he seized the opportunity of changing the subject.

"You have good reason to be proud of one thing, my dear father," he remarked, with an assumed smile, "that no grenadiers of the royal army care for their arms as you do for yours. The waters of the Tagus, under the southern sun, are not more resplendent than these."

"The arms of an old soldier are his jewels, my son!" replied Don Sarga, with military enthusiasm; "these shine better to-day than when I bore them under the orders of Ferdinand, against the enemies of the Spanish monarchy. I had not leisure enough to polish them then, what with battles by day and marches at night! Now that this stick of the veteran has replaced them in my trembling hand," he continued, taking up his staff, "I must needs console myself for not being able to use them any longer myself, by keeping them in a fitting state to be of service to another." For, in those evil days of civil war and party quarrels, every Castilian who cannot fight for his king or country, ought to have at hand the necessary weapons wherewith to defend his family and his hearth. But," added Don Sarga, on perceiving his digression, "you have led me away from what I wished to tell you. Hang up those arms on the wall; now look at me, and listen attentively!"

Stefano obeyed as slowly as possible, and drew near to the old man with evident embarrassment.

"What do you wish to say, then, my father?" inquired the young man, nervously twisting the braids of his jacket.

"I want to tell you," replied Pedro, eyeing him from head to foot, "who you look like for the last few days, with that mysterious and ferocious sneer—your taciturn reveries, and your sighs without end."

"I do not understand you—"

"Yes, you do!"

"I do not see that I am a greater dreamer or more silent than other people; I have worked at getting in the harvest gaily, all day; I have danced a long time already, with yonder reapers and the maidens of Panola; I have been occupied since dawn like all the rest of the world. See, here is my festival bouquet, that I have kept all day long."

"All you say is true," ironically remarked Don Sarga; "but glance at the glass, and see what a smiling visage you wear the while!"

"I assure you, sir—"

"I assure you, notwithstanding, that you are so thoughtful, that one might almost mistake you for your own venerable father."

"For you!"

"No, not for me, such as you see me now, with my bald head encircled with snowy locks, and my leg on half-pay; but like to what I once saw myself, about forty years ago, when I was desperately in love with the charming Donna Ilombrez, before she became my wife."

"In love!" stammered out Stefano; "you think that I am in love?"

"I not only think it, my son, but I see it, I feel it, I am sure of it; and I have no fault to find with you in the matter, except that you did not tell me of it from the first."

In saying this, Don Sarga drew nearer to the young man, holding his hands towards him with affectionate benignity, while Don Stefano threw himself upon his father's breast, saying:

"My dear father, you shall know all."

They both sat down beside the little table, and drawing their chairs together as closely as possible, while the sound of the mirth, and music of the dancers seemed to die away on the air, the young man unburthened his heart of the weight that oppressed it, by confessing the secret of his love.

HURRAH, FOR FRANCE AND ENGLAND!

No more we'll seek a rival fame,
The days of rivalry are gone,
Our ancient lineage is the same,
And now, at last, our cause is one.
A kindred current fills our veins,
And kindred hopes our bosoms fire,
For, each heroic race maintains
The Norman Conqueror's his sire.
Then breast to breast we'll charge the Russian,
Nor aid require from timid Prussian!
We'll quell the vain Attila's boast,
We'll scatter his barbaric host—
Hurrah for France and England!
We'll twine the lily with the rose,
And, noblest vengeance valour knows,
Give freedom to our vassal foes—
Hurrah for France and England!

As on we march in gallant guise,
Neath flags that rally either race,
The bondsmen of the Czar shall rise
And fling their fetters in his face.
The nations from their chains shall start,
And proudly walk in freedom forth;
And trampled Poland shall take heart,
Despite the Brigand of the North!
Then breast to breast we'll charge the Russian,
Nor aid require from timid Prussian!
We'll break the new Attila's sword,
We'll scatter his barbaric horde—
Hurrah for France and England!
We'll twine the lily with the rose,
And, while on earth their beauty glows,
Earth never more shall see us foes—
Hurrah for France and England!

O, pray for Heaven's protecting shield
For England and for France,
Whose flags together deck the field,
And o'er the billows dance.
A kindred current fills our veins,
And kindred hopes our bosoms fire;
For, each heroic race maintains
The Norman Conqueror's his sire.
Then breast to breast we'll charge the Russian,
Nor aid require from timid Prussian!
We'll quell the vain Attila's boast,
We'll scatter his barbaric host—
Hurrah for France and England!
We'll twine the lily with the rose,
And, noblest vengeance valour knows,
Give freedom to our vassal foes—
Hurrah for France and England!

MORNING MUSIC AT HOME.—Leigh Hunt, in a late number of the *Musical Times*, says: "It would be a good custom in a house (supposing none of the inmates to be so unfortunately constituted as to dislike music), if the first thing they heard in it of a morning were some musical instrument playing a strain of any kind, provided it were neither gloomy nor frivolous. Gloom would be unworthy of the right sense of duties to be done, and frivolity (though merriment is excellent on occasions) would not do justice to that truer cheerfulness which the performance of the duties might look for. The best strain would be something rather gentle or affectionate, or of a broad, placid, and noble character, equally announcing a disposition to make the best and happiest of what was to be done. And nothing would be so fit for the performance of such a morning symphony as an instrument of the organ kind, because no other is equally capable of a broad and noble sustinment of sound. An opening of the morning like this might help to put the disposition in tune for the day. One of the philosophic speakers in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, says that people ought, every day, at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words."

STRAY READINGS.

CAPTAIN KIDD, THE PIRATE.—The *Philadelphia Pennsylvanian* states that a party of gentlemen had left that city on a visit to the vicinity of New York, for the purpose of recovering a portion, if not all, of the hidden treasures of Captain Kidd, the famous pirate. The box containing treasure is now understood to have been seen by one of the party, hidden on the bank of the Hudson river, near Sing-Song. Our 'ente transatlantic friends are likely, we think, to find a mare's nest!

THE TRIAL OF THE PYX.—One of the curious customs which have descended to us from former ages, with but little change in its character, was observed a few days since at the Exchequer-office, Whitehall-yard. Four years have elapsed since the last previous test of the purity and proper value of the current coin of the realm was made, and it was noticed as a very singular fact, that the proceedings have very rarely been chronicled by the newspaper press, and that, consequently, the public have been left in ignorance of a matter in which they are intimately concerned. The Lord Chancellor presided at the "trial," and before him were placed the boxes containing samples of "the gold monies coined by Sir John Herschel, K.H., Master and Worker of Her Majesty's Mint."

The *Charivari*, a French paper, contains a picture of a Highlander standing sentinel at his post, with a precipice and the sea immediately at his back. A French soldier and a Tartar peasant regard him from below. "What folly," says the Tartar, to place a sentry in such a position!" "There's no danger," replies the chasseur, "les soldats fa ne reculent jamais." (These soldiers never recoil).

THERE were some beautiful flowers in the Crimea, and the Russians must have been fond of cultivating them. In the deserted houses at and near Balaklava, many fine plants were found—some of them withered—thrown on the ground, and the flower-pots broken.

AN officer writing home from the Crimea, thus described the climate and situation of the Allies there, at the end of October :—"The weather is bitterly cold here; such cold as might be welcome in England during November, where people have fires, and light, and houses to live in—not to mention clubs and dinner-parties, at which this same Crimea is talked of as 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' As far as we have seen it, however, it is a bleak, barren, stony, hill country, with not one feature to recommend it. A cold, piercing north wind blows into our canvas, day and night. Sebastopol in our front—an army of 50,000 Russians in our rear—and seldom do our men get a whole night's rest under their blankets. We have often two or three alarms in one night, when the cry, 'Stand to your arms!' sounds through the camp, and a minute afterwards both officers and men are at their posts."

THE Russians, not being able to break through the position of the Allies at Inkermann, had to defend their own, and foot by foot the ground was disputed. Soon after noon the Allies were victorious along the whole line, and General Monet's brigade, which came up in support of General Bosquet, took no part in the action. The Russians fled in the greatest disorder along the road leading to the bridge—when suddenly in the midst of the fugitives appeared, riding at full gallop, a brilliant staff, which, forcing a passage through this retreating throng, dashed into the stream all those who happened to be in their way. Among these "preux chevaliers" were the two sons of the mighty Czar, who trampled on their own soldiers in their anxiety to escape.

THE gallant 88th (Connaught Rangers) and the Zouaves charged together as one regiment at Inkermann and were completely mingled. When in the act of charging, an Irishman, one of the 88th, recognised a long-lost brother in one of the Zouaves, and side by side they fought till the end of the action—both escaping unhurt.

IT is impossible to form an idea of the ardour of the French troops for the assault upon Sebastopol. They were described as being mad—nobly mad. General Canrobert issued an order for those desiring to form the first column of attack to inscribe their names; 4,000 were required; but a rush took place and double that number were quickly entered. It was necessary to make a selection, and the disappointment of the rejected was such that many of those iron soldiers might be seen with tears in their eyes. "Où nom!" said one to his captain, "I have been wounded five times in Africa, again at Alma, and am set down for a decoration—and yet I am not to go! I have no luck! recommend me I pray you to the general." The officer had great difficulty in consoling the man and making him believe that his company would have to do their part on the great day. A deputation from the disappointed waited on the general to solicit the honour of following the first column, and received permission to do so. The men immediately set about sharpening their bayonets, cleaning muskets and examining gun-locks. Some found time to think of their country and their families, and not a few "savans" in the Camp were employed in writing letters home for them. How many of these poor, brave men were dead when those letters reached their destination!

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

"Charge!" was the order; "charge the foe,
In column dense before ye!
'Gainst fearful odds let Europe know
The fame of England's glory."

That light brigade of cavalry
In serried ranks stood still,
Whilst thunders of artillery
Rolled from the distant hill.

• So, to that small heroic band
Who barred Thermopylae
Against the invader's blood-red hand,
Death was a certainty.

They heard the charge: each soldier leapt
Exultant to the cry;
And forward like a flood they swept,
To conquer or to die.

God help them now! the volley flies,
And whistles for the foe;
And ere that murderous echo dies,
Soldier and steed lie low.

The fatal shot, with deadly aim,
Felled friend and foe together;
That deed has stained the Russian name—
Shame rest on it for ever!

That was a sacrifice indeed:
A page in England's story—
This, this shall be those heroes' meed,
Their duty was their glory!

SYMPATHY FOR OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS.—Among the numerous instances of spontaneous kindness awakened in the public mind by the sufferings of the troops in the East, we may state as a curious and interesting incident that the adult male criminals in the London Reformatory lately held a meeting at which it was agreed to abstain from food on one day—being one of their best days' food—and to forward through the Earl of Shaftesbury the proceeds of that day's provision to the Patriotic Fund. The amount thus collected from one hundred inmates amounted to £23 13s. 5½d.

SISTERS OF MERCY AND NURSES FOR THE EAST.—It is pleasing to record the chivalrous conduct of our French Allies. The bond of sympathy between the two nations which have preponderating influence over the world is the surest guarantee of its duration. When the Sisters of Mercy and nurses for the Hospital of Scutari, 51 in number, arrived in Paris on their way to Marseilles, they were received with the greatest kindness by all classes of persons. At Boulogne, the officers of the customs and the other authorities did everything possible to spare them trouble and inconvenience. The directors of the railway even delayed the train to prevent their having to wait for the last train by which they would not have reached Paris before midnight. Dinner had been ordered for them beforehand at the Hotel des Balns, and when they called for the account the answer was, that the master of the house could not think of taking any payment from persons engaged in such a humane work; and when they wished to pay the waiters who had been exceedingly attentive to them, the answer was, "The servants decline payment also."

SCRIPTURE READERS TO THE SEAT OF WAR.—We are very glad to perceive that the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society is progressing in its Christian endeavours to sustain the spiritual spirit of the army. We perceive, among others, who receive subscriptions to assist these missions, the name of the Honorary Secretary, Mr. William A. Blake. There are now thirteen Scripture Readers with the army. This is but a very small number, but it is to be hoped the Society will receive a large increase to their means, and thus be enabled to provide others.

PROVISIONS AND MEDICINES FOR THE CRIMEA.—With the most praiseworthy liberality Lord Blantyre has chartered a bark of 140 tons, the *Anne Maclean*, for Balaklava, with supplies for the soldiers in the Crimea. Besides commanding Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, to obtain a valuable box of useful medicines and appliances, the noble lord stated that he could not think of anything more acceptable to Scotch and Irish than oatmeal and porridge-pots, with table beer to use with it in place of milk, and accordingly, a large stock, 50 tons of oatmeal, besides a vast quantity of various provisions, have been embarked. Lord Blantyre's invitations to contribute to these stores have been generously responded to, and we trust this precious cargo will reach its destination safely and afford that comfort which our brave soldiers in the East so eminently deserve.

FOOD AND DRESS OF THE RUSSIANS AT THE CRIMEA.—The Russian soldiers' great coat is grey, with certain fastings; and, with the exception of a small gilt strap on the shoulder, the officers' is precisely that of the private; indeed my impression is, that in going into action the generality of unmounted officers put on the common great coat, so that they may not be picked off. It is a very marked fact that among thousands of dead, we find very few officers indeed. Perhaps the Emperor has laid down a stringent rule that, when possible, officers shall be carried off the field; or it may be the custom of the men, owing to the intense reverence the serf has for rank, never to leave behind him the body of his leader. As to food, the Russian army has, in comparison with ours, a very rough commissariat; the bread is perfectly black, and when that runs short, resort is made to a bag of crumbled old-cake, which I can well imagine is very nutritious, and therefore of the greatest possible value when troops have to march a long distance over uncultivated houseless steppes.—*Correspondent of Morning Paper.*

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[CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA, AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN NOLAN.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE fatal charge of the light cavalry at BALAKLAVA is an episode in the annals of war, which will ever be remembered as one of the most heroic and devoted, but, at the same time, unfortunate deeds of daring which have oc-

curred in ancient and modern times. Although the circumstances of this charge, in all its details, are still fresh in the memories of our readers, we may be permitted to give a few particulars relating to the catastrophe—our artist having taken for the subject of his illustration that part of the conflict in which CAPTAIN NOLAN lost his life.

Opposite to the right wing of the Russian army were drawn up the Light Cavalry Brigade, commanded by the Earl of Lucan, and numbering perhaps 800 sabres. A little after nine o'clock, Captain Nolan arrived at full gallop before Lord Lucan, and handed him a written order to attack the enemy. The Earl of Lucan hesitated at the madness of the instructions given to him, but, certain it is, orders were given by him to his brigadier, the Earl of Cardigan, to prepare to charge. This, it is also said, was obeyed, under protest of the gallant earl. The whole brigade then charged onwards against the battery of nine guns which breasted the valley.

The consequences of this "death parade" are well known, and have excited both in England and France the liveliest sympathy and regret.

Captain Nolan, whose death formed one of the most touching episodes in the tragedy of the day, was a son of the late Major Nolan, formerly of the 70th Regiment; who afterwards resided some years at Milan, where he held the appointment of Vice-Consul. All his sons showed a predilection for the military profession, and at an early age, Lewis, the subject of this brief notice, entered the Austrian service. He there laid the foundation of that knowledge, on all points connected with cavalry tactics, in which he subsequently attained such proficiency; and even then he made himself conspicuous in his corps as a fearless rider. After a short time passed in Hungary and on the Polish frontier, Captain Nolan left the Austrian service, being desirous of continuing his military career in the British army. He was accordingly gazetted to an ensigncy in the 4th Foot on the 15th of March, 1839, and the following month appointed to the 15th Hussars, then in India. Shortly after joining his regiment, his talents gained for him the notice of Sir Henry Pottinger, at that time Governor of Madras, from whom he received the appointment of extra aide-de-camp on his staff. While residing in India he occupied his time in acquiring some of the native dialects, in paying attention to the various details of the military system in the East, and in the pursuit of field sports; keeping up his character as a first-rate horseman by winning in several well-contested steeple-chases near Madras. Having obtained his troop, and the 15th Hussars being ordered home, he came to England on leave, before the regiment, and proceeded on a tour through Russia and other parts of northern Europe. On his return to England, he published his book upon the "Organization, Drill and Manœuvres of Cavalry Corps," so well known among military people. The work excited attention at the Horse Guards, and the author received a staff appointment in the army leaving for the East. His acknowledged good judgment, also, in the selection of horses, led to his being commissioned to make large purchases on the part of Government at Tunis and elsewhere, which service he performed most satisfactorily. Captain Nolan was devoted to his profession, and more especially to his own branch of the service, thinking that no force or obstacle, however formidable, could ever stand against a regular charge of British cavalry. His death was an illustration of this opinion. Cheering his men on, he dashed forward at the head of the Light Cavalry in that fatal charge at Balaklava, against a host of Russian Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry. A shell struck him on the breast, and, uttering a loud cry, he died instantly. His horse galloped to the rear, with its dead rider seated firmly in the saddle. It was alleged in the first reports which reached England of that disastrous affair, that some

blame might be attached to Captain Nolan, for having, in his zeal, converted the discretionary order, of which he was the bearer to Lord Lucan, into a positive one, for the cavalry to advance; but subsequent accounts have exonerated him, and his memory remains to us as that of a brave man, equally "sans tache et sans peur." The following is a verbatim copy of Lord Raglan's order to Lord Lucan on the 25th:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent their carrying away the guns. Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. French Cavalry is on the left. Immediate. "R. Raglan."

Captain Nolan was present at the battle of Alma, as aide-de-camp to Brigadier General Airey, and at the time of his death he was only thirty-five years of age. He had two brothers, both of whom died while in the service, and he leaves a bereaved mother to mourn the loss of him, her only surviving son, whose early career promised a future alike brilliant to himself and useful to his country.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

WHILE we extend to all tribes of our race,
Brotherhood's cordial and honest embrace,
Warm is the love that we cherish for thee,
England, first home of the brave and the free!

Land of our birth! to our childhood endear'd,
Where in life's weakness no dangers we fear'd,
School of our youth! where our offspring still learn
Tyrants to hate and oppression to spurn.

Home of our manhood! where gallant hearts shield
Rich harvests waving o'er valley and field;
Rest of our age! in whose sheltering bower
Calmly we wait for the last closing hour.

Nurse of the fair! whose endearments bestow
Valour's reward 'mid life's rapturous glow;
Grave of the brave! on thy bosom reclined,
Sweetly they sleep in our memories shrouded.

Guide of the nations and hope of the slave!
Foremost in battle-field! Queen of the wave!
Clouds may have darkened thy earlier day,
Bright is it now with a sunnier ray.

Happy thy children, unsullied thy worth,
Fondly we prize thee, oh! land of our birth!
Warm is the love that we cherish for thee—
England! first home of the brave and the free!

We omitted to mention in our last impression that we are indebted to the talented pen of the Chevalier de Châtelain for the sentiment of the very spirited lines suggested by the alliance between the two nations, entitled "Hurrah for France and England." We quite agree that at a moment when French and English arms are united, a similar good fellowship should exist in the field of literature.

A CONSOLATORY ADMONITION.—During the latter part of Handel's life, Dr. Miller, when a boy, used to perform on a German flute in London, at Handel's oratorios. He says, about the year 1753, in the Lent season, a certain clergyman, a minor canon from the cathedral of Gloucester, offered his services to Mr. Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might appear to more advantage. This request was also granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was, to his great mortification, violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech:—"I am sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear Sir; but go back to your church in your country; God will forgive you for your bad singing; these wicked people in London *dey* will not forgive you!"

A WITTY PUBLISHER.—The *Geelong Advertiser* indulges in the following ingenious piece of puffery:—"The Russian Invasion.—The greatest danger which Geelong incurs is from the fact that the commander of the Russian squadron in the Pacific, having heard of the superior quality of Birdsey's Ale, has resolved to visit the British Hotel, Corio-street, at the earliest opportunity. True Britons, rush to the bar—drink it up before his arrival—and thus disappoint the base invader!"

ARTHUR WESTERTON.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Six o'clock had struck and I had only got through the fish. By half-past I had made up for lost time, and not a vestige was left of a rump-steak, some fritters, and a pint of port. I was all alone, in the midst of company. It was at the Club—the abode *par excellence* of the most dreary solitude. I missed the old familiar faces: Leonard Noel of the Dragoons, had fallen at Balaklava; Harry Milford was ill at Scutari; the cholera had claimed Arthur Bouverie at Varna; I knew not a face of the twenty or thirty that were around the different tables. Some were very young—just appointed, and yet ordered to form part of the earliest batches of re-inforcement. The maw of the monster War was, as yet, unsatiated—it craved fresh *pubulum* at the hands of England. The scene, and the reflections it induced, weighed upon my spirits. I could not stay. “Waiter!—the bill, and a cab.” In a few minutes I was being conveyed, in a Hansom, to the Princess’s Theatre.

People don’t go much to theatres just now. The mind is pre-occupied. Every joyous tone grates upon the heart-strings. One’s only excuse is, that we do not always exactly know how to get through a long evening.

I procured a seat in the second row of stalls. Immediately in front of me was a middle-aged man of gentlemanly exterior. He stood up with his back to the stage, and with a binocular surveyed the house. Suddenly his view is arrested at a private box. “It is she!” exclaimed he, in a low voice. “How beautiful!—and how happy!—Ha, ha, ho, ho—it is explained. I see him there also. He looks pale though—and ill.” Dropping the glass, he bows. I turned to the box and observed that its occupants were a lovely girl with light brown hair, a young fellow of two-and-twenty, dark, with finely-chiselled features, and a lady-like dame, who might have passed for the mother of either. “The girl justifies your remark, sir,” I observed; “she is really very handsome!”

“Ah!” rejoined he, “it is her conduct that makes her beautiful in my eyes. You see that youth by her side? It is her husband,—quite a romantic affair.” “Is it a secret?” “No, I will tell you, if you have patience to hear it. *He* has just returned from the Crimea.”

I was all attention. The band had not yet begun to perform the medley overture of the *Courier of Lyons*. My informant began:—

“I was travelling, in the latter part of last year, in the west of England, on my way to London, indeed from Exeter. You know the first-class carriages on the Great Western? They are divided. I was in one compartment—in the other sat that young couple. They were not married then. I cannot read when travelling rapidly. Involuntarily, therefore, I occasionally looked at them. At first they were taciturn, then they gradually conversed; at Weston, the conversation had become animated and cheerful; she laughed and blushed very often. By the time we got to Bath the tone was earnest. At Swindon, he was impassioned, and she was silent, occasionally smiling, as he, in loud whispers, made some very strong protestation. At Reading, she had turned catechist, but gently so, and at intervals. By the time the train passed Hanwell they were both silent—their hands were locked—a pleasant smile sat upon their sweet faces as they looked in each other’s eyes. *C’est une affaire finie*, thought I.

“A week passed, and I was sitting in my chamber, when a knock at the door announced Mr. Arthur Westerton. His card preceding him, apprized me of his name. It was the youth whom I had seen in the train. He addressed me. ‘I believe, sir, you prepare young men for the army.’ ‘I read with them occasionally, when they have finished their school or college education. I believe it is called *cranning*.’ ‘That’s just what I want. My name is down for a commission in the Guards, and I must go up in a fortnight; but I fear I am not half-ready.’ ‘Well, we will see what can be done for you; sit down.’ He had been at Rugby, and had got up Latin enough, and knew something of French and mathematics. Of history he was as ignorant as most young fellows are, and of geography he knew positively nothing further than that Berlin was the capital of Prussia, and Stockholm of Sweden. Of course, he was quite ignorant of fortification. I saw I had my work to do. But a little conversation satisfied me that he was intelligent and apt, and I undertook him. ‘Mind, however,’ I said to him, ‘you will not get up everything in the allotted time, if you do not give up *all society*, and study night and day.’ He faintly smiled, received a parting hint as to the way in which he should set about conquering the early history of the Spartans and the Athenians, and mastering the geography of the Peloponnesus, and quitted me.”

At this moment the curtain rose, and I forgot Westerton, in contemplating the career of Dubosq and Joseph Lesurgues.

At the end of the first act, I begged Mr. —, my new acquaintance, to resume his tale.

“Where was I?—oh—Westerton had gone to his studies. At the end of the first week he had made good progress in the mystery and theory of fortification. He could have entrenched himself at a pinch, and understood the names of all the principal field-works. But his drawings were a singular mixture, some of them were very coarse and clumsy, and some neat and elegant as if traced by a gentle hand. In history he had dashed through all the leading incidents, from the siege of Troy to the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, and had a week before him to imbibe the great facts of England’s history, from the formation of the Heptarchy to the passing of the Reform Bill. I had great hopes of him. At the commencement of the second week, however, he came to me pale and haggard, and confessed, with a sigh, he had not mastered one new fact. What was the matter? I asked if he were ill—or nervous—or what? He hesitated for some time. Fancying that as the time approached for his examination he became apprehensive of failure, I endeavoured to re-assure him. He shook his head. ‘Ah, it’s not that,’ he said, at length, ‘it’s a greater trouble than all the study.’ ‘May I inquire? Can I assist?’ After a pause, he broke out. ‘I think, sir, you were in the carriage when we—when I—came to London?’ I nodded assent. ‘You may have observed a young lady with me?’ ‘I did—a very sweet girl—you seemed attached.’ ‘Attached! ah, sir, you don’t know how fondly. Well, an old fellow, at least a man much older than I, sir, has proposed for her, and her father wishes her to marry him.’ ‘Which she, of course, is not inclined to do.’ ‘*Of course not!*’ (emphatically). ‘Then there, I suppose, is an end to the matter.’ ‘No such thing; the father fancying she rather likes me, has desired her to prepare to go to the continent, and, until they depart, he has desired me to seek other apartments. I have been staying with the family for the last month, as our parents

are connected—a sort of cousinship.’ ‘Oh, perhaps this is merely to break off the attachment for a time. If the object of your affection—Miss—Miss—’—‘Traversa.’—‘Travers is firm, all will go well; you both are young.’ ‘Oh, no, no!—the intention is plain. Julia loves me, and I adore her, but if we are separated, and I am sent to the East, we may never again meet, and she will become the wife of—!’ The picture was too abhorrent. He gave loose to tears. ‘Well, what would you have me do? Shall I speak to Mr. Travers? Shall I tell him how much he may mar his daughter’s happiness?’ ‘It will not be of the least utility; I have told him so, Julia has told him, and only this morning he peremptorily desired that not a word more should be said upon the subject. He has procured passports, and they go by the Boulogne boat to-morrow. My heart is breaking—I—I will not study another word—I will destroy myself, I—; and again he gave loose to the bitterest grief.

“When Westerton had a little recovered, I asked if he were of age, and what were his circumstances. I found that he was in possession of a tolerable independence, as he was twenty-two, but that distrustful of himself, he still left the management of his affairs in the hands of his widowed mother, a clever woman, residing in the neighbourhood of Chudleigh. It was a difficult and responsible task to advise in such a matter as he had broached to me, but I could not help making his case my own, and calling to recollection the many histories of misery arising from blighted love and thwarted passion which had come under my notice, I quietly said to him ‘Why not marry the girl at once? Why not ask her to become your wife this very day, without the knowledge of her father? You will probably save her from much future wretchedness if all be as you fear.’ A light shot across his fine countenance as the idea was presented to him. I did not feel quite comfortable in offering the suggestion, but, for the moment, I forgot that I was a middle-aged man; I became a boy again in thought and impulse, and was prepared to go any length to serve the young couple. But I felt I should like to be assured that Miss Travers’ feelings were in unison with his.”

“And were they?” At this moment the music ceased, the curtain rose, and we were in the house of the good Joseph Lesurgues, and amongst the queer-looking citizens of the first French Republic. In spite of his little white wig, green coat, and little top, Mr. Charles Kean excited my commiseration, and for a minute or two after the act-drop fell, I was wondering what would be the result of the mistaken identity. But a *revenons à nous moutons* from my new acquaintance, and a glance at the *ci-devant* Julia Travers, carried me from one romance to the other.

The story was now continued:—

“That Julia Travers loved young Westerton I could easily believe; but I knew the force of paternal influence, and I did not feel that it would be right to act in the matter until I had clearly ascertained that there was no objection to my young friend, and that the lady’s sentiments were quite in unison with his own. I therefore desired Westerton to return to the house for the purpose of packing up his traps, and to catch an opportunity of asking Julia to meet him and myself at Epitau’s, in the Opera-colonnade, at luncheon. He flew out of the house, and I began to cogitate my plan of operations. I did not like the idea of Westerton beginning his military career with a marriage, and going into barracks, and possibly on service, with a wife. I did not like to place myself at

issue with two families of whom I knew nothing. It was my determination, therefore, to effect the marriage if time permitted, and require the parties then to follow their several destinies until the lapse of a few months should have brought about a change in Mr. Travers’ sentiments, and the young lady had passed safely through the ordeal to which the necessity of her father (as I afterwards found) might subject her.

“We met at Epitau’s. She greeted me as an old friend, remembering the trip from Exeter. I found her full of enthusiasm and courage, and pre-disposed to listen to my project. The countenances of both dropped a little when I pointed out the necessity of immediate separation, but as soon as it was made clear that, in any event, Westerton’s professional avocations would carry him away, and that I only proposed the serious step as their natural safeguard in the circumstances, the objections vanished. There was no time to lose. We jumped into a cab, hastened to the registrar’s office, and before the evening Julia Travers was in a condition to urge as a reason for refusing to yield to her father’s injunctions the obligations of the law. Westerton was in ecstasies. Come what might, no one else could rob him of his Julia. They expressed themselves exceedingly grateful, and passed the evening, I dare say, in a happier frame of mind than they had enjoyed for some time. The next morning Miss Travers and her father proceeded to France, and Westerton came to take up his abode in the same house with myself, until he should be appointed to a regiment. In a week he went up for his examination, passed well in most things, had a narrow escape with English history, and a close shave with modern geography (those terrible rivers in Siberia, who could remember their names?)—but got through with a kindly word from Colonel Prosser, and was gazetted to the Coldstreams.

“When the war broke out he expected to be sent to Turkey—”

“And was he?”

“You shall hear when we have learned what becomes of Joseph Lesurgues, for the third act has begun.”

After the *Courier of Lyons* had come to an end, Mr. Harrison—for such I found was his name—did not seem disposed to remain; but as I was very anxious to hear his story out, he proposed going up to the box to speak to the Westertons, and then to adjourn with me to the *Café de l’Europe*, where, over some devilled kidneys and a glass of champagne, I might have the sequel related to me. There is no place in London where you sup so well (and so expensively) as the *Café de l’Europe*. Mr. Harrison had a fine palate for champagne—I accepted his selection—the waiter knew him and brought—you know—No. —to the right.

“Ha! well! on we go again,” exclaimed my narrator, when he had devoured two kidneys and quaffed three sparkling glasses.

“The order went forth for the Coldstreams to march. Do you remember what excitement prevailed through the length and breadth of the land when it was announced that our soldiers were going to fight side by side with the French in the cause of Turkey? Any novelty frights England from her propriety, but this was a startling novelty of which no sane man had ever dreamed. The whole nation was cast into a state of perplexity between the inclination to doubt and the determination to be pleased. Only four or five years ago we had been preparing ourselves against a meditated French invasion—Louis Napoleon had been heard to express, with a sigh,

his deep regret (while partaking of the hospitality of our shores) that it was in his destiny to superintend the invasion of England and the pillage of London. And now to think that, instead of coming over in hostile guise, this very prince had recognized the policy of accepting the brotherly love of his old hosts, and heartily joining them in thrusting back upon his own cold and cheerless territory the audacious head of the house of Romanoff! No men respect each other so much as those who have been witnesses of the bravery of both parties. We know the French are worthy of our steel, and they know we are worthy to be associated with them in deeds of high enterprise. Lord! how the British people began to sing '*Partant pour la Syrie!*' Poor '*God save the Queen*' stood a narrow chance of having its nose put out of joint, only the French, with characteristic politeness, exchanged tunes with us, and introduced our national anthem to their military bands.

"Well, a battalion of the Coldstreams was ordered to be prepared for service in the East. Those glorious Guards are always 'to the fore,' when there is serious work in hand. From Nivelles to Waterloo, and from Waterloo to Canada, they have always been the first in the fray. Quietly, unostentatiously casting aside silken luxury and ease as things only suited to a state of profound peace, they gird themselves up at the roll of the drum, and when they *do* get into the field, with what 'might and majesty' they show the way to victory!—Another glass—ha! the bottle's empty.—Waiter, another bottle of champagne—*le véritable!*"

The waiter flew. I would not disturb the current of the old tutor's feelings—we were silent. The bottle came. He rose, glass in hand:—

"The Guards!"

We drank the toast in bumpers, and Harrison made John do the same, and John, on putting down the glass, remarked that, "he knew several gents as was in the Guards, and very nice gents they were, and he hoped they'd come back safe, for business was slack since they went."

Harrison continued:

"A fortnight or so had elapsed when, as I was correcting a bad translation into French of one of Lord Dover's very badly-written biographies of warlike sovereigns, Mary announced Mr. Arthur Westerton. I heard him coming up the stairs, and humming, like another troubadour, '*Brûlant d'amour, et partant pour la guerre,*'—a song, by the way, which for martial effect and appropriate sentiment and melody, I hold to be far preferable to '*Partant pour la Syrie!*' The moment our eyes met, he extended his hand, but his spirit seemed to vanish. We spoke our greetings simultaneously. He then said:—

"'I've come to say good-bye. I'm off to the East with the battalion.'

"'So young in the service!'

"'At once, mind. I'm up in my drill. I know something of the men already. I wouldn't be left behind for a colonel's commission!'

"'Bravo! the right spirit—the old inextinguishable national enthusiasm. When do you go?'

"'In three days we embark. I'm quite ready, and we are all in such high spirits, excepting Captain —, who leaves a young bride behind. And that reminds me,—' He faltered—then recovering himself: 'Do you know, Mr. Harrison, I shall never be sufficiently grateful to you for what you did, for now I know I shall possess her. There's been a precious shindy at Nice since

it was found out; for it has swamped all the old governor's hopes of that other marriage. He was so anxious to bring matters to the point that he had gone the length of fixing the day, and the bridegroom in anticipation had selected some bridal jewellery—when out it came that Julia was already married. Here's the letter describing all the *scène*, which you can read at your leisure. Now the governor talks of sending her to a convent, and all that—but he little knows what a noble spirit my wife has! Well—not to bore you—I wish to ask this favour. As we do not know whither we shall go after we leave Malta, will you allow all letters to be sent to your care, and you can send them on to me? Drummond's will pay all postages. I know I can trust you—*she* knows we can trust you; but if the letters get into other hands, Heaven knows what may become of them.'

"Of course I assented to accept the commission, and after a little chat, Arthur left me, and sure enough three days later I read of the departure of the Guards, and his name was in the list of the gallant lot.

"The letters were frequent—sometimes very long, to judge by the weight—and I noticed that the post-mark was altering, until at length it bore 'Malta.' It was clear that the 'governor' had removed her—at all events, she *had* removed. But it was also evident that pains had been taken to keep from her all accounts of the movements of the corps, or, when so much nearer, she could have written to Scutari. Several letters came in succession from Malta. At length it entered my wise noddle that Mrs. Westerton must be getting anxious and miserable regarding the whereabouts of her husband. Would it have been proper to have opened one of her letters to ascertain her exact address, and then communicate with her? I turned the last two or three over in my hand with strong temptation at my fingers' tips, but somehow or other I could not find the heart to obtrude upon the sacred confidence of man and wife. While thus debating, a letter came from Westerton himself, inclosing one for his wife, addressed to the care of an Italian lady at Malta, which letter he deemed it prudent to have posted in England—rather a roundabout route! A fortnight or so after this the letters to my care dropped altogether.

"The news of the sufferings of the Allies from cholera came regularly and frequently from Varna, and I felt a load taken off my heart when I found that Westerton's name was not among them.

"The Russians retired from Moldavia—Austria had occupied the Principalities—the Allied armies sailed to the Crimea. In imagination I followed the glorious fleet and its magnificent freight, and beheld them approaching the shore where it was supposed 50,000 grim Russians awaited them. But reality and fancy were at issue on this point. Menshikoff was too wise in his generation to believe that it could have been possible for an army on the open beach to have withstood the fire from the British shipping, which would have covered the landing of the Allies.

"There was a pause. At last the rumour reached us of a great battle, with terrible loss on both sides—a battle resulting in victory. The heart of England exulted—no one then knew the extent of their present loss. But the dispatch did not lag very much behind the *avant courier*. The Duke of Newcastle made it public immediately. It is a good sign when a minister courts a pleasant understanding with the people, and begins by doing them a favour. I need not tell you I read the account of that desperate and gallant fight on the heights

of Alma with a glow of enthusiasm to which I had long been a stranger. I felt the victory was in our hands, and I did not stay to count the cost. But, after a little while, I returned to the paper which I had laid aside, and looking at the list of killed and wounded, I saw Westerton's name among the latter, 'severely.'

"My thoughts immediately reverted to Julia Westerton—the maid-wife whom I began to dread would soon become the widow. The Guards had greatly distinguished themselves, with the 93rd Highlanders, in rushing upon and into a formidable redoubt belonging to the Russians, and, in fact, every regiment in the British service had covered itself with glory.

"After this I heard nothing more about the young hero—his name was not again mentioned in the *Times*—excepting that in one of the letters from a private or corporal it was stated that a fragment of a shell had struck his left arm, tore away the jacket and part of the flesh, and that he was carried away bleeding profusely.

"Time rolled on—Balaklava was fought—the sorties were made and repulsed; and only Inkermann was wanting to put a stop for a time to the operations of Liprandi, Menschikoff, the Grand Cabs, and the rest of them, when a very nice little maid brought me a nice little note—no, not nice, it was perfumed with musk, or patchouli, or some such stuff—(I hate scents; 'I cannot talk with civet in the room';—don't you hate scents? pooh! take some more wine)—and—where was I?—oh, the girl brought me a note; which I opened with all the deliberation and respect due to a lady's communication. Judge my surprise! it was from Mrs. Westerton, and dated from Morley's Hotel, wishing to see me."

"Was her husband with her?"

"Don't be in a hurry. My hat was on in a moment and I at Morley's Hotel. She received me in a private room, and from the noiseless way in which she closed the door whence she emerged, I was pretty certain that *he* was within. She was most cordial; and the tears filled her pretty eyes before she could utter a word. After a little I got the whole history. The Italian lady to whom she got introduced by Westerton, who had made the lady's acquaintance when the Guards were at Malta, was the wife of an officer in the Malta Fencibles. He, of course, constantly saw the papers at his club, and in the *Malta Mail* he read that Westerton had been removed with other wounded to Constantinople. He told his wife—his wife told Mrs. Westerton. My little friend's father had left for England to adjust his affairs, and had confided *la figlia* to a severe contessa, poor, and therefore ready to undertake the custody of the girl for a consideration. When Mrs. Westerton heard of her poor husband's state she was frantic—no intreaty made any impression on the austere contessa; so recourse was had to stratagem, and—will you believe it?—that delicate creature, animated by affection and inspired by hope, obtained through the agency of the Maltese officer and his wife the disguise of a *sœur de charité*, hired a *speronara*, and with that lady (God bless her too, I say!) furtively escaped—made her way across the Mediterranean to Constantinople—and was happily by the side of her husband in the house of an old Aga, the day before he was to embark for England on sick leave. There's a girl for you! I am a bad hand at painting emotions, and so I can't tell, though I can well imagine, all he felt at seeing her by his bed-side. From that moment she was his nurse—they came home together—she never left him for a moment. His wound is rapidly healing—he is

out now for the first time—the inflexible 'governor' is mollifying, and in a little time all will be velvet for the gallant young wife and the equally gallant young husband. Let's drink their health:—

"To the Westertons!"

"Amen!"

"One toast more—there's just half a glass left—one toast to the Women of England, the country-women of Julia Westerton—who, whether they devote themselves as nurses, or make warm socks, or contribute to the Patriotic Fund, are the glory and the blessing of their country in the time of strife and trouble."

THE CATTLE SHOW.

BY A COCKNEY.

Going to the Cattle-show this season for the first time, I am minded to set down the ideas with which it impressed me, as those of one ignorant of all points of husbandry and agriculture, and similar, I doubt not, to such as most cockneys entertain of similar matters. Well! it was pleasant to see the long rows of sleek beasts; some deliberately chewing the cud of meditation, and watching with unmoved, contented eyes the throng of visitors, the warm breath rolling in twin clouds from their broad, moist noses; others turning round with looks of mild remonstrance at an unskilful pinch in a wrong place from some bumptious cockney. Pleasant to see so many healthy rural faces of men and women, and to hear their Doric accent and homely speech. Pleasant to watch the stout farmers handling and punching fat steers, plethoric sheep, and bloated pigs; and to listen to their independent criticisms on the verdicts of the judges. Pleasant to view the stands of farm produce; the great corpulent turnips and aldermanic carcasses of mangel-wurzel; the bowls of yellow corn and seeds. Pleasant to be puzzled by the complicated machines of agriculture—so massive, yet so intricate, with their clean red woodwork, and their steel so smooth and bright. Pleasant to be dinned with the hiss of chaff-cutters and root-slicers, and the rattle of patent winnowing machines; and to slip and stagger on the chopped, polished straw and minced turnip. Pleasant to elbow through the group round some new invention, and to hear the voluble eulogies of the exhibitor, and the vital questions of the "practical men." Pleasant to think how the machinists have improved and simplified the labour of the farmers, and to note how the farmers listen intelligently to the machinists, and not as formerly to jeer at them ignorantly and obstinately, or treat them with boorish violence. Most pleasant to gather from all this, how the country has improved in knowledge and understanding, and nearly equals the town therein; and how we may surely hope to see agriculture—and that soon—raise herself to the level of the high sciences, as indeed she ought to do, being the very parent and mother of all, and, as it seems more especially in this juncture, most important and necessary for England.

Being a dweller in cities, and the greatest city of all, I was the more struck with these things; and I marked particularly in my wandering through the Show, how much the stolid look, that did so characterize and typify the countenance of the farmer has disappeared, and is changed, even on the visages of the very clod-compellers (at least such as I saw there) to a warrant of intelligence and shrewdness mixed with a bronzed heartiness very pleasant to see. And I did not meet a single pair of top-boots in all the throng; which very much astonished

me, and which I cannot but take therefore to be also a great sign of advancement. No, nor scarce a velvet or fustian coat; but all clad in good broadcloth, and registered paletôts, and *aqua-scutions*, and such new fashions of civilization.

And now to my note-book. With catalogue in hand, I went diligently along the lines of beasts, examining those that had gained prizes,—for their exhibitors, not for themselves:—*sic vos non robis*. Alas, poor cattle! Had Virgil lived to see your day he would have given you another word for *aratra* in that verse. Examining them, I say, to see if I could discover the good points that had commended them to the judges. But in this I confess to have failed, beyond noting a general majesty about the he's, and a general comeliness in the she's, which appeared, however, to me to be shared equally by others undecorated and unhonoured. What pleased me in chief to remark was, that the gross prodigies of obesity—much fewer now than in former shows, I understand—were almost altogether unnoticed. For it seems to me, looking at the question from a non-bucolic point of view, that the rearing and construction of such mountains of flesh is not only a crass and aimless thing in itself, but a pain and a shame to the poor brutes, and very humanely and wisely discouraged. The few of these monsters that were in the show, were to a simple cockney, certainly amazing in girth and height. Most of them bore a tranquil expression of countenance; but there was one most unsimable looking brute with a brindled face, who evidently would have tossed the whole company for half an oil-cake, unless his fat had hindered him. One compact little “Devon-Cow” (the catalogue says) had great pendulous humps of fat actually over his knees, most curious to behold. In all this class of “Devons,” I, II., and III., the fat humps, which in buffalo are reported by the mighty hunters of the prairies to be the fit-bits, were wonderfully developed.

I saw one huge white “short-horned steer” (I make sure that I am right by the catalogue) lie down with exceeding difficulty, and the great excrescences of fat upon his dewlap oscillate like calves-foot jelly in the act. A curious creature of a “Highland Scot,” exhibited by H.R.H. Prince Albert, did please me much; being of a strange, lightish cream-brown colour, with a rough coat, and looking to have some spirit in him; but seriously incommoded in his strait quarters with his long wide horns. Altogether the whole sight very wonderful: and notable also to read in my catalogue on what kinds of food such fat creatures are reared. For example, the great white one which gained £10 prize, is reported by his breeder, the Rev. J. Holmes, to be “fed on grass, hay, chaff, mangel-wurzel, turnips, oil-cake, and meal;” another to have lived for four years and two months “on oil-cake, bean and barley meal, treacle, hay, and vegetables;” again, another, a Devon cow of seven years old, “on crushed oats, swedes, mangel-wurzel, cracked old beans and roots,” and to have been confined four times—there being separate classes for such matrons. I do not think with pleasure of these 134 poor beasts, in spite of their luxurious diet, prisoned in manger and stall most of their lives long, and eating such foreign things as treacle and oil-cake, linseed compound, oil, and flax-seed; though in truth such food appears to agree with them mightily. For though they do form part-ornament of a model-farm, and may be very pretty to look at in their warm, patent-ventilated stalls, with a careful slope of the tiled floor behind them for drainage, and a neat plaited border to their straw litter, yet even from fourth-form recollections of Virgil’s “Pastorals,”

one does associate such creatures with fair pastures and open meadows; and I, as a poor pent-up cockney, and dearly loving the country, would rather see them expatriating therein than so unnaturally cooped.

The sheep appeared not to me so hugely fatted; for which I liked them better. Yet some pens of them very much resembled great woolly gentles, and did remind me of those fat lethargic maggots one disturbs now and then in fresh filberts at dessert. The catalogue does speak of “wethers” and “ewes,” but not clearly apprehending the difference, I shall not attempt to distinguish individuals. However, they did seem to me all alike, and their fleeces clean and soft; but I stayed not with them, for the smell of live mutton I cannot abide.

Next to the pigs; and here, truly, I was both astonished and disgusted to see these obese and bloated animals, to whom every breath was a convulsion, lying about in all directions. One white monster, of seven feet long, I judged, was utterly unable to stand on all-fours, and lay grunting angrily at the many pokes from umbrellas and sticks. Another, a perfect little ball of fat, had actually a log of wood to rest his chin upon; without which to keep his throat straight he must have died of adipose suffocation. Two others, enormously distended, lay snorting apoplectically—every gasp apparently their last. Four had left the exhibition; one had expired on the road—the jolting, I imagine, having made him choke; one had to be killed the previous night; and these two, so said the attendant, “might last till the morrow-morning, but it was doubtful.” The two defunct had died as pigs should, in growing fat—an Epicurean death, and so disappointed the exhibitor; but I wondered at the nicety with which he must have made his porcine calculation. To make one of them get up, a farmer of the company administered to him half a dozen good stinging snuffs on the chaps; whereon piggy, horribly incensed and screaming and snarling hideously, was fain to get up and endeavour to budge, but the effort was beyond him, and he fell helplessly down again.

I saw also many pleasant and wonderful sights connected with the pursuit of farming, which made me quite long to be again in the country where I could enjoy the society of sleek animals in their native pastures without the disagreeable reflection that in my next week’s butcher’s bill I should be debited with sundry fragments of the objects of my admiration at twopence per pound.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEERFULNESS.—Benjamin Franklin records the following:—“I noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work at a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour—who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. ‘No secret, Doctor,’ replied he; ‘I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile, and she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to be unkind to anybody.’ What inference, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far towards making home happy and peaceful.”

OUR ISLAND HOMES.—The resident British population is distributed over no less than one hundred and seventy-five islands, the largest being, of course, Great Britain itself, with its twenty millions and a half of inhabitants, and the smallest the little islet of Inchcolm, belonging to Fife-shire, and having a population of one solitary individual. This lonely being is not as a sentimental imagination might depict him, “a brotherless hermit, the last of his race,” but a much more prosaic and useful sort of person—a farm-labourer—having charge of thirty acres of land.

CRIMEA.

While yet Cimærium o'er the meeting tides
Veiled in primeval gloom its craggy sides,
Greece from afar the dreaded darkness saw,
Trembled and fled; with superstitious awe
Told of a land, where sunlight never shone,
Where wretched beings, friendless and alone,
Brutal, untamed, in nought but semblance men,
Prowled in the forest, grovelled in the den,
Slaughtered the stranger cast upon their shore,
And stained their altars with unhallowed gore.

Yet, in his changeful course, progressive Time
Poured light and lustre on that barbarous clime;
Peopled with Grecian colonies the waste;
Cultured the forest-land, dank vapours chased,
Fed with its harvests the Athenian sage,
And nerved the hand that penned the classic page.
Soon, too, from distant lands the bold and skilled,
Panticapæum's busy harbour filled;
Piled on its quays the gifts that commerce speeds,
Fruits of sagacious thought and earnest deeds.
Law, Freedom, Science, Art, a generous train,
To higher aims employed the merchant's gain;
Embellished life, raised column, arch and dome,
Guarded the hearth and blessed the cheerful home.
By friends respected, dreaded by its foes,
The little realm of Bosphorus arose.
Free Cherson trained her citizens to spurn
The yoke of tame servility, and burn
With that warm spirit of discerning zeal
Which blends the public with the private weal.
Miletus owned her sons with conscious pride,
And Athens prized the faithfully allied.
But of that once avoided, desert coast,
Through every age shall this, its proudest boast,
On glory's brightest tablet stand inscribed,
That from its soil maternal love imbued
The strain of life, the soul of fire, which fed
The world's great orator, the tyrant's dread.*

Again the scene is changed. Despotism might
Has o'er those regions spread another night;
A darkness deeper than the fabled gloom
Of ancient times, and sadder is their doom.
Worse than the mists from stagnant pools that rise—
Denser than clouds that curtain wintry skies—
More fatal than the bog's Serboman breath,
Hot blast of pestilence and shaft of death—
Is tyranny's oppressive atmosphere;
Where all, that thought can prize or heart hold dear,
Droops, sickens, withers, leaves a cheerless void,
All hope unknown, all energy destroyed.
Such is Crimea now in Russian thrall;
And such the fate its lord desires for all
The prostrate world! On that dim eminence
Enthroned, he threatens Europe; issues thence
To some his mandates; others he defies,
Or circumvents by diplomatic lies:
Hater of knowledge, freedom's deadliest foe,
Both he would force the nations to forego,
Bring back the past, restore the ages rude
Of ignorance and pliant servitude,
With aim deliberate devise and plan
The retrogression of subservient man,
And thus create, beneath his sovereign sway,
One universal empire of decay.
For this, high ramparts of granitic blocks
Frown o'er the Euxine from Crimea's rocks—
For this, collected mischief's ponderous freights
Arm, on Sebastopol's embattled heights,
A fortalice, to curb the world designed
An arsenal of fetters for the mind.
And shall such deeds be done, such wrong prevail?
Before this giant-power shall Europe quail?
Forbid it, Freedom! Sound thy clarion, sound!
Call, call the bravest of thy sons around!
And see, they hear—they come—what throngs attend!
Britain and France their glorious legions blend.
No holier league e'er yet joined martial bands;
No juster cause united hearts and hands;
No bolder menace sat on manly brows;
No firmer step ascended sea-ward prows.
Now to Crimea's strand the heroes press,
Stern to avenge, impatient to redress.
At their approach, on that benighted shore
The light of better days breaks forth once more.
They land—Oppression trembles—Guilt turns pale—
Injustice shrinks from Retribution's scale.

* The grandmother and mother of Demosthenes were both natives of the Tauric Chersonesus, now the Crimea.

They march—an anxious world their course attends—
The fate of millions on their sword depends.
Where Alma's towering ridge the plain commands,
In fierce array at length the foe-man stands.
His bristling bayonets and cannon guard
Defiles, by trench and bulwark doubly barred.
But what can stay the arm of Freedom's son?
He cheers—he mounts—and Alma's heights are won.
The scattered serfs retreat in wild dismay.
The conquering hosts pursue their onward way;
Through tangled thickets, pathless forests rush,
Surmount the rock, the impeding granite crush:
The destined point is gained—their course they stay
By Balaklava's cliff-encircled bay.
There, while their daring onslaught shakes the wall
Of proud Sebastopol and dooms its fall,
Thrice and again the foe rush forth to save,
Thrice and again recoils the baffled wave.
By rage inflamed, with maddening liquor plied,
Hordes following hordes up Inkerman's rough side,
In muffled silence through the darkness steal,
While night in shrouding mists their path conceals.
"Britons, to arms!" the startled warrior cries—
Quick at the word the British ranks arise—
With rock-like firmness stand—deal death around—
One against ten maintain the ensanguined ground.
"Hurrah, for England!" France too joins the cry,
Steadfast, intrepid, quick of hand and eye.
Fast volleys rattle—flash succeeds to flash—
Thrust follows thrust—with one tremendous crash
They charge—they charge—the routed columns sweep
Stunned, broken, shattered, down the rapid steep!

Oh! 'twas a glorious day! No brighter shines
Immortalized in fame's recording lines.
But on that page must Freedom's tear be shed,
Sad tribute to the dear, the honoured dead,
Who, falling on that hard-contested field,
In death their life's devotion nobly sealed.
High o'er them heap the monumental mound.
In future ages, musing on that ground,
Shall pilgrims say: "Well sleep the brave below!
'Tis to their dauntless courage that we owe
The good achieved in that illustrious fight,
Which drove from earth the reign of lawless might,
Broke on Crimea's heights the tyrant's sway,
And gave to Europe a sadder day!"

THE ATTEMPT OF THE RUSSIANS TO RETAKE THE "OVENS."—
Equally distant between the right and left attacks of the English are some broken-down huts, close under the walls of Sebastopol, called indiscriminately the "ovens," or the "kitchens," because at the commencement of the siege the ruins were the head-quarters of the enemy's riflemen, and were used as places in which to cook their rations. The reader will remember Lord Raglan's account of Lieutenant Tryon's death, and of the gallant dash made by the 1st Rifle Battalion, which resulted in the total defeat of the Russian sharpshooters, and consequent capture of the "ovens." When the position was taken, it was found to be one of considerable importance, as, under cover of the huts and broken ground, our men were enabled to approach within eighty yards of some of the Russian batteries. The redoubt and redan wall, in particular, were exposed to a harassing fire from this spot, and of course it was determined to retain it. A covered way was accordingly constructed from our left attack, and the men enabled to approach and leave it unobserved, and by this means a strong picquet was always maintained there. During the night their strong and sheltered position effectually guarded against sorties of the enemy from that quarter, and during the day their minis kept a constant fire upon any one who was indiscreet enough to show in the batteries. So deadly had this fire become, that for the last four or five days neither the redan nor redoubt have fired a shot, for not a Russian could appear at the embrasures without instantly becoming a target for a dozen minis bullets, and accordingly yesterday morning they made an ineffectual attempt to retake the place. The sortie was made at six in the morning, when about 350 of the 1st Royals held the place. The hour was singularly ill-chosen, for it was precisely at the time when the picquet was being relieved by 350 of the 50th Regiment, so that double our usual garrison occupied the "ovens." During the darkness, about 1,500 of the Russian infantry issued from the circular battery, and in the confusion of relieving the picquet, contrived to approach within fifty yards of the position before they were discovered. In an instant our men were in position, and remaining under cover of the ruins and broken ground, kept up a constant fire from all points upon the enemy as they advanced. The Russians, contrary to their usual custom, never returned a shot, but strove to close with the place and drive our picquet from their shelter. Only about 100 succeeded in the attempt, and instantly retreated again, appalled by the continuous fire which their unseen foes maintained. After a moment's pause they returned to the charge again, but with less spirit than at first, and, after a vain attempt to rally under the fire, retreated in disorder.

THE FAITH OF A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER II.

"It is true, my father," resumed Stefano, "that for a month past my heart has been full of an unconquerable love. There is in this place a young maiden who attracts me from every other thought, whose image effaces in my mind even that of my beloved mother; who makes me forget all the world beside, even yourself, my dear father, and I must crave pardon of heaven if it be a sin. If I no longer speak to any one, it is because the name of this fair young girl alone hovers on my lips, and yet I do not dare to utter it; and I no longer have the heart for anything. There is nothing in comparison with a glance from her eye, a word from her mouth; and I would give my life for that look, if it would only assure me that she loves me."

"Well done, my son, well done!" interrupted the old man, much moved, but smiling; "why, that is just what I was at your age; and so should every Spaniard be who possesses a heart. I have always seen that those who were the most in love were also the bravest of the brave, provided always that that love is bestowed upon a worthy object."

"Oh! my father, as to that—"

"I trust entirely to you, my son, I trust to you! and then, before I ask who it is you love, I promise to make but three conditions before consenting to your marriage."

"And what may they be?" exclaimed Stefano, with energy, as if these words had at once calmed all his fears.

"First, then," resumed the rustic squire, with the tone of an old Spanish grandee addressing his son and heir, "the wife that is to receive your name must bring you one as noble and pure as that of La Sarga; nobility and honour are worth far more than riches, my son, and impoverished as I am, I require no dower with her."

"And further?"

"Secondly, she must be the daughter of a devoted subject of our king, Charles the Fifth—and a faithful defender of the monarchies of Spain."

As he pronounced these words so revised, the old man made a respectful inclination, not without his example being followed by the young *maja*, who raised his hat lightly from his head.

"And finally?" inquired the lover, impatient to hear the last word.

"And lastly," added Don Sarga, with solemnity, "you must both of you vow, on the day of your *fiançailles*, that if death (which may occur any day or hour) should deprive the royal army of one of my four sons, you would instantly take down those arms," and the veteran pointed towards the pistols hung up near an enormous rifle; "and without hesitation quit Panola to go and replace your brother."

"The two first conditions are already complied with," said Stefano, "and I will not fail to satisfy you in the third, should it so befall that need there be. But, unfortunately, there is one other which you forget to mention, and which in truth rests neither with you or myself. In short, to be happy I must be loved, and I do not think that I am loved, my father."

"You do not think so?" exclaimed Don Sarga, with pride; "I should like to see any girl in this village who would venture to disdain the hand of Don Stefano!"

"I do not know whether she would disdain my hand, but I know that she seems to dread my love; for she avoids with studious care any look or notice from me;

she will not even let me have the opportunity of speaking to her, for fear lest an avowal should pass from my eyes to my lips."

"Baste!" exclaimed the old Castilian in a rognish, jovial tone, "no doubt all this is caused by your own folly—the not daring to open your mouth; I feel assured that you have frightened the fair one with your bandit-like airs, as though you were meditating some dire purpose. Young girls, let me tell you, do not hate lovers who sigh, but they decidedly prefer those who dare to speak out, and it is only the better to listen that they seem at first to be so dull of hearing."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young man, clasping his hands together, "if I could but believe that she would listen to me without anger!"

"Anger! nonsense, my son! do you suppose that love ever really offends a pretty girl? Arouse yourself, my young *hidalgo*," continued the old man, as he regarded his son with evident pride, "let us begin this very day to pay court to this severe *maja*, and please to remember to change your tactics and your physiognomy entirely; raise up with proper pride that handsome head and those fine black eyes of yours, place one hand firmly upon that well-turned hip, balance with the other that hat with its elegant feather; and speak out of love nobly, with a well assured voice, as we know full well how to do when the subject is war, or a bull-fight;—then we shall see if the most difficult of señoras and the most disdainful, will not soon be too happy to win a smile from you. As for the rest, it regards me, my son, and you may reckon, that when once the said conditions are fulfilled, you will not have to wait for the wedding.—Well! what do you say to this?"

"My father," replied Stefano, smiling sadly. "May heaven have inspired you in what you say, and permit that you are not deceiving me in this matter!"

"Fear not," resumed the old man, with vivacity, "it now only remains for me to be informed of the name of my future daughter-in-law."

The young man was about to pronounce the name that already caused his lips to tremble with emotion, when a loud noise, suddenly filled the air, and interrupted the interview at the most interesting point.

A numerous assemblage of harvest-men followed by their partners, as if by common consent, precipitated themselves *pêle-mêle* into the old mansion.

"Where is the *maja*? the *maja*," they exclaimed, "we must have the *maja*!"

In an instant the lower room became filled with an animated and noisy crowd.

The costume we have already described as worn by Don Stefano, was common to all the young men, varying only in regard to the richness of ornament or material. Some were provided with guitars, others with castagnets; but most or them had long sticks, deprived of their outward bark, terminating in forks, bedecked with ribbons of every hue. Every peasant wore a bouquet of jessamine at his left side, like to that of the *maja*. The young maidens, attired in black silk bodices, with short *basquines*, red stockings, and mantilles, gracefully plied their castagnets, as they valed into the house with their partners.

When this joyous troop had gathered themselves round Don Sarga, their cries for "the *maja*! the *maja*!" became each instant more vehement, and the tranquil voice of the old man could with difficulty be distinguished as he replied:

"Well! well! my children, what is all this clamour about?" looking like a village patriarch prepared to give the best counsel or aid in his power.

"The *maja*!" still vociferated the most turbulent of the party.

"The *maja*—or death!" added a village wag, seemingly a little elated with wine.

"Come, my friends, explain yourselves," urged Don Sarga; "let me see, is it concerning my niece Manuela you would speak?"

"Yes! yes!" repeated every voice.

"And what then; is she not amongst you, my friends? I thought I saw but just now that you had chosen her as queen of the day."

"Certainly," replied one of the leaders of the disturbance, "we inaugurated her whilst singing under the last sheafs of corn."

"And she willingly allowed us to do this," added a young hidalgo.

"And so far all went on smoothly enough," said another.

"But," continued a third, "it was just at the most interesting moment, that the whole thing was spoiled, when we were about to go through the ceremony of choosing the *maja*."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the old man, smiling, "the little Navarrese began to play the scrupulous, I suppose?"

"She rebelled, and said she would take no part in the ceremony; it did not in any way regard her."

"That is just like her!" remarked the old man.

"But did you explain to her what is our reason for choosing a *maja*?"

"We said all that it was possible to say—that it is a custom long regarded as sacred at Panola, on the fête-day of the harvest-home; that after having placed the daughter of the house on the last sheaf, whoever among the young villagers may be in love with her should come and present her with his bouquet, each in his turn; that she ought then and there to choose the one she thus authorizes to demand her hand, retaining his bouquet only, after having refused all others; that should she refuse to submit to this usage, she would be for ever disgraced in this country, and that it would be declared impossible for any worthy hidalgo to pay court to her after, without bringing disgrace and slander upon himself as losing caste. None of our arguments availed, either as to convincing or intimidating her. She contented herself with saying, that as she had only been resident among us for the last eight months, she was in no way obliged to conform to our customs—that she would see by the return of next harvest whether she would submit to our established rules. In short, she contrived by some means or other, while paying us with fine promises, to dart off from the sheaf of corn on which we had seated her, and to escape from us by the side door of the grange."

"What a little savage!" replied Don Sarga, gaily, "but you must allow one thing, my friends, that you are not very skilful and formidable gallants if you cannot manage to retain a pretty young girl between you all. At least you ought to have run after her, so as promptly to regain possession of your prize."

"We tried to do so, but it was much more easily said than done; who, I should like to know, could catch such a bird unless they were possessed of wings? She seemed to fly as we pursued her, and worse still, she slammed the door in our faces, and we have never caught sight of her since.—She must be there!" continued the spokes-

man of the party, pointing to a closed room at the right of Don Sarga. "We have posted guards at all the outlets that could facilitate her escape, and we have come to reclaim her at your hands, señor, that we may exercise our rights in your presence, and oblige her to make her choice according to our long-established rules."

"You are perfectly right, my children," replied the old man, with the gravity of a judge, "you shall be satisfied directly," he continued, looking round for Don Stefano, who stood pensively behind a group of young reapers.

"My son," he said, "go to that apartment and seek your cousin; as *maja* it is your special duty to do the honours to the *maja*; and should Manuela refuse to come at your request, you can say that it is at my desire you urge her to re-appear amongst us."

"I will do your bidding, father," said Stefano, after a brief hesitation.

Then stopping suddenly, as if the mission was repugnant to his feelings, he said to Don Sarga, with some embarrassment, "Perhaps, after all, I shall not find my cousin in that room?"

"You will find her! she is there! we are quite sure of it!" cried twenty impatient voices.

"But suppose," rejoined the reluctant delegate, "she does not choose to follow me of her own accord?"

"But she certainly will come!" interrupted Don Sarga, in a tone that decided Stefano to open the door.

"This is just as it ought to be!" exclaimed the hidalgos, enchanted, turning towards the old man energetically and overwhelming him with thanks.

The wag, who had already provoked the hilarity of the assembly, tossed his hat in the air, crying out as he did so, "Long live the good Don Sarga!"

Instantly this was caught up and repeated with acclamations, so as to almost shake the building and awaken every echo; while, led in by Don Stefano, Manuela entered the room, with her eyes cast down, but at the same time evidently anxious to appear perfectly calm and self-possessed; a slight blush, however, soon deepened on her cheek as she felt herself the object of general attention in a way peculiarly trying to a young and timid girl.

As her uncle had already stated, Manuela was a child of Navarre and daughter of Don Sarga's sister, who had been united to a royalist agricultural hidalgo like himself. She had quitted Tafalla, her native town, on the death of her father and mother, who had fallen victims to the civil war then desolating the country, and old Sarga had made her come, not without running a great risk, as far as Panola, where it was his delight to treat her as a beloved daughter till such time as an honourable and suitable offer of marriage might occur.

The origin of Manuela might be traced by her cast of countenance. She possessed one of those faces where penetration seems to be mixed with candour, and where deep feelings and passions are only betrayed by slight nervous indications, or under an assumption of almost infantile unconcern so often not to be relied on in young girls. Her thick and dark glossy hair was simply drawn round her head and folded round a large comb. Her eyes both soft and lively, of the same tint as her hair, gave to her physiognomy a harmonious and enchanting appearance that was enhanced by the dazzling whiteness of her teeth and the lively sparkle of her look.

The costume of the *maja* served to set off this natural beauty.

On the re-appearance of the charming maiden they had



so unguardedly allowed to escape them, the young reapers raised a joyful exclamation, and greeted Stefano and his cousin with the noisy sound of all their castagnets united.

"Manuela," said Don Sarga, addressing his niece and taking her by the hand, "I have been making excuse for you to our villagers for the trick you have just been playing them. It now behoves you to make all the reparation you can, by submitting with a good grace to an old-established custom that is as rigorously required of all here as the annual tithe. Do not tremble, my dear child, but perform your part with alacrity and gaiety. You are the daughter of the house, the *maja*, and you will find amongst the brave Castilians now surrounding you, lovers who aspire to win your hand. They are going to pay you their homage according to the usual established form, by offering for your acceptance the bouquets of jessamine they wear upon their hearts. There must surely be one amongst them to whom you would secretly give a preference, and they have already told you how you may designate him from above every other, by retaining the bouquet with which he will present you."

"But, señor," stammered out the young girl, in a trembling voice.

"No more entreaties and opposition, my dear," interrupted the old man. "Why should one be pretty if it were not to get married, and to find out a *fiancée* handsome and brave, tender and faithful? you are lucky enough only to be embarrassed whom to choose. Moreover, you are perfectly free to select whom you will; and do not fear; you will not be expected to marry the favoured one twenty-four hours hence!—your choosing thus will only

secure to him the privilege of striving all in his power to gain your affections—to prove the sincerity of his love, so as to deserve your hand."

Manuela made a second attempt at opposition; but the importunate old man put a hasty stop to them by making a sign to the young men to begin the ceremony—to the proper performance of which he seemed as anxious, and to attach quite as much importance, as themselves.

Most of the young hidalgos present took the bouquet of jessamine before alluded to in the right hand, and the *maja* had only to glance around her instantly to convince herself that there were as many aspirants for her hand as handsome young men before her.

Manuela was standing, close to her uncle, at one of the extremities of the room. At her right and left the young female reapers were gathered together in groups, admiring, apparently without envy, the queen of the fête, and forming as it were a graceful court about her.

Immediately opposite stood the young rivals who were about thus, emblematically, to make a declaration of their love. A close observer might have detected lurking jealousy in the looks that they every now and then directed towards each other. Standing also, but perfectly motionless, Don Stefano cast a melancholy glance around the room. The guitar and castagnet players assembled in a knot before the door, having reduced the sound of their instruments to a sort of subdued dreary prelude, seemingly intent upon watching and hearing whatever might occur during the scene about to be enacted, and on this picture, well worthy the pencil of a Leopold Robert, the sun half-hidden beneath the horizon cast rays that seemed to add to the calm solemnity of this striking tableau.

The first who advanced to pay his devoirs to the *maja*, was a tall, powerful young man of florid complexion, with a determined step and haughty brow; he addressed him in the following words:—

"My name is Geronimo Caldaros; next Christmas-day I shall be six-and-twenty. I have given them reason to say in the village that I was slow and difficult in the choice of a wife—it was because I was waiting for the most beautiful *maja*, and you are that, most certainly, Manuela D'Avilez. Will you then place on your heart the bouquet that has already been on mine?"

Don Geronimo presented his bouquet to the young girl, who blushing received it, then let it fall to the ground.

"He is rejected," whispered the spectators, as the crest-fallen young man re-entered the crowd, and a second left it to take his place.

"I am Don Juan Ribeira," he said, in a careless free tone. "My mother pretends that I am the best young bachelor in *Panola*, and my father that I am the richest; it will depend upon you, Doña Manuela, whether I shall become the happiest. Will you then place upon your heart the bouquet that has already been on mine?"

"Refused!" re-iterated the spectators, as they perceived the jessamine gliding to the earth without being retained by the *maja*.

A third person came forward in turn, greeted by a general smile. It was the merry wag whom we have already described as taking a leading part in the amusements of the day, and certainly a very good looking cavalier, albeit rather negligent and off-hand in regard to manner.

"Pearl of *Panola*," he exclaimed, with an inciting provoking air, "you have known me since you came to inhabit this village, and you well know for whom I sigh both night and day. I love you as well as I do the wine of Xérès or Malaga. Will you place upon your heart—"

He stopped short as he saw his bouquet reach the floor amidst a general burst of laughter, and, taking the fourth aspirant about to succeed him gravely by the hand, he resumed,—

"Since I am not to your taste, *maja*, let me tell you that you are mistaken; but here is one who next to and in default of myself, must surely be all you require."

The new comer, covered with ribbons, silk and velvet, advanced, saying with a solemn voice—

"I am Don Henrique Baldicas, y Malucas, y Casticas, y Salpicas, a direct descendant of the famous Cid Campeador! Will you, Doña Manuela d'Avilez, y Pepez, y Bermudez, place upon your heart this bouquet that has been on mine?"

Don Baldicas, y Malacas, y Casticas, y Salpicas, was sent off in spite of the high recommendation the nobility of his predecessor, to say nothing of his own; and some nine or ten more replaced him with like success.

The bouquets of jessamine seemed to have descended in a shower at the feet of the young girl, for all around her the floor was covered with them. The disconcerted, rejected suitors had become so numerous, that they could no longer hide their confusion in the crowd. The spectators spoke to one another in an animated but under tone, while the performers on the guitar, in their surprise, altogether forgot that their instruments had become totally mute. Old Sarga, anxious and smiling by turns, asked himself what could be the cause of the excessive fastidiousness of his niece, conscious, however, that she certainly possessed the right of being so; and as to the

suitors who still remained with their bouquets in hand, they regarded each other with a hesitating air, as if they scarcely dared to enter on the lists.

Amongst them, however, three still remained more venturesome than the rest.

The two first were not even suffered to come to the end of their speech, and all eyes then naturally centred on the last. Manuela allowed him to deliver his complimentary address, then she took his bouquet, which she seemed to consider with a rather doubtful coquettish air, and then let it fall amongst the trophies of love and adoration scattered at her feet, heaving a sigh of relief as she did so.

A loud murmur was then raised amongst the young hidalgos, who had hitherto remained passively watching the scene half-stupified with astonishment.

"All rejected! all!" exclaimed the spectators and aspirants together; "what a grievous affront, such as never has been seen or heard of before!"

"After all," remarked some mischievous young girls, "why should she be obliged to choose against her will, if none of these lovers suited her?"

The discussion would soon have waxed hot, had not the venerable president imposed silence on all, and advancing towards his niece, addressed her thus,—

"Tell me, my child, have you duly considered of what you have been doing?"

"Yes, dear uncle," replied Manuela, in a retiring, but firm tone. "Did you not yourself tell me that I was left perfectly free?"

"Free to choose, certainly, but not to turn off every suitor." The *maja* cast down her eyes without venturing a reply.

"Patience, my father," broke from Don Stefano in the midst of a pause, "there is still one more left."

"Where is he?" eagerly demanded one and all.

"It is I!" replied the *maja*, as he took his bouquet of jessamine in hand.

An exclamation of surprise escaped from every mouth, Doña Manuela trembled so violently that she was obliged to rest on the arm of her uncle for support, while Don Sarga, more astonished than any of the spectators, hastily ran towards his son, saying, in a joyous tone,—

"How, Stefano! it is your cousin thou that—"

"Yes, my father; it is she whom I love."

"Well and good!" replied the old man, opening his eyes somewhat wider than usual certainly, as he quietly thought to himself,—

"I understand now why she was so difficult to please; it was not that she was inclined to fast entirely, she was only waiting for the best dish of all to be served up."

Reasoning thus, Don Sarga resumed his place beside Manuela, and in the midst of tokens of the liveliest interest from all, and the subdued and often interrupted sound of the guitars and castagnets, Don Stefano advanced towards his cousin.

"Doña Manuela, I love you," said Stefano to the *maja*, "will you place on your heart this bouquet?" These words were pronounced in a soft and expressive tone by the young man; the manner and gesture he used in doing so had so much of passion and supplication, as it were, in it—there was so much of hope and fear mingled in the look that he fixed upon his cousin, that a sympathetic emotion seemed to communicate itself to all the beholders, while tears of tenderness filled the eyes of both Don Sarga and the fair young girl herself.

"Keep the bouquet, Manuela, keep it," seemed to say

every countenance, not even excepting those of the late rivals of Stefano.

Some few voices even ventured to express in words the thoughts apparently uppermost with all, as the light sound of the castagnets and guitars, more slow and faint in their movements each instant, seemed as if raising up a mysterious prayer in his favour.

The *maja*, no less pale than her cousin, took the bouquet with a trembling hand.

She looked at it for some time hesitatingly, and made a movement as if she was going to cast it on the ground; she then paused abruptly to gaze upon it again; and finally, she let it fall as she turned her head away.

SCIENCE AND WAR.

THE fighting-men of some half-dozen generations back were in a considerable quandary for the safety of their craft. Field-artillery had been organized as one of the regular "arms" of warfare, threatening, in their apprehension, to swallow up all the rest. The deadly volleys poured forth with scientific precision from the gaping mouths of brass or iron ordnance, were expected to defy all valour, to baffle all manœuvring, and to annihilate every militant machine of less massive constitution than their own. But after extinguishing warriors, science, it was said, would at length extinguish war itself. It was considered no vain dream of a visionary to suppose that in times to come, when kings fell out, there would be no fighting; but each monarch would array his artillery upon one of two opposite hills, and then, when numbers had been counted and calibres computed, the sovereign who possessed the inferior weight of metal would own himself vanquished and surrender to his rival the honours and fruits of victory.

These were the predictions of the eighteenth century. They have been repeated in the nineteenth, not seldom—when science furnished some novel implement or swifter process of destruction to military art. Even still they are appended to almost every description of new fulminatory devices, whose explosion—as was said of the Warner-shell—is declared sufficient to "smash the continent into islands." The Peace Society, however, need never expect to win by such means the triumph of their principle. Arts do not usually perish from their own perfection; nor is the art of destruction likely to prove an exception to the rule. Yet the beneficent influences of science upon war, viewed simply in the light of a broad philanthropy as diminishing the sum of human suffering and death, are neither few nor insignificant.

Granted that nations must still make war, and that war culminates in the siege of fortresses—in the encounter of fleets and armies. By how much the more science has multiplied her ingenious contrivances and elaborate paraphernalia for attack and defence, by so much will the destruction of the mere human agents in the strife become matter of secondary consideration. It is often better towards discomfiting the enemy to kill his horses than his men; it is always better to dismount a gun than to shoot twenty gunners. A broadside that "knocks over" a hundred men is considered far less successful than if it had "knocked two embrasures into one." At sea this low value of human life, among the estimates of damage inflicted on an opponent, has long obtained: more than one of the most splendid naval victories which adorn our

annals have been gained with less result of "killed and wounded" than a single charge of infantry at Inkermann. As our fleets become more exclusively steam squadrons, this preponderance of matter over life will increase. When all war-ships are steam-impelled—as they will be some day—it is far from improbable that great battles will take place, followed by a complete victory for one side, and the total loss of its fleet by the other, in which the shot shall have touched nothing except the screws of the vessels. There shall not be a human being hurt, and yet the triumph may be as grand and as decisive as those of the Nile or Trafalgar.

Science also performs its alleviating ministrations upon war by reducing, or even obliterating, its preliminary, accidental, and unnecessary sufferings. The days of battle are but exceptions,—the actual fighting is but an interlude in the existence of the soldier. The killed in combat, the sufferings inflicted by the enemy's weapons, figure but as small fractions in the great whole of mortality and pain. The proportions are, however, gradually approaching equality; and, hereafter, the amount of incidental "casualty" or endurance will be reduced to a very small affair. By scientific arrangements, of which we know the theory, and shall presently attain the practice, it will be possible to convey fifty thousand soldiers, and ensconce them safely in trenches before some future Sebastopol, with no more loss or deprivation than if they had been so many "navvies" employed by contractor Brassey to excavate a line of Crimean railway. Even already the conveyance part of the business is done very tolerably—thanks to our experience with Overland Mails, and the rapid emigration currents to Australia and the States. Formerly a transport was seldom other than a miniature purgatory. After the short voyage to Lisbon, troops landed from them decimated by scurvy, or worn out with foul air, unwholesome food, and bad accommodation. Lately, the voyage to the Black Sea has been performed by whole regiments of infantry and cavalry in a few days, and almost like a party of pleasure. The magnificent, ill-treated *Himalaya*, transported fifteen hundred men from Cork to Varna in less than eleven days of steaming, and in thirteen of actual time—two being spent at Malta. The "baked meats" of her departure might almost have served cold on the day of her arrival. Poor vessel! She is now run off her legs with hard usage—or reversing the destiny of a horse under similar circumstances, has been over-driven until she has ceased to be a "*servant*." Other departments will in future times be managed with equal skill. Theoretically, there is no reason why troops when but five miles from their ship, should spend a night tentless and almost foodless, in a deluge or a morass—or that sick men should languish for weeks without beds or physic in the suburb of a splendid city, and within ten days postal distance of London itself—or that fighting men should be nourished (?) by coffee served out green in places where they have not fire to roast or mills to grind it—or that a British army should be left to withstand the rigour of a Crimean mid-winter, in tattered clothes and burst boots, with nothing but a thin blanket between the sleeping men and the ground, and a worn canvas between them and the inclement sky.

For this last blunder, it is true that science itself has been accounted responsible—or rather, "conveying" science has beguiled and misled "supplying" science into a false security. As the correspondent who posts his letter at Charing-cross, duly directed and stamped, feels

a moral certainty that the epistle will be as duly delivered next day in Liverpool, so the commissariat functionaries who embarked forty thousand great coats, with shoes, hose, blankets, and flannel shirts to match, in the unfortunate *Prince*, made sure that the valuable consignment would be duly landed on the shore of Balaklava bay, instead of being whelmed, together with so many and so much that were precious besides, beneath the stormy waters of the Euxine.

Hurricanes, however, like battles, must be set down as the "inevitable" of war. Barring these, we see our way—and will make it too—by scientific appliances, to render life in the camp quite as sanitary as that in the city—or reduce the mortality during a military enterprise (and mortality presupposes want, exposure, and pain in various degrees) to the same low ratio as if it were purely industrial. Nor will the influences of the improved *régime* be limited to one side only. The well-fed and well-housed soldiers who go forth to repel a sortie or assault a fortification will be at once more daring in the conflict and more merciful when the conflict is over than if they had been exasperated by a course of personal privation. The courage derived from plenitude and confidence is far different from that inspired by despair; and the difference, individually speaking, is hardly less beneficial to the foe than to the friend.

In so far as it has enhanced the potency of our missile weapons also, science has exercised a humanitarian influence upon war. Every increase in the range of our artillery places the combatants at a greater distance, and renders the combat, on the whole, less bloody and barbarous. The hateful passions, the fierce spirit of vengeance engendered in the hand-to-hand contests of former ages have long since almost vanished. A minié rifleman picks out and shoots down his man from the opposite ranks with as little sense of moral responsibility, and also as little feeling of personal enmity than if he were a ninepin. Next minute he may be seen raising his adversary with tender solicitude, while he staunches the wound caused by his own bullet. Horrible stories have been told us of the atrocities perpetrated by Russian soldiers upon the wounded as they lay on the ground after a charge. If both sides, or even one, had been altogether armed with minié rifles, the men could hardly have got near enough to render such acts possible even if they wished it. But the probability is that their individual passions would in that case have never been excited to such a pitch. Barbarians as we call them, even the Russians did not exhibit these traits of cowardly blood-thirstiness until their fury had been so inflamed by a close combat as to make them hurl stones and fling clods of earth and handfuls of mud when other ammunition failed, into the faces of their opponents.* In siege operations the humanizing, life-sparing agencies of science are still more strikingly manifested. Strong fortresses have yielded, not when the garrison were all killed, but when the besiegers had effected what Uncle Toby calls "a lodgment on the counterscarp." Others have been assailed vicariously, in the shape of some detached fort or outlying work on a commanding situation. The brunt of Wellington's first siege of Badajoz fell upon a small external work, whose defenders numbered only a hundred and seventy men. If that outpost had fallen, it was known that Badajoz could not longer have resisted. Toulon was actually taken by Napoleon Buonaparte, then

only an officer of engineers, in this fashion, the reduction of a minor fort necessitating the surrender, without further bloodshed, of the whole place. We are assured, upon high authority, that in the present year, Sebastopol, with its garrison of thirty thousand, might have been captured without more ado by previously taking Fort Constantine with its twelve hundred occupants. Besides this, that last and cruellest extremity of a siege—the reduction by blockade—is rendered almost impossible by the inventions of Colonel Paixhans and Mr. Lancaster. Never again shall we have another siege of Rochelle, or see a town capitulate after all its citizens have perished from lingering famine, and when its garrison, a skeleton in numbers—skeletons in frame—are within a few hours of dying themselves from inanition.

For the mechanical agencies of war, and towards solving the great problem, how to make certain ounces or pounds avoirdupoise of lead or iron impinge upon a given spot from an assigned distance, science has done wonders already, and may hereafter achieve still greater. Its influences are traced by negative results sometimes very curiously. The ill-success of some important sieges during the Peninsular campaigns, according to Napier, was a mere matter of "windage." The shot did not fit the guns accurately, and the fire became precarious and ineffective. It is noticed that even the Lancaster gun was considered a failure upon its first trials in real war—like all previous inventions for rifling large cannon. The operation to be accomplished is indeed of enormous difficulty. You have a ball weighing 60 or 100 lbs. placed at the bottom of a cylinder, in contact with certain grains of powder, which at a given signal develop elastic forces of such intensity as to make the huge sphere leap five miles through the air. The final path of the shot depends on the manner in which the force is impressed upon it, and on the various motions of projection and rotation which it may acquire while passing up the bore of the piece. To use the weapon effectually, we must compute, and if possible, regulate these motions—that is to say, we must ascertain and direct the successive stages of a vast process, all of which are developed—have begun and ceased to operate—within the compass of a single second of time. The effect of rotation upon the flight of a bullet is very curious. A ball fired from a barrel curved from right to left will, on issuing forth, move in a path curved reversely—i. e. from left to right. This has been shown experimentally by making the bullet pass, like the rider of a circus, through a succession of tissue paper-screens so as to leave the mark of its transit upon each. Theoretically, the result is shown to depend upon the resistance of the air acting on a sphere which the friction of the bent gun-barrel has caused to spin horizontally in a certain direction.

Those ingenious gentlemen, the "constant readers" of newspapers, have been very indignant lately, because, as they think, chemical science has not contributed its due quota for warlike purposes. The discoveries of chemistry, they say, should have supplied us with some explosive compound far stronger than the old powder. Now the fact is that gunpowder is already too strong. Made of its greatest strength, it is not only too disruptive for cannon of any manageable weight and fabric to bear, but its action on the projectile becomes absolutely diminished. Explosions rapid and vehement beyond a certain point, will rend the chamber of the gun, but impart a less velocity upon the ball than the ordinary cannon powder. Their effect becomes *percussive* instead of projective, and

* This actually occurred during the close infantry charges at the Battle of Inkermann.

they act on the bullet as the bullet acts itself on the substances which it strikes at high velocities. You may fire one through a door without shaking it, however loosely hung, although the calculated momentum of the shot is sufficient not merely to shut the door but to knock it off the hinges. Wise commanders, in close sea-fights, order their men to use half-charges of powder—the balls doing more damage as they strike with less force. If science ever does much more towards improving the art of projecting shot, it will probably be by dispensing with powder altogether. The explosive process is in fact very rude and wasteful. Of the forces generated when gunpowder is inflamed in a cannon certainly nine-tenths are uselessly or even dangerously employed—tending to burst the piece instead of propelling the shot. With steam as our motive power, it may be found practicable to accomplish, in a mode more economical and more susceptible of regulation, the problem of launching a metallic sphere into space in a given tangent and with a definite velocity.

But there are indirect and collateral influences of science upon war to which we can now only allude, but which will probably prove of chief importance in the end. As war becomes more scientific, its directors will be able to calculate its results more surely and from afar off, so as to avoid prolonging a useless struggle. Good chess-players give up the game when there is checkmate on the board, though several moves off. This is much to accomplish when abbreviating a game where every move is fraught with misery and the pawns are human lives. As war becomes more scientific, again, its predominance will be won by the most scientific nations; that is, by those most enlightened, most civilized, most sensitive to the crimes, the horrors, and the uselessness of warfare. The sword will be put into the hands of the people most likely to use it reluctantly and justly, whose rulers have outgrown the savage lust for conquest, or who are too wise themselves to let their rulers gratify it. In these influences, political and social science will also have its share. A nation that can send forth 10,000 educated, reflecting soldiers, has a better army than the leader of 100,000 serfs. Hence the advantage of free political institutions. Hence the miraculous victories gained by a few determined and inspired warriors, imbued with a principle and fighting for a cause, against the multitudinous hosts of mere stipendiaries. When these sources of supremacy are fully developed and thoroughly known, science—which means knowledge and justice—will become the arbiter of all quarrels, and the peace of the world will no longer depend upon the caprices of some barbarous master of barbarians.

GENERAL CATHEART AND THE SENTRY.—One night, after a long march of the army under the command of General Cathcart, during the late Caffre war, the troops bivouacked on a gentle slope at the base of a mountain, and placed sentries as usual. At about three o'clock the following morning, a sentry, of the 74th Highlanders, seeing a man, with a blanket round him and a night-cap on, sitting by a bivouac-fire making coffee, took him for a sutler attached to the army, and addressed him thus, "It's a fine morning, old fellow, and your coffee smells nice," to which the person addressed, answered, "Yes, will you have some?" The sentry, glad of such an offer, ordered his arms, drank, and commenced a conversation on the topics of the day—the war and the new commander-in-chief. After a few minutes' conversation, judge of his surprise when he found it was the new commander-in-chief, General Sir George Cathcart, he had been speaking to. The sentry was much confused, and began to stammer out an apology, but the General soon relieved him by saying, "Never mind, sentry; mistakes will occur; drink your coffee, and go on your post."

A COMPANY of negroes at Havannah, who clubbed together and purchased a lottery ticket, were fortunate enough to draw a 100,000 dols. prize.

STRAY READINGS.

A TRIUMPH OF GENIUS is recorded by an American journal. It says that a gentleman who lives at Darlington, in the parish of St. Helen, has invented a sheep-shearing machine of very curious construction. It calls the sheep up, throws them down, and takes off the wool, without any manual labour, save that it is necessary to turn the crank. The usual amount of bleating on such occasions is checked by means of a stop-cock.

AN OFFICER, writing from Balaklava, says, "Most of our heavy guns at Sebastopol are done up from constant firing, more especially our siege guns. The touch-holes are blown so large from continued use, that the guns have become dangerous. No one expecting the siege to last so long, this was a contingency against which no provision was made." A staff-officer also says, alluding to the scarcity of necessities, "I landed in the Crimea with nothing but what I had on my back, three sheets of paper, a pen, and some ink in my snuff box!"

THE HERO OF THE 57th.—Houghlalan, the private, who carried off his wounded officer, Lieutenant Crosse, at the battle of Inkermann, is a native of Waterford, in which city his father and mother reside. Lieutenant Crosse, when badly wounded in the thick of the fight, was assailed by five of the enemy, and his chances of escape were very poor indeed, when Houghlalan rushed up to his relief, and in a very few moments changed the aspect of affairs. The foremost Russian fell shot through the heart, a second was felled by the clubbed musket, a third was put *hors de combat* with his bayonet, and the other two ran away. Houghlalan first enlisted in the 17th Regiment, under Major Sutton, in consequence of a disappointed love-affair, and afterwards volunteered into the 57th, when he was placed in the Grenadier company. He subsequently married the girl to whom he was attached, and she is now in service at Waterford.

TRUTHFUL LADIES.—It would be a great mistake to consider the Turkish ladies merely as the inmates of the harem, or recluses, or caged birds. In 1848, if the Sultan's own women were caged, none others were. His married sisters, as well as his mother, were constantly abroad. The women of the pashas and other high employes, were more out of doors (in the day time) than our fashionable and most stirring ladies during the London season. They were to be seen every day, when the weather was fine, on the Bosphorus, in the Golden Horn, in the bazaars on the great square near the Seraskier's Tower, and in the streets; they were incessantly going and coming, shopping and paying visits. The younger and handsomer of them took care that their *gashaws* should not conceal their faces. The gauze worn by these dames of highest fashion was as transparent as the famed textile of old Genoa, and it was drawn across only the chin and forehead.—*Kismet*, by MacFarlane.

THE GUARDS AT INKERMANN.—Prominent among all the heroic deeds of our troops in the Crimea, stands forth the successful resistance, made against overpowering numbers by the English Guards at Inkermann. Is there ought in history or poetry more heart stirring than the simple narrative of that gallant struggle? When the Russians advanced to attack the British lines, the outposts were overwhelmed and forced to retire. The Guards proceeded at once to their support, and engaged the enemy, although at fearful odds. A company of these brave men, just off outpost duty, heard the firing and being informed what was going on, immediately threw their blankets from their backs, and hastened to the relief of their comrades. They were so out numbered by the enemy, as to be obliged to fall back, but not before they had charged them four times; and for upwards of an hour, they sustained the unequal conflict, without relief from any other troops. They were completely surrounded, and yet steadfast in their determination not to be taken prisoners. They did not know in which direction it would be best to fire. The Russians in the rear were within twenty yards of them, and in front about thirty yards from them. There was but one alternative, and that was, to charge those in front, which they gallantly did and soon forced them to retire. At this time a reinforcement opportunely arrived, and with a hearty British cheer, they rushed after the enemy again and got to such close quarters with them, that not having time to load their firelocks, they picked up stones to throw at them. But in order fully to appreciate the courage shown by the British private soldier on this occasion it must be remembered that scarcely any word of command was given to direct their movements. The troops were unable to make any formation, as the scene of the conflict was a hill covered with brushwood. Officers and men were mingled together, and nobly made it, what it has been aptly termed, "The Soldier's Fight;" and thus—undaunted by numbers—with no support but their own firmness—no guide but their own valour—the English Guards fought and conquered at Inkermann.

ENGLISH LADY ATTENDANTS ON THE ARMY.—The noble spirit that has animated Miss Nightingale and her attendants in the Crimea finds a parallel in early English history. Maryan, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., often said, that on condition the princes of Christendom would combine and march against the Turks, she would most willingly attend them and be their handmaid in the camp!

A MISERABLEY FOR THE CRIMEA.—The "navvie" who go out to the Crimea to construct the Balaklava and Sebastopol railway will be accompanied by a chaplain in the person of the Rev. George Gynge, a missionary who has devoted much time to the spiritual enlightenment of railway labourers in Herefordshire. Mr. Peto furnishes a liberal supply of Bibles and Testaments.

GREAT AND SMALL EVENTS.

Prince Henry.—A trifle, a trifle—some eightpenny matter.

THESE IV.

At the Battle of Inkermann the English maintained against the Russians a struggle unrivalled for heroism since the days of Agincourt and of Cressy. But though they had been demigods, rather than men of mortal mould, it was not within the limits of human possibility that the conflict could have been much longer protracted on such unequal terms; and were it not that just at the critical moment the red caps of the Zouaves and the green of the Chasseurs were seen upon the crest of the hill, there is no knowing upon whose banners the eagles of victory might have condescended to alight. The rapidity with which General Bosquet charged the flank of the enemy, and the decisive effect of that magnificent manoeuvre, strikingly illustrate the saying of Horace:—

"Concurrunt; hæc
Memento cito mors venit aut victoria læta."

The fortunes of the day were compressed within as small a particle of time as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive of. It was, indeed,

"An awful moment to which Heaven had joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind."

It reminds one of what Gibbon says, when speaking of some early action in which Mahomet was engaged, "At that moment the free lance of an Arab might have changed the destinies of the world." "Oh, I could tell you," exclaimed M. Kossuth, the other night, at St. Martin's Hall, "I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army. One such moment's neglect, and it is not battles, but empires, that may be lost by it." It was to his own accurate appreciation of this fact, and to the too common neglect of it by his adversaries, that Napoleon attributed much of his success. "Well imagined," said he, of the battle of Rivoli; "well imagined, certainly; yet the day is mine, for the Austrians are not apt to calculate the value of a minute." This leads us to reflect on the value of small things, not in time only, but in space and substance, and in every possible aspect that human life can assume. Lexicographers define a trifle as "a thing of very little value or importance." Is there such a thing on earth, or ought the word to be relegated from the dictionaries as the unreal symbol of that which has no actual existence? Johnson says of Swift that "he thought trifles a necessary part of human life, and found them so;" but who is there of whom as much may not be said? Assuredly trifles are the axes on which the great wheels of society are continually moving. *Vive la bagatelle!* is, after all, no such bad philosophy; for as many seconds make up a century, many drops the ocean, and multitudinous sands the shore, so is the life of man made up of aggregated trifles. "Moments make the year, and trifles life." (The quotation is old, but the author is Young.) Small joys and minute comforts make up the sum of our happiness, and little cares (ah! who is there that has not found it so?) insensibly disenchant us with existence, for it is "the little foxes which do eat the grapes." Savage Landor has somewhere a beautiful idea that as the leaves are gradually loosened from the branch by the too copious rains of autumn, so are our hearts insensibly detached from this transitory existence by "the soft pressure of recorded sorrows." Satan, for all that Milton has done for him—and indeed the service was reciprocal—is, we should think, no agreeable associate under the best of circumstances; but never was he more troublesome than when he appeared to Martin Luther in the form of a blue-bottle fly. The solitary monk who shook the world has left us a really pathetic narration of all that he suffered at the hands—or rather at the wings—of the Prince of Darkness in that shabby and disreputable guise. There is nothing so small that it may not affect our happiness or influence our fortunes; for we are "such stuff as dreams are made of." Heracles is said to have died from the bite of a crab; King Pyrrhus was killed by an old woman throwing a tile on his head; Lord Anson sailed round the world in safety to find his end at last in a duck-pond; and the great Duke of Marlborough came by his death through a sixpenny-piece. When Falstaff deplores the loss of his "grandfather's seal-ring," shamefully stolen from his pocket at the Bear's Head Tavern, Prince Henry pool-pools the misfortune, and ridicules the ring as "a trifle, a trifle—some eightpenny matter"—a most unfeeling observation as it appears to us, and one which says but little for the heart of His Royal Highness. Who shall attempt to describe the action on our nature of a matter so insignificant as scarcely to seem worthy of consideration? A spoonful of nitre and digitalis will make the merriest fellow on earth as dismal as an undertaker; whereas, half a grain of the red sulphuret of antimony will make an undertaker leap over the moon. And so too with our moral nature. "It is curious to observe," says Sterne, "the triumph of slight incidents over the mind, what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions both of men and things!—that 'trifles light as air' shall waft a belief into the soul and plant it immovably within it, so that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it. Man perils life and limb for a star, a ribbon, or a garter, and we are assured that the thoughts of woman delight to circulate in a radius no larger than a hoop of gold just big enough to encompass the fourth finger of her left hand. How many a woman there is whose mind moves in the circle of her wedding ring, and not

an inch beyond it. "We should reflect," says Jeremy Taylor, "that whatever tempts our pride and ambition in this world, is not so big as the smallest star which we see scattered and disregarded on the pavement of Heaven." And as the point of a hair may disarrange the delicate mechanism of a watch, so may a single untoward accident lead to the overthrow of our noblest and most cherished enterprises. Goldsmith studied for holy orders, and would have been a clergyman, had not the bishop to whom he presented himself for ordination rejected him for coming into his presence luminously arrayed in a pair of scarlet breeches. If Charles I. had not stayed by order of Council the ships bound for America, in which were embarked John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell, he would not have been reduced to the inconvenient predicament of having a crown without a head to put it on, nor would the Puritans have added insult to injury by proposing to bind his daughter Elizabeth apprentice to a button-maker. Truly it is curious to trace back great events whether in art or nature to their small commencements—

"Empire and wealth an acorn may dispense
By fleets to sail a thousand ages hence,
Each myric-seed includes a thousand groves,
Where future bards may warble forth their loves."

The great mystery of the material world "was revealed," says Lord Bacon, "not by a ponderous bar of iron, but by a tiny needle." The philosophy of the spheres was disclosed to Newton by the falling of an apple; and Galvani got his idea of the battery, which bears his name, from observing the twitchings in the muscles of a frog. Writers on natural theology are wont to expatiate, and with great justice, on the innumerable contrivances which are required in order to perpetuate the existence of the human species for a single day. A small variation of the temperature of the globe, the least alteration in the chemical compounds of the air we breathe, an outbreak only a little more violent than history has often recorded of subterranean fires, "would be sufficient," writes a great journalist, "to sweep the human race from the face of the globe, and consign its destinies to conjecture or oblivion, like those of the fossil animals which preceded us on the surface of this planet, and once, no doubt, considered their destiny as fixed and durable." The universe proclaims the unspeakable importance of that which measured by the ordinary laws of time and space appears to the unthinking insignificant. Inclosed amid the foldings of Egyptian mummies have been found seeds, which, after the lapse of generations, have been sown and brought forth their harvests. A single grain of corn will, by the process of self-multiplication, become, in a few years, sufficient to supply the wants of a nation. A Spanish lady carried a few grains of wheat to the city of Lima, and for three years distributed their produce at the rate of twenty or thirty grains to each farmer. "Maria D'Escobar," says Sir James Mackintosh, "brought into existence by these few grains of corn more human beings than Napoleon destroyed in all his campaigns!" A penny seems a small matter, yet arithmeticians assure us that the interest of one penny for 1850 years at the rate of five per cent. per annum compound interest, would amount to £6,606,813,355, with the addition of twenty-seven ciphers, or upwards of six million-million-million-million-million-million of sovereigns, and the number of pounds sterling would also be equal to the number of grains of sand contained in one hundred globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude—the earth being assumed an oblate spheroid, whose equatorial and polar diameters are 7,925 and 7,899 miles respectively. "So small a sum in the eyes of a financier as threepence," says Burke, "so insignificant an article as tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe." Even into the enchanted realms of love and courtship the doctrine has penetrated. "Trifles," we know, "are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ," and Tom Moore has had the effrontery to address his mistress in such lines as these:—

"Benny, you little rosy rake,
That heart of thine I long to rife,
Come give it me and do not make
So much ado about a trifle."

The chemist is your true "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." The horse-shoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic are carefully collected by chemistry, and resuscitated in the form of swords and guns; the clippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with hoofs, or the discarded woollen garments of the poor, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of the brightest tint—Prussian blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which the editor now composes, was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old ale-barrel. Bones of dead animals yield the main constituent of lucifer matches; dregs of port wine, scrupulously rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favourite beverage, are taken by him in the morning in the form of sedlitz powders to remove the effects of an over-heated brain. Street offal and the washings of coal-gas re-appear nicely preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavour blanc-manges for her friends." Since then such and so great is the value of trifles in the realms of Nature and of Art, let us extend the doctrine to the moral world.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our follies springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please;
Oh! let the gentle spirit learn from thence,
A small unkindness is a great offence."

MELPOYIN.



THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE roar of cannon—the sharp, ringing volleys of musketry—the hoarse shouts and execrations of eager combatants, no longer resounded on the heights of Inkermann. The strife was over; an oppressive silence had succeeded to the din of battle; and amid the smoke, which hung in dense clouds over the scene, our scattered regiments were being collected for their return into camp. Oh! how diminished were their ranks since they rushed forth in the morning to make that intrepid and noble resistance against overpowering numbers, which must alike fill all England with admiration and spread dismay among our baffled enemies. I had not taken any active part in the fearful struggle, for my regiment formed part of the *corps de réserve*; and I now stood watching the troops as they filed off to their quarters. After the —th regiment had passed, it occurred to me that I did not see my favourite companion and dearest friend E— amongst them. I hastened to his tent to inquire if he had returned. No—he was not there, nor had any one seen him; and I resolved at once to search for him on the field of battle. I could not endure that he should run the chance of remaining on that dreadful spot all night. If he were wounded, I would succour him; if fallen, I could at least save his dead body from desecration. My excitement had been so intense while the battle lasted that I had not broken my fast all day, and it was highly necessary to fortify myself with some refreshment before prosecuting my distressing search. I ate a biscuit, drank some brandy-and-water, and having taken a large flask filled with the same reviving beverage I set forth. All my strength of mind was required to nerve me for the task. The stout English heart with which I could have faced my country's foes utterly failed me when going to look upon their bloody work. I sickened and recoiled at the verge of that ensanguined field. The silence around me, only interrupted by faint groans or the tramp of men carrying away the wounded, seemed to thrust me back; but I thought of my missing friend, and proceeded on my way. It would only serve to

inspire others with similar feelings if I were to describe the manifold horrors which met my view on every side; one or two touching incidents will suffice to give some idea of a "battle-field." At the commencement of my search I passed a battery where the contest had been hand to hand, and heaps of slain, wounded men, dead horses and broken weapons, bore witness to the murderous strife which had taken place. The enemy must have charged up to the cannon's mouth; for numbers of their dying and dead were lying close in front of the breast-work. I noticed a slight movement among a confused mass of our own poor fallen men, and presently a wounded soldier crawled forth a few paces from it. I went to him and inquired if he were much hurt. "To the death, sir, I fear," he replied; "a shot struck my side, and I feel 'tis all over with me." He spoke with difficulty, and the livid hue on his face painfully confirmed the justice of his fears. I offered him my flask, a draught from which appeared to afford him temporary relief. "You are sent by Heaven, sir, I think," said the poor fellow; and drawing a small packet from his bosom, he continued in broken accents, "My wife! my children!—will you trouble yourself to have that letter given to her, and a dying man's thanks and blessing shall be yours." I could only answer him by wringing his hand in token that I accepted the trust. At that moment some men approached with a stretcher for the conveyance of the wounded, and I beckoned them to come for him. Before they could raise him up, however, it was all over; his fears were realised; he had sunk under his wounds. I could see tears in the eyes of the bearers as they replaced him gently on the ground, while they left him to seek for other sufferers who were not, like him, beyond the reach of human aid. Before they went away, one of them said, "Poor George! he was my comrade, and a better fellow never stepped! What will his poor wife say when she hears of this!" (I need scarcely add that the packet which he entrusted to me, is, I hope, already in the hands of his, or, rather, *England's* widow,—for such must she be and all those whom this war has deprived of a husband's care.)—Extract from a *Private Letter*.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

THE SUCCESS OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is assured; and, in announcing this pleasing fact to our readers, we acknowledge the encouragement which has been so readily given to the undertaking. From every part of the empire we continue to receive the most generous offers of assistance, and all our friends are earnestly endeavouring to distribute the Journal in particular localities where their influence can greatly extend its circulation. We shall endeavour to merit this favour by a vigilant attention to the editorial department, and by rendering the work worthy of the cause to which it is dedicated. As a proof of our desire to please our readers, we have increased the quantity of matter in the "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL." THE PRESENT NUMBER CONTAINS TWENTY PAGES, which will admit of a greater variety of useful and interesting information, and allow us to extend, when necessary, that portion of the Journal which is open to correspondence.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, STRAND. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1855. The Part will contain six Numbers in a neat cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller and News-agent in the United Kingdom.

We have received the following letter from H. GOSWOLD, Esq., of 83, Fleet-street, to which we willingly give insertion:—"In common with our compatriots, we feel a strong desire to express our sympathy with the brave fellows who are fighting our battles in the Crimea. This, like others, we can do best according to the means at our disposal. Our soldiers and sailors have wives and sweethearts, and hearts to feel the pangs of separation, and we, therefore, propose to take Daguerrotype Portraits, without charge, at our Photographic Rooms, 83, Fleet-street, of such persons as bring satisfactory evidence that they stand in the relation of wife or sweetheart, son or daughter, to a soldier or a sailor at the seat of war. For this purpose we have set apart the hours between 10 and 12 o'clock, a.m., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. If you think with us that securing the portraits of those whom they love best to our brave fellows will tend to solace them under their dangers and privations, you will oblige us by publishing our proposal."

* * * We cannot undertake to decide the merits of the fine-arms manufactured by Colonel Colt and Messrs. Adams and Rogers. We believe both are doing good service in the Crimea.

* (Bristol).—Your kind assurances are gratifying in the extreme. With such friends and energetic agents there can be little doubt of success.

* * * Write more in detail. Your facts are too meagre to enable us to give you any advice.

WARRICK (Canterbury).—Prince George of Cambridge is not on his way home "invalided." The late General Sir George Cathcart succeeded Sir Harry Smith as Governor of the Cape.

Z. (Religate).—Your Journal can be supplied to you on application to Messrs. Smith and Sons' agent, at the Junction Station. Order 100 copies forthwith.

ARREMBUVIAN.—Should any irregularity occur in our case, write immediately to the Publisher of the Journal, who will make the necessary inquiry. Considering the many million copies of newspapers and periodicals passing through the post-office annually, it is surprising that so many reach their destination in safety.

F. C. (Bristol).—If you will carry out your intention with energy, you can materially assist in the circulation of the Journal. We are grateful for your good wishes, and shall be glad to hear from you.

A YORKE. —The best Christmas-box you can give is a year's subscription to the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

A MENDHAM. —We should be glad to forward your offering, collected with such commendable good-will among your friends, but a reader plan will be to send it to the Secretaries of the Royal Commission, Great George-street, Westminster.

ETHELIA. —The poem is not without merit, but it lacks vigour. A martial lyric should possess such qualities as you will find in some of the stirring poems of Scott and Campbell. A homely theme would better suit your muse.

AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER. —Send plenty of bandages. They should be made of calico, linen, flannel, muslin, elastic webbing, bunting, or some other substance, of various lengths, such as 3, 4, 8, 10 or 12 yards, and 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 4 or 6 inches wide, free from buttons or darts, soft and unglazed. They are better after they have been washed.

T. WELLS. —Your suggestions are good. You can assist us materially by circulating the prospectus of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL among your friends.

INQUIRER. —We have accounts of cannon being used in Europe about the year 1340, yet there is no mention of hand-guns, that is, guns which had stocks and were fired from the shoulder, until 1471.

F. F. (Leeds). —To talk of a Russian invasion of the British possessions in India is idle. No Russian force could cross the Indus.

VIGILANT (Chatham). —Even if there were the most remote prospect of foreign invasion (which there is not) the Midway is the best possible barrier against any force landed on the South-East coast.

A correspondent who styles himself "Spike" inquires whether we cannot point out to him the best way to bring a new invention in gunnery under the notice of the Government. If we had anything at all like what he proposes to be able to make, we would communicate immediately with the Duke of Newcastle. His machine, however, promises too much.

Q. (Derby). —You should have addressed your letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, since you ask our opinion, we can have no hesitation in saying that we do not believe the war is any sufficient answer to an application for a reduction of the duty on paper.

X. (Sheerness). —The Franklin Expedition left Sheerness on the 25th of May, 1845, and the first intelligence of the fate of the party reached England on the 22nd of October, 1854. The total number of men in the two ships (the Erebus and Terror) amounted to 138.

H. R. (Lynn). —It is impossible we can answer your question without making inquiries which would come far better from yourself.

A SOLDIER. —The Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund are now collecting the information to which you refer. They have written to the commanding officer of each regiment in the East, requesting to be informed of the number of men killed and wounded, and also the proportion of married soldiers distinguished those married without military licence.

N. H. (Jersey). —A model of the apparatus to which you refer was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. It was made by Lieut. Pin, and was a perfect representation of a travelling party in the Arctic Regions.

* * * We have not heard that the Household troops are ordered for foreign service.

* * (St. Marylebone). —You should be the best judge of the subject. It would be altogether out of our province to pass any criticism on the claims of the contending parties.

SEQUELATOR. —No one can open a shop at Balaklava without the permission of the commandant. Any of the merchandise you mention would be accepted at this moment—especially preserved meats.

F. WILSON. —The fire engines in use at Constantinople are not much larger than the common garden machine used here. Mr. Braidwood would be distracted if called upon to work such a squirt as you allude to.

S. G. (Normanton). —A purveyor's clerk takes the rank of an ensign.

* (Matlock). —The returns from all the parishes in the country have not yet been made to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. Even the metropolitan parishes have not completed their collections. You will no doubt have an acknowledgment in due time.

Q. (Cranworth). —The societies you refer to have no connection whatever with the Royal Patriotic Fund.

M. C. (Torquay). —Miss V. (Weston). —Send three postage stamps to the Publisher, and in case of any irregularity write again.

T. —You will not be able to see the process without a special order, and just now it may be difficult to get one.

1. —The vessel to which you refer sailed from Woolwich on the 12th.

P. (Hemmers-street). —The government rations which an officer of the rank you mention would be entitled to draw per day, are as follows: 1½ lb. of meat; 1½ lb. of bread; 1 oz. of coffee; 1½ oz. of sugar; 1 oz. of candles; 2 lb. of charcoal; 3 lbs. of wood; and 4—a-gill of rum. For these he has to pay 2½d. per diem—cheap enough in all reason.

Q. —It is rather unreasonable to expect that we can pronounce any opinion as to when the war will be brought to a termination.

Several suggested improvements in arms and accoutrements are now under the consideration of the authorities at the War-office.

(1. York). —You will find what you require in the museum in your own city, and also in the British Museum. There is considerable doubt as to the date, but all antiquaries agree in assigning a very early period.

A. (Dublin). —You can be supplied with the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL by Messrs. Smith and Sons of Eden-quay, and by any bookseller.

C. (Huddersfield). —We have made every arrangement on our part to meet the convenience of our country friends, but the opportunity cannot occur if you will prefer your copies of your bookseller early in the week.

F. C. (Paris). —Many thanks for your suggestion. Complete your list at once and forward it to your bookseller. Many others are working as you propose to do, but there cannot be too many labourers in such a cause.

SHARPSHOOTER (Norwich). —The Victoria Rifle Corps is incorporated, and the members meet for practice every Saturday at Kilburn.

S. HENDERSON (Canterbury). —Roche-ter-bridge was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who appointed a commissioner for the purpose. The warden of the bridge still meet once a year in the ruined Castle of Rochester to hear a report on the state of the structure.

* (Gloucester). —Your suggestions are good, and will not be lost sight of. Send us the sketches you mention.

J. W. (Borchester). —You can get all the information you require by writing direct to the Royal Commissioners, Great George-street, Westminster.

POOLE (Dorchester). —The new cattle market at Copenhagen-fields will be opened early next Spring. The "Southfield bankers" are all removing to premises erected for their use within the precincts of the new market.

S. R. —We have heard of the gun to which you refer. The invention is, we are informed, that of Mr. Brunel. It is not what is called the repeating gun.

C. C. (Salisbury). —We would not advise you to send a shilling's-worth of postage stamps to a man who proposes to show you how to make £25 a-week! The thing is absurd.

F. (Greenwich). —A prize of £100 has been offered for the best essay on Sabbath Observance. Write to 7 Adlam-street, Adelphi.

J. SIMPSON (Boulogne). —You can get the book you require on application to Messrs. Routledge and Co., Farringdon-street.

A. SERRIS (Manchester). —The value of the works of art chosen by prize-holders in the Art Union during the current year amounted to £7,310.

N. X. (Woolwich). —If you apply to the Publisher of this Journal, or to any news agent, you can get the copies of the first number which you require.

W. (Bide). —The copies of the Journal can be forwarded direct, but it would be more convenient for all parties if you will order of any bookseller or news-agent at Portsmouth.

(Shoreditch). —A correspondent informs us that 1,500 children belonging to the six schools in Shoreditch (and not 1,000 as we stated in our last week's impression) have paid one penny each to the Patriotic Fund. Our informant says, "Some of the children have relations fighting our battles in the Crimea, and they will feel pleased to see some notice taken of their efforts. It will also be gratifying to the brave fellows themselves to see that though about abroad they are not forgotten by the children at home." The example of the Shoreditch children, if generally followed in all parochial schools, would produce at least £10,000.

O. (Brighton). —It cannot be too widely and distinctly known that the claims on the Patriotic Fund are daily increasing, and that although the public contributions still flow in with a liberal hand, every engagement with the enemy causes a serious drain upon the fund, and that independently of actual collision, by which life is lost, deaths occur every day in the British camp by sickness and casualties.

* (Plymouth). —We regret we cannot assist you. The proper person to have applied to would have been the Government agent who visited the ship.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 3.--Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1854.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
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[DEATH OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL STRANGWAYS.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

AMIDST the glory of triumph and conquest, whilst the mind dwells eagerly upon the prowess and patience of our brave soldiers in the East, there is one feeling which predominates, and saddens the honours of the most brilliant victory, and that is—regret; deep and earnest sorrow for the warriors who have been gathered to a soldier's grave, remote from friends and home, upon the very scene of their last deadly struggle.

War, happily for the present generation, has, until the

late events, been so rare, that we can readily understand the intense interest which is awakened in the public mind on the events now passing in the Crimea. The days of the past seem revived, when, as Scott, says:—

“Who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
When hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awoke as day begun,
Watch'd joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!”

We have also had our victories to celebrate, unmatched, perhaps, for deeds of daring hardihood in any period of military history, but the pall of death has shrouded the laurelled brows of the warrior, and our joy has been turned into mourning.

We have already alluded, in our pages, to the death of General Sir George Cathcart at Inkerman; another victim in that celebrated battle was GENERAL STRANGWAYS, who was killed in the early part of the same action. About half-past nine o'clock Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. Here General Strangways was mortally wounded. A shell came right in among the staff; it exploded on Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Captain Somerset's trousers; it then struck down Captain Gordon's horse, and killed him at once, and then blew away General Strangways' leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh, and a bit of cloth, from the skin. The poor old General never moved a muscle of his face. He merely said in a gentle voice, "Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" He was taken down and laid on the ground, his life ebbing fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and ere two hours he had sunk to rest.

General Strangways, whose kindly face and venerable white hair, were familiar to the whole army, is lamented and bewailed by everybody. In his lifetime, people called him affectionately the "dear old General," and, now that he is gone, they recal with sorrow those virtues which had rendered him so universally beloved. "I saw," observes an eye-witness of his last moments, "the tears trickle down the manly cheeks of many artillery officers when they heard of his death." His last words were, "I die, at least, a soldier's death." His remains were interred at the same time as those of Sir George Cathcart. Both were placed in coffins, and Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge, with the whole fourth division and the artillery, assisted at the ceremony of the day after the battle. Lord Raglan, in his official dispatch of the battle of Inkerman, alluded to the brave officer, whose death has been so universally deplored, as follows:—

"Brigadier-General Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life; and, in mature age, throughout a long service, he maintained the same character. The mode in which he had conducted the command of the artillery, since it was placed in his hands by the departure, through illness, of Major-General Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confided to his care."

General Strangways was eldest surviving son of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Redlynch Fox Strangways, third son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, whose father, Sir Stephen Fox, was the projector of the great Military Hospital at Chelsea, and himself contributed £13,000 to the undertaking. He was born 28th December, 1790.

General Strangways served the campaign of 1813 and 1814 in Germany, including the battle of Goerde, 16th September, and Leipsic, 16th, 18th, 19th October, 1813, for which the Swedish Order of the Sword was conferred upon him, he having commanded the rocket-troop after the death of Major Bogue, killed in action: served also the campaign of 1815, including the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, at which last he was slightly wounded.

THE DOCTOR'S LOVE.

SOME years ago, we spent a few weeks at a country house. Our host was an old doctor, whom we loved well; for there was much goodness and kindness in him, notwithstanding the many peculiarities in which he indulged. Amongst other bad habits, he shunned the society of women—it was even said that he hated them—and yet the "sex" and their cause always found in him a most determined and obstinate supporter. It seemed as though he was reserving himself until they should be deemed worthy of admission to a social equality with man. He never desired to marry; and when in playfulness we advised him to do so, he would reply, with a perfectly serious air: "By-and-by; it is not yet time." He was then *eighty-two*. Eight days before his death, he appeared quite gay and rejuvenated; and when this cheerfulness was the subject of our comments, he told us smilingly, that he had at last found the companion of his life—that he was really in love, and the more deeply so because he believed himself to be loved. As nothing in his monkish life seemed changed, we regarded this as one of those pleasant fancies in which he would occasionally indulge.

One morning the worthy man did not appear, as usual, at the breakfast-table. We went to seek for him, and found him bending, as if asleep, over his books. A little bird fluttered about the room; through the open window the bright joyous rays of a June sun fell upon his white head. The old man was dead.

Some days afterwards, while arranging his papers, we observed the following pages, which were scattered loosely upon the table:—

"Monday.—Poor little object! frail as an insect, light as a feather, fallen from thy nest yesterday evening, before thy wings are grown, already thou seemest at home in my hand, pecking my fingers, and taking refuge in my bosom when I call thee. What gives thee this confidence, and what love dost thou expect to find in me to support and succour thy weakness? This fold of my sleeve, where thou hidest thyself, is not thy nest. No, thou dost not so deceive thyself; thou hast not yet forgotten thine own family; thou still hearest the voice of thy desolate mother, who seeks and calls thee amongst the branches of the neighbouring trees. If she dared, she would fly in at my window; if thou couldst, thou wouldst go and rejoin her: for, I see, thou knowest her call: thy beautiful black eye is full of tears, thy little head turns restlessly from side to side, and a feeble cry escapes from thy trembling bosom. Poor little one! creature so frail, that Nature must have been in sport when she gave thee being!

"There is, nevertheless, in this feathered atom intelligence and love. There is something of divinity even in thee, little bird of eight days old! Thou dost regret thy mother, thy nest, and native tree: thou canst regret, for thou art sad; thou canst remember, for thou knowest the voice of affection, and therefore thou canst love! And now thy weakness takes refuge in my strength: thou acceptest my care, and sekest it, with a confidence that would soften the hardest heart.

"Thou art not beautiful. Alas! thy sad ash-coloured robe has no brightness, no variety; but nature gives beauty to one, intelligence to another. My peacock walks about with his emerald coat and black plume, and a proud and self-satisfied air; but thou, without form, without colour, canst give to thy looks and movements an expression which tells me all thy wants and wishes.

"Wednesday.—Behold the doctor at last seriously in love! He can hardly write these few lines to-day. The object of his love gauls over his paper, trips up his pen, and blots his manuscript. The doctor rose from his bed seven times this morning, to catch flies for his favourite; in short, he is as silly as an old lover always is. Poor old doctor! on what have you placed your affections? Your idol weighs but a few grains—a lover of ten days old! Her feathers are so short and so scattered, that if you do not hold her all night to your bosom, she will die of cold, even in this full summer-time. Old heart! enough fire yet remains in thee to warm thy bird-lover!

"It is a long time since I have attached myself to a creature in this way. It must signify something. Is it that, for the hundredth and last time, I shall desert the worship of intelligence? Is it that power and force have become so odious to me, that I turn for relief to the care of the weak and helpless?

"Why is this frail dumb creature so dear, so precious to thee? It is because at the sound of thy voice she comes and hides in thy hand; it is because she knows thee; because she loves thee; because she feels thee good, powerful, necessary to her; it is because in ten short days she has learnt to abandon herself to thee without reserve; it is because she knows and loves but thee in all the world.

"Old doctor, is it not so?

"And is it not a holy thing, a divine law, this love of weakness for strength, of strength for weakness? It is thus that the companion of man cherishes his children; it is thus that man ought to cherish his companion: but too often we try to turn the inevitable dependence of woman into slavery; and then, farewell the liberty, and with it the sweetness of love! What woman asks for the life of the intellect, if we give her that of the heart? It is so good to be loved; but too often we laugh at and despise them for the ignorance in which we ourselves help to plunge them. By force, and not by love, we try to make them submissive and faithful. What an error! If I treat thee so, poor bird, thou wilt soon be singing a free song on the highest tree of the garden. In eight days thy wings will be full grown, and then love alone will keep thee near me."

A MONSTER STEAM HAMMER.—The enormous steam hammer patented by Mr. John Condie, of the Govan Iron Works, Glasgow, was lately tried at the Corbuckle steam forge. The foundation upon which the gigantic engine stands is nine feet deep and fourteen feet square, and is composed of six immense logs of Baltic timber, embedded in one hundred tons of grouting, consisting of stone and lime, forming a vast mass of astounding solidity. Upon this basis the sole plate, weighing four tons and a half, is placed, and on the sole plate, the anvil block, of the weight of ten tons and a half, rests. Suspended over the anvil, by means of two immense upright iron pillars, with a cross-head of cast iron, is the hammer, which weighs one ton and a half. The hammer is attached to a cylinder, which works upon a stationary piston, through which the steam passes and gives the motive power to the ponderous machine. It is in this respect that Condie's patent differs from the invention of Mr. Nasmyth, and so far is a vast improvement upon that well-known machine. The steam is conveyed from the boiler by pipes laid along the roof, and enters the cylinder through the stationary piston, and its action is regulated by an attendant who, on a raised platform, has convenient access to the various bars, levers, and other hand-gear by which the speed of the blows and their force are regulated. By these appliances, the attendant on the platform has the whole machine under the most perfect and easy control, being enabled to regulate the length of fall and the weight of the blow with so much nicety that the hammer can crush an eggshell without spilling the contents, or hammer a quantity of scrap iron into the largest anchor for the largest ship afloat.

THE CLIMATE OF HARKWICH.—It appears, from a calculation lately made, that there are 12 aged people in this town, whose united ages amount to 3,461, showing an average of 82 years to each person—a fact perhaps unexampled in a population of only 3,888.

A PLEASANT DAY AT A RAILWAY STATION.

MR. THOMAS GIBBS, the hero of the following adventures, was a bachelor, and at the time they occurred, had nearly attained the mature age of sixty years, some forty of which he had passed in London, fulfilling the duties of "stock clerk" in a banking house, equally to the satisfaction of himself and his employers. Rather tall and very stout was Mr. Gibbs, slow in his movements, hesitating in his manner, and of a highly nervous temperament, though capable of displaying the utmost resignation under misfortune or disappointment whenever they really happened. Besides this, he was addicted to all the precise and methodical habits to which every old bachelor seems more or less disposed. "The City" was his world: he had never strayed from it since early youth, except when making occasional excursions to Windsor or Gravesend, and once he had actually found himself at Margate! But railroads began to cover the face of the land, affording people such tempting opportunities for cheap and rapid locomotion, that even Mr. Gibbs was induced to contemplate a journey. He pondered over it, and was some time deciding upon the effort—but, yes! he would take a fortnight's holiday, and visit his brother, a farmer, in the West of England. This brother was a married man, and exactly the reverse of the elder Mr. Gibbs in every respect. But such dissimilarity formed a sort of tie between the brothers in their boyhood, and though opposite pursuits had separated them afterwards, yet an exchange of town and country good things at Christmas, and cordial meetings, whenever the "agriculturist" ran up to town on business, proved that worldly cares had not extinguished their early fraternal affection. And, at length, Mr. Gibbs resolved upon this visit. He obtained the necessary leave of absence from "the house," and having arranged for his brother to meet him at the S—— station, on the Great Western Railway, within ten miles of his journey's end, he set forth one fine morning in September, on this, to him, tremendous undertaking. At first he was as nervous and frightened as any old gentleman need be, under the circumstances; morally convinced too, that he should never again behold his carpet-bag, which he had allowed to be snatched from him for consignment to the luggage-van, instead of placing it under the seat in his carriage, like the parcels and bags of his more experienced fellow-travellers. But after being whirled along twenty or thirty miles in safety, he felt more at ease, looking around him at the country and conversing with his companions; so that by the time he reached S—— he regarded himself as quite "up" to railway travelling to any extent. His self-complacency was indeed somewhat checked on arrival by his brother's hearty greeting producing in him a total forgetfulness of his carpet-bag, till reminded of it by the inquiry, "But where's your luggage, Tom?" Possessed with wild though vague fears that it must be on its way to Gloucester or Bristol, Mr. Gibbs stammered forth the words "Carpet-bag, luggage-van," and his relative running back to the platform, where the missing treasure was soon found restored to its bewildered owner. With some difficulty our hero then mounted the high gig in waiting, and was driven to his destination without further adventure. It would be superfluous to describe his kind reception at the farm, or introduction to his sister-in-law and a host of nephews and nieces. It is enough to say that his fortnight of "rural felicity" passed rapidly away. That

he enjoyed it most thoroughly was very evident; yet no persuasion could induce him to prolong his visit. He had engaged to return on a certain day, and by the first train that morning he must depart. He readily promised to visit them again; but not even on finding that his brother would be prevented driving him to the station by an engagement with his landlord was he induced to alter his determination. Not placing much confidence in his eldest nephew as "a whip," he would have gone in the coach to meet the train, had not his evil star ordained it otherwise. A friend of the family happened to be going through S—— that very morning, and Mr. Gibbs gladly accepted the seat offered him in his gig. Behold him then setting off on his journey homewards, and according to his calculations, which consisted in looking at his watch every five minutes during the drive, he reached S—— in excellent time. As they approached the station, however, the horse, being a young one became frightened at the noise of shutting off the steam, and commenced rearing and dancing about in a way not at all agreeable to an elderly gentleman disposed to be nervous. After enduring in silent agony a few minutes of "Quiet, sir—steady, old fellow," and similar coaxing exclamations addressed to the unruly steed by its master, Mr. Gibbs entreated to be set down there and then; which request, after sundry backings and turnings round of the vehicle, was happily complied with. Then came the almost as difficult task of extracting his luggage from the gig without having his toes crushed by the wheels, or his teeth knocked out by the shafts. At last, however, he managed to secure all his property, comprising his carpet-bag, umbrella, and a basket marked "glass," but which in reality contained some fresh eggs and other country delicacies, and mentally resolving never to trust himself behind a young horse again, he made off for the station. The stean was no longer to be seen or heard; and on entering, Mr. Gibbs found the office closed and the whole place wearing a peculiarly cheerless and empty appearance. "Where can I take my ticket?" he inquired of a railway porter, standing all solitary on the platform. "Office shut up at present," the man answered; "by which train are you going, sir?" "The eight o'clock," said Mr. Gibbs. "Then it must be in the evening, for the eight A.M. is just gone," observed the porter, in that careless tone so annoying to the party interested. "Dear me, how unfortunate!" exclaimed our traveller, "the train gone! and when is there another?" was the question that suggested itself immediately. "10.50, sir," the man replied, "and the ticket-office will be open half-an-hour beforehand." "Why, that's nearly three hours to wait," calculated Mr. Gibbs, "what shall I do to pass them away? Have some breakfast, I think, as I only took a cup of tea before starting. Is there a good inn near at hand?" "The railway hotel, close by, sir; almost part of the station in fact," was the answer; "first-rate house, and you can see all the London papers there. Just through that door, sir, and turn to the left."

Thanking his informant, Mr. Gibbs betook himself to this first-rate house, where depositing his luggage in the coffee-room, he ordered breakfast, and was soon deep in the "City article," and parliamentary debates of the previous day's evening paper. Breakfast was some time coming, and, taking it at his leisure, Mr. Gibbs had just commenced his second egg, when the loud whistle of an engine and the roll of carriages aroused him. Could he have missed the train a second time! He was going at once to ascertain, when the waiter re-assured him with the

information that it was the down train arrived from London; and on referring to his watch he found it must be the case as it was not quite ten o'clock. "I may as well take my ticket, however, as I am up," said Mr. Gibbs; and having accomplished this, he felt more at ease, and proceeded to finish his breakfast and the newspaper in a happy state of security as to his travelling prospects; especially as he had given the waiter strict injunctions to warn him of the time for starting. But a number of passengers had come in from London, several of whom patronised the railway hotel for breakfast, and in attending upon them, the waiter forgot the stout gentleman; nor did he remember him, till he happened to hear the bell sounding for passengers to take their places. He then rushed to the too-confiding Mr. Gibbs, saying, "Train come and ready to start, sir—breakfast, half-a-crown, sir." Out came the purse of poor flurried Mr. Gibbs, but only to augment his confusion. Purchasing the ticket had reduced his silver to eightpence, and a sovereign must be changed to pay for his breakfast. This was effected with the usual delay in such cases; and when he had collected his luggage and reached the platform, it was to behold the carriages of the 10.50 train passing slowly away from it, and in spite of his cry, "Stop, stop!" the speed gradually increased, and they were soon hurried out of sight. "Dear me, this is unlucky!" exclaimed the would-be passenger. "Missed the train, sir?" asked a phlegmatic porter, who was near him. "Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Gibbs, "and for the second time this morning; but I suppose there is another." "Half-a-dozen more, sir, if that's all; the next 'up' passes at one o'clock." "Two hours longer" thought Mr. Gibbs; and retreating in despair to a seat on the platform, he began to consider what he should do. His reflections ended in a determination to take a walk through the town—the very atmosphere of the station being distasteful to him. Leaving his luggage, therefore, in charge of a nice-looking girl, standing at the door of the "refreshment-room," he departed. There was not much to be seen in S——; but Mr. Gibbs managed to spend more than an hour looking at the shops and examining the inscriptions on the grave-stones in the church-yard. As he was returning, a barber's shop reminded him that he had not shaved that morning. He was further tempted to this needful operation on finding that it was only a quarter-past twelve by the barber's clock. With his eyes, therefore, fixed upon this reminder of time, he resigned himself composedly into the hands of the country "Figaro," who easily prevailed upon him to have his hair cut also. Much soothed by the combined process, Mr. Gibbs returned to the station; but, alas! the barber's clock had deceived him. It was kept by country, not railway time, and the train had been gone five minutes when the panting Mr. Gibbs arrived at the station. "Bless me, this is too bad!" ejaculated Mr. Gibbs, as he went to the refreshment-room to look after his luggage, and also to inquire at what hour he could now depart. The nice-looking girl sympathised with him, saying, he was not the first gentleman who had lost a train. She likewise informed him there was another at three o'clock, and pointed to the time-table, by which he could ascertain all the hours for starting. "3—5—8—11," read Mr. Gibbs, "four trains more to-day; but what is of most consequence just now," he added, "I have two hours longer to pass here. What can I do?" The question seemed answered by a boy coming up to the door and crying out, "Buy a paper, sir? *Times, Herald,*

Post, Chronicle," and, to the mutual gratification of buyer and seller, a damp broadsheet of that day's date was transferred to the possession of Mr. Gibbs. Finding a quiet corner in the refreshment-room, he soon forgot his troubles in the amusement afforded by his purchase. Occasionally conversing, too, with his fair friend, the time passed away more pleasantly and imperceptibly than any he had been doomed to spend at the hateful station. He was even surprised when warned by the bell that it would be desirable to secure his seat. However, there was the train, and he forthwith proceeded to it. First disposing of his bag and basket, according to the lesson he had learned in his former journey, and showing his ticket to the railway official, he stood by the door of the carriage till the last moment—when, as he was about to enter, he found that his umbrella was missing. Off he rushed to look for it where he had been reading the paper, but returned half-way to rescue his other property from being conveyed to London without him; and when in the utmost perplexity he succeeded in effecting his purpose, he had again lost the train!—the shrill whistle of the departing engine appearing, in mockery, to inform him that railway arrangements are never at all influenced by sympathy with old gentlemen forgetful of their umbrellas. "It's getting serious," said Mr. Gibbs; "a sort of fatality, I think. What is to be done now? The time must be got over till five o'clock." To make the interval tolerable, Mr. Gibbs supplied himself with a bottle of porter and some biscuits. Fully determined, however, not to miss another train, Mr. Gibbs paid for his luncheon, and went to the platform long before it was requisite. No sooner were the carriages there, than he seated himself, and leaning back in a corner, gave himself up to the pleasing contemplation of being at length fairly under way for London. The demand, "Please show your ticket, sir," interrupted his meditations and destroyed his happy state of security, for vainly did he attempt to comply with it. The important bit of pasteboard was not forthcoming. He searched to no purpose in his waistcoat pocket, where he was confident of having carefully placed it; and the terrible conviction slowly dawning upon him that he must have dropped it when paying for the porter and biscuits. To proceed on his journey without a ticket was impossible; he must either find it or take another. Consigning his luggage, therefore, to the care of a guard, he again showed himself in the refreshment room, and making known this new grievance to his friend, she assisted him in searching for the ticket, which was at last recovered outside the door, where he remembered, when too late, that he had taken out his purse a second time to count his change. Too late indeed! for the fifth train that day was lost to him by the delay. Half-frenzied at such a continued series of disappointments, and having three hours to while away instead of two, the unlucky Mr. Gibbs, however, quickly regaining his accustomed equanimity under adverse circumstances, hit upon the best expedient in his power, by resolving to console himself with dinner. For that purpose he again repaired to the hotel. The waiter's surprise may be imagined at this apparition of the stout gentleman, whom he had supposed to be in London before that time; but he was not the less assiduous in promising attention to his order for dinner punctually at half-past six, and in supplying him with the few books which the coffee-room could boast, to divert him meanwhile. Slowly the minutes crept away; but at length half-past six arrived, and shortly afterwards, a fowl and

bacon, flanked by a tankard of ale, and followed by tarts, cheese, and salad, made their welcome appearance: Mr. Gibbs contrived to do tolerable justice to this good fare, although his appetite was somewhat spoiled by his day's disastres. To raise his spirits, he drank a pint of port after his repast, and not trusting to the waiter a second time, paid his bill and left the hotel long before eight o'clock. On reaching the station he found himself the only tenant of the waiting room. First ascertaining that his ticket was safe, Mr. Gibbs placed his bag and basket beside him, and sat down, umbrella in hand, on one of the horse-hair sofas to await the hour of departure. Now—whether this constant watching and waiting had wearied him, or the ale and wine had a soporific effect upon him, cannot be decided: but, certain it is, that he gradually fell back fast asleep and slumbered away in blissful unconsciousness of trains in general, and that of 8 p.m. in particular; nor did he awake till disturbed by the man entering to light the gas, when staring half-stupified at the clock, he found it was nearly half-past nine. "Dear me! how truly unfortunate!" exclaimed Mr. Gibbs for the last time, "there is but one train more—how could I go to sleep!" Thoroughly roused now, he eschewed all refreshment rooms, hotels, and horse-hair sofas, and resorting to the platform, chilly as it was at that late hour, he walked up and down to keep himself awake, carried his luggage that he might leave none behind, and with his ticket firmly clenched in his hand, to make sure of losing it no more, he finally achieved securing a place in the night-mail—thus bringing to a conclusion his "Day at a Railway Station."

A MARRIAGE-FEAST INTERRUPTED.—We were riding slowly towards a Greek village, when we came up with a merry, festive party. The villagers were conducting to the home of her husband a young Greek bride, very charming in person and very prettily attired. The bride was preceded by singers, and followed by musicians; she walking between, in the midst of all the young women of the place, who danced as they went, and beat little tambourines. The scene was quite classical—it was more, it was scriptural. It brought to the mind the days and the very words of the Royal Psalmist: "The singers go before, the minstrels follow after: in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels." We dismounted from our sorry horses, walked into the village with the gay procession, and were invited to partake of the feast prepared at the house of the bridegroom, where we had more music and dancing, and an abundance of other sports and pastimes. Every thing was indeed going "merry as a marriage-bell," when an old Greek came in much excited, and pronounced the fearful word "*Tufekjees!*" The merriment was stopped in a moment; every face grew either red with anger, or pale with fear. The poor people said and vowed that they had paid their fair taxes for the year—had paid them all, and to the uttermost penny. But, unhappily, they had had an unusually good harvest, and the fact had got to the eyes or ears of Khodja Arab, the chief collector, and his partners in iniquity, and some days previously they had received intimation that more money would be expected from them. The *Tufekjees* were presently among us with their pistols, clubs, and sharp yataghans. They brutally insulted the poor villagers, consumed the best part of the feast, drank most of the wine, and ordered the best apartments to be prepared for their accommodation. We took our departure immediately: the ruffians did not take theirs until the money was paid to an Armenian agent of the farmers of the revenue. I believe they stayed rather more than a week.—*Kismet*, by Mac Farlane.

GIBRALTAR AND SEBASTOPOL.—If the Russians continue their present prodigal expenditure of ammunition they will soon have exhausted a greater quantity of powder and shot than the British used during the three years' defence of Gibraltar. The number of rounds fired by the British from the 12th of September, 1779, when the Spaniards first opened on the fortress, to the 3rd of February, 1783, was 200,600, and from gun-boats 4,728, making a total of 205,328. The garrison expended nearly 8,000 barrels of powder, and the number of ordnance damaged and destroyed during the siege was 53. The Spaniards fired 258,387 rounds, but the quantity of powder consumed never could be ascertained. The total loss to the garrison by sickness, casualties and desertion was 1,231, and of these only 335 were killed by the fire of the enemy. It is estimated that the Russians have actually lost more than 30,000 of the defenders of Sebastopol in less than two months.

"THERE'S ONE TOO MANY AMONG US."

CIRCUMSTANCES long prevented a personal acquaintance with my young nephews and nieces, owing principally to the distance which separated us; and not being accustomed to associate with children or young folks, I felt rather shy and uncomfortable when at length permitted to reside for a short time near my only sister. She was a widow; and her children, I am sorry to say, were all more self-willed and unruly than was seemly or convenient, though affectionate dispositions made me hope better things for them; a firm but gentle hand was required to guide the inexperienced ones—and the father's loss was indeed irreparable; and a prayer to the Father of the fatherless, for the widow and the orphan, often silently rose to my lips, when rebellion and discord reigned triumphant throughout the widow's domicile. It was in the winter season when I sojourned near them, and they knew that I had come from a crazy old country mansion, with a queer-sounding name, where the winds whistled down huge chimnies and moaned round gables, and where extensive barren moors surrounded us on every side. Perhaps, also, there was something in the antiquated fashion of my garb and general aspect, which made my young relatives deem me a likely personage to treat them with a "real good ghost story," beside the cozy blazing Christmas fire.

"You must know something of the sort, dear Auntie," exclaimed Bertram, a merry boy of fourteen; "something very terrific indeed, that would send us all shivering to bed, glad to hide our heads under the bed-clothes;" and half contemptuously and deridingly he looked round the circle, as much as to say, "Frighten *me* if you can." His gentle little sister Annie, however, glanced deprecatingly towards her bold brother, and timidly to me, whispering in a low pleading voice, "Pray don't try, for I'm sure you could if you liked; but I don't want to be frightened about ghosts." Assuring little Annie that I had neither the wish nor the power to frighten them as she feared, for I had never heard of a haunted house nor a comfortable old-fashioned ghost in all the country side where I usually resided, I almost hoped the subject would drop. But no: the others were clamorous for a "real good story;" and to my repeated assurances that nothing had ever come to my knowledge, or beneath my observation, but the common-place duties and routine of every-day life, which went on in that desolate country mansion just as in a town one, the obstreperous youngsters turned deaf ears, and with one accord declared that "anything would do;" which I suspected meant that "anything" would *not* do, unless highly seasoned and spiced with the wonderful. I quietly proceeded to remark that, though I had lived for so many years with aged persons, who had experienced many vicissitudes, they had never imparted any information to me of the kind required by my young friends; and, moreover, that Dame Dorothea, the respectable aged housekeeper, was the only individual of my acquaintance who could relate a mysterious and remarkable fact, of which she was an eye-witness, as to the consequences at least.

"Oh, oh! tell us Dame Dorothea's story," was, of course, the cry which followed this announcement; and "Is it very terrible?" "What is it about?" as the circle closed round the fire, and Bertram and Annie crowded nearer to my chair.

"As to Dame Dorothea's story being terrible, my dears, that depends upon how we take it," I replied,

gravely; "I confess it often recurs to my memory, when, I witness brothers and sisters quarrelling, or when I visit the habitations of the poor, and behold the effects of vice or laziness; then I remember Dame Dorothea's narrative, and am tempted to exclaim, '*There is one too many among us!*'" an exclamation she once heard under peculiar circumstances and in a play-house; and though a girl at the time, yet it made such an impression on her, that she never could be induced to enter such a place again during the sixty years that have since elapsed."

My young relatives gazed at one another in silence, and never had story-teller a more attentive audience; in short, unwilling to raise false hopes or expectations, I thought it necessary to premise, that the housekeeper's short anecdote did not contain the usual elements of the terrible—neither haunted house nor churchyard ghost.

"Please let us hear it, dear Auntie," said Bertram, coaxingly, sliding his hand into mine; and, thus encouraged, I ventured to proceed.

"Dame Dorothea was a giddy and somewhat obstinate girl, and though brought up by a pious grandmother, yet she did not always follow the advice or obey the instructions of those set in lawful authority over her. It so chanced that, in the small town where Dame Dorothea lived with her grandmother, there was a play-house which, at certain seasons, was rented by a company of strolling players, who acted plays in it, and brought together many whose time and money might have been turned to better account. Dorothea's good grandmother knew these strolling players were mostly rather suspicious characters, and did no credit to the pleasant homely town, where the grey church-spire seemed to peep out so lovingly between the fine old trees, as if pointing heavenwards. She also heard that the curiosity of the townsfolk was raised to the utmost by a report current that some very grand drama was enacted nightly, with extremely fine scenery and decorations, in the course of which twelve evil spirits were represented in so terrible a manner, that people became quite familiar with these subjects of his satanic majesty, and talked and joked most unbecomingly about such awful matters. Well, Dorothea set her mind on going to the play-house, to witness this grand display, and, though her grandmother did all she could to dissuade her, the girl was obstinate and would go; for, she said that many of her own companions were going, and why should she be debarred? So, to the play-house went Dorothea, all smiles and finery, and very well amused and pleased she felt, until it came to the scene where the twelve wicked ones meet on the stage—black, terrible-looking fiends with fiery eyes—speaking, in harsh voices, words that sounded anything but like blessings. But Dorothea did not like this, and she hoped this portion of the play would soon be over, so that the gay music might dispel such an unpleasant remembrance. As her grave looks of reprehension were directed towards the stage, she suddenly observed a hesitation and confusion arise among the twelve actors who were personating the devils; their movements were not according to the usual order, and, after a strange silence, a cry arose from the midst of them—a cry of real terror and dismay—"There's one too many among us!" and the spectators, who had all been watching the proceedings of the twelve actors with curiosity and amazement, now beheld them whispering together, pointing, and running hither and thither in bewilderment and affright, as *one* tall black form remained stationary.

Many persons who were at the play-house that night afterwards declared, they felt a great and unspeakable horror take possession of all their faculties, when they counted thirteen instead of twelve demons; and the actors affirmed that a trick had been passed off; hence their cry, 'There's one too many among us!' However, in the confusion thus created, it was never ascertained where that *one* went: there was no possibility of exit without the knowledge of the manager; and such a panic was created among the terrified players that, instead of dropping down the trap doors prepared to receive them, they ran off as quickly as they could, tumbling over each other in a most undignified manner. Still and silent, that unknown *one*—that terrible *thirteenth*, where *twelve* only were recognised—remained throughout this strange scene; but none present could positively affirm where that intruder escaped—scrutiny and reason were at fault—and if it *was* a trick, it was very cleverly managed and defied examination. To this singular fact there was the witness of the spectators and actors; and so great was the agitation of the former, that speedily the play-house became empty, every one being glad to get out and seek shelter in their own homes. Dorothea went to her grandmother pale and trembling: for she, with most of the other spectators, had experienced a creeping of the flesh, as if some dread thing were too near; she had kept her eyes on *that one*, when she heard the cry, 'There's one too many among us!' but she could not say how or where the intruder had vanished from her strained gaze. But she never again would enter the doors of a play-house; and the authorities of the town prohibited so mysterious a play from being represented there again, as the rush might be productive of serious consequences to the crowd."

The children did not ask for another story that evening; but, in silence, they crowded round their mother's chair and mine, evidently deeply impressed by what they had just heard; Bertram merely remarking, that he wished he could see Dame Dorothea, to ask her a great many questions on the subject. It might be my fond fancy, but henceforth I certainly believed that these dear children were easier to manage, and more subdued and gentle in demeanour; and once I overheard little Annie say, "Oh! remember there's one too many among us now;" when the violent disputes going on between her brothers and sisters became hushed, and a kiss of reconciliation ensued forthwith.

May such a warning voice be ever near us through life, when the profane jest, the uncharitable insinuation, the idle words assail our ears, which in the world pass current; then may we attend to the silent reminder—*"There's one too many among us!"*

CONDITION OF BALAKLAVA.—The Turkish garrison of this place are dying off at the rate of some 150 a-day. It is not at all uncommon to see the corpses of the unfortunate beings, who have been stricken down by cholera on their way to the hospital, lying along the road-side. Besides this dreadful disease, typhus fever and dysentery are making terrible havoc among their ranks. Half the huts in the place are filled with the dead and dying. This is very terrible, and goes to prove the accuracy of historical records that the climate of Russia has always killed a much greater number of our invading army than Russian soldiers have ever been able to slay in warfare.

THE CITY TOLLS COLLECTED AT TEMPLE BAR and other "gateways" are at length to be removed. The Royal Commission of 1853 may be thanked in a great measure for this boon, as they reported very strongly against the continuance of the system. The tolls were usually let by contract; and although producing only £26,000 a year to the corporation, the contractors realized a very handsome profit on the speculation.

THE HURRICANE AT BOMBAY.

The following very interesting description of the late hurricane at Bombay is written by a midshipman on board the "Hastings," which nearly foundered three times when the hurricane was at its height:—

I must now tell you something for which I ought really to be thankful, having had a very narrow escape from being drowned on the 2nd November. At about three o'clock that afternoon, very ominous signals were put up at the Marine-office, to get all top-gallant masts and yards on deck, and to hoist in all boats, and ease down moorings, as they expected a gale; and, sure enough, at about ten o'clock, it blew great guns. We let go both our anchors, and veered away cables, but it was of no use; the cables snapped like twine, and we found ourselves drifting on shore, and perfectly at the mercy of the waves, which were then washing right over us, and we could see, by the blue lights and guns that some of the vessels were firing, that many were in the same predicament. Suddenly some of our men forward shouted out, "We are close on board a schooner, sir." There was an awful crash, for we ground her down to the water's edge, and it was quite horrible to hear the wretched Lascars, in the water alongside of us, shrieking and howling, and we could not help them, as we were holding on ourselves for dear life. Presently, we struck on the rocks under the Castle, with a shock that shook the ship from stem to stern, and sent everything moveable with a crash to leeward. Our mizen-mast snapped short off under the cross-trees, and a large "derrick" (a kind of spar we use to hoist in provisions) fell right across the quarter-deck, but luckily hurt no one. It was now about half-past three in the morning, and blowing tremendously. The old "Hastings" was bumping so much on the rocks, that we were afraid she would go to pieces every moment, and we were praying for the daylight to come. At about half-past four the wind suddenly lulled, but, unfortunately, the flood-tide was making, and we were afraid of drifting from the shore, as we had every reason to believe her starboard bilge was knocked in, and that if we went into deep water, she would sink immediately. So, in order to make her hold on till daylight, we made the end of our cable (as the anchors were both gone) fast to our bow-gun, with the intention of heaving it on board, but, just as we had got everything ready, a tremendous gust blew us off from the shore. The day was now breaking, and the scene that the harbour presented was one that I shall never forget! The "Assaye," a large steamer of 1,800 tons, and only just launched, was blown on shore, and lay on her beam-ends. But, to continue my own history, we now found that we were drifting foul of a large merchant-ship, "The Glendaragh," and were afraid we should catch her on our bow, but luckily we swerved just at the moment every one expected a tremendous smash, and swung alongside of her—immediately there was a shout of "grapple to her; it's our only chance." Every one seemed to awake, as it were, from a dream; for, before, we were all standing still, not doing anything, and the engineer-boys below were crying and making a horrible noise; I jumped on board the "Glendaragh," with several other Europeans, and we made our cable fast to their mainmast, and so held on till seven o'clock, when the hurricane abated. Our ship now leaked so much that we made the signal of distress, and a steamer that had escaped towed us on shore into the soft mud, where the old "Hastings," the flag-ship of Sir Henry Leake, at last met her fate (as the newspapers say) *except*. Such a hurricane has not been known at Bombay for a number of years. Upwards of 1,000 natives were drowned, and buried by cart-loads. Trees in the dockyard were torn up by the roots, and, altogether, an immense amount of damage done. The "Palmyra," one of our ships, is a total wreck, and also the cutter, "Margaret," is smashed to pieces, and several of her crew are drowned. It is strange that the influence of the hurricane was not felt for more than fifteen miles round. Boat-loads of cotton, beautiful Arab horses fresh from the Gulf—everything was sacrificed to the fury of the elements. One *Parsee* alone lost 3,000 rupees' worth of brandy; the cases were floating all over the harbour. The midshipmen at Butcher's Island behaved very heroically. They saved 108 persons. They swam off to the wrecks, and brought the people on shore. For three days the police-boats were employed in picking up the bodies about the harbour. I don't think such another gale is to be seen and felt in a lifetime. The next day it was a perfect calm, and the sun seemed to glare down in mockery at the last night's devastation. Out of 5 or 600 bugalows (native craft) that anchor off the town, I do not think there is one left.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

THE rose is my favourite flower.
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour,
I never would think of thee more.

The record had sincerely been made,
When Zephyrus in frolicsome play,
Breathed over the flower, and conveyed
Both tablet and promise away.



NEWS FROM THE WAR.

THE five-and-thirty years of peace which this country has enjoyed, has not caused the military genius of her sons to degenerate. As the commerce and material prosperity of the people advance, their intelligence and education keep pace with their improved position. At the conclusion of the late war there were few soldiers in the British army who could read and write. The means of communication with the continent was at that time so defective that for several weeks, and sometimes months, scarcely any but the most meagre details of military operations reached the public. With few exceptions, the non-commissioned officers and soldiers rarely wrote home to their families and very seldom indeed received any tidings from them. A soldier's letter during the Peninsular war was regarded with as much interest in his native town as a dispatch of Lord Raglan's would be now after a telegraphic announcement of a great and sanguinary battle. But time, which has civilised war as well as everything else, has wrought a wondrous change in the mode of communicating household affections. The soldier in the Crimea can now write home to his family by every mail, and calculate with almost as much certainty of receiving an answer by return of post as the merchant in London who sends a remittance to a correspondent in the provinces. There is scarcely a local newspaper published which does not contain a soldier's letter, descriptive of the engagement in which he has just taken part. Many of the letters to which we refer exhibit considerable literary ability, and all that came under our notice were written in a spirit of modesty which conveyed the impression that the writers were neither

ignorant or nor indifferent to the obligations of the duties they were called upon to discharge. But one of the most pleasing and characteristic features of these communications is the sanguine and trusting spirit which pervades them. In no instance has a soldier ventured to express the slightest doubt as to the successful issue of the contest in which he is engaged. In one letter, a sergeant in the Guards says in his postscript, "I will write again from Sebastopol." Another says, "We must get into the town very soon, as we're not going to be frozen out all the winter in this dull place." Another, more hopeful still, writing to his sister, says, "I intend to line the quilt I made before I left home with the nicest Russian pelisse I can get hold of, just to keep as a memento of the Crimea." Such letters exhibit in a marked degree the hopeful and intrepid spirit with which our brave fellows are animated. A collection of soldiers' letters will not be the least interesting record of the war. The writers have not drawn upon imagination for incidents to heighten natural effects. They are the best historians of the campaign, for they have painted in simple and unaffected language the scenes in which they were the principal actors. There is scarcely a cottage home in England, whose humble inmates claim a soldier as a relative, who have not received from his pen his own peculiar impression of the war. Many of these letters have been printed; but if we could see them all we have no doubt that all would be found to breathe the same spirit of devotion and indomitable courage which has made the name of the British soldier respected wherever the flag of his country is unfurled.

THE FAITH OF A SOLDIER.*

CHAPTER III.

IN our last chapter we described the rejection of her suitors by Manuela.

"Stefano also!" exclaimed many voices, in astonishment mixed with sadness.

The music suddenly ceased to be heard, and a confusion of voices succeeded, resounding through the old hall; the reapers moved about in an agitated manner, and Stefano threw himself, completely overcome, in the arms of the pitying, wondering Don Sarga.

"Did I not tell you, my father," he exclaimed, "that I loved without hope?"

"My son! my poor son!" murmured the oppressed voice of the old man, who felt bitterly the rejection of his son's offering; then turning towards the *maja*, without ceasing to press his son to his bosom, "Manuela!" he said, with bitter emphasis, "you are not only hard-hearted, but absolutely without pity! When you came to me, eight months ago, from the depths of Navarre, a friendless orphan, I received you here with joy, and treated you ever as the daughter of the house—I was far from imagining you were to bring grief and despair amongst us. But still, you are not obliged to feel towards my son the love with which you have inspired him—involuntarily inspired him with, without doubt. You are perfectly free, as you say; but that liberty seems only destined to make those who love you unhappy."

He stopped, no longer able to restrain his tears, and bending his silvery head over that of the young man—

"My poor Stefano!" he said, embracing him with deep emotion, "arouse yourself; let us never again allude to this occurrence, and strive to bear with courage this disappointment; forget you ever loved your cousin!"

"Never!" murmured the *maja*, "that can never be, my father!"

"Or only remember it," added the old man warmly, on observing that Manuela had hidden her face, inundated with tears, between both her hands; "remember only that she is your cousin—your sister—as I shall never forget, come what will, that she is my niece—my daughter."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Manuela, covering the hands of her uncle with kisses, "your own daughter, Don Sarga! do not fear or suppose that I shall ever cease to merit that title; and do not condemn me altogether in your heart as ungrateful, until you have heard my justification."

"Your justification," repeated Stefano, who seized at these words as conveying a gleam of hope.

"What do you mean to say, my niece?" resumed Don Sarga; "speak, I am all attention."

The *maja* looked around her hesitatingly, made a motion with her lips several times as if about to speak, then with evident effort said:

"Señor, it is a secret which I perhaps have been wrong in not avowing to you before, but which I can confide to you alone if you will allow me to do so."

"To me alone?" repeated the old man, in astonishment; "well, my child, let it be so, and that instantly."

And, hastily seizing Manuela by the hand, he made a sign to those present to excuse him, and entered the next apartment with the trembling young girl, while the crowd of reapers dispersed whispering together.

"A secret that she will confide to my father alone!" repeated Stefano, when he was left to himself in the hall, and after having contemplated with a dreamy eye the door through which she had just disappeared.

Tormented with doubts and suspense, unfit to remain inactive any longer within doors, the young man placed a servant to watch over all, and sought the summit of the hills, there to cool, if possible, his excited fevered pulse, just as the shades of evening were descending on the village.

The last rosy tints had faded from the sky, and the gently-rising breeze bore on it the perfume of jessamine and orange blossoms. And nothing interrupted the silence and repose of nature, save the faint sounds of the guitar and castagnet, mingled at intervals with the musical bells on the horses of the passing muleteer.

When Stefano re-entered the house, he found his father and cousin in the old hall. Manuela coloured deeply, but did not dare glance towards him, and soon found some pretext for leaving the room, after affectionately embracing his uncle.

Left alone, the young man approached his father, with a look of curiosity, mingled with fear.

"Well, my father, have you nothing to say to me?" The old man held out his hand in silence, receiving that of his son within his own.

"My son, do not despair! A day may come, perhaps, when you can again speak of love to Manuela; and then know the secret with which I would not overwhelm you to-day—when it will no longer have any terrors for you!"

"The consolation usual in such cases," replied Stefano, with a bitter smile. "I thank you, nevertheless, for your tenderness, my father; for I know that it is not in your power to console me otherwise."

He then strode up and down the room twice or thrice, in a hurried, impatient manner; and pausing some minutes before the door, he gazed on the distant prospect with a sombre brow and quivering lip, finally rallying forth unable to endure even the presence of his father.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY in the following month, shortly after the rising of the sun, which lighted up a landscape saturated with mist, owing to a drizzling rain throughout the earlier part of the night—the sun indeed looked like what the peasants of Old Castile love to compare it to—the king of Spain enveloped in his ample mantle.

All was silent within the old farm-house, and Stefano had risen, according to his usual custom, earlier than the rest of its inhabitants, and was alone in the hall, standing opposite to an open window facing the road. He was busily engaged in fixing a head to a Picador lance, but often paused in his work, giving way to fits of profound meditation.

He was not only full of the mystery connected with Manuela's rejection of his love—that tormented him in the highest degree—but of the rumours that the Constitutional troops, led by Espartero, were occupying the neighbouring districts, while all the guerillas of the Royalist party were hastily assembling to defeat the cause of the pretenders to the throne. We have already hinted at the devotion of Don Sarga and his family to the latter cause, which will explain why other feelings were now so busily mingling with the young man's smothered love.

While thus occupied, the voice of a man singing a Moorish ballad attracted his attention, and there was a slight foreign accent in the pronunciation of the words of

* This story is taken, with some few alterations, from a charming little work by Petre Chevalier, one of the best writers of fiction in France.

the beautiful song, *Amours d'Adhémar et d'Adalifa*, only to be detected by the nice ear of a Castilian, and in which he thought he could also trace some degree of emotion.

The words of the song reminded him of Manuela, and caused, unconsciously, a sigh; but his curiosity was now strongly awakened as to who could be singing at so unusual an hour in such a quarter.

His conjectures, however, were soon ended, when he saw a stranger approaching the house; he had only time to remark, as he passed before the open window, that the individual was tall in stature, bare-headed, and enveloped in a large cloak.

As he went past, he cast behind him a rapid and anxious glance, raised his cloak over his shoulders, and vaulted lightly into the room. All this took place so rapidly, that the stranger did not even remark the presence of the Castilian. Stefano drew back with astonishment on receiving so strange a visit from one who at first he concluded could be no other than a robber; but he soon rejected this idea on remarking that the intruder shut the window, ensconcing himself behind it, and fixing his eyes intently for some minutes on the high road.

A loud noise was heard which he had hitherto not attended to, and a troop of about a hundred horsemen galloped rapidly past the window; and it was only when the last had disappeared that the stranger seemed to breathe, exclaiming, with a sort of light-hearted irony—

"Down with the guerillas of Don Carlos!"

And then rallying at once from what, no doubt, was an imminent danger, he remarked—

"If they only go on at that pace for the next hour or so, it would give me time to take a little repose—so necessary to the thirsty traveller;" and speaking thus, he took a hasty glance at the interior of the room.

Thus for the first time the two young men met face to face, each regarding the other attentively, the stranger observing that Stefano gazed upon him with no very friendly look as he instinctively approached his father's weapons; but Stefano repressed an inclination to place his hand on them, as he remarked the other advancing affably with the intention of addressing him.

"Young and noble Castilian, will you do me the favour of informing me into whose house I have had the honour of introducing myself, sooth to say, in somewhat of a fraudulent fashion?"

As the stranger spoke, Stefano eyed him from head to foot. He was a man of about thirty years of age, of an open and florid countenance, with light hair and moustaches. His ample cloak, of the colour of Spanish tobacco, covered two-thirds of his person, contrasting with the tint of his blue pantaloons. The latter part of his costume was anything but Spanish, and, together with his accent, induced the idea that he must be a Frenchman.

Stefano cautiously replied that he was in the house of his father, an honest Castilian farmer.

"Then, indeed, I may congratulate myself for my good fortune, as I might have chanced to have jumped into the wrong box! Allow me then, sir, to congratulate myself on making your acquaintance."

"Such an address, accompanying so handsome a face, might prove dangerous enough at times," thought Stefano to himself, as he replied—

"I should also wish to inquire who you are, and whence you come."

"You are sparing enough of your words, young Cas-

tilian; however, I will endeavour to satisfy you—but first may I ask whether you follow Queen Isabella or hold to the others?"

"My grandfather was a victim to the Constitution, and my father fought against Mina," proudly replied the young man. "I also hold for the monarchy and liberties of Spain!"

"Don Carlos—that is evident," observed the stranger, saluting him in a military manner; "we are enemies: no doubt, in your place I might decide as you have done; but now for a second question: Are you the man to oblige an enemy in danger, and who, certainly, wishes you no more harm than he would to his own brother?"

"I know no enemy unarmed," replied Stefano; "and the moment you are under my roof you become my guest!"

"Now we understand each other! You are a brave fellow," exclaimed the officer, holding out his hand to the hidalgo.

As he spoke, his cloak drawn somewhat aside displayed the uniform of the volunteers of the French legion, then forming a part of the Constitutional army, and the startled Stefano retreated a step in dismay.

"You are, indeed, a brave fellow!" reiterated the Frenchman, cordially shaking the mystified Spaniard by the hand; "consequently, if you have a small bottle of no matter what, I will confide to you, either in two or in a hundred words, what has chanced to bring me here."

Stefano recovering his surprise, opened the buffet, taking out the necessaries, and slowly filled up two brimming bumpers.

"There is nothing connected with politics in this," remarked the lieutenant; "it is enough to bind in friendship Don Carlos and Christine. Here's to every brave Spanish son and pretty woman," added he, drinking off his glass at once.

Don Stefano heartily responded, while the gallant officer began his narrative.

"My name is Charles Hervilliers, military by birth and profession, absent wherever peace may be, present wherever there is a subre-cut exchanged. Some three years ago I was returning home with the badge of a sergeant on my arm, after three years' service, when on your frontier in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, I met with a recruiting Spanish officer in the service of Christine. He persuaded me to try the delicious wine of his country, then a pair of epaulettes, and offered me the command of some soldiers composed of my own countrymen; showing me at the same time an old flag covered with powder, drilled through with balls, and soiled with blood. A very coward could not have resisted this. I followed the glorious old shred, and have fought under it with the fidelity of a true soldier."

He then related the cause of his morning's adventure. Quartered a few leagues off, he had been for a ten hours' visit to Panola, expecting to meet a battalion of Christinos. But not only had he been imprudent enough to start alone, but to reach the appointed place too soon, the consequence of which had been, as he remarked, nearly having to breakfast on some twenty balls of cold lead. Luckily an honest hidalgo had warned him of his danger, and showed him a circuitous route, while he, through a happy inspiration, bethought himself of singing in a disguised voice. "Think of my situation then! no wonder if my voice faltered a little when feeling as though I had a pistol at my throat all the time." And he went on merrily commenting on the strange chain of events that had placed

him in his present extraordinary position. "But, no doubt," he resumed, "they will return to Panola, not having found me on the road, and what then? I ought not to be here for your own sake. Could you aid me, might I hope?"

"I will conceal you—you are right," eagerly exclaimed Stefano, looking uneasily around him; but the imperturbable lieutenant, touching him on the shoulder, resumed—

"Stay a moment; the guerillas cannot return for another quarter of an hour, it will then be time enough to hide myself. You may suppose I am not come to Panola solely in search of adventures; and I hope you can and will give me some information I require on a subject which was the cause of my coming here."

"Speak," replied Don Stefano, reseating himself with an air of resignation.

"Ha! I come to seek—"

"A young girl!" exclaimed Stefano—awaking to a strange feeling—a sort of presentiment.

"I surprise you, no doubt," observed his companion, with a sly and amused look; "well, I will tell you all presently, while we discuss this excellent wine, Xérès."

"Willingly," replied Stefano, handing over a fresh supply, inwardly saying, "none but Frenchmen would thus yield their confidence to a complete stranger;" and the young soldier proceeded to relate with unusual gravity and evident feeling:—

"Shortly after my joining Espartero, the regiment in which I commanded a company, got the better, after some resistance, of a small village in Navarre."

"A small village in Navarre!" repeated Stefano, with a fearful presentiment oppressing his heart.

"Yes; and one house in particular made so obstinate a resistance, that we carried it at the point of the bayonet. Our soldiers, exasperated in the highest degree, vowed to exterminate all its inhabitants; revolted at this, I saw with horror twenty swords drawn on two old men, and a lovely young girl, who was calculated to inspire far other feelings."

"Two old men and a young girl!" repeated Stefano, thoughtfully.

"So, this interests you, does it?"

"More than you think—but go on!"

"Well, to end the matter shortly, I wished to spare my soldiers from so dastardly an act, and placed myself before their victims; but, inflamed with carnage, they became completely ungovernable, and no longer recognising me, they turned upon me furiously, and only ceased at the sight of my blood. I had received a sabre-wound in the chest, but the young girl and old men were saved!" added the soldier, with frank simplicity.

These words electrified Stefano, who gazed on him with surprise, saying—

"It was nobly and bravely done!—but pray go on."

"Well, I was petted and tended by all these good people, and treated as one of themselves; they seemed not to know how to express their gratitude. For a fortnight the young maiden watched by my couch. Poor dear girl! it seems to me I still see her seated there," he exclaimed, with tenderness, "looking like a guardian angel, never speaking but to thank me for having saved her father and mother, and going to and fro supplying, anticipating all my wishes. At first I wished to put a stop to this, but soon it gave me inexpressible pleasure—in a word, what between—emotion—her beauty. I scarce know how—you understand?"

"Perfectly; you fell in love."

"Yes, madly so; in love beyond recall!"

Don Stefano moved uneasily; which his companion laid down to the score of sympathy.

"This sensation is not unknown to yourself, young man?" inquired he, regarding his companion.

"I do not deny it," rejoined his companion, impatiently; "be quick."

"Well: no sooner did I know how it stood with me than I declared myself at once."

"And you were favourably received?"

"I flatter myself so: the young girl turned pale—rosy—crimson, and referred me to her parents. This was enough to awake one from the dead. I was cured in double-quick time, and sought out her father and mother. The former, unable to rally after the late shock, was on his death-bed, and exclaimed in delight, 'Heaven be praised! I shall not die without acquitting myself of the debt of gratitude we owe to our deliverer.' And kneeling at the foot of his bed, with the old people in tears looking on, he placed the hand of his daughter within my own: we exchanged rings, vowing eternal fidelity to one another, and we all wept like so many children. *Allons, morbleu!* I do believe I am going to be silly enough to begin again," continued he, rubbing his hand across his eyes.

"Three days later the old man died. My regiment was ordered off, and I have been knocked so much about that I have been seven long months without hearing a word from or of my bride, save that her mother was dead, and that she had come over here to reside with her maternal uncle. But what ails you, young man? You look ill!"

"Nothing, excepting that I have heard enough," replied the Spaniard, in a smothered voice. "The name of this village, I pray you?"

"Tafalla."

"And the young girl promised to you on her father's death-bed?"

"Manuela d'Avilez."

"Manuela!" said Stefano, obliged to resume his seat. "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed he to himself, "this is no other than my cousin's secret; and now she will never love me!"

"Well, well, what is the matter?" inquired the wondering lieutenant. "It seems you know Manuela. Is she really in this village? You are silent, young man! *Mille bombes!* is it because she is dead—or married—?"

"No, no!" replied the Castilian, with a strong effort to repress his feelings; "be calm; Manuela is here! She loves you—always—of course; and is no doubt impatiently awaiting you."

"All well, then. I should, indeed, be much deceived in her were it otherwise. And a promise is not made for nothing; it is not to be trifled with. Besides, fidelity is natural to women! As to me—but where shall I find my *fiancée*?"

Stefano coloured at this question, for an evil thought had just traversed his mind. Casting it aside, however, he was about to reply, when an interruption occurred.

TOM THUMB.—The American papers furnish some details with respect to this diminutive individual. The General is now about twenty-two years of age, and is becoming stouter every year. He is no taller now than he was twelve years ago, and he cannot yet climb on a common chair without assistance. He has all the ways and habits of a child. Tom lives with his parents in Connecticut, has his pony, his sledge, his fishing tackle, &c., and it is said (as he cannot even write yet), is about to be sent to school to acquire a decent education.

COWES AND THE CRIMEA.

Forty years ago, in the month of the Battle of Waterloo, the "Yacht Club," the first establishment of the kind ever founded in England, was started at the Isle of Wight, and Cowes was selected as head-quarters for the members and their vessels. The club subsequently took the title of the "Royal Yacht Club," and then again changed its name to the "Royal Yacht Squadron," that name by which it is at present known. Although the club at Cowes was the first ever founded in England, the fact must not be ignored that yachting, as a system or service, and in an organized club, had previously existed in Ireland for a century. The "Cork Harbour Water Club" was in existence prior to the year 1720, and still survives under the name of the "Royal Cork Yacht Club." Yachting is carried on at present in the three kingdoms to an extent much greater than is generally imagined. When yachting is the topic of conversation in mixed society, how few are there, comparatively, who can correctly state even the names and the rendezvous of the several clubs; although to the genuine yachtsman such facts are mere household words. "Are you a member of the Yacht Club?" is a question frequently put by ladies, who seem quite astonished when, in reply, they are told by sticklers for aquatic etiquette that "there is no such thing as the 'Yacht Club,'"—that there was in 1815 an association of that name, but that now it is the "Squadron;" and, moreover, but one of the seventeen royal yacht clubs, and that in addition to these seventeen, there are again many others not yet under royal patronage. It is generally admitted that John Bull seems to take to the sea as naturally as a Newfoundland dog, and the taste for yachting retains so national and rational a hold on the hearts of the people, that our clubs muster in the aggregate more than a thousand vessels, with very many thousands of annual subscribers to their funds. Royal clubs are already established in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin; at Cork, Liverpool, Carnarvon, Whitby, Hull, Harwich, Southampton, and Ryde. Yachting must not, however, be considered a mere amusement. Its supporters have nobler ends and aims. In the hottest or the coldest clime yacht club burgees may be found floating over every sea. Poor Sheddin nobly took his yacht into the Arctic waters in search of Franklin; and Rajah Brooke first visited Borneo in a yacht. Mr. Boyd, the owner of the yacht "Wanderer," lost his life in the Solomon Isles; and in the summer of the present year the colours of the club at Cowes were carried within gunshot of Bomarsund, and fluttered beneath the guns of Cronstadt. The yachts "Fairy" and "Erminia," are now *en route* to the Crimea. The "Dryad" is already there; and yachtsmen may well point with pride to her owner, one of their own commodores, the heroic Lord Cardigan. This, however, is not the first time an English yacht has been seen near Sebastopol. The "Mischief" entered that harbour in 1835, and her cruise is graphically described by Mr. Slade (now a Turkish Admiral) in the second volume of his "Turkey, Greece, and Malta." Captain William Lyon was then the owner of the "Mischief," and a "severe-looking craft" she was—mounting ten brass guns, with as gallant a crew as ever sailed on blue water. The "Fairy" was the first yacht that passed through Cowes Roads for the Crimea, freighted with a cargo of necessities sent out by the "Crimean Army Fund Society." It may be mentioned as a singular coincidence that in 1835 the yacht "Mischief," which then visited

the Crimea, belonged to William Lyon, and that now in 1855 the same honoured name appears as the owner of the "Fairy." Among the contributions to the comforts for non-commissioned officers and privates, an immense quantity of tobacco has not been forgotten; and Vice-Commodore Arcodeckne, of the Harwich Club, has, in addition to other gifts, sent out in the "Fairy" ten thousand clay-pipes! From "Cowes to the Crimea" will, no doubt, prove a popular trip, as there is no reason why yachts should not be made sure and rapid media for communicating with the Allied camp.

Some of our readers may imagine that but few vessels are offered for this service out of the thousand registered in the clubs; but it must be remembered that very many of these vessels are small, or totally unfit to carry cargoes; that most were dismantled before any cry was raised for their employment; that their officers and crews were dispersed; that some of the rules of the clubs place difficulties in the way as to cargoes; but, nevertheless, all concerned may rest assured that the hearts of yachtsmen are fully with the committees of the several Funds, and that if more yachts be wanted, the "supply" shall equal the "demand."

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.

[ALARIC, King of the Goths, died in the year 410, at Cosenza, in the South of Italy; and to conceal where he was buried, his followers turned the course of the river Busento, making a grave in its bed, where they laid him, and then restored the waters to their natural channel. On this subject, Count Flaten, the German poet, when he visited the spot, wrote a short ode, of which the following is a translation.]

NIGHTLY from Busento's borders,
Lisping round Cosenza flutter,
Tipping wave and curling eddy
Faint responses hoarsely mutter.

Up and down the current flitting,
Still in semblance grim and hoary,
Mourn the shades of Gothic warriors
Alaric, their nation's glory.

Doom untimely, grave sequestered,
There the hero's triumph ended—
Even yet while looks of amber
From his youthful brow descended.

Zealously his followers faithful
Then along Busento's margin
Toiled, a new diverted channel
For the torrent's way enlarging.

And, where late the floods had glided,
Digging deeper still and deeper,
In that bed with horse and armour,
Said they laid the wakeless sleeper.

There his treasures too they buried;
Then the upturned earth in ledges
They replaced, that high above him
Still might grow the river sedges.

To their wonted course reverted
Waters hid the hero's pillow:
Where before it chafed and fretted
Foamed again Busento's billow.

Loud arose the funeral chorus,
"Rest, in hero-glory, rest thee!
Never shall rapacious Roman
In thy secret tomb molest thee!"

Far the song of praise was echoed—
Sons of Gothic fathers, greet it—
Roll it on, Busento, roll it!—
Sea, to distant seas repeat it!

A COCKNEY'S NOTIONS OF ANTIQUITY.—A cockney traveller, having visited the Eternal City, was asked how he liked Rome; to which he replied that Rome was a fine city, but that he must acknowledge he thought the public buildings very much out of repair.

DR. RAE.



DR. RAE, the subject of this memoir, has already achieved a widely-extended reputation as one of the most persevering and successful of the band of Arctic travellers. His name, however, will for the future be associated with the melancholy fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions, as upon him devolved the duty of conveying to the shores of England the long and anxiously-expected tidings of the loss of at least a portion of the expedition under the command of that intrepid officer.

Dr. Rae was born in Orkney, North Britain, in 1813. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and passed his examination as a surgeon in the spring of 1833. In the same year he entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and continued for about ten years medical officer at one of the depôts on the Hudson's Bay coast. In the year 1846-7, he was engaged as commanding and sole officer of an expedition to the Arctic Sea. On this occasion he wintered at Repulse Bay, without fuel, except a very small quantity necessary for cooking purposes. In the spring of 1847, he and his party made a journey on foot, over ice and snow, and traced more than 500 miles of new coast. In 1848 and 1849, he was engaged in an expedition to the Arctic Sea, under the command of Sir John Richardson, in search of Sir John Franklin's party. In the two following years, he was employed on a similar expedition, of which he had the command, and in the course of which he was enabled to survey 500 additional miles of coast. In 1853-4, he was placed in charge of another expedition, for the purpose of completing the survey of the northern coast of America. He wintered at Repulse Bay, in snow houses, and in the spring attempted, but failed, to complete the object of the expedition, although he obtained information of the fate of Sir John Franklin.

Dr. Rae is an enthusiastic sportsman and naturalist, and during the two winters he passed in Repulse Bay, the party under his command were almost wholly dependent on their own exertions for the means of subsistence. During this critical period, Dr. Rae killed with his own rifle or gun about two-fifths of all the game obtained.

Dr. Rae purchased of the Esquimaux whom he met in Pelly Bay a great number of articles which had belonged to Sir John Franklin's party. Some of the articles are now in the possession of the Admiralty. They are deposited in a long glass case, and all mixed up together, without any attempt at arrangement. Some of the silver spoons and forks bear the initials of the owners, and in some instances their crests; but there are a number of things, such as pencil-cases, knives, fragments of gold chains, watch-cases, and other trifles, which it is impossible to identify. Among the coins purchased of the Esquimaux are two sovereigns, one of the reign of his late Majesty, and one of Queen Victoria, three shilling pieces, and a half-crown and a penny. The only fragments of books which Dr. Rae was able to secure were two discoloured leaves of the "Student's Manual," pages 374 and 379.

We believe it is the intention of Dr. Rae to proceed, early next spring, to the coast of America, to procure further and more conclusive details respecting the fate of the unfortunate expedition. Until his return the public curiosity must remain unsatisfied with regard to a portion of the party, as there is still ground for hope that the crew of the *Terror*, under the command of Capt. Crozier, may yet survive. It is quite possible they may have struck into a more fortunate path, where the climate was less severe, and game in sufficient abundance to enable them to subsist by their guns.

GUNPOWDER SCREENED.—Experiments have lately been made at Vienna to substitute gun-cotton for the ordinary powder used in loading cannon. Thirty-two of the new guns (four batteries) to be used with gun-cotton are already finished, and it is believed that 128 more (sixteen batteries) are to be cast. The military authorities are extremely reserved just at present, but still it has transpired that only 12-pounders will in future be cast, "as they need not be heavier in metal than the old 6-pounders—if gun-cotton is used—and almost all the Russian field-batteries are composed of 12 pounders." The experiments with gun-cotton still continue, and one result is too remarkable not to be mentioned:—a 12-lb. ball was fired from a gun charged with powder at some thick boards prepared for the purpose, and another ball of the same weight was fired from one of the new guns charged with gun-cotton; "although the new gun was 600 yards further from the target than the old one, the hole made by the shot of the former was well defined and clean, while the orifice made by the latter was jagged and splintery."

GENEROUSITY REWARDED.—A poor old soldier called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and, unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir!" said the veteran, astonished at the amount. "How can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket; "it is a recipe for making blacking—the best that ever was seen. Many a half-guinea I have had from the officers, and many bottles I have sold. May you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to the poor soldier!" That dirty piece of paper was the recipe for the renowned Day and Martin's blacking; and that hairdresser was the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose palace in the Regent's-park rivalled in magnificence the mansions of the nobility.

A CONTRAST.—At the recent battles in front of Sebastopol the Russians barbarously dispatched the wounded Allies who lay helpless on the field. During the siege of Gibraltar, and after a hard day's fight, the Duc de Crillon, the generalissimo of the Spanish forces, sent a flag of truce to General Eliott, commandant of the fortress, to request his acceptance of a quantity of fruit, i.e., vegetables, and game. This gallant soldier, who was acting with His Royal Highness the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon in conducting the siege operations, wrote the following letter to accompany his present:—"Permit me, sir, to offer a few trifles for your table, of which I am sure you must stand in need. As I know you live entirely upon vegetables, I shall be glad to know what kind you like best. I shall add a few head of game for the gentlemen of your household, and some ice which, I presume, will not be disagreeable in the excessive heat of this climate at this season of the year." General Eliott, in acknowledging the present which he accepted, replied that, in doing so he had broken through a resolution to which he had faithfully adhered since the beginning of the war, never to receive or procure any provisions for his private use.

THE AUCTION.

I was present, within the last two years, at one of those painful scenes—an Auction—where everything is sold off for the benefit of creditors. It took place near the town of C—, in Northumberland, at a large country house, which, with hundreds of acres around it, had belonged, since the time of Elizabeth, to the family of H—; whose latest descendants, through extravagance or misfortune, had gradually so encumbered their estates, that at length, houses, lands, “goods and chattels,” were all condemned to fall beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. What a melancholy scene does such a sale present! and how few among the many persons attracted there, by curiosity, or the hope of making cheap bargains, give a thought to the feelings with which the different articles paraded before them were regarded by their late possessors: those articles of furniture, grown old with the family, and thus becoming almost identified with it by time, pleasant associations, and everyday use—what must it not cost their last owners to be compelled to part from them thus? On such an occasion, all the household gods are, as it were, overturned. There, alike ticketed for sale, I beheld the portraits of ancestors some centuries old and the little beds on which but recently children had reposed, happy in their peaceful slumbers and innocent dreams. The small rosewood work-table, with its crimson silk bag, was perhaps the gift of a proud bridegroom to his bride—the pretty fire-screens might be worked by a mother, sister, or dear friend. How often, in happier days, had the now discoloured jingling keys of the worn-out pianoforte sounded to the touch of delicate fingers, giving forth sweet notes as an accompaniment to still sweeter voices. And the books, which I saw turned over by careless hands, had doubtless served to while away the tedious hours of sickness, or to amuse long winter evenings, when read aloud by one of a cheerful fireside circle. How dearly prized, in their day, were these and similar domestic treasures, but with what indifference and depreciation did strangers behold them, set forth for their inspection! There were large mahogany dining-tables too—darkened by time and boasting no polish, save from the care of old servants—looking as if they could tell of many a jovial party assembled round them, at which the laugh, jest, and song resounded, and the glass circulated freely; as well as of more quiet, though happier family meetings, to celebrate a birthday, Christmas, or the New year. These tables and the corresponding massive sofas and chairs seemed rooted to the spot; and I could almost have believed that some of the ancestral portraits, hanging on the walls were frowning at the invading hands about to remove such sacred heirlooms.

I had gone early to the sale to have an opportunity of looking over the house, and, full of these thoughts, I wandered up the wide stone staircase, down which, in olden times, dames and cavaliers had often stepped to join the array of guests thronging the spacious saloons below. I tried to conjure up before my mind the varied scenes that the walls of this mansion must have witnessed; what rejoicings echoed within them at the birth of an heir! at his coming of age! his marriage!—and then, when children were born unto him! The scene changes—darkened windows, stealthy footsteps and hushed voices, denote that sickness and death are doing their work—I pictured to myself the large bed—which an old lady was examining with such close attention—stripped of its furniture and a confined human form resting on it, covered

by a sheet—the awful stillness that reigns where death is present, pervading the apartment, broken only by the sobs of a mourner kneeling at the bedside. For a short time, sad countenances, mourning dresses, and the hatchment over the great door, are seen as evidences of the melancholy event; but these in their turn disappear—gay company and smiling faces again frequent the mansion, and thus perhaps for centuries the old house alternately witnesses joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain.

I stood for some minutes at a window contemplating the wide domain, extending as far as the eye could reach. Just beneath me was the lawn, on which many a joyous “meet” of red-coated fox-hunters must have taken place; for the sporting tastes of the family were evinced by the stags’ antlers, foxes’ heads and “brushes,” hunting whips, horns, and guns, ornamenting the walls of the inner hall. I turned away from the window to look at some of the family pictures. One among them interested me much. It represented a fair young girl, whose lovely face the hair drawn up tightly from her forehead and quaint head-dress could no more disguise than the stiff long-waisted dress did her slender figure. My fancy was again busily at work, conjecturing what her history might be, when I was recalled to present scenes by the people around me moving in one direction—a sure sign that the auction was about to commence.

At sales of the kind, a great number of those present are furniture brokers: easily recognised by their rather shabby appearance, and by the critical attention with which—pencils and catalogues in hand—they examine the various articles to be sold, marking off such lots as they have been commissioned to buy or may consider would answer their own purpose to sell again. They are always much noticed by the auctioneer, who often addresses them by name, saying, “Now, Mr. N—, what are you going to do for me?” or, “Mr. S—, this lot is well worth your consideration,” and so forth—taking care to appeal to each of them in turn. There is also at all auctions a fair sprinkling of old ladies, who pry into every nook and corner of the house, to which, probably, they may often before have been vainly anxious to gain admittance; some of them declaring, “no wonder that persons should come to ruin, when they fill their house so extravagantly with furniture;”—while others take quite a contrary view of matters, and express their surprise “at some people holding their heads so high, and yet condescending to walk on carpets full of holes, and to use linen so much the worse for wear!” These old ladies invariably secure the row of chairs in front of the auctioneer; and there they sit all day long, seldom making a bid for anything, but watching each lot as it is sold with keen interest. The rest of the attendance at this sale, as upon all similar occasions, was composed of families from the neighbourhood—mothers coming to buy furniture for sons about to settle; old gentlemen, determined on purchasing things they didn’t want, merely because they were cheap; officers from the adjoining garrison town, lounging away an hour or two, and diverting themselves with an occasional bidding against eager purchasers; and lastly, young ladies, flirting with the officers, or any other young men of their acquaintance who happened to be present. When I made my way into the room where the sale was to commence, I found the auctioneer in the midst of his opening address. He was a short stout man, with merry black eyes, and plenty of that off-hand drollery and ready speech so useful in his calling. He had an attendant—answering, of course, to the name of “Joe,”

—a pale young man with sandy hair, and attired in an old green coat and blue cloth cap. The manifold duties of this individual made his place no sinecure. He was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with, and to announce at a moment's warning, the exact number of pieces in every set of china or glass; besides being called upon very often to perform various gymnastic exercises, in the way of lifting chairs and other articles of furniture above his head, to display their perfections to buyers, at the same time concealing their imperfections with all the adroitness in his power.

The first lots were most uninteresting—collections of odd wine glasses, cracked china, broken candlesticks, blanch-mange shapes, and other "sundries," heaped together on trays—and were soon disposed of. Some amusement, however, was caused by an old lady, through an unwary movement of her head, having an imperfect set of knives and a stray liquor-bottle knocked down to her. At first, she did not seem inclined to dispute the bargain; but on the bottle being handed over for her inspection, and on hearing the price of the lot, which she had not clearly understood before, she resolutely declared that she had made no bid at all, and maintained the assertion, notwithstanding the auctioneer's raillery and the laughter of all around. The former good-naturedly put up this rejected lot a second time; but I could not help suspecting the whole affair was a bit of mischief arranged off-hand at the old lady's expense. After this little episode, the sale went on in earnest. The first thing sold that made any great impression upon me was a screen, said to have been given by "good Queen Bess" herself to the founder of the family. It was composed of beautiful tapestry work, in a mahogany frame, with six divisions, and measured as many feet in height. What a sacrilege to sell it!—at least, I thought so, and could not resist bidding a few guineas for it, in order to have the satisfaction of restoring it to the family. But my good intentions were frustrated. A broker and a rich tradesman from the neighbouring city outbid me, and, at length, the latter, for the sum of sixteen pounds, became the possessor of the royal gift.

And now, attend for a few minutes to the auctioneer, as I heard him, trying to persuade everybody that such bargains never could be had again—that never before was such a collection of furniture, plate, books, china and glass to be sold off, without reserve! He is about to put up a dinner-service—the ugliest thing of the kind I ever saw—with large green monsters, or dragons, represented on the plates and dishes, looking, according to my ideas, as if greedily watching every mouthful one might eat. He cannot extol it enough. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, here is a splendid dinner-set—and so perfect too! (How many pieces, Joe? Ninety-six, are there?) Ninety-six pieces, ladies and gentlemen: quite a long service, understand—and what could light up better than this rich, dark green?" ("Red or purple and gold," I mentally replied.) "The colour is suggestive of vegetables, too—and nothing could be more adapted to a dining-table. Now, what will you say for it? If I were to propose the low amount of ten guineas to begin with, this large dish—(Hold it up, Joe)—would be worth a guinea of the sum, and the soup-tureen another—(Bring it here, Joe)—not the present shape, perhaps, but a capital size and filled with turtle, it would grace any table. Shall I say ten guineas? (a pause, during which every one attentively examined their catalogues, or looked anywhere but at the auctioneer). Nine, then?—eight

—seven—six—five—four? Well, I never saw things given away in this manner before! Must I name three pounds?" Here a broker nodded, and the bidding continued slowly rising. The auctioneer then begged the company just to go and examine the dinner-service set out on a table in the next room; for they could not be aware of its perfect state of preservation to offer so trifling a sum for it. Hereupon, several gentlemen hastened to look at it; and, on their return, one more courageous than the rest, ventured another "bid," and the contest ended in the broker who first bid for the lot, having it knocked down to him at six guineas—dear enough, I thought.

And thus the auctioneer went on, giving things away, if you might believe him, and almost making people doubt the evidence of their own senses. According to his estimate, carpets and curtains were softened in colour, not faded; mildew on prints, was merely a spot or two on the glass; old china was only the more to be prized for being cracked; and the venerable pianoforte required but a few strings to rival one of Broadwood's or Collard's best instruments. The sale lasted several days, and I attended it as regularly as any old lady there, and buying nearly as little; all I purchased being the pretty rosewood work-table, and my favourite portrait of the young girl. Whenever I look at them now, I think of that desolate old house, with the straw and litter of the auction unswept in its empty rooms. I often wonder, too, whether the old place will fall to ruin, or whether it will have another master, and once more be the scene of life and death—of joy and sorrow!

STARTLING—IF TRUE.

FRANCE is the land of sober common sense,
And Spain of intellectual endue;
Unbounded liberty is Austria's boast,
And Prussia's kingdom is as free—almost.
In Russia there are no such things as chains—
Supreme in Rome enlightened Reason reigns.
America—that stationary clime—
Holds to tradition, and the olden time.
England—the light, the thoughtless, and the gay—
Rejoices in theatrical display.
The sons of Scotland are impulsive—rash—
Infirm of purpose—prodigal of cash.
While Paddy's are the lips that know no guile,
For Truth has fixed her throne on Erin's Isle!

INCREASE OF MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.—The total number of marriages registered in England in 1755, was 50,972; and they gradually increased until 1764, when they rose to 68,810. "The rage of marrying is very prevalent," writes Lord Chesterfield in the latter year; and again in 1767, "in short, the matrimonial frenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemic." After many fluctuations, the marriages in England rose to *seventy, eighty, ninety, and a hundred thousand annually*; and in the year 1861 to a *hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and six*. At that time 14,000,000 were added to the population as compared with that of 1755.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S PICTURE GALLERY.—The collection of pictures which Charles formed must have been a magnificent one, selected as it was by a man of the purest taste in the fine arts, and with every means at his command for obtaining the best productions of art from foreign galleries. Amongst them were fifty-six by Titian, fifteen by Raphael, seventeen by Giulio Romano, eleven by Correggio, and a proportionate number by other masters. It was indeed a kingly collection! When it was dispersed, however, after his death, but few of those noble works seem to have brought a picture's price. The Cartoons, appraised at the miserable sum of £300, could find no purchaser. Ruben's pictures on an average sold for about £100 a-piece; but then he was a *new man*, and, therefore, of course not appreciated. The Madonna and Christ, by Raphael, was bought for £2,000, and a Sleeping Venus, by Correggio, for half that sum; but these were exceptional cases. At this period art was flourishing throughout Europe; Rubens and Van Dyke were sending forth the splendid productions of their enamel; and in Spain, Murillo was rivaling their best efforts. The value of pictures had doubled in Europe by the emulation between Charles and Philip IV. of Spain, who was touched with the same elegant passion.

THE MODERN PEASANT.

THE world overflows with books of travels—we have ransacked the North Pole and the deserts of Africa, and yet it may be doubted if we well understand the people at our own doors, whose manners and mode of life have, politically at least, no small influence on our own position. Every traveller in distant countries makes it his very first business to describe the mass of the population amongst which he is thrown. How many of those who rush through Europe—who can tell the price of bread and clothing in every capital—point out the position of every mountain, and describe every picturesque hill and river—yet know anything whatever of the peculiarities of the peasantry? And yet upon these peculiarities how much depends!

For one thing, few suspect the simplicity, and attachment to old habits, yet remaining in the most cultivated parts of Europe. With us, railroads and industry have almost extinguished tradition. How little remains of dialect, properly so called, in the United Kingdom! The Irish and Highland Gaelic have almost died out; a few hundreds yet speak Celtic in the Welsh mountains; the rest is all variety of pronunciation. A dictionary of provincial and archaic words make a moderate volume. In France, on the contrary, it would make a cyclopaedia, and that not of dialects, but of languages complete in themselves. The various *patois* spoken in France defy study: there are eight varieties of the Provençal alone—all unintelligible to each other. The Catalan in Languedoc, the Basque in Gascony, the Breton in Brittany, form several distinct languages—all of them universally spoken among the peasantry. There are the Flemish dialects in the north, the German in the east, and it may be said without exaggeration, that excepting in the midland districts between the Seine and the Loire, not one-half of the male peasantry, nor one-fifth of the female, understand French.

Again, the administration of many of the German villages, especially on the Rhine, is carried on after a patriarchal fashion which few would suspect in these days of systematised uniformity. Each commune (*gemeinde*) elects one of the principal inhabitants a chief for the year. The election, be it observed, is spontaneous, as are the regulations attending it. There is no general law whatever on the subject. These chiefs are the representatives of the communes before the superior authorities, charged with its interests, and the guarantee of its possessions against wrong or aggression, public or private. To see the men—thick, heavy-looking countrymen—and to hear their indifferent style of talking if you attempt to address them on the subject of their village, you would think that no men were less fitted for their task. It is nothing of the kind; they are shrewd, intelligent, active fellows, with a spice of *finesse* in their character which no one would suspect till he had tried them. Every evening, this chief meets his constituents at the village tavern; and the visitor who can stand unlimited clouds of smoke and swallow unlimited pots of beer, may listen to curious conversations. Politics and questions strictly public are never introduced. But every thing relating to the village—its prices, its cultivation, its quarrels, the conduct of its inhabitants, the condition of its property, are discussed with an ingenuity which would surprise many, and a minuteness which would surprise no one if it is remembered that the meetings are held nightly and that the members talk of nothing else. The chief draws up every month a perfect set of statistics of the place—its population, produce, cattle, dwellings—all of which are transmitted to the government, and by means of which sales or loans on the property are managed with great ease. Besides this, quarrels are made up, small offences punished, bad manners checked,—all by a command exercised without any legal warrant—on the true patriarchal model. In these villages master and servant live together on terms which admit of one friend sending his son or servant to another without hesitation. They have no trade or commerce, live on the produce of their own fields, and the reciprocal relations and prices are, therefore, dependant on merely local causes, and regulated almost exclusively by their patriarchal chief.

The woods and stream belong almost universally to the commune, as well as great part of the pastures. Not only are the necessities of the people in water and firing provided for, as well as the necessary expenses of the sick and the aged, by the public administration—such as it is—but a dividend is not unfrequently distributed amongst the inhabitants. In consequence, the right of fixing amongst the most prosperous communes is much sought after, and only obtainable by a kind of fine, which, in some villages of Rhenish Bavaria amounts to as much as £150. These communes have a public windmill and a public bake-house, though most of the houses contain ovens. Almost every family gives a certain quantity of corn; a superintendent of the mill is appointed, and paid for his trouble by a certain proportion of the corn ground, regulated by a table fixed up in the mill. For the bakehouse, the first corner takes possession of it, bringing with him his own fuel. The chief regulates any disturbance that may arise respecting possession. There is a physician, who acts gratuitously, appointed by the government; and an apothecary, who sells his drugs according to a tariff, fixed at the lowest scale possible. This last is about the only tradesman in the place. The people get their clothes from the nearest town or from hawkers; and as for the more expensive sorts of food, meat included, they never touch them.

The houses are extremely dirty. The habit of doing everything at home keeps the place in a perpetual mess; besides which, the people are forbidden to drain their courts into the stream, and they are, in

consequence, flooded with liquid manure, of which the peasant makes good use, and understands as well as the most practised agriculturist. There is always a village school, and some attempts at agricultural instruction, but anything beyond a primitive agriculture is quite impossible under the system.

Such a state of things prevails throughout the low districts of Rhenish Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Hanover. It is pregnant with danger amid all its primitive happiness. Let advancing civilization once make an inroad upon it, and the peasantry, deprived of their old enjoyments, and unable to find new ones, become discontented, idle, and reckless. Meanwhile no one can deny their actual happiness for the present. It is true that the fare is not very inviting amongst these peasants. The bread is eaten, and almost black, with a coarse, rough taste. An English peasant would sicken at it; but here the people like it, and actually prefer it to white bread. Prices are low. Their bread sells under the penny a pound; pork three-pence a pound, mutton three-pence-halfpenny, beef fourpence or fivepence, in the large villages where meat is sold. The ordinary wages in Bavaria are about four shillings and tenpence a week. The labourer gets his house for about thirty shillings, so that at these prices he is not badly off. In Silesia, the agricultural population rarely earn more than three shillings weekly; the wages of the manufacturing peasant are about seven. Bread, potatoes, and coffee form the entire nourishment of the ordinary peasant. He drinks beer on his tavern night, and wine on great festivals. Many of them have never seen meat in their lives.

In Lunsee, between Dresden and Breslau, an extensive plain prevails, half in Saxony, half in Prussia, peopled long since by a Slavonian colony who have preserved still more perfectly the patriarchal tradition. The father is virtually pastor of his own family to a degree which could have been surpassed at no time. The government never interferes with these people, who manage their own offences in their own way. The old men and women universally spin, and form clubs of a dozen or so, meeting regularly to work at each other's houses, sometimes by yearly and sometimes by quarterly turns. They have associations of music, in which every one joins, and when the greater number are real prodigents. Every incident furnishes an excuse for a *fête*. Their baptisms and marriages are celebrated with great magnificence; at the last every peasant attends, for ten miles round, always with a present, which, united, set up the young couple in housekeeping: in fact, they depend upon this, and make no other provision. They even celebrate the deaths of their family, somewhat on the Irish principle—one man goes out to the cattle with a bundle of hay to console them for the news; another knocks at the door, crying out, "Rise, rise, little bees; your good master is no more!"

At Christmas they all meet, and examine the work of the young girls, distributing honorary rewards and fines, amidst shouts of laughter and the general amusement. The evening concludes with an uproarious *fête*. They live better than most peasants. When the spinning-clubs reassemble, the mistress of the house gives an entertainment for the first week, at which roast goose and meat always make their appearance. The spinning is enlivened with many a Teutonic tale of mystery and hobgoblinism. It is here especially that the old German traditions are kept alive. Even in France, this primitive simplicity is much more frequent than is generally believed. The habit of the servant taking his meals with the master is very general. We have known, even in the great towns, the soldier-servants of officers who regularly dine at the master's table—a double abomination in English eyes.

In Franche Comté, the peasants yet live on the *tollon*, a kind of oaten bread, baked twice a year, and which, to be eaten, requires to be broken by the hatchet, and then moistened in water. In the week days, a crust of the bread, a few boiled potatoes, and a jug of water form the sole repast, even of the decent farmer. The Sunday is the great *fête*-day; master and domestics sit at the same table; a little bacon, a plate of *houilli*, and some herbs, set out a splendid banquet, and a bottle of *petit vin*—thin sour wine—adds to the magnificence; from this the whole family adjourn to vespers; after which, the elders sit round, while the youngsters join in the national game of *quilles* (nine-pins). The custom of family evening prayer is yet preserved in these placid circles, after it has disappeared from every other corner of the country. Like all primitive people, the Franche Comté peasants are inordinately fond of tales of the marvellous, and a good story-teller is by far the most popular personage amongst them—certain of invitation to every village feast or ceremony. The ambition of obtaining celebrity as a story-teller is the only one known amongst them. The progress of roads and railroads has injured the primitive simplicity in their neighbourhood, and the lovers of the good old times loudly lament the introduction of white bread, Parisian bonnets, and innovating newspapers. But in the remote districts, the habits of old yet remain in full force. In many places where the *café*, the billiard-room, and other modern inventions, have now intruded themselves, there are those alive who remember when the cottage, composed of a single room, and built simply of wood, allowed its smoke to escape through a hole in the roof, precisely as in a Lapland hut.

In Brittany the interior of the farm-house is perfectly Irish, yet without the appearance of misery which hangs over the Irish establishment. These houses consist of a single room, of which a kind of first story is formed by faggots placed to support the roof, where the farmers dry flax, potatoes, and even corn. A huge piece of furniture, forming by a *bizarre* combination, at once an oven and a table, ornaments the

apartment. The beds are placed upon shelves one above the other, like a ship's cabin, a great dresser-full of gaudy yellow earthenware is on one side; the floor is simply composed of beaten earth. In the smaller farms the animals live in the same room, separated only by a partition; the court is full of their manure, and behind is a rude floor for threshing the corn.

It is no wonder if the Breton songs are full of laments on the lot of the labourer. In one of the best known among them, the mother recommends her daughter not to marry a soldier, for his life is due to the king—nor a sailor, for his life is due to the elements—but above all, not to marry an agriculturist; and then follows a really touching description of the hardships and oppressions of a peasant's lot, full of pathos and poetry.

We have seen the fairer side of the picture—it is but right to turn to the darker.

Every one has heard of the mischiefs of the Austrian rule in Lombardy. We are far from denying them; but it is not the less true that a part of these mischiefs is chargeable on other causes. Lombardy is divided into two natural divisions, of which the characters are essentially distinct. The one consists of the vast plain which extends from Milan to the Apennines, embracing Pavia, Lodi, Crema, and Piacenza. The other is the hill district from Milan to the Alps. The first of these is the richest pasture ground in the world; many of the meadows are mowed eight times in the year, and its cows furnish the best cheese in the world. Low, and intersected by numerous streams, these plains are extremely damp, and the consequence has been the general introduction of the cultivation of rice, which has led to an encouragement of the marshy tendency of the country. This, of course, generates exhalations which can only be counteracted by good living and healthy habits; and the Lombard peasant has neither the one nor the other. During the spring, when the rice-fields are cleared from the multitude of parasitic plants which grow in the rank soil, girls and sickly women pass whole days in putrid water under a burning sun, keeping for hours the stooping posture necessary to their business. They often fall in fainting fits, or are carried off the ground in a delirium. Violent diseases are generated which the peasantry transmit to their children, who continue the unhealthy practice on a constitution become hereditarily unsound. But this work is so well paid that a farmer who should forbid it to his wife or his children is looked upon either as a fool or a brute. The whole population is short-lived, and the children, left without care or instruction, are brought up in the vilest habits, only increased by the facility of earning money. The population is insufficient for the demand, and the vast class of vagabond labourers come season after season, leaving behind them fresh traditions of vice and crime. The nature of the property is productive of endless dispute. The possession of the canal is the great source of wealth, the rights are of course complicated, and their exercise difficult; ordinarily, each proprietor is bound to allow his neighbour a certain quantity of water per hour, during a certain number of hours; the machinery of a London water or gas company is thus necessary in a Lombard plain, amidst a lawless population, a divided property, and a difficult administration. The peasants grow nothing on their own account but flax enough for their own clothing, but not more. As a wife is necessary to them, and life is of such short duration, third or even fourth marriages are common, and, as the race is prolific, each is attended with a family. The labourers, all working by the day, possess the true Italian love of vagabondage. It is not uncommon for men with large families, married with their homes, to emigrate with a part, leaving the rest to shift for themselves. The children can live easily enough, but where are the chances for their future character? They form associations amongst themselves under the sole superintendence of the curé, who neither can nor will exercise any real control. Sallow, unhealthy, and stunted in person, these children grow up in utter ignorance and profane demoralization. What can be expected, politically, of such a people, till a radical change takes place in their character?

In the Upper Lombardy the dryness of the soil produces another state of things. The culture is entirely grain and the mulberry—that of the former carried to great perfection. This part of Lombardy shares with England the glory of growing the largest number of bushels to the acre of any country in the world. Yet the peasantry are none the better off. The population, both of rich and poor, is continually increasing, without any means of providing for the surplus. There are neither professions, manufactures, nor commerce, open to the rich. The children divide the inheritance, and have no other means of living as they were brought up, except by wringing the uttermost farthing from the labourer. The increase of the number of the last produces a competition for employment, of which there is none but agriculture, and in consequence work is at the minimum price by which existence can be maintained. The peasantry live almost entirely on maize, baked once a fortnight, in a huge, single loaf. This and the *rolenta* form their sole subsistence. They are all naturally reckless, and sure to be in debt to their employers, and the impossibility of release makes them virtually slaves. Bad living causes the prevalence of the *pelagra*, a kind of leprosy which ossifies the joints, and usually terminates in melancholy or madness. A large part of the property in this part of the world belongs to the Jesuits, and is managed with the usual recklessness, and mingled harshness and indifference, which characterise religious corporations. And thus, under the most lovely sky in the world, with an excellent agriculture and an unexampled fertility of soil, unused to habits of labour and advanced

civilization, the irregularity of temperament spoils everything. In other fertile districts, the habits of the labourer cause an equal disorganization. In Provence, for instance, the farm labourer, *valets de ferme*, as they are called, are in the habit of letting themselves for fixed periods, at a tariff varying according to the months—so much for January, so much for April, and so on. In that climate the winter labourer is worth nothing, so he commonly pockets his pittance for the first months—his keep being always included—and walks off. The habit is productive of an organized system of agricultural vagabondage, with all its terrible consequences. As a result, the miseries of Provence, with its lovely climate, is beyond that of any part of France.

We have made these scattered notes chiefly from personal observation and experience, to show how much of the real state of society, even at our own door, is ill understood and worse appreciated. The people must be better known before either writers or governments can effectively shape their own course, or calculate upon that of others.

THE HOLLY.—The holly has been by many considered to be merely a shrub, but when left to its natural growth it attains the height of at least thirty feet. The holly forms a prominent object among the evergreens with which our houses and churches are decorated at Christmas, its scarlet berries contrasting so beautifully with the dark green of its spirey leaves. This practice of dressing our houses, &c., is a relic of Druidism. Dr. Chandler mentions that, during the time of these priests, houses were decked with boughs, "that the sylvan spirits might repair thither, and remain untripped by frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling shades." It was formerly an article of belief that, unknown before, the holly sprung up in perfection and beauty beneath the footsteps of Christ when he first trod the earth, and that though man has forgotten its attributes, the beasts all reverence it, and are never known to injure it. In Cambridgeshire it is still believed by many, that if the holly with which the house is decorated at Christmas is removed before Candlemas-day, the prosperity of the tenant will vanish with it, and not return before the following year.

A FEATHER IN THE CAP.—Among the ancient warriors it was customary to honour such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle by presenting them with a feather for their caps, which, when not in armour, was the covering for their heads. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has effected a meritorious action: "That will be a feather in his cap."

EARLY ORDNANCE.—Under the date 1543, Stowe writes, "King Henry, minding wars with France, made great preparation and provision, as well of munitions and artillery, as also of brass ordnance, amongst which, at that time, by one Peter Bawd, a Frenchman born, a gun-founder, or maker of great ordnance, and one other alien, called Peter Van Collen, a gunsmith, both the king's freedmen, who, conferring together, devised and caused to be made certain mortar-pieces, being at the mouth from eleven inches to nineteen inches wide; for the use whereof the said Peter and Peter caused to be made certain hollow shot of cast-iron, to be stuffed with fire-work or wild-fire, whereof the bigger sort for the same had screws of iron to receive a match to carry fire kindled, that the fire work might be set on fire, for to break in small pieces the same hollow shot, whereof the smallest piece hitting any man would kill or spoil him." In the 10th volume of the "Archæologia" is an engraving, from a drawing by James Lambert, junr., of a mortar, formerly at Eridge Green, in the parish of Frant, Sussex, and the account given of it is as follows:—"It has always been understood that this mortar was the first that was made in England. It now lies at Eridge Green, and has served for many years for the amusement of the people on a holiday or fair day, when they collect money to buy gunpowder to throw the shell to a hill about a mile distant. The weight of the shell sinks it so deep into the earth that it costs no little pains to dig it out after each discharge, which is repeated as long as the money lasts. The chamber of the gun is cast-iron, the other part, as is evident, wrought." Mr. Lower adds: "From the engraving, the chamber appears to have been polygonal, and the tube to have consisted of many small bars or rods, bound together by nine hoops." About the year 1572 much ordnance was exported from England, in consequence of the Lord Admiral having granted a licence for that purpose to Sir Thomas Leighton; but the merchants of London "knowing how this might furnish the enemies' ships to obstruct their trade, and bring other great damages upon the Queen and her subjects," petitioned her, in a great body, to withdraw this licence. This petition was not, for some reason with which we are unacquainted, presented. However, they petitioned again, and in September, 1572, a proclamation strictly restrained all transport of iron and brass ordnance, and forbade the owner of all iron-works, &c., to make any kind of ordnance larger than a minion. Nevertheless, in defiance of these measures, the surreptitious exportation of cannon went on for some years longer. In 1587, the Earl of Warwick, master of the ordnance, dispatched a person named Blincoe into Sussex, then the principal iron county, to summon all the gun-founders of that district up to London, to "understand his pleasure respecting their further continuance of the manufacture." The result of the conference was, that a fixed quantity of cannon should be cast annually, for the necessary provision of our own navigation; a certain proportion being allowed to each founder. It was also stipulated that no ordnance should be sold except in the City, and not even there but to such merchants "as my lord or his deputy should name."



OUR LETTER BOX.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

THE SUCCESS OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" IS ASSURED; and, in announcing this pleasing fact to our readers, we acknowledge the encouragement which has been so readily given to the undertaking. From every part of the empire we continue to receive the most zealous offers of assistance, and all our friends are earnestly endeavouring to distribute the Journal in particular localities where their influence can greatly extend its circulation. We shall endeavour to merit this favour by a vigilant attention to the editorial department, and by rendering the work worthy of the cause to which it is dedicated. As a proof of our desire to please our readers, we have increased the quantity of matter in the "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL." THE PRESENT NUMBER CONTAINS TWENTY PAGES, which will admit of a greater variety of useful and interesting information, and allow us to extend, when necessary, that portion of the Journal which is open to correspondence.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, STRAND. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1855. The Part will contain six Numbers in a neat cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

COLLECTION FOR THE PATRIOTIC FUND AT HAMBURG.—MR. G. L. JONES, *charge d'affaires* at Hamburg, has lately forwarded a handsome sum collected in that town to the Commissioners, and writes as follows: "It may be worthy of remark, that although by far the greater part of the above sum has been subscribed by British merchants here, yet that the list contains many contributions unasked for from Germans of this city, almost entirely of the middle classes, whose warmest sympathies are with the object for which the fund is intended, and whose best wishes are for the just cause for which the Allies are contending."

HIBBERT (Bournemouth).—The composition to which you refer is by Horley; the words by Moore.

C. B. SMITH (Barnett-street) is thanked for his communication and offer of assistance. His suggestions shall not be lost sight of.

T. S. S. (Poole).—If you send your parcel to the care of the Royal Commissioners they will no doubt forward it, and the railway company will, under the circumstances, carry it free of charge.

D.—The sketch at Balaklava by all means.

* *—Mudie's picture of the "Marriage of Strongbow" has not been purchased for the National Gallery.

MISS VINCENT.—You can get the work to which you refer at Mr. Parker's, West Strand. We do not know the name of the person with whom you wish to communicate, but you can no doubt learn on application at the Admiralty.

A. GOLDIE'S WIFE. The proper way to address your letter is "Lord Raglan's Army, the Crimea." The stamped copy of the *Patriotic Fund Journal* can always be had by post on applying to the Publisher, 154, Strand.

A CORRESPONDENT at Bath writes to us to say that his subscription to the *Patriotic Fund* has not been announced in the London morning papers. For this omission we cannot thank the Commissioners are in any way responsible. Local contributions ought to be acknowledged by local committees in local newspapers; but the funds of the Commissioners should be easily treasured upon if they were to advertise in the London journals the name of every individual in the country who subscribed to this national object.

F. C. (Chester).—We have no means of procuring the information you require. Your best course would be to lay the facts before the Commissioners of the Board of Health. Lord Palmerston will no doubt cause an instant inquiry into the circumstance.

G. M. (Easton-square) is thanked for his suggestion. Perhaps he will favour us with another communication.

CHARLES PRABODY (Great Cumberland-street) expresses his willingness to send 500 copies of this Journal to the Crimea. He cannot do a better thing.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE (Gloucester) writes:—"The suggestion of your correspondent, who signs herself 'A Soldier's Wife,' in the last impression of your Journal is so excellent and practical that I will do all in my power to act upon it, and I will also undertake to sell the Journal in my neighbourhood."

G. (Luton).—You will find all the information you require in a work recently published by Mrs. Young, entitled "Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to It." The authors visited Gallipoli and Varna.

BOWSER (Harwich).—We have no doubt that Messrs. Scott, Russell and Company, of Blackwall, will enable you to gratify your curiosity by an inspection of the monster-ship they are now building.

—The postage is 1s.—certainly a large sum when we consider the rapidly-increasing facilities of communication between England and the United States.

W. W. (Cambridge).—You cannot transfer your shares without paying the call last declared. It has been held that a solvent shareholder may assign his shares for a nominal consideration to avoid responsibility. It is, however, an extreme case.

EMMA STEVENSON (Fleet-street). The best course which you can adopt is to apply without delay to the Commissioners of the *Patriotic Fund*, Great George-street, Westminster, between 10 and 4 o'clock; but should your case, which appears to be deserving of attention, not be within the scope of their commission, you had better make application to the Central Association, Waterloo-place.

B. B. (Marston).—The American poets whose works are best known at this side of the Atlantic are J. K. Paulding, H. Dana, C. Sprague, W. C. Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, N. P. Willis, H. W. Longfellow, J. G. Whittier, H. T. Tuckerman, J. R. Lowell, and Bayard Taylor. The lady who writes under the nom-de-plume of "Fanny Fern" is a sister of Mr. N. P. Willis.

SOUTH SEA.—No militia-man can be "ordered on foreign service." He may, however, volunteer for garrison duty in any particular place abroad, but he cannot be moved to another foreign station unless with his free will and consent.

D. (Malvern).—The bequest to which you allude is the sum of £50,000 left by the late Earl of Beauchamp for the erection and endowment of almshouses at Newland, Worcestershire, for the benefit of mirm agricultural labourers.

A. WALLACE (Holmfirth).—Several committees are in course of formation in Paris to solicit and receive donations, either in goods or money, for the comfort of the troops in the Crimea. Coverlets, tobacco, and wine, are to be sent out forthwith, and other pressing necessities are to follow, so soon as the means shall be supplied.

CHARLES FAYELL (Monmouth).—The only instance of the kind of which we have any knowledge is at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, where the Judges of assize presiding at *vis prius*, and for the trial of prisoners, sit in the same room.

G. (GRAVES (Stroud).—The agricultural population of the Turkish Empire is estimated at more than twenty millions; of these about ten millions are Turks and Mohammedans, dwelling in Asia Minor and the north of Syria, and about ten millions are Christians of various races inhabiting Europe.

S. P.—A question similar to yours has been already answered in No. 1 of this Journal. There is a sum of about £60,000 or £70,000 remaining from the last *Patriotic Fund*; but the proceeds are already divided among a class of persons not standing in the relationship of wife or child, but who were nevertheless dependant for support upon a slain soldier or sailor.

B. W. F. (Ledbury).—The stamped copies of the Journal, price 3d., can be forwarded direct from the office. The unstamped copies at 2d. can be ordered of any bookseller or news-agent in town or country.

W. (Folkstone). A stamped copy of the Journal has been forwarded.

W. C. G. (Dacre-park, Blackheath) is thanked for his contribution, but he must wait.

W. DAVIS.—Your intention is excellent and beyond praise, but we believe you can assist the *Patriotic Fund* in some more practical manner than by the aid of your muse. Few men are poets; all may be rhymers.

J. H. T. is mistaken in supposing that the advertisements in the *Patriotic Fund Journal* must necessarily be bound up with it. They are inserted in the last page in order that the leaf may be torn off before the number is bound up.

E. C. (Leamington).—Prince Menachikoff announced to the Porte on the 18th of May, 1853, that diplomatic relations between the two Powers had ceased.

CIVIC (Hampstead).—The civic banquets on the 9th of November cost each £1,500, and the Lord Mayor's procession about £1,000. The Sheriff pays two-thirds of the former.

INQUIRE. Bring your drawings, models, &c., to a respectable patent agent, who will be the person to advise you.

H. H. (Oxford).—It is not true that the Lancaster guns have failed at Sebastopol.

A. (Camden Town).—The manufactory for Colonel Colt's revolvers is at Millbank.

F. D. (Colchester) writes as follows:—"English sportsmen who have followed wild fowl shooting, which to be successful must be pursued in the severest weather, always wear the Guernsey waistcoat, very thickly lined with grey worsted, and which possesses the following advantages. It is as warm as two coats; its elasticity fits it to any sized man; it does not in the slightest degree interfere with the free action of the limbs in shooting; it is worn under the coat; and if by accident it should become wet no sensation of cold is felt as in the case of linen. Having stated these peculiarities, which must be considered strong recommendations, I may add that the expense is exceedingly trifling. One pound and a half of worsted, at a cost of 1s. 9d. per pound, in the hands of any lady who can use her knitting needles, will in the course of four days produce one of these garments, and at a moment when thousands of our fair countrywomen would gladly avail themselves of any practicable method to help and defend their husbands, brothers, and friends in the East, the adoption of this plan would realize any given number of these articles, which those who have used them well know would be gladly and thankfully received."

LEWIS (Normanton).—Mr. Hall of Faversham is one of the government contractors for the manufacture of gunpowder. He has lately completed a contract for 60,000 barrels of powder, each barrel weighing about 28 lbs.

A CORRESPONDENT from Whitehaven writes to us to say that the ladies of that town recently held a meeting, and passed resolutions pledging themselves to make up warm clothing for the Crimea, and to assist in every possible way to alleviate the sufferings of our gallant countrymen in the East.

D. (Hampstead-road).—No foreign soldier serving in a temporary manner under the British colours, can be entitled to half-pay without a special Act of Parliament.

S. (Walton-place).—The picture to which you refer is in the Russell Institution. It is said to be one of Haydon's best works.

* (Portsmouth).—The "Fairy" yacht is now on her way to the Crimea with stores. She has been chartered by the Committee of the Crimean Army Fund Association. A great part of the cargo will be given gratuitously to those who will accept it, and those who prefer paying for what they take will only be charged cost-price.

—(Staines).—It is quite impossible that the War Office can be responsible for the inconveniences to the public to which you refer. A state of war must always entail more or less inconvenience upon individuals.

W. (Lincolne).—The whole fleet of the Screw Steam Shipping Company has been taken by the Government for the transport service of the country. The company, we believe, have only one vessel employed in the passenger trade, and that will be chartered by the Government as soon as it comes home.

—(Ryde).—If you will write to the Secretary of the Cork Harbour Yacht Club you will get all the information you require. The vessel you allude to is a very small one, and is docked at the Custom House, Dublin.

G. W. L. (Buckingham-row) will find his question already answered. Nothing can be easier than to remove the advertisement leaf preparatory to binding the numbers. If G. W. L. will look to the paging of the first two numbers he will find his difficulty removed.

F. (Greenwich).—The practice you allude to is only adopted in very extreme cases, and when a ship has snapped all her anchors, which rarely occurs in the case of a man-of-war.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 4.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN LOW AT BALACLAVA.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

ALTHOUGH many incidents have been related of the individual heroism of the light cavalry brigade in the memorable attack upon the Russian batteries at Balacava, there are few that can equal the feat of arms which our artist has selected for illustration. Captain, now Lieut.-Col. Low, of the 4th Light Dragoons, actually succeeded in cutting his way out of the thick of the enemy after he had dispatched thirteen of his assailants. This gallant soldier entered the service in 1835, and has constantly

served, on the full pay of the cavalry, since that year. Slightly above the middle size, his broad chest and shoulders, long arms, narrow girth, fine manly countenance, with the long, light, Saxon moustache, altogether form a figure the very *beau ideal* of the light cavalry *sabreur*—and such he nobly proved himself on that day so fatal yet so famous for the light cavalry of Britain. After that terrible charge, in which he slew or unhorsed so many of the enemy, dealing sabre-strokes, every one of which carried death with it, he found himself almost alone among the enemy's horsemen, three of whom bore

down upon the British cavalier, one on each flank and one in front. Seizing his revolver, he shot the two first right and left, and cutting down the third with his sabre, his good horse bounded over him, and, although with a jaw broken by a grape-shot, carried his heroic rider safe into the British lines.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THERE are people in this world, and, regarded numerically, they constitute no inconsiderable proportion of the human family, who never think. They either have no faculty of thought, or, being gifted with the faculty, have an invincible repugnance to use it. Heart-buried in the rubbish of their ignoble pursuit—the acquisition of money—they have sense and intellect for nothing else. Theirs is the philosophy of the Yankee cynic, “There is nothing new, there is nothing true, and it *don't* signify.” To such persons life is from first to last an enigma which defies solution. It is above their comprehension because it is beyond their sympathy. They resemble those crystal-headed sages of antiquity, Avicenna and Liectus, who are said to have read Aristotle’s *Metaphysics* forty times over without understanding a single word of them. Or, perhaps, they may be compared to those dark phantoms whom Roger Columbus describes as wandering dismally by the light of day amidst the general and increasing illumination of Europe. Whatever of sensation their minds are capable of experiencing is the same, or very nearly so, under every variety of dissimilar influence. Thus they would view Mont Blanc with pretty much the same satisfaction as Primrose Hill; it were all one to them whether they gazed on the magnificent emotion of the sea, or the putrid placidity of a duck-pond, for in either case they would see nothing more than water: the “Hundredth Psalm” is, to their ears, even as the tune of “Green Sleeves;” and, in the most wonderful of all mysteries, *the lapse of time*, they discern “nothing particular.” Defend us, gracious Heaven! from such insensible associates, and, as our Uncle Toby would phrase it, “Never, O never, may we lie down in their tents!” Rather would we bide the pelting of the pitiless storm with him whose sympathetic soul “finds tongues in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything,” than accept the shelter either of tent or palace from one who, calling himself a man, and claiming the kindred of a common humanity with Shakespeare, is yet so lost to his own dignity as to bestow no thought upon himself, his Maker, or the angel Death. It is a trite saying, but one which has the never-fading fragrance of truth, that there is nothing in nature, nor in art, which is not suggestive of deep thought and noble emotion to a well-disciplined mind. And the *lapse of time*, with all its concomitant wonders—its mighty changes and startling revelations is particularly so. The going out of the old year, and the coming in of the new, furnish “much matter for all feeling.” Another year lost to the sunny domains of Hope; another year added to the shadowy realms of Memory!—for Time is a ship that never anchors, and whether we play or labour, or sleep or dance, the sun posteth and the sand runneth:—

“Tempora labuntur taciturne senescimus annis.”

In a landscape, where all is of a character gay, joyous, and sparkling, to introduce a pensive train of thought is the surest means of filling the fancy of the intelligent student with the most delicious sensations. The most beautiful odes of Horace owe their charm to this very circumstance, and the poet never interests our feelings so

much as when, amid the luxuriant colouring of spring, when the green blood is dancing in the veins of the roses, and all nature rejoices in the exuberance of youth, he hints at the shortness of human life, the fleeting nature of our pleasures, and the unsatisfying joys of this fading world. Similar allusions are of continual recurrence in our English authors, and with no one are they more frequent than with Sterne, who owes his popularity less to his humour—rich and abundant as it is—than to the poignancy of his pathos. What, for instance, can be more touching than the manner in which Yorick settles his dispute with Jenny, “I will not argue the matter; time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never, never to return more. Everything passes on. Whilst thou art twisting that lock, see!—it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make. So Heaven have mercy on us both!” The great painters are also sensible of the value of this allusion to the precarious tenure of all human joys, and nowhere is the sublimity of Poussin’s genius more gloriously conspicuous than in his famous picture of “Arcadia,” where, beneath the violet arch of a Grecian sky, and amid scenes the most enchanting that the mind of man can picture, he suddenly reveals to the startled gaze of the young people who are weaving garlands on the sward, the grave of a beautiful girl, whose monumental urn bears this simple inscription—simple, but pathetic beyond all precedent—“*I, too, was in Arcadia once!*” And now amid the festivities of Christmas, while the bells are ringing, and the air is resonant with the songs of rejoicing, and while Christian men and women are endeavouring with more of effort than is commonly needed for the occasion, to celebrate their immortal deliverance, it were an occupation, saddening perhaps, yet not intentionally so, but rather full of tender and ennobling melancholy to stand, as Mr. Macaulay might say, upon the “broken arch” of the departed year, to cast a glance, though but for a moment, on the path we have traversed, to think of the changes that have befallen us individually—for as effort is the duty, so is change the law of our being; and he that has slept, says the Arab proverb, riseth not up the same man that he lay down; and, above all things, to meditate on the yet mightier mutations that have come upon our dear country since this time twelvemonth. As in battle so in life: he that is in the hottest of the fight knows least of the action. Stunned with the tumult of unceasing commerce, we who dwell in this million-peopled city are scarcely sensible of the importance of the events which occur around us; but time assigns to everything its fitting place, and it is probable that historians will unite in describing the year we have just completed as one of the most remarkable in our annals. There is scarcely a phase of national calamity through which we have not in that year passed. We have had, if not famine, at least famine-prices; fire has reduced a great city—for such in fact it was—to ashes; cholera has stalked through our towns and villages, and its lightest footfall hollowed a grave; and war—inexorable war—has bound us to her crimson car. Oh! to think “what chances mock and changes fill the cup of alteration with various liquors!” To think of the homes where the cypress has this year supplanted the holly!—to

think of the hearts once warm and chivalrous now cold and throbless!—of the hands but yesterday valiant and vigorous, and now as clods of the valley!—to think of the young and manly forms which when Christmas last was here made merry groups around the blazing yule, and to-night lie stiff and stark in their cold and bloody graves upon a stormy promontory of the Euxine, three thousand miles away!—no loving hands to smooth their lonely pillow—no kindred lips to breathe a last farewell—their dirge the wail of the night-wind—their requiem, the roar of the billow or the boom of the cannon! Yet we will not despair. The ruined town will spring up again in more than pristine beauty. The mysterious malady which now defies the skill of man will one day shrink rebuked from his presence like those other maladies of which history tells us, which were once intractable, but now yield to the laws of science; and as for the war the day of a terrible retribution will assuredly arrive for the aggressor—

"When the cups which for others the proud golden city
Has drugged deep with bitterness, drench her own lips;
And the nations she trampled on hear without pity
The groan from her marts and the cry from her ships."

War is not an unmitigated evil any more than tempest, hail, and thunder are so. It brings direful evils in its train, but like all other forms of adversity it has its sweet uses also. As it is, it has extinguished hereditary prejudices, and allied us in the bonds of brotherly union with a noble and heroic race, from whom we had been too long alienated; it has quickened the pulse of poetic inspiration, and created a literature of its own, as war always does, for what had Achilles been without Homer, Alexander without Arian and Curtius, the Cæsars without Dion and Suetonius?—It has raised us in our own estimation, and cannot fail to do so in that of other nations, since it has infused into us the spirit of ancient chivalry, weaned us from the grovelling cares of commerce, and rescued us for ever from the hacknied reproach of being a nation of shopkeepers. Who is there whose eye does not brighten and his heart throb with a more exultant pulse as he thinks of the chivalrous deeds of the allied armies in the Crimea—deeds which transcend the martial achievements of those heroic times when every man was a soldier and war was the business of life? Let us then go forth, and meet the future with a manly heart, nothing doubting that such a cause so supported will be triumphant.

MELBOYNE.

LIFE ON DETACHMENT.

I WAS certainly not the least discontented among the officers of Her Majesty's —st Regiment of Infantry when the orders came for our removal from Dublin to a small town in the west of Ireland. It was only according to the usual routine of military "moves;" but a sojourn of nearly two years in that liveliest of cities had rendered its gaieties necessary to us rather than wearisome. Pleasant rides, lounges at Kingstown while the band played, summer excursions, and winter balls, were fresh in our remembrance. We had formed agreeable acquaintances, and had spent many delightful hours on that regular "beat" along Sackville-street and Dame-street to Stephen's-green, doing a little shopping and a great deal of flirtation by the way. And now to exchange all these delights for the dullness of country quarters—it was too provoking! But how was my disgust increased on finding that we gave three detachments from L—, and that my company was destined to undergo still more

irksome banishment at a village seven miles from headquarters! Before I proceed further, however, let me introduce myself by name—Captain Winton, or Tom Winton, as I was familiarly called in the regiment when they did not use my general sobriquet of "The Bishop," bestowed upon me, of course, in reference to the Bishop of Winchester's signature. My subalterns were both lieutenants—named Anstey and Blair—for be it known ours was a flank company, which luckily saved me the trouble of "burnishing up" raw ensigns into something presentable. My subs were capital fellows—high spirited, full of fun, and right manly in their bearing, feelings and pursuits. It was the first time that we had taken our tour of detachment together, and how we all did grumble to be sure! We knew that we should be more independent there, and escape sundry heavy morning drills—our colonel being somewhat of a martinet—but what were these advantages compared to the grievances of leaving our mess, our band, and the comprehensive good fellowship of headquarters? Two points of comfort alone presented themselves. We were all three jovial bachelors. No married officer would be with us to diminish our small amount of sociality by living apart from the other two; and Ballyshanaghee, as I will call our place of banishment, was close to the Shannon. We promised ourselves some capital fishing during the summer, and this especially delighted Blair, who was devoted to angling. But neither grumbling nor seeking consolation would put off the evil day. Orders must be obeyed. The regiment left Dublin for its new quarters, and two days after our arrival at L—, I marched with my company to Ballyshanaghee. There was the usual scene when we started. The band accompanied us for a mile on the road, playing, what are called "appropriate airs," finishing with "Farewell Lochaber," in compliment to Anstey, who was a Scotchman. Our especial cronies in the regiment walked with us nearly double that distance, looking so comfortable in their wide-awakes and shooting jackets, and exciting our envy in no small degree, when, after shaking hands and repeating many a promise to cheer us with their company in our exile, they turned to retrace their steps, with the pleasant prospect of ordering a good mess breakfast at the end of their walk. Nor was there anything in the morning, or surrounding scenery, calculated to dispel uncomfortable feelings. No ray of sunshine cheered us; the air was damp and chilly, and not even the fragrance of our cigars could render us insensible to the still stronger fumes of burning peat, with which the morning breezes were laden. Our road lay through a wearisome tract of country—a mixture of bog and half-cultivated fields, with certainly little enough about it to remind us of the "Emerald Isle." Low, dilapidated stone walls were the "hedgerows" on each side of us; the only landmarks being here and there a miserable nest of cabins, out of which a whole army of little children rushed to stare at the "sodgers" as we passed. On approaching Ballyshanaghee the aspect of the country improved; close to it was the domain of Lord —; the white mansion, plantations, and gardens belonging to which were a great relief to our eyes after the dreary wastes over which we had marched. We soon reached the village, and, prettily situated though it was, a more uncomfortable place could scarcely be imagined. It seemed as if we had brought away all the wretched dwellings which we saw on our route to deposit in this favoured spot, for it was a mere collection of cabins, with

a few better looking houses scattered among them. One of these had been taken for the barracks. It stood next the street, and government had added several large rooms at the back for the men, besides securing an adjoining piece of land as a drill-ground—dignified with the name of the “barrack square.” The whole building was in a sorry, not to say most dirty state; and our men soon set to work with brooms, mops, whitewash, and paint to maintain their character of belonging to as cleanly a regiment as can be found in the service. Some idea may be formed of the nature of this scouring from a remark made by one of the crowd whom such unusual proceedings had attracted round our door—“Why, Barney,” said one to his companion, “what nate soldiers we’ve got now; it’ll be pipeclaying the place they’ll be doing next.”

Our own first manoeuvre, however, was to inspect the “officers’ quarters.” These occupied the front of the first floor, and were kept distinct from the men’s barracks by having a separate staircase. They were “capital,” to use the military term applied to anything larger than those light closets of about ten feet square, into which unlucky subalterns have sometimes to stow away themselves and their appurtenances on detachment. But we had each a good-sized room enough; and there was a fourth for our state apartment—a long white-washed barn of a place, our mess and reception-room in one. It would have amused people, not versed in military “make-shifts,” to have witnessed our contrivances for rendering this room comfortable. We covered the floor with Austey’s and Blair’s carpets, which luckily happened to match in colour, if not in pattern. My crimson curtains adorned the windows, and we concealed the walls with as many prints, drawings, and maps, as we could muster. On the barrack-chairs—which always seem to me as if made of petrified wood—we put covers and cushions; and in the same way we converted an iron bedstead into a tolerable sofa. We could each of us boast our own cozy portable chair, therefore we did very well altogether for lounging material. But the *chef d’œuvre* among all our expedients for transforming an unsightly object into the “useful and ornamental,” was by filling a blocked-up window with books on shelves, which, added to plenty of newspapers and periodicals scattered on the tables, gave our room quite a literary appearance. Having thus set our apartments in order, we proceeded to arrange our household. My servant, an Englishman, was installed as the *chef de cuisine*. Austey’s Scotch fellow received the appointment of butler and storekeeper; while Blair’s rogue of an Irishman undertook to forage for us, which he did *con amore*. Wonderful, indeed, must have been the effect of his blarney on his fellow-countrymen, the shopkeepers of the place, and on the women who brought in supplies for the barracks. According to his own assertions, he bought everything from everybody at half the price that any one ever did before; although I cannot say this appeared to cause any diminution in our expenses. On the whole, I fear that our housekeeping would have horrified my lady-mother; it was so careless and void of method. Our cooking would no less have shocked the great Soyer: albeit we had provided ourselves with a long array of his numerous sauces, and also with his “book,” to guide us in any culinary process more tiffant than chops, steaks, or fowls and bacon. The last is a staple dish on detachment. It was quite laughable at first, whenever we found ourselves at a loss for a dinner, to hear from my servant the eternal suggestion, “Suppose you have a fowl and slice of bacon, sir;” but afterwards we became so tired of this *toujours*

poulets, that we demolished eggs at breakfast with a species of satisfaction in thinking that we checked thereby the increase of chickens. Our visitors, neither many nor varied, were soon enumerated. The rector of the parish, an elderly widower, whose family had all married and left him; the Catholic clergyman, a clever and amiable man, but so reserved that we saw little of him, except when pursuing his duties among the men; and Lord ——’s agent, made the sum total. The latter came to give us the welcome liberty of shooting and fishing over the extensive domain, of which he had entire charge during the constant absence of its possessor. One other visitor I ought to name, although he did not favour us with his company a second time. This was the proprietor of an estate in the neighbourhood, recently purchased with part of a large fortune acquired in trade. His visit was to me personally, as commanding the troops. He came to inform me that three of my men had trespassed on his property, where they had actually fired at some wood pigeons. “As a magistrate,” he said, he felt bound to notice such lawless proceedings, and, “as a magistrate,” he directed my attention to the matter, which, “as a magistrate,” he must take in hand himself, unless I put the necessary restraint on my men to check further acts of trespass. Equally disliking the style of his address, and the “magistrate’s” fussy manner, I cut the business short by replying that I should inquire into it. This I did the next day, and finding, as I anticipated, that it was a mere case of “*mountainized* molehill,” I neither returned the magisterial visit, nor heard anything more of the affair.

The monotony of our existence was, however, interrupted soon after we arrived at Ballyshamaghee, by an unforeseen event. One of the county members died, and a severe struggle ensued between the rival candidates to replace him. One came forward as a “Conservative,” the other as a “Liberal;” and the conflicting interests were so nicely balanced in that part of the country, that every method of excitation was employed to turn the scale. All the country round was in an uproar; and on the evening preceding the day of election, I was requested to hold my men in readiness to turn out, as some voters would probably pass through Ballyshamaghee, during the night, whose progress to the scene of contest, it was asserted, would be forcibly opposed. It was not till early morning, however, that the train of cars conveying the voters, entered the village and stopped before “the hotel.” No sooner did the voters alight than they were surrounded by a formidable crowd of country people, who had been on the watch for them all night; and, after some scuffling, instead of refreshing themselves at the “Killablarney Arms,” they were obliged to take refuge in the Court-house. Every moment the crowd increased. Magistrates hurried to and fro in a state of perturbation, with our fussy friend most conspicuous among them; and at length, I was entreated to try what effect the presence of the soldiers would have in quelling the rising tumult. The appearance of my men on the scene seemed to have anything but the desired effect, and matters began to wear a serious aspect. Many of the crowd were armed with sticks, which a few were even bold enough to flourish at us with looks of defiance. “This is pleasant, Bishop,” said Austey to me, while we stood waiting for some magistrate to muster courage to read the Riot Act. “We are in for a regular row, I fancy.” “No doubt of it, old fellow,” I replied, “but stay a minute, I shall match them yet,” I added, as a

thought suddenly occurred to me. My eye had rested for a few minutes on a little fussy bullet-headed man in black, who appeared very active among the people in exciting them to attempt the capture of the voters. I directed a sergeant and two men to watch an opportunity to seize upon this energetic individual and quietly escort him to the barracks. Chance favoured my design. A slight movement around the Court-house engaged the attention of the crowd in that direction, and without any one being aware of it, my object was gained—the little man was in safe custody. Entrusting the command of the troops to Anstey, I hastened to improve the advantage I had thus obtained. I went home, and causing my prisoner to be ushered into our state apartment, I represented to him the serious consequences which would attend any violation of the peace by the excited populace, and assured him that I must proceed against him, as their ringleader, according to martial law, if the Riot Act were once read, and they persisted in setting us at defiance. At the same time, I expressed my reluctance to undertake extreme measures, and begged him to use his powerful influence with the crowd to induce them to disperse—garnishing my rhetoric, as may be supposed, with expressions complimentary to himself and the general character of the peasantry in that particular district. I learned afterwards that my small friend had no real taste for scenes of violence, nor any desire to become a martyr; but at the time I must confess that I was considerably proud of the impression which my arguments appeared to make upon him. With a half-comical sidelong glance at me, that said as plainly as words could, “Indeed then, captain, you’ve been too much for me,” he promised to exert his authority in the way I had requested. By his desire, I sent the sergeant to get a hint conveyed to the mob, that Mr. O’Reilly wished to address them from the barracks. A large number of the most excited among them soon collected in the street below us at this invitation, and, opening a window, the little man commenced his harangue. It was very short, and although delivered in their own Gaelic, I felt sure it must be a mixture of true Hibernian humour and pathos, from the varied expressions on the upturned faces beneath me. It operated like magic upon his hearers, rendering the reading of the Riot Act quite superfluous. The crowd quietly dispersed, and in the course of an hour the voters issued from their place of refuge to proceed on their way without further molestation. I retained Mr. O’Reilly, however, as a hostage for the continuation of peaceful conduct on the part of the people, to which he made no objection. In fact, he soon became as welcome as he was willing to remain our guest instead of prisoner; for he turned out to be a capital little fellow, and amused us during dinner, as well as over our whiskey-punch at night, with many a laughable anecdote and interesting tale of Irish life. Nor did our acquaintance end here. It was a strange commencement of a friendship, but such was the result of the day’s adventure. The merry little schoolmaster, for such he proved to be, often visited us afterwards. He was a good shot and an excellent fisherman; he knew every place where there was a chance of a mountain hare or a prospect of a dish of trout; and his enlivening society and inexhaustible store of native wit enabled us to pass many a pleasant hour on detachment at Ballyshanaghee.

MEDICAL RECOMMENDATION.—A physician of twenty years’ practice, in reply to a correspondent of a New York paper, states, “that shower baths may be continued through the winter, but the patient should stand on his head; in that way they are very beneficial.”

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER I.

“Mistake me not for my complexion—
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.”

“I WILL be a soldier.” The choice of a profession is perhaps the circumstance of all others in an Englishman’s destiny over which he has the slightest control. The freedom of his agency in many of the concerns of life is indisputable. He can go where he will—he can marry whom he will—he can dress as he will—he can walk or ride, give loose to intemperance, or practise an eremitical abstinence; he may become a student, or he may neglect books in favour of pastimes—in short, he may do a thousand things in which action is independent of money or interest. But the selection of a profession, by which he is to live, and through which he is to reach a social elevation and occupy a space in the world’s thought, is the result, in nineteen cases out of twenty, of fortuitous circumstance. To desire is one thing, and to accomplish that desire is quite another. “I will be a lawyer” involves the command of the necessary means of obtaining a classical and legal education, of paying the fees incidental to an admission to the Inns of Court, of subsisting until attorneys smile upon you, and of creating a connection without a descent to the “hugging,” which is denounced of the bar. “I will be a doctor” presupposes a similar pecuniary capacity to acquire knowledge, and to exist until connection gives opportunity of practice, and successful practice returns the wherewithal to take up a decent position. Who elects to “be a parson” unless his relatives can give him a university education, and a patron can be found to introduce him to a curacy? And where is the youth who, in the effervescence of an early enthusiasm, cries “I will be a soldier,” that is not met upon the threshold of his hopes with the parental plea of the difficulty, first, of finding the means of purchasing a commission and equipment, and secondly, of obtaining interest enough to get the aspirant’s name placed upon the Horse Guards’ list, or remembered by some East India-director who has cadetships to give away? “I will be a soldier” is agreeable to the paternal ear because it flatters the paternal vanity that courage and spirit are inherent in the favourite offspring; but there are comparatively few “governors” who, while they listen to the martial aspirations of boyhood, do not settle in their own minds that the child of their hopes shall take his seat in their counting-house, and direct his intrepidity to commercial speculations.

My father was a merchant and underwriter. He began business when William Pitt began to take up arms against revolutionary France, and the calling of the *habitués* of Lloyd’s Coffee-house was of a perilous character. The policy of the French Directory, and subsequently of Napoleon Buonaparte, had so multiplied the risks of traders and insurers, that commerce had descended to a hazard, and merchants and underwriters had become degraded to the rank of common gamblers. “Gambling policies” as they were called—instruments at which the high and honourable spirit of the British merchant would, at one time, have revolted—had become familiar symbols of everyday transactions, and he had the fairest chance of success who had the profoundest knowledge of the elements of the game. As racing men stake their money upon horses with whose pedigree, powers and jockey-guidance they have made themselves acquainted, so did the

"gamblers" of Lloyd's Coffee-house base their betting—for it was nothing less than this—upon their intimacy with the strength of armies and navies, and their acquaintance with the physical geography of the countries in which they might happen to be engaged. Take an example or two of the terms of their policies:—

"Received from John Brown, the sum of one hundred guineas, to pay five pounds sterling per diem, from this date until the day when the retreating army, under Sir John Moore, embarks at Corunna."

"Staked two hundred guineas to receive five hundred, from Mr. Samuel Smith, if Lord Wellington comes to an action with Marshal Soult and defeats him."

"Paid James Wilkinson two hundred guineas to receive ten guineas per diem until Lord Wellington enters Madrid."

To make these *safe* bills it was necessary that the underwriter should be thoroughly aware of the nature of the country through which the troops were marching, the positions and extent of the several forces, and the intentions of the commanders. This involved a very close perusal of the newspapers and the dispatches of the generals engaged; it likewise led to an extensive correspondence with consuls, agents, officers, and others, who were capable of giving information to the contracting parties.

Now, my father—and this is my only excuse for trespassing upon the reader with what, in most autobiographies, is an impertinent though a natural superfluity—was so much harassed and engaged that he had no time to read the morning and evening papers. I was but a boy, from nine to twelve years of age, but having had the advantage of very early instruction in modern languages, I had acquired a facility of reading hard names, and thought no more of such jaw-breakers as Zumalacareggy, Tschernicheff, Plivnsfushnski, and similar words of "twelve consonants a-piece," than of such primitives as *ab* and *ba*. To me, therefore, was committed the duty of reading the dispatches and private correspondence of all the great duke's lieutenants, as well as of the duke himself, together with all the "advices" translated from the St. Petersburg journals. Hence I acquired an early intimacy with the operations in the Peninsula and in the East and North of Europe. My young heart swelled and the tear moistened my eye as I penned the details of the battles and sieges, the marches and counter-marches, conducted by Hill, and Dalhousie, and Beresford. When the translated *carmagnoles* of Napoleon dwelt with exultation upon the dashing assaults of the *beau sabreur*, Murat, I thought how much more fine and effective were the charges of our own Pagets, Vivians, and Stewarts, though the story of their gallantry was told in simpler terms. When I read of the stern advance of the columns of Ney, the strategy of Soult, the reckless cruelty of Davoust and Massena, I turned with a glow of honest enthusiasm to the simple details of the steady movements of the brigades of Cole, and Maitland, and Byng, and the humanities and justice everywhere prescribed by the injunctions of the great chief who led our armies through the whole campaign. Of course I became familiar with the name of every general in the field, and with those of men of lesser note then, but who afterwards became soldiers of renown; and I had my favourites, without knowing the individuals even by sight. A name sometimes took my fancy, and the farther it was removed from a French name the more I loved the wearer. Thus Pack and Picton, Leith, Graham, and Hope, enjoyed far more of my consideration

than Vandeleur and Dalbiac—brave though they were. As for Marshal Macdonald of the French army, I hated him, because I thought he *must* be a traitor. No man with that honourable Scotch name ought to have been in arms against Great Britain. Then I had my pet regiments:—the 14th Light Dragoons, the Hussars, the Scots Greys, the German Legion, the 5th, 28th, 50th, 52nd, 42nd, 43rd, and the Life Brigade, were all great favourites. I deemed that, in their hands, the *Tirailleurs*, the *Chasseurs-à-cheval*, nay the *Garde Élite* and the *Garde Impériale* were nought—mere braves who simply came into the field to be shot at; and though the *Cuirassiers* appeared, from their cowardly breast-plates (as I then thought them) to be tough customers, I never seemed to feel that they were anything to be feared by a British infantry-square or heavy dragoons, well skilled in the use of the broadsword.

Whatever impressions I received from the dispatches were confirmed and strengthened by the general orders of the late Duke of York. His Royal Highness was no niggard of commendations. The cold and measured approbation of Wellington was expanded and lighted up by the grateful tributes of the Commander-in-chief. Discarding the technicalities of the Peninsular general, the generous head of the Horse Guards gracefully dwelt upon the chivalry of the army, and lent in the glowing language of his orders a poetry and romance to the operations which, to the actors, were very stern matters-of-fact. All this nurtured in me a passion for the army. Then, our victories abroad were distinguished by illuminations at home; gas had not yet come with its clear and overpowering brilliancy to "pale the ineffetual fires" of respectable dips, and eclipse the glimmer of the wick swimming in the little pool of train oil which half-filled the rudely-cut glass variegated lamps. In every vilely-daubed transparency—in every crown and star, G. R. and W., formed by the coloured lights—in every window-pane occupied by a tallow sentry in the shape of a "long nine"—my youthful eyes beheld the homage of an admiring country, and a back-bone loyalty to the deeds of British warriors. Was it not then natural that as each half-year brought me nearer to the close of my academical career, I should exclaim in my heart, and ring in my father's ear, "I will be a soldier!" The man who sang—

"When I was an infant gossips would say,
I'd, when older,
Be a soldier,
Rattles and toys I'd throw them away.
Unless a gun or a sabre."

was an object of contempt in my eyes. He seemed to me to take much too narrow a view of the obligations of the soldier. He thought only of the glitter of parade, the band, the tinsel, the paraphernalia, for he went on—

"When a youngster up I grew,
Saw one day a grand review,
Colours flying,
Set me dying,
To embark in a life so new."

—whereas my thoughts ran upon the duty and honour and glory of thoroughly beating the French, whom I regarded as the natural enemies not merely of Great Britain, but of all the goodness and greatness of which she was at once the type and the depository. I had no absolute hatred of Buonaparte. Mr. Tegg's caricatures of the "Corsican Monster," and the "Twelfth Night" and "magic lantern" exaggerations of Napoleon's poltroonery, appeared mean, little, and vulgar in my eyes. Far different was the effect upon my mind of ballads and pictures which seemed to

depict the real incidents of war. I never shall forget, one hot summer's day, while seated at the parlour-window at Highgate, hearing the low, unmusical voice of a half-starved female ballad-vender describe the battle of Vittoria:—

"Come Britons so bold join in chorus with me,
And sing of this glorious, this great victory,
Our brave British troops made the French fellows run,
Led on by the bold Marks of Vellintan."

I laid by my book—it was, I remember, Falconer's "Shipwreck"—and listened devoutly to the whole detail of the action. The capture of 120 pieces of cannon and the carriage of King Joseph struck me as a combination of the sublime and the ridiculous. A carriage in a field of battle! Would our "Vellintan" have indulged in such a sybaritical luxury? The very thought was an outrage upon the general's soldiery. No: he would bestride a Bucephalus, and, like him, I too would be mounted on a war-horse. "I *would* be a soldier."

"*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" My father died before Waterloo closed the career of the mighty scourge of France and the Peninsula. The "gambling policies" and a long illness, certain heavy casualties at sea and the defalcations of a man who was largely in his debt, had had their effects upon my father's fortune. He died poor, leaving my mother with four children; and the bell which tolled at my sire's funeral rang the knell of my long-cherished hopes. There was no longer a "commission" in the prospect. The friends who had fed at the dear old governor's board soon forgot their way to my mother's door, and she—noble, high-spirited, yet kind-hearted creature as she was—would not descend to woo them by letter to the allegiance they owed the memory of their benefactor. "No longer pipe, no longer dance," was the practical motto of the time-serving, tuft-hunting crowd, for whom a knife and fork was always laid in the "good old times."

Lost, as I supposed, to the army, and compelled by the force of domestic pressure to embrace the first chance of existence which presented itself, I became successively clerk to a wine-merchant—clerk to a Canadian trader—clerk to a banker—clerk to a custom-house agent. To none of these was I valuable, for my heart was not in their business; happily a succession of events beyond my control caused me to quit each situation before the heads of the establishments became aware of the hopelessness of any attempts to qualify me for the higher branches of duty. The wine-merchant made me a *taster*—and tasting made me ill. The very atmosphere of the docks is, to this moment, a reminiscence of enforced suffering. The Canadian merchant ran through his means and his credit, and after figuring as a City light-horseman in the Thistlewood and Preston troubles, figured in the *Gazette*. The banker sent me to deliver bills for acceptance and call for payment at maturity. I had what was called the East walk, and diurnally wasted my energies and vulgarised my ideas in the tract of country lying between Bermondsey in the south and the Hackney-road in the north. Interest at head-quarters soon obtained my transfer to the West walk, and here a new evil arose. Moving among the titled, the fashionable, and the great, I already thought myself of them. I obtained credit for superior clothes, and cut a surprising figure in Pall Mall when business led me in that direction. The sight of the Guards who had distinguished themselves at Waterloo brought back all my old feelings. More than once I met the Duke of York, who returned my salutations. Twice I saw the great Wellington, and he too placed two fingers perpen-

dicularly against the rim of his hat as I hurriedly took off my castor to signify my admiration of his generalship and my approbation of his services. "I *would* be a soldier."

The din of war upon the Peninsula and the Continent had long been hushed. In Greece and Turkey, and South America, there were said to be openings for adventurous youth, but it did not seem to me that those wars concerned *us*. I had no partiality for the Irish Brigades and the Scottish Guards we read of in foreign history. I hated *Les Suisses* of Louis XVI. It was not soldiering *per se* I cared so much about as soldiering for the good of my own dear country. Patriotism and military aspirations went hand-in-hand in my "heart of hearts." If I could fight for England against anyone and anywhere, I was content to go. Every day made me less of a banker's clerk and more of an embryo centurion. And I soon left the calling, but without taking up with the profession. The West-end tailor, who lived in Bond-street, persecuted me for the price of the coat and trousers with which I was worthily taking my place among the ambulatory aristocracy. He had given me credit because I had gone out of my way to "call again" one day when he had forgotten to be prepared for a bill. He did not mean, however, that I should remain for ever on his books. Mine was not one of those names which tailors desire should adorn their ledgers in perpetuity. He teased me for a settlement. True, I was a minor, but my minority did not simply involve immunity from liability; it carried with it a profound ignorance of the law, and out of that very ignorance grew direful apprehensions of sudden arrests on *mesme* process and an eternal incarceration. The only immediate prospect of escape lay in abandoning the dear "West" walk. I threw up my situation at the banker's, and persuaded a friend in Thames-street to take me as his clerk. This friend was a custom-house agent—a sort of person whose business it is to carry goods through the formalities of shipment and debarkation. Half my days were passed amidst the roar and bustle of the Custom-house, and my mind was occupied with cocketts and docketts, passes and permits, and all the cant and technicality with which official *formule* are surrounded. This did not suit my genius at all. Yet I might have continued in the mercantile line from that day to this, and perhaps have risen to the dignity of full custom-house agent, with a small counting-house in Tower-street and a dwelling in Finsbury-square, had not accident completely changed the current of my fortunes. "I WAS TO BE A SOLDIER!"

I lingered one day on the wharf at Billingsgate, alongside of which lay a multitude of hoys, smacks, packets, colliers, and similar small craft—the chief carrying-trade of the river and the coast ere steamers boiled and bubbled upon the surface of the British waters. It was my business to see to the safe embarkation in a Gravesend boat of sundry packages intended for a General M—, going to the East Indies, who had engaged a passage in a ship then lying at Gravesend. At that time the papers teemed, at intervals, with accounts of the operations of the Marquis of Hastings, Sir Thomas Hislop, Sir Theophilus Pritzler, and others, who were engaged in putting down the remaining branches of the Mahratta confederacy and the hordes of Pindarries who disturbed the public peace in India. The great distance, however, of the scene of action deprived the engagements of which we read of much of their interest. The minds of Englishmen had been so absorbed by the victories of the Peninsula

of Europe and the crowning achievement in Belgium, that they had scarcely room to enter upon a consideration of what seemed so little to affect them. Moreover, the Indian foe appeared contemptible—handfuls of Englishmen scared thousands of Mahrattas. No wonder, therefore, that my desires for military distinction had never, until then, pointed India-ward.

I went home pondering upon the destination of the General. The next day I was desired to take a letter with an account to his dwelling in Harley-street. I found him at home; he seemed to me rather an elderly person to proceed on service, but I did not then know that, under a seniority system, men rarely attained high rank until they had fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf." It was impertinent, I grant—it was unwarrantable under any circumstances, but I could not help it. After the General had handed me a cheque, I absolutely said to him,—

"Forgive me, sir, for my boldness, but might I ask you to take me with you? I am dying to be a soldier."

"An officer, I suppose you mean?" answered the General.

"Yes, sir, I would go as a volunteer if I thought I should get a commission."

"Ah, those things are not done now-a-days. You seem a fine youth"—mind, reader, I don't say I was; the words were the General's—"and if you like to try your fortune in the East I dare say one of my friends in the Direction will give you a cadetship."

I thanked him heartily. He bade me stay while he wrote a note to a Mr. Money Wigram or Wigram Money (I forget which), which he desired I would deliver in person.

It was many a long and weary day before I could obtain access to the Eastern magnate. Pertinacity alone procured me the desired interview. And many a long and weary day—so at least they seemed to me—elapsed before I was in possession of any practical result of my petitions. Cadetships were getting scarce because they were getting prized. At length, returning home one evening, after having been for hours among custom-house clerks, tide-waiters, landing-waiters, brokers, agents, and all sorts of active, busy, intelligent bees, my mother put into my hands a letter with a seal of the circumference of a warming-pan. The packet had arrived in the morning, and as I had said nothing whatever to my excellent parent of the expectations I cherished, she was naturally very curious to be made acquainted with the contents. Some mothers would have considered themselves justified in opening a letter addressed to a son of my then years, eighteen; but the high-minded woman who gave me birth disclaimed to violate the confidences of her child. She knew how powerful was the influence of example, and she did me the honour to suppose that if there was anything in the correspondence I had opened of interest to her, I should infallibly have made her acquainted therewith. The truth was, I knew that it would give her much pain to contemplate parting with me, and I was determined to spare her a degree of misery which would have been altogether superfluous had not my views been realised. The letter was from an East India director, long since deceased, and it stated that, at the request of his friend Wigram-cum-Money, he had great pleasure in giving me a Bombay cadetship.

Concealment was no longer necessary, even had it been avoidable. I put the letter into my mother's hands without uttering a word. The tear stood in her eye as she looked up at me.

"What does this mean, Frederick?" said she, in the kindest tone of voice.

I told her. Of my early desires and long-cherished anticipations she was aware. I had heard her say that, seeing the bent of my inclinations, it had been her wish to see me a soldier, and I believed now that chance had placed me near the realization of my wishes, she would be happy. The poor woman did not know until that hour what unspeakable wretchedness would attend a separation from all she best loved on earth. But my interests were (and continue to this hour) paramount considerations, and she yielded after a struggle with her own heart.

I do not think boys love their mothers half as much as they ought. And I believe this is less because of the selfishness and insensibility of our sex than of our ignorance of, and incapability of comprehending, all that has been endured for our sakes from first to last. Happy is he who is spared to learn the true extent of the affections, the sufferings, the sacrifices, to be placed to a mother's credit, and to be able to attest his sense of her devotedness by smoothing her downward path in the evening of life!

The cadetship gained was one great point. There was now another to be surmounted, of so formidable a character that failure in the last would render the first of no earthly avail. There was a passage to India to be procured, and, worse still, an expensive outfit for the voyage, and the commencement of my career. Nor was this all. Letters of recommendation were to be obtained, for who could go a stranger to a strange country unsustained and cheered by the credentials which guaranteed an immediate reception, and paved the way for a fortunate career?

Of all the relatives who go to make up the sum total of one's family commend me to maiden aunts—aunts who love their brothers and sisters intensely, and carry their affections even to the third and fourth generations of them that tease them. Outliving women's passion for dress, abandoning all prospect of finding some fellow worthy to share their little possessions, they restrict themselves to the smallest portion of their annuity essential to a decent existence, and joy to distribute the superfluity among the offspring of the favourite brother or sister on whom fortune may not have smiled so benignantly.

It was to a maiden aunt of this calibre that was assigned the task of unravelling the knot of my destiny. As soon as she heard of the realization of part of my early hopes she set her heart to work to determine how she could best contribute to complete the good work the old General had begun. And to do her justice she displayed an admirable acquaintance with the subject of equipment. The prescience of the aunt entered into partnership with the calculations of the outfitter, and the produce was—one canteen, one sea cot, washhand-stand and appurtenances, cloth for a scarlet coat, two bullock trunks filled with cotton clothes, and a well-bound Bible. There was no sword; neither was there a double-barrelled fowling-piece, which all the world knows a subaltern carries off duty. My aunt never could abide your "double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols"—there was something bloody-minded about them; she held them to be as mischievous to the possessor as to the possessor's enemy. So, in lieu of those missiles, up came a fifty-pound note. I shall never forget that dear aunt. She was A 1 in the catalogue of perfect trumps.

Now came the difficulty of the letter of recommendation. Who did I know in any way connected with people of consequence in the far East? Who was there within the entire circle of my acquaintance whose voucher for my worthiness to "sit at good men's feasts" would secure me a night's lodging in Bombay? And after all was that the kind of document which was to insure my advancement in life?

I proceeded to the East India House, in conformity with rule, to undergo certain preliminaries, to produce certain vouchers of birth and physical sufficiency, and to enter into certain solemn engagements. There I was advised to perfect myself as soon as might be in the native languages; it was agreeable to the directors, said my volunteer counsel, a deformed clerk (for "directors" I found I was to read "booksellers"), that I should provide myself with certain ponderous Hindostanee dictionaries, vocabularies, grammars, and gazetteers. I bowed a gracious acknowledgment of the advice and information without committing myself to any positive promise to attend to the one or benefit by the other, and then took my leave. Reaching the portico of the great house I found that it had begun to rain heavily; omnibuses were not in those days, and stage coaches only started from particular localities. I was close prisoner to the hall—rain bound. As I looked up to ascertain whether the clouds appeared sufficiently surcharged with moisture to destroy all hope of a speedy cessation of the "pitiless pelting," an individual accosted me of whom I had until then taken but little note. He wore a vast cocked hat, and a scarlet robe, a white cravat, and buckled shoes. He was a cross between a city marshal and a parish beadle, with less of the pomposity of either. Talking at me and to himself, he vouchsafed an observation that it "really was raining like any thing. Talk of cats and dogs! he didn't believe, for his part, that anything under a donkey was a 'wisiting' the earth." What observation I made in reply I do not profess to recollect. All I do remember is that we fell into conversation, in the course of which it transpired that I was absolutely going to India un-recommended. The circumstance seemed to strike him as almost unprecedented, and in the fulness of his heart he absolutely undertook to get me an introduction.

Carriages drove up to the portico, and drove away again during the interview. Elderly gentlemen of grave aspect, remarkable for an attachment to gaiters and frilled shirts, emerged from the seat of government and entered the carriages, or emerged from the vehicles and entered the great house, and to each and all of these my friend in the gold-bound hat and the frogged robe made a low reverence, receiving in return a condescending nod or a kind salutation. At length, he suddenly exclaimed, "Here it is. Now for it!" and as a tall benevolent looking man, over whose head seventy winters had passed, entered the hall from the inner part of the building, he went up to him and whispered. The old gentleman appeared intent on what he said, then turned to look at me—whispered again, and, after a time, came up to me, and asked my name, the presidency to which I was going, and the line of service to which I was appointed. Satisfied on these points he retreated to the inner part of the hall. The porter, for such was my decorated friend, now begged me not to be in a hurry, he had made it "all right," I shouldn't go without a letter after all, and similar encouraging phrases.

That porter was a prophet. In less than a quarter of

an hour the elderly impersonation of benevolence, the twenty-fourth fraction of the home government of British India, returned, holding an unsealed letter in his hand, which he at once placed in mine.

"There, my lad," said he, "I hope it will be of use to you;" and without waiting to receive my acknowledgments he trotted down the steps and was soon whirled away in his bright yellow chariot.

Whether to read my letter, kiss the hand of the porter, or rush home in ecstasy at the risk of a soaking, I did not know. Why should I not do all three? I did. The porter was saluted after a manner which rather astonished his feeble mind—the letter was opened—I reeled with the intoxication of pride and hope. It was addressed to the "HONOURABLE MOUNT-STUART ELPHINSTONE, GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY," was signed "Fullarton Elphinstone" (the governor's uncle), and ran thus—

"This will be presented by Mr. —, cadet of infantry. Shew him hospitality, and put him forward if he deserves it."

[To be continued.]

CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1864.

The merry bells—the Christmas bells—through England's isle they sound,
And far and wide the echoes bear the joyous tones around.
No note of war is in their peal—of joy alone it tells—
They should have happy hearts that hear those chiming Christmas bells.

But where's the gladsome sunshine that round Christmas hearthside should play?

Ah! Nature brings no cheerful smile to deck her face to-day,
Clouds smother thickly round her head, and fast her tears-drops flow,
And wailing tones are in her voice—the type of England's woe.

Alas! of all the thousands whom the bells arouse from sleep,
Full many are the weary eyes that open but to weep;
And hearts that resignation had half-hushed to calm repose,
Start at the chime, alive once more to all their weight of woes.

They may smile and seem light-hearted, but hid from vulgar sight,
Lies the spectral-haunting trouble, never absent day or night—
Do they joy or sorrow Eastward? or again the foe have met?
(My God! the doubt is agony)—ah! are they *living* yet?

And a rumour or a whisper has a magic power of ill
To make the blooming cheek grow pale, the throbbing heart stand still.

Their very life is worn away with constant sick'ning dread;
Surely their lot is sadder more blest than those who mourn the dead.

Bells! bells! ye may ring merrily to those who gaze around,
And see that not one vacant place by their blest hearths are found:
The weight of woe their brethren feel they are not called to share—
Oh, little should they rock beside of worldly toil and care!

Ye happy hearts! give God the praise—to him your thanks are due—

Who midst such grievous troubles hath so kindly dealt with you,
Rejoice! rejoice! ye happy ones, while ring the Christmas chimes,
To you they bring no saddening thoughts of other happier times.

And oh, not unremembered be your brethren far and near—
The soldier sleeping on his arms—the friends that love him here;
For you and for Old England are those brave ones far away—
Then keep their memory in your prayers this solemn Christmas-day.

THE BRIGIER SIDE OF THINGS.—The *Washington Union* publishes the following from a correspondent in St. Petersburg:—"The war is scarcely begun. There is no chance for any power, be it ever so great, to conquer Russia. The Emperor is only preparing for war. Next year he will have in the field, ready for active battle one and a half million of soldiers, well drilled. The people are all for the war, and he has no trouble in getting soldiers, for it is with them a religious war." [Our American friend seems to forget that no one desires to conquer Scythia—the wish is, that the Czar should be bound to the peace, or imprisoned in his own ice, like a misfactor as he is.]

INTERESTING TO READER.—Messrs. Bolekow and Vaughan, the well-known iron-founders of Middlesbrough, have received orders from the government for the supply of one-hundred tons of cannon-balls per week, the period of supply to extend over fifty-two weeks.



[CHRISTMAS AT HOME.]

CHRISTMAS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE return of another Christmas—that “feast of gladness”—must always bring with it many emotions of joy as well as of sorrow; of joy and consolation because it is the anniversary of the Saviour’s birth; of sorrow, also, because at that holy season we are led to associate with its attendant festivities those beloved friends,—some separated from us by circumstances, and others now passed away for ever, who were the companions of our youth, the participators of our joys and griefs, or the objects of our most tender solicitude.

It may be an old-fashioned idea of ours, but we confess to a partiality in favour of snowy weather at Christmas. It brings to mind a host of pleasant recollections. It recalls the frolics and gambols of our youth when we built up mimic castles of snow quite as imposing in our eyes as Sebastopol or Cronstadt are now, and bombarded them with an intrepidity and energy equal to anything witnessed on the shores of the Euxine. The memory of those days comes back upon us like the fragrance of forgotten flowers. It is true the pleasures which gratified us then have ceased to charm. We can no longer delight in the fabrication of monster snow-balls or the storming of frozen castles, but we still feel a warm sympathy for those who do. We still love to look upon the polished surface of a frozen river or lake, and enjoy with intense satisfaction the accidents of which the inexperienced skater is too often the victim. We still love to witness the out-of-door amusements incidental to the season, although

we may not perhaps have sufficient of the elasticity of boyhood to join in them; but, above all, we love to see the hard ground covered with a deep coating of new crisp snow, to see the holly with its bunches of red berries, and the lauristina with its bright green leaves peep out in rich relief to the dreary and monotonous landscape of white, and to see the warm glow of Christmas fires burnishing up pleasant rooms and gilding sunny faces. At such a time the heart, if it be not made of very callous stuff, expands and feels a thrill of pleasure. The man who cannot be happy and contented on Christmas-day, with the shelter of a warm roof above him, and household ministrations to cheer him, deserves to be without either. Such a man ought to be changed into an oyster, and packed off to a friend in the country, with an intelligent fellow-traveller in the shape of a cod’s-head and shoulders to keep him company. The question of how it fares with our gallant countrymen in the East is one which naturally occurs to everybody at the present moment. In the cottage of the peasant, the mansion of the peer, and the palace of the sovereign, the same thought involuntarily arises, and many are the fervent aspirations that another Christmas may see them again among us to recount their deeds of valour by the blazing hearth, and to tell long stories of the war which “our own correspondent,” with all his energy and capacity for description, has been unable to recount. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed for the transmission of intelligence respecting the manner in which the allied armies passed the Christmas-day of 1854. Perhaps they may have fought a great battle



[CHRISTMAS IN THE CRIMEA.]

upon that day, or perhaps the battle was won a day or two before, and the victors passed their Christmas in the capital of the Crimea. It is, however, more probable that the soldiers of France and England bivouacked on the stormy promontories of the Euxine. But although exposed to the fury of the elements and to the assaults of an enemy more inexorable far, their hearts are undimmed, and their determination is unchanged. It is to be hoped that the seasonable supplies of food and clothing forwarded from France and England arrived in time to enable them to celebrate their Christmas with more of satisfaction than they expected. They are not the men to give way to any circumstances of temporary discouragement. If they find themselves deprived of the comforts of home and the society of those who hold "the place in their memory dearest," they cannot forget that the stern necessities of war call upon the soldier to resign all such thoughts: the sense of duty once uppermost in the mind of the soldier sustains him in all contingencies. He cannot forget that it is incidental to the profession to which he belongs to bear much, and under every phase of fortune to keep a manly heart within him. The thought of what he may be suffering has no doubt cast a shadow upon many a happy face at home. But the soldier encamped upon the heights of Sebastopol has, with all his perils and privations, one animating thought to quicken his pulse, one exhilarating aspiration to cheer him. He has the ardent desire to accomplish his mission. He has that inextinguishable love of country and of glory which has made

him the champion of freedom and the terror of the oppressor wherever he may be found. That spirit will sustain him through every trial, and will, we firmly believe, contribute far more than all the machinery of war to the foundation of that solid and permanent peace, under the influence of which the cause of human civilization will be promoted, and another war with England be impossible.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

It is with the utmost satisfaction we are enabled to state, on authority, that upwards of £320,000 has been paid into the Bank of England on account of the Patriotic Fund, and that contributions have been published in country journals, amounting to £100,000. The country is thus nobly responding to the appeal of Her Majesty on behalf of the widows and orphans of her brave soldiers; and it is hoped that such a fund will be created as will enable the Royal Commissioners to carry alleviation to every bereaved wife and child.

FRENCH SYMPATHY.—The citizens of Bordeaux, to testify their sympathy with the English soldiers as well as their own countrymen fighting in the East, have contributed a considerable sum, for the purpose of supplying tobacco, pipes and cigars, to be distributed, without distinction, to both armies; and it is understood that this kindly liberality will not be confined to Bordeaux, but be very general throughout France.

SIGNALS AT SEA.

"ENGLAND expects every man will do his duty" was the famous flag-signal made by Nelson at Trafalgar fifty years ago. And, but a few months since, "Sharpen your cutlasses" was the exciting telegraphic message hoisted in the Baltic. How soon a steamer may enter the Bosphorus with the welcome signal flying that "Sebastopol is taken," it is not, perhaps, easy to prophesy; but, meanwhile, we may here, for the instruction of those of our readers who have never turned their attention to the subject, briefly describe how, by the medium of a few flags, such orders or other messages are communicated from ship to ship at sea. The process is easy enough, although a landsman is often sadly puzzled to understand it.

Ten flags are first selected to represent the cypher, 0, and the figures from 1 to 9. Thus: a red flag may represent No. 1; a white flag, No. 2; a tricolor (the French or Dutch flag, for instance), No. 3; a yellow and blue flag quartered, No. 4; a white flag, with five dark squares on it, No. 5; a flag with six horizontal stripes, No. 6; a red cross on a white field, No. 7; a white cross on a blue field, No. 8; a chequered flag, with nine blue and yellow squares, like a chess-board, No. 9; and a cypher, 0, may be indicated by a yellow flag, with a black ball marked in its centre. These flags should be all square, and of the same size. Two, three, or four of these flags, when combined, form a signal-number, each of them indicating only a single figure of that number. As, in arithmetical notation, we write and read from left to right, so in signals we read from the mast-head down towards the deck. Thus: if we wanted to display the number 123, the flag representing 1 would appear nearest the mast-head; that representing 2 immediately below it; and that representing 3 lowest of all, or nearest the deck. But to indicate, by the very same flags, the signal-number 321, 3 would be placed uppermost, 2 in the middle, and 1 the lowest. By reading off each flag separately, the signal-number is obtained; that number is then searched for in a printed book, or signal-code; and opposite that particular number in the code is found a word or sentence which is to be written down as the word or sentence conveyed from one ship to another by the flag-signal. The arrangement of a signal-code is very simple. An alphabetical and numerical arrangement is generally preferred. The Royal Navy possesses its own code, which is, of course, a secret one to the public; and the merchant service has a code, Marryat's, which may be openly bought and sold, and anywhere used, having, as it has, the sanction and patronage of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. The seventeen Royal Yacht Clubs have a general code, Ackers's, in addition to a few private codes confined to particular clubs. And, in the olden time, the East India Company's ships also rejoiced in a code of their own, compiled by Commander Lynn. Marryat's code is at present, however, the one recommended "by authority;" and, having this alone on board, we can all communicate with men-of-war, with merchantmen; and with yachts. No vessel, of any kind whatever, should put to sea without Marryat's signals. Other codes have indeed, from time to time, been published by Eardley Wilmot, Watson, Walker, Jennings, Eborall, and other officers, and another code is at present in preparation by Mr. Dempster, to which we cannot further refer. It is enough to say that Marryat's is now the greatest favourite and the best known; and we may add, that every

French man-of-war carries it. It has also been translated into French for the use of the French merchant service. In the formation of a code, certain sections become necessary—one will contain a list of vessels; another a table of ports and lighthouses; another a collection of the orders and sea-phrases most frequently required. The longest section of all will generally be the vocabulary, which as a rule should, in a good code, contain some nine thousand separate words. As each section generally commences with No. 1 and may run on to about 9000, it becomes necessary to employ, in each and every section but one, what is called a "distinguishing pendant." When a signal is hoisted, the pendant merely indicates the section of the code, and the numeral-flags the signal-number in that code. Experienced signal-men prefer the occasional use of a few distinguishing pendants to the plan of commencing each section—instead of with No. 1—with a number immediately following that with which the previous section ends. Three or four flags are quite enough to hoist at one time on the signal-halliards—especially in a breeze—but without sufficient distinguishing pendants, five numeral-flags must frequently be hoisted at once, as in Ackers's code.

We have already referred to Sir Charles Napier's signal of "Sharpen your cutlasses." Each of these words would be shown separately by the numbers prefixed to them in the vocabulary. But such orders as "Prepare to anchor," "Heel topsails," and so on, would be found in the section devoted to sea-phrases frequently required, and would require only one flag-signal instead of three. It remains but to be added, in this mere glance at signals, that sixteen flags are quite enough for a code intended for yachting or the merchant service, although in the Royal Navy forty or fifty flags are necessary. This leads to very heavy expense. But even with twelve flags, or with sixteen, there are several codes by which, as well as Marryat's, the whole of the present number of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL could be conveyed by flags from one ship to another, and at the distance of several miles. So interesting indeed is the study of signals, that it is stated Her Majesty Queen Victoria has as competent a knowledge of the science as any signal-officer of the British fleet.

LORD CARLETON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.—I may, however, most truthfully say up, from all that I have seen, or read, or heard among persons of different nations, stations, and principles, that the present government of Greece seems to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all, contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed. The constitution is so worked as to be constantly and flagrantly evaded or violated; the liberty of election is shamefully infringed; and where no overt bribery or intimidation is employed—charges from which we Englishmen can, I fear, by no means make out an exemption—the absence of the voters, who regard the whole process as a mockery, is compensated by the electoral boxes being filled with voting papers by the gens-d'armes—a height of impudence to which we have not yet soared. Persons the most discredited by their characters and antecedents are forced on the reluctant constituencies, and even occasionally advanced to places of high trust and dignity. The absence of legislative checks is not atoned for by the vigour of the executive in promoting public improvements. Agriculture stagnates; manufactures do not exist; the communication, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, where they are good, are deplorable; the provinces—and here I can hardly except the neighbourhood of the capital—teem with robbers. The navy, for which the aptitude of the people is remarkable, consists of one vessel; the public debt is not paid; an offer by a company of respectable individuals to institute a steam navigation, for which the seas and shores of Greece offer such innumerable facilities, was declined at the period of my visit, because it was apprehended that it would be unprofitable to Austria. Bitter, indeed, is the disappointment of those who formed bright auguries for the future career of regenerate Greece, and made generous sacrifices in her once angust and agonized cause. Yet the feeling so natural to them, so difficult to avoid for us all, should still stop far short of despair.

THE FAITH OF A SOLDIER.

CONCLUSION.

THE approaching sound of numerous footsteps proclaimed the return of the guerillas towards the house.

Not a moment was to be lost, and Stefano hastened to conceal his rival in a ruined pavilion, the roof of which was perceptible from the house.

This done, the young man became every moment more agitated as he retraced his steps homeward: as he pondered over the extraordinary chain of events that had revealed to him the secret of his cousin Manuela, and at the same time placed his more fortunate rival completely within his power, a fearful contest between jealousy and generosity took place within him. He felt almost inclined to remain altogether passive, and leaving things to take their chance, allow fate to decide the event. The idea of meeting Manuela now that he knew her to be the destined bride of another became insupportable. As he reluctantly returned to the house he met his father who was anxious to learn what was going on. A few words sufficed to explain all, and to urge the necessity for Stefano's instant departure to join the army of the Pretender, saying, that in so doing he would secure the safety of his rival, as none then would suspect his present retreat.

"You are right!" faltered out the old man, unable to speak as he placed his treasured weapons within his son's hands.

"Thanks, my father," said he in grateful sadness, as he equipped himself for his journey and then turned to depart; and while receiving a silent embrace from the stricken old man, Manuela noiselessly entered the apartment, and remained a puzzled spectator of the scene.

"Manuela!" exclaimed they both in a breath.

"What are you about to do, cousin?"

"Nothing, only going away—"

"Going!" said she, grasping his arm; "going! is it really so, uncle?"

"Yes, my child, too true."

"And why should it astonish you, Manuela?" replied Stefano, in a bitter tone. "Ought I not to go from hence, since I am unfortunate enough to love you, and now know you to belong to another?"

"To another?" ("He then knows all," thought she.) "But why these arms—you are then going to the army?"

"Yes, cousin; for there it is easier to forget or to die," murmured he, but the whisper was caught by both his anxious auditors.

"My son!"

The young girl, terrified and bewildered, hastily inquired the cause of the noise that had lately taken place.

"Fear not, you have nothing to fear; all you wish for will soon be yours, and my absence will serve as a crown to it all."

"Your absence! Oh! why should you speak thus?"

"Adieu, my cousin. May you be as happy as I am the reverse! *Au revoir*, my father!"

"*Au revoir*, my son; and remember that there is consolation while honour remains! *Au revoir*!"

"And he is going without one friendly or kind look. This is horrible! Impossible!" cried the young girl with sudden resolution. "Stefano!" said she, in trembling accents, "Stefano! you shall not go thus."

"What is she doing!" murmured the old man.

"Why would you keep me?" demanded Stefano, with astonishment.

"Stefano! you never could leave me so suddenly?" said she, taking his hand.

"It must be!"

"I entreat."

"Leave me; I do not desire your pity."

"Pity!—when I earnestly beg."

"Adieu, Manuela!"

"No! stay at least one moment."

"Stay to see you in the arms of another?—never!"

"Another! always another!" cried she, in accents of despair, seeing him about to depart, and scarcely knowing what she said:—

"And if after all, Stefano!—if after all, it is you that I have ever loved—you alone!"

A thunderbolt would not more completely have astonished her hearers than did this unexpected and artless avowal.

Beside himself with joy, Stefano sought her side, to express, as lovers only can, his happiness; the old man looking on, and exclaiming, "Pray Heaven, that we wake not from this happy dream," as her lover questioned her eagerly—

"Ah! that wretched day, when you rejected my bouquet?"

"I did not reject it entirely," replied she archly, "indeed!" I broke off one sprig;" and, taking the faded flower from her bosom, she blushing displayed it to her delighted cousin. "I have kept it here ever since your first avowal!"

"Oh! give it me! give it me!" cried Stefano, "and let my lips touch it since it has rested on your heart!"

And saying so, he passionately kissed both the flower and the beloved little hand that contained it.

In the meantime the noise of the guerillas approached nearer and nearer: they were searching the neighbouring houses.

The old man started in his chair and said, "My son! the lieutenant! the lieutenant!"

"The lieutenant!" repeated the young man.

"Thy guest," said the old man, sternly, "thy guest whom thou betrayest!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Stefano, at once returning to himself. "Manuela," he added, earnestly, "you told me you loved but me, and yet you are affianced to another."

"Hervilliers!" cried the young girl, starting, "Heaven forgive me, I had forgotten him!"

"And if he were already come," demanded an imposing voice, and Pedro advanced at the same instant between his son and niece.

"My father!" faltered Stefano.

"Silence," resumed the old man, sternly; "love has spoken too much here; it is time that duty made itself heard! If the lieutenant were in this house, Manuela?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young girl.

"If more faithful than you," continued the old man, "he claimed the promise you made him at your father's death-bed; if he has come here to do so at the peril of his life, I ask you in my turn, Manuela, what you would reply to him?"

These words were pronounced in a tone so imposing that Manuela seemed to hear the voice of her father, and again to see him standing before her. Trembling and submissive as a criminal before her judges, she replied, turning her eyes from Stefano and fixing them on the old man—

"I would reply to the Lieutenant Hervilliers that I am his betrothed before heaven and man, and that I will never wed another while he lives to claim my hand!"

"Good!" replied Don Sarga, "come and prepare to receive your affianced husband."

"You are taking happiness from me, father!" cried Stefano.

"I am restoring honour to thee, my son," replied Pedro. "Watch over the lieutenant—the guerillas are at hand!"

The guerillas in fact were forming a circle round the house, and carefully guarding the outlets. With a mind wavering between conflicting emotions, Stefano again possessed himself of the gun and pistols, and was rushing out of the house, when he drew back on seeing the guerilla captain, who motioned him by a gesture to remain where he was.

"Two sentinels before each door and window!" exclaimed the latter in a tone of command. "If our prisoner is hidden in the village he must be here, comrades. Search every spot narrowly. He who first lays hands upon the Frenchman will have the honour of shooting him, and be entitled besides to a reward of twenty dollars." At the same time he advanced into the room, and Stefano found himself surrounded by a dozen men. "Friend," said the captain, marching straight up to him, while the soldiers divided to search the rooms, "what were you intending to do with these arms? Were they destined to defend you personally, or to protect the Carlist officer whom you have hidden here?"

"No one is hidden in this house," replied the young Spaniard firmly. "I have three brothers enrolled, and I was taking these arms in order to ask permission to join your ranks."

"Indeed!" replied the captain. Then, addressing the guerillas, who had returned from searching the rooms, he demanded, "Well, who is on this side?"

"No one," they replied.

"And on the other?" said the captain.

"A young girl and an old man," was the reply.

"Bring hither the old man," said the captain. "And you, friend Stefano, will mount to the upper story with my lieutenant and these three men; you will open all the doors which they tell you to open, and you will do in general what they command you."

Stefano ascended the staircase, followed by the three men; at the same instant Pedro entered the room. "My friends," he said calmly, "I am surprised you come to trouble thus the repose of my house. My name alone ought to assure you that I am as good a servant of Spain and of her Majesty as you can be."

"That is all very good and capitally said, señor," replied the captain, "but let us come to the point. Did not a French volunteer of Don Carlos come to your house about two hours ago; and has not this officer been hidden here by you, or by those belonging to you?"

"You are mistaken," replied the old man with dignity. At this moment a pistol-shot was heard in the room above.

"Don Pedro de la Sarga," said the captain, "listen to me. If the Frenchman we seek is not in the house, you know at all events where he is concealed. What will you take, señor, to give us a word or make us a sign? What say you to fifty dollars?" Don Sarga made no reply, and the captain continued. "Will you take a hundred—a hundred and fifty—two hundred?"

"Away," cried Don Pedro, indignantly; "a Castilian's honour is not to be bought."

"Old devil!" said the captain, drawing a pistol and presenting it, "where is the Frenchman whom you have hidden? where is Lieutenant Hervilliers?"

Pedro did not move a muscle; and the captain was about to fire when the guerilla who had just ascended the

stairs rushed into the room. "Stop!" he cried to the captain, "our prisoner is in that ruin at the end of the garden."

"In that ruin!" exclaimed Don Sarga; "then he is lost."

"Who gave the information?" demanded the captain.

"The young Spaniard upstairs," replied the guerilla.

"Stefano!" exclaimed the old man, with horror.

"Oh! oh!" said the chief; "it seems the son is less fastidious than the father."

"Our lieutenant not discovering anything upstairs," resumed the guerilla, "endeavoured to make terms with the young Spaniard. A purse of gold and a pistol-barrel were the two elements of the bargain. The fellow seemed undecided which to choose until the lieutenant singed his whiskers with the shot you heard just now; this brought matters to a close. The former, finding he had to decide speedily between lead and gold, took the latter, and pointed to the ruin in the garden: 'Make the circuit by the broad path in order to surprise your man; you will find him in the pavilion.'"

"Enough, wretch! enough!" interrupted the old man, violently. "What you advance is impossible; it is contrary to the nature of things to suppose that a son of mine could be capable of such treachery."

"Behold him, señor, and judge for yourself," said the guerilla, pointing to the staircase.

Stefano at this moment descended with the lieutenant and the three men. He held the purse of the first in his hand, and moved along slowly, surrounded by the three others. His pale and agitated features testified the mental agony he endured. His hand grasped convulsively the purse, but it was easy to perceive that this movement was purely mechanical, and that it was not for gold the unhappy man had betrayed the prisoner.

After exchanging a few words in a low tone with the lieutenant, the captain made a sign to the two guerillas who were guarding the young Spaniard. "Remain here, and keep a sharp eye on this fellow; if he makes a single suspicious movement apprise us of it by shooting him as you would a dog; but if a discharge of musketry announces to you that he has not deceived us, leave him immediately to rejoin us."

The others then cocked their muskets, and leaving the house noiselessly, advanced on tip-toe towards the ruined pavilion.

A melancholy silence reigned in the little room. Stefano kept his eyes intently fixed upon the pavilion, still thinking himself alone with his two guardians. Don Pedro enfeebled by the emotions he had undergone, remained motionless in his easy chair, and murmured, "It is then true, great heaven! that my son has betrayed his guest!"

"My father!" said Stefano, in an agitated voice, and with shame and confusion legibly depicted on his countenance, "my father, do not judge me too harshly."

"Wretch! call me not thy father, for thou art no longer my son."

The young man made a movement to reply, but suddenly restrained himself at the sight of the two guerillas, and, without addressing his father, fixed his eyes upon the window.

Pedro having at last succeeded in getting out of his chair, hobbled slowly towards his son. "He does not even listen to me!" he resumed; "his eye cannot quit that window, from whence he watches the success of his perfidy. One might even suppose that he wished to see his unfortunate rival shot before his eyes. Wretch!" he added, in a loud tone, "I ought to slay you with my own hand, and thus cut off this stain on my family; a Spaniard

ought not to recede from doing that which a Roman has done before him!"

On muttering these words the old man seized a pistol, and was levelling the barrel at his son's head, when another hand arrested his own. This hand, sent by Providence, was that of Manuela. "Heavens! what are you doing?" she cried, seizing the old man's arm.

"Child," said the old man, "beware of the wretch to whom thou hast just avowed thy love; he is a scoundrel and a traitor—he has sold his guest and thy affianced husband."

"Oh, impossible! I never can believe it," exclaimed Manuela, with a look of horror and incredulity.

"Look at him," said Don Pedro, disdainfully; "look also at those armed men approaching the pavilion—he sent them there—they are about to surprise and assassinate Hervilliers in his last refuge."

"And not only," continued the old man, whose eyes sparkled with indignation, "not only has he basely betrayed, but he even watches, as you perceive, the success of his treason. Manuela, dost thou recognise in that man the form of my son? Dost thou recognise in him the man thou hast loved?"

At this instant a rattling discharge of musketry made the house shake.

"The Frenchman's death-knell!" exclaimed the two guerillas in a breath. Then, telling Stefano he was free, they left the house to rejoin their comrades pursuant to their captain's orders.

"He is dead!" said the old man, in a voice scarcely audible.

"He is dead!" repeated the girl, with a shudder.

"He is saved!" cried Stefano, dashing the purse to the ground; "he is saved, my father! My cousin, he is saved!"

"Saved!" repeated the niece and uncle in amazement, while the young man, running to the barn-door, cried in a loud voice, "Hervilliers!"

"Yes," he repeated, without awaiting the response, and returning hastily into the room; "yes, my father, yes, Manuela, the lieutenant is safe and sound, and you shall see him again this moment."

"What mean you?" said Pedro, whose mind fluctuated between hope and doubt.

"Explain yourself, my cousin," said Manuela, eagerly approaching him.

"On leaving Hervilliers in the pavilion," replied Stefano, rapidly, "it was arranged between us that I should apprise him by a pistol-shot if he was to leave his hiding-place to return to the house. In this case I told him to glide by the concealed path under the bushes, and along the hedge to the barn; where I could again hide him while they were seeking him in vain in the pavilion. You understand now the alarm I felt at the pistol-shot fired upstairs by the lieutenant of guerillas. Necessarily taking this for the signal agreed upon between us, Hervilliers was going to quit the ruin for the barn, and throw himself into the hands of the enemy. The only means of hiding him here was to send the guerillas there."

"My noble Stefano!" said the old Castilian, throwing his arms round the other's neck; "pardon, pardon, my son!"

At this moment a battalion of volunteers in the service of Don Carlos entered the room, led by Hervilliers himself.

"Soldiers of Don Carlos!—enemies!" cried the old Castilian.

"Say friends, rather," replied the lieutenant, extending

his hand to Stefano. "These are brave Spaniards who have saved a grateful Frenchman! I will tell you all. I remained in the pavilion till I heard the shot agreed upon—"

"That shot was fired at me by the lieutenant of guerillas," interrupted Stefano, "I feared you would take it for our signal, and at once leave the ruins."

"Yes," replied Hervilliers; "I was making for the barn, when I perceived, instead of guerillas, a band of volunteers in the service of Don Carlos; I flew across the country, over hedge and ditch, and finally dropped like a thirty-six pounder in the centre of the battalion. My comrades resolved to surprise the guerillas. We lay in ambush and saluted them with a volley as they approached the pavilion—about a dozen men fell to rise no more; the remainder took to flight. These two stragglers," pointing to the guerillas who had guarded Stefano, "are at your disposal; we captured them. They have told me of your admirable *ruse* to save me."

"Away," said Stefano to the two guerillas, throwing them their captain's purse. "Go and rejoin your chiefs; return their gold, and tell them to serve their good cause by means more worthy of it."

"Where is your family?" demanded Hervilliers. "Ah!" he said, catching a glimpse of the young girl. "Manuela! is it possible?"

"It is I, M. Hervilliers," faltered the maiden, turning pale.

"What a happy *dénoûment*!" said the lieutenant, gaily; "all happens for the best. You know the purport of my visit to Panola?"

"No doubt to claim Manuela's promise," said Pedro, answering for his niece. "She has not forgotten it; you have but one word to say."

"Answer for yourself, Manuela," said the lieutenant; "are you still disposed to keep your promise?"

She faltered out, "Of course, M. Hervilliers; my heart ought to be as much yours as my hand."

"These are mere phrases," muttered Hervilliers, growing angry; "but I must know who is my rival," glancing at Stefano. A painful silence ensued: Hervilliers seemed to struggle with many emotions. At last a smile of satisfaction lighted up his countenance, and, addressing Manuela, he said, "I do not expect miracles; I release you from your engagement on exchanging our rings of betrothal. Be happy with the man of your choice." Immediately Manuela tendered him his ring. Hervilliers turned aside to conceal his emotion.

"Hervilliers," said Stefano, in a low voice, "this must not be; you must not be generous at the expense of your own happiness!"

"Silence," said the other, "do not undo my work; the thought of my unhappiness must not poison her joy. I love her still; but you have saved my life; I may well forget my claim to insure her happiness. Devotion for devotion! France is equal to Spain, and we are quits. Adieu, then, brave Castilians; keep the wedding joyfully, while I go to rejoin my regiment, and Heaven grant that we may never meet upon the battle-fields of this unhappy country!"

"Adieu!" replied Stefano, with tears in his eyes. The lieutenant again embraced him, pressed the hand of Don Sarga, kissed that of Manuela, and then placed himself at the head of the troop awaiting him outside.

"Manuela," said Stefano, casting a last glance on the form of his retiring rival, "you are free! we will be happy, but never let us forget the brave and generous Hervilliers."

THE HISTORY OF "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

CHAPTER I.

THE war is young as yet, and has not had time to create much, if anything—but it has developed a good deal. Its own peculiar agencies and implements have of course expanded or multiplied in a very rapid ratio. The Lancaster gun, the minié rifles, the concussive shells, the revolver pistols, with many another deadly weapon and improved accoutrement for the soldier's use, have been produced with astonishing prodigality during the past months. Peace created these inventions, one and all; but if peace had continued, the chances are that the world in general would have heard little of them; and that many, despite of their ingenuity and fitness for the purpose in view, would have slumbered in dusty oblivion within official pigeon-holes, if they were not actually asphyxiated under official neglect. Besides these appliances for the art-military, there are a multitude of works and furnishings which belong essentially to a peace establishment, that have attained new forms and unexpected dimensions by their employment for the purposes of war. How much has been done or learned in the way of transporting, clothing, cooking, and lodging; in road-making and telegraphic-despatching; in hospital and post-office services; in draining, hut-building, and dietetics—to enumerate but a few out of the catalogue—since the first detachment of British troops encamped at Gallipoli. Necessity, as we all have heard, is "the mother of invention," and war, which begets necessities so many and so sharp, is equally fertile in contrivances to supply them. Nor will the utility of its discoveries and experiences pass away with the immediate occasion. Peaceful commerce will be extended; industrial enterprise facilitated; the national wealth increased; and social life surrounded with new materials for its delectation and solace, by aid of novel artifices whose first result has been the expenditure of incredible sums, and their primary intention the enabling a British army to deal swifter destruction on the Russians in Sebastopol.

But there is no development, out of all which the war-stimulus has nurtured into existence, more strange than that of "our own correspondent." Like other novel adjuncts to the camp service, "our own" is a product of the peace. The late war knew him not. An anxious public learned nothing of the progress of military events more or earlier than the government were pleased to publish in the *Gazette*. The journal which was favoured with the earliest copies of that official sheet (the defunct *Courier*) used to have its doors besieged by impatient throngs—its sale limited only by the mechanical possibilities of printing with presses not yet steam-impelled—and a dividend of many annual thousands for its lady-proprietors. Even in 1824, a morning newspaper would confess that it was indebted for some French intelligence to having been "favoured with the sight of a letter written by a gentleman who left Paris on the 20th ult."—and would proceed to publish, from that source, an account of some public ceremony, garnished perhaps with a few scraps of cloudy political gossip picked up in the *cafés* of the *Palais Royal*. After that date, the Continent became open to Englishmen, who rushed across it in droves, foaming and gambolling in all its nooks like the waters in a tidal-harbour. The London papers then began to have their "own correspondence,"

not ordinary or occasional from Paris, and some other

of the chief capitals of Europe. Still the foreign element was very imperfectly worked, and far from thoroughly incorporated into the system of journalism. The fact was that the correspondents, very often, had nothing to write about. News was very slowly "made" in those days, and transmitted in a very tedious and intermittent manner, even to and by the most active agents of the press. For many years after the collapse of the Napoleonic empire, Europe seemed reverting to its old ways, in which every movement was regulated by the court dials, and was lumbering, slow, and ceremonious accordingly. The intimation that "our letters from abroad contain no intelligence of the slightest interest," became almost stereotyped, for months together, in the daily journals. At the eve of the "three days" which overthrew the dynasty of the elder Bourbons, the managers of the *Chronicle*, wearied by a long season of non-productiveness, actually resolved to dispense with the correspondence from Paris altogether.

The Revolution of 1830 not only stirred the languid pulse of Europe from end to end, but it inspired the English people with an interest in foreign affairs which they had rarely felt before. Our own revolution—the Reform Bill—was in hand at the time; and though it was happily accomplished without barricades or fusillades, it sufficed to give us a sympathy for every nation which had been, or appeared to be, "on the move," and especially for our nearest neighbours the French. Then followed the Carlist war in Spain, insurrectionary outbreaks in South America, political crises in Portugal, disjunctive agitations in Germany, the Oregon dispute with the United States, and the "Pritchard indemnity" squabble with France—in all of which England took a share more or less conspicuous, and watched their progress with eager curiosity. Every year rendered the functions of "our own" more and more important. His productions had been offered by way of occasional whet to Englishmen's appetite for news, but they now became expected luxuries, without which the banquet spread upon London breakfast-tables would have appeared stunted and flavourless. And as the appetite of the *quintessence*, like that of Hamlet's Queen, has always "grown by what it fed on," so the supplies were always required with enhanced frequency and abundance. Even when there was nothing to be said the correspondent was expected to say so. From many centres of interest it was considered sufficiently interesting to be informed, according to the Menschikoff formula from Sebastopol—that "nothing extraordinary has occurred up to the 26th." When in this condition of things revolution again broke out in France in 1848, and became epidemic all over the Continent, the Englishman's eagerness for foreign news became almost an insanity. One meal a day did not suffice him, but he required to feed a little and often, like a dyspeptic patient, and got at the same time so delicate and so voracious that he rejected with scorn everything but what was newest and freshest—steaming hot from the express train or the electric battery. Under such influences "our own correspondent," who had been at first a supernumary, and then a luxury, became an absolute necessity for civilized existence.

While political doings were thus magnifying the office of "our own correspondent," there were industrial doings which rendered his exertions more valuable and incessant. Intrigue and revolution gave him always something to write about, while railroads and telegraphs enabled him to transmit what he had written with the utmost celerity. Under the same influences, also, the readers grew more

exigent; and having become habituated to receive fresh fish, and new milk, and business orders, regularly from the greatest distances, grew naturally discontented if their foreign intelligence were not served up with equal punctuality and despatch. The extension of free-trade principles during this period contributed to the same result, by widening the circle of English interests abroad, and increasing the number of localities where we attached a direct pecuniary importance to the "state of the markets," and to all those circumstances, political, social, or meteorological, logical, which served to regulate the oscillations of supply, and prices current.

More important, perhaps, than all the rest in its ultimate consequences, was the establishment of the overland mail to India. Occurring almost simultaneously with events of most stirring interest in the East, with Afghan war, Scinde conquests, and victories in the Punjab, the opening of a monthly (afterwards bi-monthly) means of rapid communication with India, gave to the newspaper corresponding system a new extension, accompanied by some enlarged ideas on the score of expenditure. A costly competition for priority in the receipt of intelligence became for some years the normal condition of newspaper business with relation to the oriental dispatches. Single instances of such rivalry had often been known before. It was told, for instance, how one set of proprietors had spent eight hundred pounds and killed twenty horses in getting a single report conveyed from Edinburgh to London; or how another had forestalled at £50 a-piece all the "special engines" on a certain line of railway for several successive days, during a general election, at such hours that no competing journal could possibly get up its parcels in time for the full impression. But with the organisation of the Overland system these occasions of keen rivalry, and its attendant expenditure, became recurring and incessant. French postmasters were astonished and enriched by the helter-skelter race run every month between Marseilles and Boulogne by a posse of couriers, who were at any time ready to buy minutes with gold. At Marseilles the race took a new form. A paper—the *Herald*—kept a swift steamer of its own, at a cost of some thousands per annum, with fires always lighted during the days when the Indian mail was expected, ready at the first signal to snatch the all-important packet from the breathless messenger, and make a dart with it across Channel. The agent of another journal—the *Chronicle*—has been known to hire the Boulogne packet for the day, and peremptorily refuse to let on board any one of the expectant passengers for fear he should smuggle over despatches for the *Times*. After awhile some of the daily papers wisely agreed to forego this extravagant competition, and joined to share the expenses of the Indian express. The *Daily News*—then a young member of the "morning host"—was left to run the race single-handed, and expended thereon, according to accredited report, some six or eight thousands a-year. During this time, of course, "our correspondent" in India led a glorious existence. When the letters were deemed so important that it was worth paying a hundred pounds to hasten their arrival by an hour, the letter-writer naturally grew exalted in dignity, and shared also in the profit of his employment. Of late years, however, the exaltation of the oriental correspondent has considerably declined. Indian news has gone down in the market despite of the occasional spurt attending the despatch of an expedition to Burmah, or the tidings of a Chinese rebellion. The railway, more-

over, is essentially a democratic institution, levelling all distinctions, either of rank or enterprise; conveying the peer with no greater rapidity than the peasant, and carrying the dispatches of the "leading journal" in the same box with the letters of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The electric telegraph is even worse. So the steeple-chase matches run across France have ceased. The same trains brought all the rival despatches from Marseilles to the sea, and from the sea to town. The mere transit across Channel became not worth hastening at the cost of a special steamer; and when the electric wires rendered the whole time of transmission from Marseilles or Trieste a question of minutes, further competition became hopeless. The utmost gain was a quarter of an hour, and all struggle to obtain so trifling a priority was given up. All the morning papers who think it worth having at all, now combine to defray the expenses of the "telegraphic intelligence in anticipation of the mail from Alexandria," and the result is that each fortnightly despatch costs in transmission about as many pounds as it used to cost hundreds in the old days. But although the special plan has proved so transitory, the resulting enhancement of the dignity and consequences of "our own correspondent" has remained as an inheritance for all time.

And now, with new functions ascribed to him, new qualities required in him, and a far wider recognition of his rank and service, "our own correspondent" appears at the seat of war. Of his station and performances there we must speak in another chapter. Suffice it now to say that, as a profession, the members have achieved a new degree in the social scale. First an accident, then a luxury, and afterwards a necessity, "our own correspondent" has now become an institution.

[To be continued.]

A DIRGE FOR THE CZAR.

VAIN, impious man, thought'st thou Sinope's blood,
Shed by thy force would quench the golden flood
Of Heaven?—On Alma's heights the orb of day
Revived the nations with redoubled ray.
Whilst thou, foul tyrant, with thy Calmuck train,
Chanted *Te Deums* in an impious strain,
Sinope's deed applauding as thine own,—
Invoked all Europe's curses on thy throne.
Think'st thou the swarm that in thy blaze was born,
Wou'd run to hail some more effulgent morn,
And gladly see thee vainly pine and groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone?
There's Constantine—and honoured be his name—
Looks down with horror on thy guilt and shame.
Whilst Mick and Nick fly fast from Ternay's heather,
To claim their due from thee—the dunghill feather!
Both Poles and Servians fill high the bowl,
To drink confusion to thy guilty soul;
Nor will Crimea's long-oppressed bands,
Be slow to aid thy toes with hearts and hands.
And fair Circassia, too, will dry her tears,
While Illoe beams brightly through her maiden fears,—
She'll weave to crown her brave deliverers' brows,
Such chaplets as the hand of love bestows:—
On France by land, brave England on the sea,
Both joined to scorn thy foul hypocrisy,
And do again great deeds of ancient chivalry;
The Queen and Emperor both in this agree,
To be no longer patient dupes to thee,
But quickly move in Turkey's righteous cause,
So bravely struggling for her land and laws;
To drive thy cruel serfs across the Pruth,
No more to outrage honour, faith, and truth.

COST OF WAR.—By the last accounts of the public income and expenditure, it appears that, in the year ended the 10th of October last, the expenditure on account of the army was £7,060,882; on account of the navy, £10,057,769 5s. 10d.; on account of the ordnance, £3,690,890 11s. 9d. Caffre war, £280,000; and the vote of credit, additional expenses—war with Russia, £220,000.

A RISING CITY.—The Maryborough diggings, two hundred miles from Melbourne, three months after their discovery, had a population of 25,000, a theatre, bowling alleys, and a horse-race.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

A. (Bedford-square).—The following are the names of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund:—His Royal Highness Prince Albert; His Grace the Duke of Newcastle; the Duke of Wellington, Lord Seymour; the Earl of Derby; the Earl of Shaftesbury; the Earl of Aberdeen; the Earl of Hardwicke; the Earl of Chichester; the Earl Nelson; the Earl Grey; the Viscount Palmerston; the Viscount Combermere; the Viscount Hardinge; Lord Rokeby, Major-General; Lord Colchester, Rear-Admiral; Lord Panmure; Lord Seaton; Lord St. Leonards; Lord Raglan; Right Honourable Sidney Herbert; Honourable James Lindsay, Colonel; Right Honourable Sir James Graham; Right Honourable Henry T. L. Corry, M.P.; Right Honourable Edward Elliot, M.P.; Robert V. Smith, M.P.; Sir John A. Pakington, Bart., M.P.; Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart.; Sir William Parker, Admiral; Sir Thomas Byam Martin; Sir John Fox Burgoyne; Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross; the Lord Mayor of London; Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P.; Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P.; John Gellibrand Hubbard, Esq.; J. W. Patten, Esq., M.P.; Samuel Morton Peto, Esq.; Edmund Burke Roche, Esq., M.P.; John Hall, Esq., M.P. The honorary secretaries are Edmund Gardiner Fishbourne, Captain, Royal Navy, and John Henry Letroy, Captain, Royal Artillery. The other information you require can be had at their office, 16A, Great George-street, Westminster.

* (Westbury).—Teak is now extensively used in the manufacture of railway carriages. It is the best material next to oak, and not so costly.

H. HAMMOND (Newark).—Admissions to clerkships in the public departments are still placed at the disposal of members of Parliament, but when the civil service is re-organised, as it will be shortly, parliamentary influence will be of little value to an applicant.

R. (New Cannon-street).—The annual Wardmotes in the City of London are held on St. Thomas's-day, when the members of the Common Council and Ward officers are elected. The consolidated Committee of the Common Council have reported in favour of abolishing the Court of Aldermen.

—(Queen-square).—The practice to which you refer is extremely reprehensible, but the guardians of the parishes of St. George the Martyr and St. Andrew's, Holborn, have assured the Home Secretary that they will not permit, for the future, the intromission in their cemeteries of persons who are not parishioners.

A petition to the House of Commons must be signed either by the petitioners or by some person on their behalf. No member of Parliament will present an unsigned petition.

A. W. (Buchanan-street, Glasgow).—The numbers will be sent as requested. MATHEMATICIAN.—The appointment of professor of geometry in Gresham College is in the gift of the Corporation of the City of London. The emolument is very small.

L. J. (Buntingford).—Messrs. Hayter and Horvill, of 52, Mark-lane, have kindly undertaken to ship parcels to the Crimea. You can apply to them.

A NEEDLEWOMAN.—Mr. Stone, of No. 4, Clompton-place, Cannonbury, has already published his experience of the practice to which you refer. It seems incredible that the persons who are paid far and even liberal sums for government contracts should expect their needlewomen to work for fourteen or sixteen hours for twopenny or sixpence.

—The Count d'Eu is the eldest son of the Duc de Nemours. Several members of the Orleans family are now in this country.

EXETER.—The Westminster play this year was *Ennuchus*, containing the celebrated line, "*Non videri ille miles mercedem*."

J. H. (Norwich).—If your bookseller cannot supply you in time you can always have the Journal sent direct from the office by sending your address and three postage stamps.

J. (Wolverhampton).—If you will send the publisher the number of words in the advertisement you wish to insert he can tell you the price that would be charged for it.

GOLDING (Hocknock-road).—There is an express provision that the interest upon Russia bonds shall be regularly paid in peace or war. This stipulation may, of course, be repudiated, but it is extremely improbable, and the public confidence in the security keeps it nearly at par. The interest is at five per cent., payable half-yearly.

J. MILLNER (Chatham).—You are at liberty to go before the Committee on Standing Orders and urge your objections against the Bill, but if you have been legally served with the proper notices, it would be better to oppose the Bill when it comes before the Committee on merits.

L. (Pimlico).—The appointment to which you refer is in the gift of Lord Charles Russell, sergeant-at-arms to the House of Commons. It is, however, already given away.

C. F. P. (Edgware).—By the law as it at present stands the Government is not responsible to depositors in savings banks. A Bill is now, however, before Parliament which will very much improve the position of depositors in those institutions.

F. (Weston-super-Mare).—We should not advise you to make an investment in Westminster bonds, if you are likely to require the money in a short time.

—(Dover).—The experiment was tried in the Thames in September last, and was successful.

P. (Norwich).—No member of Parliament can retain his seat while he is a government contractor. Mr. Peto has resigned his seat in consequence, although he derives no pecuniary advantage whatever from his contract.

AMICUS (Spalding).—Warm worsted socks, of a dark colour and without fingers, are the best for soldiers. Do not make any fingers on the right-hand mit, as they prevent the soldier from loading his rifle with rapidity and accuracy.

R. F. M. (Dublin).—The new corps entitled the "City of Dublin Artillery Militia" is to consist of 800 men, in four companies.

VOLUNTEERS (Devonport).—By a recent general order, the standard for the infantry has been reduced to five feet four inches; an alteration which will enable a large number of men to join the regular army.

XX. (Newcastle).—If you charter for the Crimea, there is little doubt but that the Government will become purchasers of your cargo at a remunerative price.

—(Westbourne-terrace).—The Bishop of London is the visitor of the establishment you mention. We cannot answer your second question.

Z. (Cranworth).—There is not the slightest use in your sending any parcel or package directed to a private individual at the Crimea, as it will not be forwarded. All parcels must be for general distribution.

Y. A. (Gower-street).—Before Bedford-square was built, there was a lane, with hedgerows on each side, called the "Duke's private road," extending from the western side of Montague-place to the Hampstead-road.

JOHN D. M. (St. Alban's, Longford).—Your copies have been forwarded as requested.

Miss E. (Rostrevecor).—The Publisher will reply to your favour.

Miss D. (Ewhurst).—Your instructions have been attended to.

G. N. (Regent's-park-terrace).—You will find a packet directed to him at the office.

P. G. (Darlington).—The standard for recruits has lately been lowered to five feet four inches.

CHURA.—There is no hardship whatever in the case you refer to, as the services performed is not compulsory. In bridge building, the work to be done must be regulated according to the state of the tide.

THOMAS (Yarmouth).—The Mercury Sand is, we believe, one of the most dangerous on the whole coast. It has been found impossible to erect a beacon upon it.

* (Wrexham).—It is possible to reach Bombay by what is termed the "Overland route" in twenty-four days, but the usual time occupied in the journey is from twenty-nine to thirty-two days.

E. E.—The work you refer to can be had of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly. It is not expensive.

P. (Dartmouth).—The postage upon French letters has been reduced to fourpence per quarter-ounce. This is not the least important result of the friendly understanding between the two nations.

CHARLES (Southsea).—Maryland was called so by Lord Baltimore, in honour of Mary, Queen of England; the capital retaining the name of its worthy founder.

S. J. (Queenshithe).—Foreigners are not employed in the Coast Guard service in France. You should know French thoroughly for the other office you mention. As to the other service you talk of, perhaps you are not aware, however you might desire to join it, that the journey is expensive, the chance of being engaged small, and the pay very slender.

* —It is quite impossible for us to form the most remote plan of the dividend to be paid by the Crystal Palace Company. If our correspondent will wait a very few days he will probably see the printed report of the directors.

X. (Henley-on-Thames).—We could never get a satisfactory explanation of the reason for closing the British Museum for three days in the week. We hope you will be more successful.

G. (Helgate).—If you write a note to Sir Henry Ellis, the secretary of the British Museum, and enclose a letter from some member of Parliament or well-known person, stating that you are a fit person to have the privilege of reading in the library, a ticket of admission will be forwarded to you in a few hours afterwards. The ticket must be renewed every six months.

* (CAPE TOWN).—We would not recommend you to emigrate to the Cape; especially as there is a probability of the Caffres being again troublesome. Canada would be a much better place for a person in your position.

* (Derham).—You can get a passage to New York, in a fast-sailing merchant vessel, for about £18. The charge for passage by the regular packets is £40.

J. WARREN (Roxton) is thanked for his exertions.

MACINTOSH.—The "Exmouth," 91, is now almost ready for commission. She will be one of the finest vessels in the service.

F. F.—Marshal St. Arnaud was in his thirty-fifth year when he died.

II.—The allowance to officiating clergymen for spiritual attendance on officers and soldiers is in accordance with the annexed scale. To clergy men of the Church of England—from 25 to 100 men, at the rate of 10s. per annum for each man; from 101 to 300 men, at the rate of 3s. per annum for each man; from 301 upwards, at the rate of 2s. per annum for each man. To Roman Catholic clergymen—from 25 to 100 men, at the rate of 8s. per annum for each man; from 101 to 300 men, at the rate of 1s. 6d. per annum for each man; from 301 upwards, at the rate of 1s. per annum for each man. To Presbyterian clergymen—from 25 to 100 men, at the rate of 7s. 6d. per annum for each man; from 101 to 300 men, at the rate of 2s. per annum for each man; from 301 upwards, at the rate of 1s. 4d. per annum for each man.

M. (Kilford).—Several of the societies you mention are respectably conducted, but you should be very careful to make inquiries before you part with your money.

W. (Great Russell-street).—No savings bank, properly conducted, will accept more than £30 in one year from a depositor. Parents may open accounts for children, no matter how young.

BLUE JACKET.—The "Red Jacket" has made the shortest passage on record between England and Australia.

H. DAY (Chesterfield).—All the appointments in the House of Commons are in the gift of the Speaker or the Merchant-at-Arms.

F. D.—The place you refer to is Calender, in the Bosphorus, where an hospital has been erected for wounded Russian prisoners.

W. DAVIS.—Your verses are well-intentioned, but are not suitable to our columns.

E. B. (St. John's-wood).—You will find your first question answered under the head of "The Patriotic Fund." A "breastwork" in military parlance is any description of defensive work raised breast-high, so as to afford some protection to those within.

L. (Ondlow-square).—The paintings to which you refer were exhibited at the Music-hall, Moore-street, about four years since. They were very beautiful, and although the same subjects, painted by Raffaello, are in St. Peter's, at Rome, there is no reason to suppose that that great master did not make copies of them.

T. S. C. (Shaftesbury-terrace, Pimlico).—Frigates range from those called "Jackass frigates," carrying 28 guns, up to those of 60 or 62 guns. A double-banked frigate carries guns in her gangway ports. A man-of-war is any vessel carrying guns and sailing under the royal pendant, or a commodore's or admiral's flag; but custom-house-cruisers and revenue-cruisers are not men-of-war.

P.—The staff on hospital duty at Scutari consists of three clerks and two purveyors; but six more clerks are shortly to be sent out.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 5.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
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[ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL AT BALAKLAVA.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

AMONG the many points in which Russia differs from England, perhaps the press and the post stand in the greatest contrast. Letters passing through the post in the one country are very properly regarded as sacred as the *harem* of the Muslim, while in the other they are constantly subject to the espionage of the police. And,

woe be to the unfortunate wight whose daring pen communicates even to a bosom friend aught that the agents of a despot can torture into the shadow of a reflection upon the government in any of its ramifications. A trip to Siberia might prove the consequence of such an indiscretion on the part of the writer. Then, with regard to the press, we who have the good fortune to reside in "merrie England," can revel without interruption, or let

or hindrance, either in private letters to our friends or by means of indignant complaints in the newspapers—now attacking a cabinet, then exposing a job, or even venturing on a broad hint to the throne itself. But the *Invalide Russe* is yet a stranger to this liberty of the press. And when a London paper passes through Russia it soon becomes, under the ubiquitous police, so “adorned with cuts” by the excision of “objectionable matter,” that it remains of little use to its disappointed recipient. The neighbourhood of Sebastopol was never celebrated for newspapers. But the scene is now changed.

From the rocky heights of the now famous harbour of Balaklava many an anxious eye is turned seaward. The mail from England is due. Rowland Hill is a man of method, and, wind and weather permitting, the mail will punctually arrive. Soon, on the horizon, a long line of dark smoke is seen like a gigantic flying-serpent sailing steadily in the air; and then the masts and hull of a steamer rapidly rise into view, and by-and-bye the well-known flag is recognised that positively announces the mail. Two Russian steamers *did* for an hour or two venture out of Sebastopol the other day, but the Euxine is now a British Lake, and our packets, even unarmed, are safe enough from the Muscovite. And now in Balaklava harbour all is excitement and bustle. The steamer paddles in, her anchor is let go, the clank and rattle of the out-running chain breaks upon the ear; signals are flying between the men-of-war; cutters, pinnaces, and dingies pull for the shore; the bags are brought up on the packet's deck, and, under the eye of the lieutenant in charge, lowered into the steamer's boat, and soon landed, and deposited in the post-office tent. And here, the letters and papers are sorted, with a skill that savours strongly of St. Martin's-le-Grand—just three thousand miles away. *Cælum non animam mutant qui transmare currunt.* Unchanged, indeed, in heart are our soldiers in the East. In the letters received in England from the camp, the request for letters and newspapers is constant and universal. The latter are often cut up into pages, and then a group forms round some volunteer reader. The Field-Marshal's despatches, General Canrobert's orders of the day, the telegraphic messages from Vienna, are each and all listened to with the deepest attention. And the letters of “our own correspondent”—especially where tribute is paid by name to some gallant non-commissioned officer or private—have been known to elicit cheers from the eager crowd of listeners. All letters, too, addressed “To the Editor,” and suggestive of some benefit to the soldier in the Crimea, are sure to command the gratitude of the men. But while the newspapers seem, generally, to afford the most intense gratification, how far more varied are the feelings awakened by the perusal of “a letter from home.” Here the husband, or the son, or the brother (already sick or wounded themselves), often have to bear up against disastrous news from home affecting those most dear and near to them, or, perhaps, receive illusory congratulations on their own escape at the very moment that an unexpected shell bursts and destroys them while the letter is yet unread. The arrival of the mail-bags at Balaklava presents a scene not only interesting but beneficial, since it proves to the army that whatever may be the privations necessarily attendant on war, their countrymen at home are not indifferent to them, but, on the contrary, are determined that all moral and material support shall be constantly afforded to those who are doing battle for England in a cause, upon the issue of which hangs the civilization of the world.

DMITRI THE DRAGOMAN.

DMITRI was a lad when the fleet of Admiral Sir John Duckworth anchored before Stamboul in 1807. His mother was a Greek, and his father a Janissary, who, we may incidentally mention, lived merrily enough till, in the extermination of his corps in 1826, he fulfilled his destiny, and died under an unexpected discharge of grape from one of the cannon of Kara Djehennem. Dmitri, up to that fatal hour had borne a Turkish name; but whether it were Daoud, or Ali, or Reschid, or Abdallah, he pretends now, in 1855, to forget. On the death of his father, his mother, Adriana, counselled the son to take this name of Dmitri, and to profit by the confusion of the period to return to her own kindred in one of the islands of the Sporades, to doff the turban, and formally enter the *ecclesia* of his ancestors—the orthodox Greek church; one which in her own heart she had never for a moment abandoned. Dmitri obeyed, but remained for many years very similar in practice to certain Albanians we have even very recently fallen in with; men who care not whether they listen to a Turkish *mollah* or to a Rumanian *papas*. The Frankish term “anythingarian” might well indicate the then religious principles of Dmitri. Had he lived in London, we should have found him in succession at St. Barnabas', Crown Court, or St. Paul's, just as the whim happened to seize him. So much for his orthodoxy.

While his father was alive, Dmitri ranged the streets of Stamboul with all the impunity of “the goat of the 56th.” That goat, a fact well known to the learned in Turkish history, lived at free quarters in the capital. There is now another goat, which the cockney stares at with astonishment, in the colour-court of St. James's, when the troops relieve guard—a goat that lives under a more limited monarchy, and who cannot, therefore, hope to enjoy that “black mail” to which we have just alluded, and which his brother in Stamboul managed easily to levy up to some thirty years ago. The goat of the 56th *oda*, or lodge of Janissaries, paraded the streets on the Golden Horn with the dignity of a pasha; gazed on the shops of the *basarjees*; and took therefrom whatever eatable came in his way, with all the nonchalance of a young and fast British peer who knows he cannot be arrested for debt. The goat of the 56th had many masters. He belonged to the whole regiment, and the whole regiment protected him. Personal chastisement and pecuniary extortion fell instantaneously upon any unlucky wight, especially if he were a *rayah*, who dared to drive the goat of the 56th from his door, when he honoured him by selecting it as the scene of his aldermanic enjoyments. This aristocratic goat certainly possessed many an acquired taste; the food which nature intended for such animals soon proved altogether unpalatable or insufficient for him; the luxury of Pera and Galata, and Top-hana, and Haas-keui, gradually gained a hold upon his heart, and thus the choicest pastry and the most expensive fruit, and even smoking dishes of savoury *kebabs* have been known to be cunningly demolished by the despotic goat of the 56th, much to the increase of the enjoyment of the quadruped, and the loss and confusion of the biped, who well knew he had no remedy against the powers that were. Such was the capital when Dmitri was a lad.

And Dmitri has still a spice of the Janissary-goat about him. He is now about sixty years of age, and again resident on the banks of the Bosphorus. He is under the “protection” of more than one European con-

sulate, carries three different passports, and Turkish law touches him not. He is as exempt as the goat was in the olden time. His experience—wherever it has been gained—has suddenly brought him into more prominent notice in this period of battles and of sieges. Troops have many wants at Scutari, and Turkey is a place of many tongues; and Dmitri, being something of a linguist, now feeds upon the Franks somewhat as the goat did upon the non-Janissary part of the population in years gone by. He is a necessary evil, and pleads—custom. We question not his honesty altogether, but he is pro-Russian, and fattens on a sort of sliding scale of morality, taking large and small tithes from every greenhorn with whom he comes in contact, from the mess-steward whom he accompanies to market, to the major whom he conducts over the mosques and other “lions” of the city.

Not long ago—long after Navarino—Dmitri skulked about, wore a black turban, and loose *shalwar* or breeches, and a jacket, but now he is seen strutting about in the *fez* instead of the turban, in tight pantaloons *à-la-franka*, and sometimes in polished boots, with a frock-coat. Beard and whiskers have disappeared, but the grey moustache remains. Every one knows Dmitri, so we need not enlarge upon his personal appearance.

It has often been said that “one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.” This is true enough. And if they *did* know, the wonder in Stamboul would be, not that they lived, but that they did not die. Neither civilization nor barbarism secures even the most energetic from misery. In the affairs of men there is a tide that ebbs as well as flows. And the Frank, be he soldier or sailor, or *homme-de-lettres*, or what not, feels the “full and change” even as does the Muslim. The same law of luck pervades Stamboul as well as St. James’s. There is certainly a *kismet* in both. Dmitri, however, has ever put his own shoulder to the wheel instead of calling upon Hercules. And thus he has become, comparatively, a rich man. And yet he has no trade; he lives by his wits. Oh! how he loves a *milordos*!

Dmitri, about the time that Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, first made the discovery that English travellers would prove to him a mine of almost inexhaustible gold. He could live for a month on the pay of a week. He found that, as a rule, none of them knew Turkish, or modern Greek, or even Italian; that they could not even speak Spanish with his rivals the Jews of the Levant; and that, although their French might serve them tolerably well among the *belles* of Smyrna, or Therapia, or Buyuk-dere, they must still, when intent on the real purposes of travel or of war, rely upon such a native dragoman as himself. The discovery was not lost upon Dmitri. The Turkish *terjuman* was of no use to the Frank traveller. So Dmitri, in order to acquire enough of the English language to answer his purpose, passed the livelong day, for some period, among the accomplished sons of Neptune in the tiers of the Frank shipping lying off the custom-house at Galata, where we must confess some of the choicest specimens of the Wapping dialect “before the mast” were the first to make an impression on his retentive memory. He is more correct now, though it is yet somewhat difficult to understand him fully. In the bazaars, this very winter, he thus recommended some eastern liquid to the officer he was attending: “*Panayia!*” exclaimed he, “washing the teeth every four days with this takes away the icy trouble.” What the “icy trouble” may be we leave the reader to discover. As to reading or writing the English language, this is even yet far be-

yond Dmitri’s power; still he rejoices in the reputation of being *tout comme il faut* as a dragoman, and may even yet, old as he is, possibly hope to be officially attached to some division of the English army operating with the Turks against the Russians. In the meantime, he is attached—so very attached—to every Englishman arriving at the City of the Sultan, that, to use his own phrase, merely for “*un’ thaleri il giorno*,” his very life is at the service of “*su eccellenza*.”

White’s or Albert Smith’s “Constantinople,” and Miss Pardoe’s “City of the Sultan,” may have taught us something about the wonders of Stamboul, but we cannot of course enjoy them without a Dmitri, or a Spero, or a Chico, or a Guiseppe, at our elbow. We must have a *valet-de-place*, *conte qu’il conte*, and give him, to avoid offence, the higher title of interpreter; and, by-and-bye, when our red coats and blue jackets have had a little more experience in Turkey, they will doubtless entertain as high an opinion of Dmitri as we do. *Ce n’est que le premier pas qui “conte.”*

But that *premier pas* does *conte* a good deal. Dmitri, according to rumour, is an honest man. Of course he is. Would we could say the same of every Spero, and Chico, and Guiseppe, associated with him in the same dragomanic occupation. They, however, are sometimes of a different complexion. And John Bull suffers for it. Knowing the local and lingual ignorance of the English officer or traveller, these dragomans, like Leigh Hunt’s waiter, habitually calculate on the principle that eighteenpence is one-and-eightpence; they receive a *backsheesh* from every man in the bazaar with whom they induce you to deal; they turn your dollars or other money into current coin of the Turkish realm in a rapid manner, and most profitable to themselves, so that even a Rothschild could not easily detect them; in short they fleece the new-comer in a way that none but themselves could parallel. Dmitri is content with one dollar a-day, of course. But his perquisites are incalculable—“the law allows it.” It has been our own fortune to pass through the dragomanic ordeal. On our first visit to the East, we burnt our fingers as all travellers do; on our second and third we escaped almost scot-free, and the mere fact is attributable to our having fallen in with a zealous friend who proved to us that but a very slight knowledge of Turkish was requisite in order to dispense with a dragoman altogether; that such knowledge could be most easily acquired on the passage out; and that, as to the topography of the Turkish capital, White’s “Constantinople” contained a reliable plan of the bazaars, and that all other and less interesting localities presented no difficulties whatever. If the present Eastern war effect no other good, it will at least direct attention to the study of the Turkish tongue in England, although, as yet—strange to say—there is no such work as an English and Turkish dictionary; the language has never yet been taught at Oxford, or Cambridge, or Dublin, or Edinburgh, although professorships of Arabic are in existence.

The difficulties of learning Eastern languages had, at least, no terrors for some of our men in the ranks, since among other instances, we find a private soldier, named O’Flaherty, perseveringly teaching himself Turkish, applying to Lord Raglan to be examined, and gallantly gaining the rank of interpreter; thus freeing himself and his immediate comrades from the equivocal assistance of the Speros, Chicos, and Guisepes, already put upon this our record.

Read as the journals are in every barrack-room in the United Kingdom—benefited as our soldiery are by the

institution of miscellaneous libraries among them, we trust that officers at home will at once do more, and will add to the book-shelves of their respective regiments some of the works upon Turkish with which Paternoster-row can supply them. It may do well enough in a "Zig-zag" burlesque at the Adelphi for Corporal Bedford of the Guards, and Corporal Garden of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, funnily to indicate a cock by crowing or a duck by quacking, but in the real battle of life, in an enemy's country, where Englishmen plunder not, but pay the Turkish and Tartar peasantry for what provisions they require, it would be indisputably better that words of necessity should be, as a rule, found on a printed card in every soldier's haversack, although any further attempt to diffuse a knowledge of a foreign tongue might be deemed out of place or unnecessary. A dragoman, an honest Dmitri, is not always at hand. "Knowledge is power:" let the soldier, therefore, have it. And as the antecedents, if not the present practices, of the foreign interpreters thrown among our honest and open-hearted soldiery may not bear too close an inspection—we speak not, of course, of those gentlemen selected as interpreters by Government, but of those volunteer dragomans who abound among the camp-followers, and prey upon the rank and file—we hope the day is not distant when our soldiers and our sailors, men as well as officers, will be encouraged in the attainment of languages, so as to be able to dispense with the services of such *canaille*; and when, passing a step upwards, our civil and military colleges and our universities will, without exception, teach every living language, or at least every European living language, and when, so far as the East is concerned, Malta will possess a Royal Oriental Institution, to which, through the aid of steamers, students may throng from the Cam and the Isis, and from Woolwich, and after due preparation, perfect their knowledge by travel in Anatolia, Syria, and Egypt, and eventually fill those posts at our Constantinople and other embassies and consulates which are now said to be chiefly filled by foreigners, and at high salaries that, setting higher motives aside, would be acceptable to many an Englishman.

Dmitri the dragoman may, meanwhile, profit by his attendance on the mere idlers who visit Stamboul as they would Ramsgate or the Rhine, but, let it not be forgotten in the year '55, that Gravesend and the Golden Horn are not a fortnight distant from each other, and that, as we are now in alliance with the turbaned Turk, and our red coats and blue jackets are shoulder to shoulder with the sons of the *faz*, it would well become those "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease" to look into the dragomanic system we have here ventilated, remembering that there is talent enough and to spare among our sergeants and corporals, with a laudable thirst of knowledge, a desire for good things useful, which it would be well for the more learned at once to aid and assist, seeing that many such non-commissioned officers are now winning their commissions on the battle-field, and may yet live to become generals. And then, who can say but that they may again have to defend Constantinople against Russia?

But whatever may be the future of Constantinople, whether the British are ultimately destined to fight against the Sultan, as at Navarino, or in his support, as formerly in Egypt and now in the Crimea, and whether Elliot in his "Horns Apocalypticæ" be right or wrong in the opinion that the final overthrow of the Sons of the Prophet is very close at hand, and that the whole world

is on the eve of a most extraordinary change, when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb," it is still necessary for us to look at things as they actually are, and wherever a difficulty arises, in great things or in small, to endeavour to surmount it. The difficulty which thousands of the middle classes of England cannot but admit they still experience in making themselves understood when visiting even Boulogne, or Paris, or Brussels, is increased a thousand fold on the banks of the Bosphorus. This will not be generally admitted till our army returns. We shall believe the fact then—they experience the annoyance now. And it is an annoyance of some intensity. There may be somewhat of a similarity between the French and English and Flemish tongues, but most certainly this similarity does not exist between these three languages and the Turkish. The last stands alone, and the previous studies of the Frank avail him little or nothing, and give him no clue, in acquiring the Turkish. A knowledge of Esquimaux might, perhaps, be more serviceable to us, in unriddling the Turkish, than a knowledge of Latin or Anglo-Saxon. A quaint friend of ours has a new theory that, as the Turkish is a tongue that will alone carry us overland from Constantinople to China—and this is perfectly true, and can be said of no other language—the Esquimaux is but a Turkish or Tartar dialect—and he contends, in corroboration, that these migratory hordes once upon a time crossed Behring's Straits and marched onwards to Greenland, where, standing on the beach, they found the ocean even a more insurmountable obstacle to their further progress than did their Muslim predecessor, the Arab general, Tarik, when from the shores of Morocco he gazed upon Spain, and riding into the flood perished, leaving unreached his mountain-monument, *Djibel-ul-Tarik*, now better known as Gibraltar. We pretend not to a knowledge of Esquimaux—Captain Washington, of Harwich, must be appealed to on that head—but we do boast of a dear-bought experience in connection with Dmitri the dragoman and all his sharkish tribe at Constantinople. *Rem, quocunque modo, rem*, is their motto in money matters, though it is ours only in regard to the diffusion of useful knowledge, and especially that of living tongues. The sick and wounded soldier will yet rise recovered from the hospital at Scutari; the breeze from the Sea of Marmora will refresh his cheek and invigorate his lungs; to amuse his mind he will wander forth under the vaulted roofs of the glittering bazaars of Stamboul, rich in the luxuries of the East and the inventions of the West; food, flowers, and works of fancy, slippers, shawls, and sabres, and collections of countless articles, will meet his admiring gaze; yet he who has perilled life for Old England and her allies, lauded by those allies and respected by the whole world, will find himself in crowded courts, and yet as it were tongue-tied, unable to exchange greetings with the grateful Turk, or congratulations with the exhilarated Chasseur or the Zouave, simply because England has a Minister of War, but has not a Minister of Instruction to foster the production of works of real use rather than those of amusement, and to throw, for instance, into the hospital at Scutari, books which would have been there, in the tedium of ill-health and slow recovery from wounds, literally devoured, and the knowledge gained by which would have already made scores of sergeants and corporals more useful to their country, and certainly less likely themselves to suffer from the kind attentions or neglect of any Galata Giuseppe, or Spero, or Chico, or even of our own good friend, Dmitri the dragoman. *Beer Pasha, beer Masha, hepeace beer der,*

is a Turkish proverb; one not more applicable to a pasha than to a dragoman, from many groups of whom we could select a living specimen who, remembering the proverb, has not failed to squeeze our rank and file even as a lemon-squeezer does the fruit whence it takes its name. But here we must halt. "Give but a text and you get a sermon." Ours has been long enough. And the moral we hope to enforce is, "UP WITH THE O'FLAHERTYS, AND DOWN WITH THE DMITRIS."

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER II.

I LIKED the brevity of the missive. It smacked of command; and "what for no?" Was not the uncle addressing the nephew? Thought I, "Mr. Governor, I have you in my hands. Disobey your uncle, and hang me if I don't write him such a letter as will induce him to cut you off with a shilling, and blow you up into the bargain." Thrusting the letter into my bosom, I jumped into a hackney-coach, and desired to be driven to the Flower Pot, Bishopsgate-street, whence the stage which diurnally passed our domicile, usually started.

A large prize in the lottery falling to a day-labourer could not work a more important change in his feelings than that short letter of introduction wrought in my sentiments. From a modest youth of very limited expectations I was, for the moment, metamorphosed into the most ambitious of soldiers. I knew little or nothing of the nature of the appointments which made the India military service so peculiarly desirable, but I was quite sure that it was in the power of a Governor to do much, and I had made up my mind not to stint myself in the matter of applications. Of course I did not expect to be appointed commander-in-chief all at once, and I was even rational enough to dismiss all idea of becoming adjutant or quarter-master general for the first year or so. Yet was there little, beneath those appointments, which appeared to be suitable to my talents, my wishes, and my "letter of recommendation." If anybody had suggested the commissariat I should have stared at him; had a brigade-majority been proposed to me, I should have turned on my heel with a sneer; and could any man have been found bold enough to recommend me to commence my career as a simple adjutant of a regiment, I should have knocked him down *sur-le-champ*. So boundless were my expectations—so restless my mind—that had I then known the fine old song which afterwards became so popular in India, I should have caught myself singing, as I entered my mother's dwelling,

"Aide-de-camp to be sure
I could easily procure,
But then what a strange situation—
To be forced, scrape and bow,
And behave Lord knows how,
Ill-agreed with my 'Recommendation.'
Oh, 'twas a Recommendation—
A wonderful Recommendation!"

Pass we over all the intermediate incidents between my bidding adieu to the best of parents and aunts, and my embarkation at Gravesend on board the fine first-class Indiaman, "Earl Balcarras," whereof was commander, Captain Chillicombe. I had taken half a cabin with another infantry cadet, whose name I had heard (Westall) and nothing more. As the only idea I possessed of a passenger-ship was derived from the small three and four hundred-ton traders which clustered in the London Docks, it was of course a subject of very agreeable surprise to me

to find that I was to be located for four months in so magnificent a piece of nautical structure as the "Earl of Balcarras," of fourteen hundred tons measurement. The cabin which I shared with Westall was twelve feet fore and aft, and eight feet broad. True, a huge eighteen-pounder kept us company, and occupying itself with a continual look out for some imaginary enemy, somewhat diminished the light and air admitted by the port-hole. But in some sort to make amends for this absorption of our property, the ship-builder had provided a scuttle and a bull's-eye sufficiently opaque to cut off all view of sea and sky, and all invasions of salt-water, yet allowing us sufficient light for toilette purposes. Westall had a couch cot, which served the purposes of a bed by night, and a sofa and chest of drawers by day. My cot was an oblong affair intended to swing. Westall was a fine, frank, good-natured fellow, who had been brought up at Winchester, and received his appointment from the Board of Control.

"I say, Somers," said he to me, before we had been together in the cabin half-an-hour, "do you like swinging?"

"Never tried it," was my reply.

"Well, I have," rejoined he, "and I rather like it; so if you don't fancy it, you know, we may as well swap beds."

"Done," said I; "as I've never slept aboard ship at all, it makes no odds to me how I lie."

An arrangement made in such a spirit was well calculated to lay the foundation of a friendly understanding, and I dare say we should have got on very well together but for that unlucky "recommendation" of mine.

Boys are very prompt to establish confidences among youth of their own age. They ask questions and impart information in a breath. "What's your father?—mine's a colonel," is about the commencement of every conversation. It is not so frequently the case where "mine's a tailor" has to follow, for they soon acquire that false pride which suggests a contempt for a profession that has no *éclat* to recommend it. Westall and I had soon reciprocated information upon the subject of our origin. He appeared to be first cousin to a viscount, to have an uncle a general and K.C.B., and to know a lot of colonels and baronets, for whom, however, he seemed to entertain so little thorough respect that I was spared the necessity of making the most of my old General M., Money-cum-Wigram, and the benevolent Director. But, of course, questions as to how we severally came by our cadetships, were sure to follow. Westall, as I have said, owed his to the President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India; and when he told me this, swinging in his—no, my—cot, while I lay on the sofa, he added, "The old buffer has given me a pile of letters of introduction, so that a fellow's sure to get on."

This touched a chord. My jealousy was awakened. I could not boast a "pile." I felt, however, that what I wanted in number was unmatchable in individual force, and this impression I endeavoured to convey to my comrade.

"I didn't care," said I, "to trouble my friends for many letters. Mr. Fullarton Elphinstone has commanded the Governor to see to my welfare."

Westall looked over the side of the cot with a mischievously ludicrous expression of surprise, "You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"Never!" and therewith he threw himself back in the cot and laughed "consumedly."

"I don't see that there's anything so very amusing to laugh at," suggested I.

"Oh no—that is—ha! ha! ha!—Well, old fellow, I wish you may get it. If the Governor gives you the command of a regiment right off, I hope you'll make me your adjutant and interpreter, that's all. I'm well up in Hindostance."

"Now, none of your nonsense, young un," I replied—(Westall was my senior). "Whatever may chance of my position, I shan't forget my friends."

There must have been something patronising in the air with which this was said, for Westall went off again in a violent guffaw, and my ears were tingled with some muttered phrases in the intervals of his mirth which sounded like "d—d spoon," "precious green," and so on.

People may rail as they like at public schools, and there is no denying that they are for the most part defective in the science of communicating sound knowledge to youth; but it must be allowed that they have the effect of imparting strength to the character of a boy, and of rendering him fearless in the cause of truth. I had never had the advantage of a public school education, and consequently had never had my little infirmities laughed out of me. It was high time to supply the deficiencies of my early training, and Westall seemed a fit person to perform the office.

"Let me understand you," said I to Westall. "Have you any reason for thinking small of my 'recommendation'?"

"Why, I'll tell you," replied he, with a frankness that appeared habitual to him. "As a matter of *command* it must be all moonshine. I know several Addiscombe, Winchester, and Eton fellows who went out with strong letters, as they thought them, but they found they were only tickets for soup after all."

"Tickets for—?"

"Soup.—*Façon de parler* for a provoker to dinner once in a way—nothing more. Bill Heaviside, who went to Madras with a 'command' to the Gov'nor to push him on, was in awful dudgeon that he wasn't made a Member of Council as soon as he gave in his ticket,—so he waited till he was asked to dinner one day, which he supposed was to be *tête-à-tête*, and when he found he was only a unit in a small party of fifty, by jiggers! he got still more outrageous, and what do you think he did?"

"Can't imagine—resign?"

"No, he was too good a judge for that; but when the old brick of a Gov'nor asked him to take wine, he sent his compliments and begged to decline."

"Law! what said the Governor to that?"

"Nothing. I don't believe the message was carried to him: if it was he was much too high-minded a man to notice a boy's nonsense."

"Then, honestly, don't you think my letter of any use? Don't you think a nephew would obey his uncle?"

"God bless your innocence!—Now I ask you as a man—a gentleman and a jolly cadet—would you obey any of your fogies of uncles? I'm blessed if any of mine would get me to do what I didn't choose, unless they tipped handsomely."

I thought there was much in that, and I did not pursue the subject.

One does not like to renounce a fondly-cherished hope. Once "wedded fast to one dear falsehood" we "hug it to the last." Often did I ask myself whether it was not possible that Westall had a design upon my influence with the Governor, and looked upon me as a person who

would stand in the way of his promotion? And it certainly did strike me as strange, that he who affected so much contempt for "introductions" should not throw his own overboard. However, the poison of his words had begun to work. My hope was unsettled, if not relinquished, and I began to feel that it would be better to trust to the effects of talent, knowledge, and gallantry than to "tickets for soup."

The passengers in the "Earl of Balcarras" consisted of a Madras major and his bride, an old naval officer, two Haileybury civilians, a crowd of cadets, and a few ladies. At the caddy table the conversation was animated, and to my ear quite new. The Madras major was a well-informed man, and the old naval (India Navy) officer anything but a fool. Their arguments first introduced my ear to names that, until then, I had never heard pronounced. Clive, Wellington, Cornwallis, Lake, Barlow, Ochterlony, Malcolm, familiar to their mouths "as household words," presented a new array of heroes and legislators, and I burned with desire to learn their histories; and the necessity for reading, as a protection from ennui, supplied the required degree of knowledge. The captain of the ship had a capital library; so had the Madras major; and each of my brother cadets boasted a small miscellaneous collection in addition to the "standard" books forced upon them at the East India house. I had no difficulty in selecting from these such memoirs as served to make me acquainted with the career and characters of the great men whose lot had been cast in the British Indian Empire. Clive became my *beau idéal* of an oriental adventurer. I did not admire the impetuosity of his temper, which led him into serious scrapes, and produced a nervous irritability, ultimately terminating a brilliant career in a melancholy death. But the courage which he invariably displayed, even when the gambler placed a pistol at his head and demanded payment of the money he had lost, seemed to me worthy of imitation in every one who bore arms in the Company's service. It was in the highest degree *plucky*. Clive was also a great example of the importance of mastering the languages of Hindostan. When all the world cut him dead for his habitual insolence, he took refuge from the horrors of solitude in the mysteries of *alif, be*, and ultimately turned out one of the first linguists the service ever knew. Clive was an attorney's son, and yet he became a lord and a great commander: there was something very encouraging in this. As to Lake—Lord Lake—I looked upon him as teaching the value of rapid movements; and from Wellesley's policy, aided by the sagacity and early military knowledge of his brother, the General (afterwards Duke of Wellington), a student, I thought, might derive some light concerning the best mode of baffling native intrigue and defeating a superior force in open field.

CHAPTER III.

THE story of a voyage to India round the Cape is now nearly matter of history—the overland route, as it is facetiously called by way of distinction I suppose, having almost entirely superseded it. I will not, therefore, inflict upon the reader the old-fashioned details. Suffice it that we touched at Madeira, went through the folly of shaving as we crossed the Equator, shot sea-pigeons and stormy petrels when rounding the Cape of Tempesta, received a visit from the comical king of Johanna and his queer-built court, and after four months of pleasant sailing entered the harbour of Bombay just as four other vessels

which had left England on the same afternoon with ourselves, dropped anchor in the same locality. There was nothing very uncommon in this simultaneous arrival. The Company's mercantile vessels were pretty nearly of the same dimensions, were built after the same model, carried the same number of hands, the same amount of cargo, followed the same sailing directions, and were of course at the same time within the influence of the same trade winds, although they seldom spoke each other during the voyage.

He must be a very impracticable sort of person who cannot discover beauty and grandeur in the harbour of Bombay. The town is inclosed in a vast fortress, one-third of which is washed by the waves of the sea, while the remaining two-thirds are separated from the waters by an extensive esplanade and the country parts of the island, which stretch away in a north-westerly direction for about nine or ten miles. The walls of the fort are low, presenting few points of attack to an enemy, who could only reduce it by escalade or shelling. An excellent glacis rises gradually from the esplanade, continuing the exterior slope of the parapets which bristle with eighteen and twenty-four pounders. Such at least was the state of the fort when we arrived. Opposite to the town, on the southerly side, at a distance of sixteen miles or thereabouts, rise a bold range of mountains, which continue in a somewhat semi-circular form to the eastward, constituting the magnificent bay whence the place derives its name, while to the westward, from the very entrance of the bay runs a long neck of land forming, at high water, a separate little island called Colabah. Northward of Colabah, at the distance of three or four miles, is another strip of elevated rocky land, forming in its curvature a minor and shallower bay fringed with groves of cocoa-nut trees.

Altogether the *coup d'œil* is extremely pleasing, and in the month of May when the harbour is in a state of activity from the anxiety of ship-masters to get away all their cargoes before the rainy monsoon, with its concomitant storms and adverse winds, acts in, the entire scene is instinct with life. I could not help being struck with the great variety of shipping and minor craft which studded the bay. Here lay in slumbering dignity the five stately Indianen, the smallest of which was 1,200 tons burthen. The master-attendant had provided a good berth for the monstrous craft of his honourable masters, because they were to carry away the cotton of the season to China in time to bear thence to England the tea which contributed to their wealth. Within and around their anchorage lay clumsy free-traders from England or China, of from three to seven hundred tons burthen; Arab vessels with high sterns and sharp prows, equally serviceable to their owners as transports of the fruits, the silks, and the horses of the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, or as piratical vessels in their own native haunts; pattamars, or native coasting vessels, laden with rice and raw cotton; and the trim cruiser, or Company's man-of-war brig, employed to keep the aforesaid gulfs clear of corsairs, or to survey the Indian coasts—while away and aloof from all, floated in simple majesty, like a stern and silent sentinel, a British fifty-gun frigate whose long pendant announced a maritime precedence in her temporary locale. Flitting from shore to ship, and ship to shore, laden with cargoes, or seeking occupation from passengers and ship officers, were innumerable boats of all dimensions, from the frail dinghy with its two sharp ends, and its crazy timbers made fast with coir ropes, to the full-bodied *bunder* (or pier) boat, which might vie with the celebrated Deal boats for

durability and sea-vitality. The boatmen were all of the deep copper colour peculiar to the Lascars of India, which imparted an amusing novelty to the spectacle.

A cool and refreshing breeze blew into the harbour as I stood upon the poop of the "Earl of Balcarras," and surveyed the scene around me. Tired as I had become of the imprisonment of a ship, and wearied with the monotony of sea and sky, I nevertheless felt little inclination to quit the vessel now that the hour of emancipation had arrived. To say the truth I had formed no definite plans of immediate shore operations, and I could not help feeling that when once I should have abandoned my home upon the waters, the connecting link as it were with sweet home would be for ever severed.

The sun had gone down to rest—the brilliant lights and variegated hues with which he decorates the skies in the tropics after he has ensconced himself behind the horizon, had gradually passed through the various stages of burning gold, deep crimson, *coulour-de-rose*, orange, pale yellow, light blue, pale blue, lilac, violet, grey—and the evening was about to merge into the depths of night without the *interregnum* of a twilight, when I was aroused from my meditations by a friendly tap on the shoulder.

"Hollos! Mr. Somers, not gone ashore yet?" was the exclamation which accompanied the touch. "Not yet tired of the old 'Balcarras'?"

"No, Mr. Wadsworth," I answered. "It has been a happy home, and I am reluctant to turn my back upon it."

"Well, you are welcome to stay on board as long as you like; but I suspect the town-major will be after you if you don't report yourself to-morrow."

The words of the second mate made due impression. I was no longer my own master. The reality of military life had commenced. Free agency and the flow of a lively imagination were thenceforth checked. I must "report" myself.

Everybody had landed in haste, to deliver letters of introduction and get themselves installed in the domicile of some consignee; for the Bombay Hotel was not reported to offer all the "comforts of a home" in a corresponding degree, to say nothing of its being a somewhat costly asylum.

What was my best course? To remain another night on board, or, in defiance of rumour, to test Shenstone's laudation of the warm welcome of an inn?—I decided for the former course, and after tea joined the first and second mates and the surgeon of the ship in moderate potatoes to "Anld lang syne." At eleven—while "six bells" was struck on board all the vessels in the harbour in that regular succession which denotes that the watches of seamen like the clocks in the Strand never go alike—I turned in.

Next to the transition from the confined berth or cot on board ship to the extensive feather-bed of the domicile on *terra firma*, there is nothing more agreeable than the change from the uncertain rest which one gets while a vessel is in motion, to the tranquil repose vouchsafed to the seaman or the passenger while the same vessel is at anchor in smooth water. I missed, but I did not sigh for, the eternal creaking of the rudder, the periodical knocking of the tiller-chains, the measured tramp of the watchful mate, the surging of the waves, and the occasional dropping of a coil of rope as the order was given to slacken, or sheet home, or haul taut, or "take a pull at the lee mainbrace." All was deliciously silent. In spite of the efforts of multitudinous thoughts to keep me awake I fell into a sound sleep.

Bang!—"The commodore has fallen down the hatch-way!" cried aloud a familiar voice. I sprang from my couch. Day had dawned. The morning-gun had announced the termination of the reign of night, and the ascension of Aurora. The exclamation was a common one with sailors, on the occasion of "gun-fire;" and as dawn in India is rapidly succeeded by burning day, I lost no time in equipping myself for the trip a-shore. A *bunder* boat alongside soon received my baggage, and in less than half an hour I had planted my foot on the soil which was to become my future home.

At this point the autobiography of Horace Somers terminates. He appears to have founded it on a journal regularly kept up to the day of his arrival, irregularly filled up for some weeks subsequently, and then for reasons good, as we shall see, dropped altogether. The subsequent incidents of his career, bearing as they did upon the main features of our history, must, therefore, be related in the third person, but there will be no difficulty in adhering to the strict truth, because we are not only in possession of piles of correspondence which serve to explain and correct many incidents, but as each man in India lives, as it were, in a house of glass, the transparency has given us a complete insight into all the events of our hero's career, and the more interesting circumstances of the life of his son and heir. We will merely premise that soon after Somers had reported himself to the towa-major, and paid his respects to the Governor, taking nothing by his letter of recommendation, he was appointed to the 7th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, and ordered to join his corps at Poonah.

The dull vapours of an Indian morning had not yet been dissipated by the fierce rays of the sun, ere Horace Somers had mounted his nag, and accompanied by his little caravan of tent equipage, was ascending the ghaut which leads from Panwell, a village on the shores of the magnificent harbour of Bombay, to the military station of Poonah. It was autumn of 1817. At that time the west of India was in a ferment. The hostility of two great Mahratta chieftains, and the treachery of a third, a supposed ally, had rendered it necessary to call large armies into the field, and these, consisting chiefly of sepoys, supported by four or five regiments of the Royal service, were constantly engaged under such distinguished leaders as Sir John Malcolm, General Smith, and Sir Thomas Hislop, in combating the hordes of Holkar, Scindia, and the Peishwa of Poonah.

Horace Somers' equipage was of the sumptuous description then in vogue. A cart, drawn by two hump-backed bullocks, bore his tent, and two Lascars, whose business it was to pitch the tent, walked by its side. His head-servant—for even an Indian subaltern has a retinue—rode a small pony; his second servant, or *bearer*, who cleaned his boots and shoes, lit his lamp, pulled his *punkah*, helped him to dress, and performed a number of small services, followed the head-man. Then came the cook: he was a small spare creature of Portuguese descent, black as a cinder, and rejoicing in a white jacket and a pair of white unmentionables curiously sustained by crimson cotton braces. On his head he bore a basket containing a spit, a kettle, stew-pans, in fact, all the paraphernalia of a bachelor's kitchen. Then followed two men bearing grey-painted tin boxes containing the clothes, books, and canteen of the subaltern. A boy leading two dogs and carrying a boar-spear, completed the *cortège*. This apparently superfluous amount of baggage was not

altogether unnecessary in those times. If an officer did not carry everything with him on the march, he stood a fair chance of being without cover during the heat of the day, and often without a meal, for the native villagers hold it an abomination to administer food to the Christian.

Horace made four or five halts on his march, which was seventy miles long, and each halt lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until an hour before day-break of the following day. He beguiled the long halts by shooting pea fowl and hares for two or three hours, and reading and sleeping the remaining period.

As he approached his destination he met many travellers, some of whom appeared to be mercenary Mahratta soldiers, wearing a scared and nervous appearance. Their manner was peculiarly excited, and they talked with a volubility which surprised even the native followers of the subaltern. What could be the matter? What was the news? The *Khetmutghar*, or principal servant of our hero, ventured to inquire of the last of a party of armed men who lingered behind his companions in gloomy mood:—

"Respect and salutation to the brave soldier! What news brings he from the great city of Poonah?"

"Ho! know you not that by this time the English have been annihilated, and the Deccan freed from their hateful presence? Are you, O king of pots and pans! quite ignorant of the triumphs of the mighty Peishwa?"

It was a Pathan soldier who spoke—one of those belted mercenaries who lent their services to any chieftain who offered good pay, and who often quitted the armies when on the eve of a battle that they might be ready to take advantage of any fortunate change in the aspect of affairs, and plunder the convoys of the British army.

"No, my good lord," said the Khetmutghar, timidly, in reply to the question he had himself elicited, "we have been long on the march, and have heard nothing."

"Then know, dog of an unbeliever, that the fortune of war has given a triumph to the Peishwa. Ere now the British Residency is in flames, and in a few days the *raj* will be completely at an end," saying which the Pathan passed on.

Horace was curious to learn the nature of the tidings, and the servant announced them with circumstance and embellishment. "On, on, then," exclaimed the young soldier, driving his spurs into the flanks of his little horse, "I may yet be in time to be of service." He was a little staggered and confused by what he had heard; for the Peishwa, a ruler of Poonah and the western districts, was understood to be an ally of the English. He judged for the moment that the Pathan might be in error; but, whether or no, it was clear that every British officer was needed at his post.

The fact was, that the Peishwa, who had signed a treaty which pledged him to support the British government against the Pindarree freebooters, whom it was their object to destroy, played a double game. His becoming a party to the treaty gave him an excuse for assembling large bodies of troops in the vicinity of his capital, but their resolute conduct sufficiently betrayed their master's purposes. "Active intrigues," says the historian, "were also set on foot for the seduction of the subsidiary force, and bribes and menaces were employed to tempt the men from their allegiance." Nevertheless, the sagacious British resident, Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, refrained from keeping at Poonah more than three battalions of Sepoys, a battalion of the Poonah brigade officered by Europeans under Major Ford, and two companies of Bengal Sepoys who formed his own escort, and even these by the month



[HORACE SOMERS ON THE FIELD OF KIRKEE.]

of November he moved away to Kirkee, a distance of two miles from Poonah, as the position they occupied exposed them to great risk from a sudden attack by a larger force. The Peishwa had 10,000 horse and as many foot, with an immense train of ordnance. Some little time elapsed before the perfidious Peishwa threw aside the veil; but, at length, finding further hypocrisy impossible, he attacked and burnt the Residency, as the official residence of the British representative was called, and thus commenced a campaign which terminated in the complete annihilation of his power and the annexation of his territories to those of the East India Company.

The first battle fought between the troops of the Peishwa and those of the Company was at Kirkee, near Poonah. It was a severe contest while it lasted, and the odds were greatly against the British, whose force consisted for the most part of Sepoys. But discipline, order, compactness, and firmness always prevail against disorganized numbers. The Peishwa's army retired in confusion.

It was just as the din of battle was being hushed—the Mahrattas flying in disorder, leaving their guns a trophy to the British—that Horace Somers reached the field. He had hoped to have joined his regiment in time to have shared in the struggle, and to have fleshed his maiden sword; but his wearied nag, the difficulties of the ground, and the distance he had had to ride after completing the morning's march, utterly prevented his accomplishing this design. He came upon the scene of the rout just as the last Mahratta horseman, hotly pursued by our dragoons, were hastening to join the main body of the fugitives. Having no orders to join in the pursuit, and fatigued with his endeavours to reach the field, he had dismounted to afford assistance to the wounded, when, as he approached one of the disabled guns of the enemy, his ear was

attracted by bitter lamentations in a female voice. Surprised to find a woman in such a position, he essayed to ascertain the cause of her grief, but all she could do was to exclaim "*Merra bap! merra bap!—bap murgeea hye!*" ("My father, my father!—my father is dead!") In truth, the story explained itself, for there, recumbent close to the gun, and covered with blood, was stretched the body of a handsome Pathan of about the middle age. He had died, as they all died, fighting to the last, inspired by a fanatical hatred of the Christian, and thirsting for the plunder which was the invariable fruit of victory.

The young girl, the daughter of the slain Pathan, was, like all the young females of the higher class of Indians, exquisitely formed, but extremely fragile and delicate. Her long black hair, which in her agony had been released from its bands, fell around a face radiant with beauty. Her eyes were large and dark, of a proud and fierce expression, and her teeth of a pearly whiteness. Her features were small, but exceedingly regular. In a word, she possessed, in an eminent degree, all the characteristics of the Moslem women of the East who have not been withered by age, or bloated by the indolence and indulgence of the harem.

Horace did not hesitate what course to take. Humanity and sympathy were his first emotions. He called to his groom, and attaching his horse to the wheel of the gun-carriage, raised up the grief-stricken girl, and directed that she should be conveyed to his tent in the rear. But she was importunate that the body of her father should be removed also, and interred beneath a *peepul* tree, with suitable Mahometan rites, and this, with some little trouble, as everybody was engaged in the wholesale interment or cremation of the dead, was done in the course of a few hours.

[To be continued.]

AN EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

I HAVE resided many years in one of the largest towns in England, where I carry on the business of a bookseller and publisher, which has led to my forming rather an extensive literary connection in London. These facts are, I am aware, of no moment whatever to any person besides myself, nor should I have considered them worth mentioning, but for a thought which one day occurred to me. It was, that the inhabitants of this said town were numerous, spirited, talented, and above all, wealthy enough, to contribute greatly towards supporting a journal. Not a newspaper, mind—three of these flourished there already; but a literary periodical like certain hebdomadal publications, of which there are so many now-a-days, to afford instruction and entertainment to everybody desirous of obtaining either at a trifling cost. I deliberated upon the thought, and consulted my friends, whose various opinions were quite amusing. Some encouraged me with promises of assistance in every way, pronouncing the project to be a capital one. Others regarded it with coldness; while many treated it with ridicule, and predicted nothing but failure for my bold attempt. After the fashion of wilful human nature, however, I was finally guided by my own judgment and inclination rather than the friendly advice which I had solicited. In spite of coldness, sneers, or evil prophecies, I soon formed the resolution of carrying out my idea and investing myself with the dignity of "Editor." Little did I know what I was bringing down upon my devoted head! I rushed into it at once, by announcing far and wide in the newspapers, that on New Year's-day—about six weeks from that time—would appear the first number of the "Riddlestone Journal," describing it as precisely the sort of publication which was wanted, and promising to make it worthy of the large and respectable population of my native city. Then indeed began my "troubles." Such a profusion of contradictory opinions, impracticable suggestions, unnecessary advice, and valueless contributions, as were showered upon me, were enough to upset the sanity of any one individual. Letters and communications were dropped into my "Editor's box," or sent from all parts of England, which it required the patience of a Job to peruse, and, if needing an answer, the tact of a Chesterfield to reply to without offending the writers. One correspondent "hoped" the principal subject of the journal would be religion, while a letter which I opened soon afterwards, intimated how desirable it would be to avoid religious topics altogether as calculated to give occasion for offence to different sects. In the same way I was advised to fill my pages with as many tales as possible; and, on the other hand, entreated by several people not to overpower them with trashy *nonvellettes*, such as figure in similar periodicals, to weary the public with their sameness. I had a dozen letters signed "Nimrod," asking if "the meet of the hounds" would be duly announced in the journal during the hunting season; and as many more from "Crochet" and "A la mode" to ascertain if I should give a corner to the "ladies' work-table," or notice changes in the fashions. "A wizard" requested to know if I intended to enliven my readers with enigmas, charades, and other puzzles; and a "chess-player" begged me, as an inducement for him to become a subscriber, to publish a weekly problem in chess for his especial gratification. In a word, if I had attempted, like the luckless miller in the good old fable, to please everybody, the journal would not have been conducted in the same spirit

two weeks together. It must not only have changed continually from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," but would have proved, upon the whole, a curious combination of tract, journal, newspaper, pocket-book, and mirror of fashion! Equally numerous also were the contributions with which I was favoured. If their quality had only been commensurate with their quantity, my editorship would have been quickly restricted to the pleasant *sinecure* of picking and choosing; but alas! the flowers of literature were few, the weeds manifold. Under every imaginable signature I received essays, tales, odes, and sonnets. A. Z. sent a treatise on that ground-to-powder subject, the corn-laws; A "Tyro" enclosed a long, dry poem on the Landing of Julius Caesar: but the best idea of my "troubles" on this head may be formed from a few specimens of the letters accompanying such productions. I will take two or three at random. A lady first:—"The authoress of 'Midnight Mysteries, or the Maniac Murderer' begs to enclose a small MS. to the editor of the Riddlestone Journal, hoping on perusal it may be found acceptable for his columns." Patience be with us! The small MS. was called "The Wandering Wanderer of Worracleugh," and consisted of more than fifty pages closely written on both sides. I screwed up my courage one evening and glanced over it. Why or wherefore the Wanderer wandered I could not discover; in fact, not being able to ascertain the drift of the whole matter, I returned the confused "*trifle*," with many thanks, as "unsuitable." This letter, *by-the-bye*, as well as the manuscript, though coming from an authoress, was written in bold masculine characters; but the following, also from a lady, was delicately indited on pink paper. It ran thus:—"Will the editor of the Riddlestone Journal find a corner in his pages for this tribute of affection to a lost favourite?—from Delta." The "lost favourite" was a canary bird, and the "tribute of affection" some lines in which the poor animal was rhymed to as a "little yellow fairy," and "sweet charming deary," so that it might at pleasure be called a canary or canezary, according to the reader's fancy. Need I add what verdict I pronounced on these unsuitable rhymes. The next epistle is from one of the sterner sex:—"Sir, I have been flattered by a large circle of reading friends that the enclosed essay is worthy a place in one of our best magazines. I prefer, however, offering it to you for your journal, as I am not ambitious of fame, but rather seek to remain unknown. Yours obediently, James Graves." Not very flattering, certainly, this offer of a contribution for my journal coupled with the author's wish of remaining in obscurity. Indeed, I must confess that my newly-fledged editorial dignity was so outraged by the insinuation, that I did not care to ascertain how far my opinion might or might not coincide with that of his reading friends. I returned the essay without even glancing at the title. Another author amused me vastly. Here is his letter:—"Sir, I am not in the habit of having my communications unanswered. If you do not print my article" (this was a long paper upon the Varieties of Aboriginal Races made up of selections from Pickering, and long enough to fill two copies of my poor little journal, for which he had the modesty to ask one pound per page), "I request you will return it immediately, as I can no longer be trifled with." A lady, signing herself "A soldier's daughter," requested an interview with the "principal," and offered to bribe my boy to let her into my *sanctorum*, as she declared she had an announcement to make which would affect the whole military policy of Europe! Another contributor, whose

article had not been inserted, charged me with selling his ideas to the *Times*—a journal which he denounced as being habitually guilty of the meanness of bribing the editors of other publications to get a surreptitious glance at their manuscripts. This was very rich. A lady, who signed herself the authoress of “Echoes of the Unheard, and other Poems,” requested me to sit in judgment upon her book, and “kindly select for publication such sonnets as I considered best adapted to the pages of the journal, and return the others—prepaid.” An authoress, who signed her notes “P.,” and assured me she was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the idol of Tom Moore, actually way-laid me at my private residence and insisted upon my reading a long poem, after the manner of Cowper (but a long way after, I thought), descriptive of the death of an esteemed and venerable tom-cat. The person who gave me most trouble was, however, an elderly gentleman with very large feet, who called every day to submit the plot of an intended story, and who always forgot his india-rubber goloshes under my table in order that he might have a pretext for repeating his visit. It was in vain I assured this gentleman that his proposed tale was wholly unfit for my columns. It was no use, to remonstrate with him. He would return to the charge with unabated vigour, and suggest so many absurd incidents that at length I could not refrain from laughing outright. But even this did not abate his ardour. He would laugh also, and propose fresh amendments more absurd than ever, until I was compelled to plead business to get away from him. To my infinite relief, however, he delicately hinted one day that he was rather short of cash. I caught at the intimation with delight and gratitude, and pressed a sovereign into his hand. I never saw him afterwards. In the excess of his gratitude he even forgot to call for his goloshes, which are now lying at the office whenever he ventures to inquire for them. Sometimes, too, I have been requested by an author to sit down on the instant and listen to him while he reads about forty pages of bad English, with some unintelligible title. No one who has not experienced an ordeal of this kind can appreciate the feelings of the unfortunate editor on whom a contributor of this description lays violent hands. Escape from him is impossible. He is so enthusiastic in his admiration of his own performance that he imagines all mundane matters must stand still until he has made you a participator in his exultation, and if you even venture for a moment to express disapprobation, he enters upon an explanation as long as his story. *Ohe! jam satis.* But this, as I once heard a wise friend of mine remark, was only the “anticipation of the foretaste.” I then began to form some idea of the responsibility of my position. Obstacles which I had fondly hoped would have been surmounted with ease, became formidable impediments. Friends and contributors who had promised support of a literary character, pleaded pressing engagements, which precluded them from doing anything for the first number, but pledged themselves to be ready for the second. Artists who had “charming sketches by them,” and quite at my service, could not lay their hands on them at the moment they were required; and, in fine, I found myself unexpectedly thrown upon my own resources. It was not, however, till after I had actually made my *début* as an editor that my “troubles” reached their climax. The journal appeared, and was attacked on many sides. Rival publishers ran it down in grand style, as might be expected; and kind friends consoled me by repeating all sorts of remarks of a disparaging character: how they had heard

what was intended to amuse in my pages called “poor stuff,” and the instructive parts “very heavy;” that one person pronounced the type to be very bad, and another the paper not half thick enough or white enough; while another said the price of the journal was too high, and the print so small they could not read it. Such pleasing communications always ending with “It can’t answer, my dear fellow, indeed it can’t.” But my annoyances were by no means confined to ill-natured criticisms; I had to contend against innumerable miseries in my “home department.” There were jealousies to smooth down among my little brigade of selected contributors, as well as wounded self-love to heal if I found it necessary to use the pruning knife rather severely. There were errors of the press which *would* intrude themselves, despite the pains that I took in revising proof after proof. There were disappointments to put up with—when illness prevented writers from finishing papers just at the time they were most required; or when a clever artist met with some accident to delay the embellishment of my pages with a necessary illustration. These and a host of other troubles I could describe, did I not think that enough has been said already to prejudice any one against assuming the office of editor too rashly. But hold! the world will declare this to savour of failure, for success would have drawn the sting from such vexations. Not so, however. After a time the Riddlestone Journal obtained a circulation beyond my utmost expectations; so that I can not with truth assert that want of patronage contributes to swell the number of my “Editor’s Troubles.”

THE STORE-SHIP BECALMED.

We were among the first to leave England with stores for the Crimea. The winds favoured us, and we crossed the Bay, ran down the coast of Portugal, and passed through the Gut of Gibraltar, in a shorter time than our schooner had ever before accomplished the same distance. On our tenth day from port we were off Cape de Gatt, on the south-eastern coast of Spain, within the Straits, and hence we shaped a course for the channel between Sicily and Malta. Passing the latter island we fell in with many vessels carrying French and English reinforcements to the army before Sebastopol; and as we trod our own deck we reflected that the stores with which we were laden might prove to those very men welcome enough by the time we could reach Balaklava. We were under canvas, but these troops, seen near Malta, were on board steamers, and would, therefore, reach their destination in a far shorter time than we could hope for.

To me the Grecian Archipelago was altogether a new scene. The poets had led me to believe the Cyclades and Sporades were the most enchanting islands in the universe. Judge my astonishment, therefore, when having doubled Cape Matapan, and passed up, towards these groups, between Cerigo and the main, I found the islands abounding rather in quaint little windmills than, as I had expected, in woods and groves, and displaying the essence of bleakness rather than that beauty with which book-makers have been too apt to surround them. Viewed from the sea, the Greek islands resemble in sober truth the Mewstone, off Plymouth, rather than the more verdant Isle of Wight. Their number, however, is very great, and their configuration fantastic; so that as you beat past them, now on one tack and then on another, their appearance, seen from so many points of view, excites certainly great interest, though it fails to impress the

matter-of-fact beholder with that intense admiration the highly-educated and imaginative, coupling historic associations with the sites before them, may be permitted, perhaps with poetical licence, to indulge in, and subsequently to put upon record. But we tars are not too poetical, though we certainly thought of Byron's *Corsair* as the native *tscherniques* and *saccoleras* flew past us, crowded with crews in every variety of oriental costume.

Time wore on, and one Sunday morning when day broke, I found on coming on deck that our schooner lay becalmed off the beautiful entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna, the *Ismeer Keurfeuzy* of the Turks.

But one solitary craft was in company, a little Greek cutter, the chief peculiarity of which was an astonishingly small jib.

"I don't like the cut of that fellow's jib," said the skipper, as he unexpectedly appeared at my side, and folding his arms leaned upon the bulwark.

"Nor I," was my answer, thinking he simply alluded to the sail itself; "but foreigners are not so famous for large jibs as we English; hence, possibly, our nautical saying, 'I don't like the cut of his jib.'"

"In that sense I now speak. My observation applies to the crew, and not to the sail," rejoined the captain. "I take that fellow to be a pirate, or something little better."

"Pirate!" echoed I, in astonishment. "We are not among the Malays!"

"Young man," resumed the skipper, "you are a stranger in these parts; I have known them too well. I shall not speak of the past, but merely of what has here—yes, *here*—occurred within a year or two. This Gulf of Smyrna before us is a very favourite resort of pirates."

"I have heard such reports," said I; "but are the cases well authenticated?"

"True as Holy Writ," replied the skipper, "and unless our government keep a cruizer or two hereabouts, we shall some fine morning hear of a store-ship or two being taken by these ruffians. But they shall never take me *alive*," added the skipper, with emphasis; and then, falling into a reverie, he began to pace the deck. I left him undisturbed; in a few minutes he rejoined me.

"Sir," said he, pointing his arm towards the land, "it was not long ago, aye, only in '51, that some of these fellows when ashore, actually in the very environs of Smyrna, carried off Mr. Van Lennep, the Dutch Consul, into the mountains, and would not release him till his friends paid down a ransom of some four hundred pounds."

"I should call those fellows brigands, not pirates," I observed.

"All the same—all the same in these parts," rejoined the skipper, hurriedly, "these fellows are as it were amphibious; and the authorities in Smyrna yonder know well enough that the very same gangs can plunder equally well ashore or afloat. I know so, too."

"Tis to be hoped they'll never catch an English ship, and especially one laden with stores."

"Ours would prove a good prize," said the skipper; "but, hurrah, here comes a breeze—so we shall soon give our friend yonder no chance of catching us."

Assembled in the cabin at breakfast, the skipper resumed his observations about pirates, from which I learned that it was quite true Mr. Van Lennep, after a detention of thirty-six hours, had been compelled to procure four hundred sovereigns as a ransom; that Mr. de Jong, another Smyrniote gentleman, filling the post of Danish Consul, had also been attacked in his own house; and

that the attacks made from time to time upon vessels passing Scio, Mitylene, and Tenedos, all of which are but a few hours' sail from Smyrna, were positively innumerable. Now, as most of these outrages were perpetrated when the craft attacked were at anchor or becalmed, and as our store-ships, bound with supplies to the Crimea, cannot but pass close to the haunts of these Levantine pirates, it may be permitted, as a well-timed warning, to enumerate, although briefly, a few of those cases mentioned to me by the skipper. Among others, the Austrian brig "*Bocchese*" was attacked near Imbros; the English schooner "*Corsair*" near the Dardanelles; the "*Margaret*" at the same spot, together with the brigs "*Hellespont*," and "*Hope*," and "*Thomas Crisp*;" the Dutch merchantman, "*Hendrika*," was taken off Scio, and in some of these cases the pirates, most of whom were Greeks, added murder to the crime of appropriating other men's goods and chattels.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

It is extremely gratifying to find that the national movement now being made in favour of the wives and children of the brave soldiers who have fallen in the cause of European freedom in the present war, is not confined to the United Kingdom, but has extended to the Continent. The Royal Commissioners have favoured us with the following letters, which will attest the warm and active sympathy felt in many European states for the gallant services of the Anglo-French army:—

Campagne Rochal, Geneva.
Gentlemen,—I have the honour of enclosing you, on the part of Colonel Williams and myself, the copy of a list of subscriptions made at Geneva in aid of the Patriotic Fund, and of requesting that you will allow it publication in your next statement of the receipts of the Royal Commission.

Although the amount is not, in the aggregate, large, it is most satisfactory to see so many Genevese of high position and respectability join in the subscription;—in fact, the idea of it originated with them, as the English residents were too few in number to have collected a sum sufficiently large for presentation.

Messrs. Lambard and O'Dier have arranged to send you by this post bills to the amount of £164 2s., and they have, in the most liberal manner, informed me this morning that they desire to add to their subscription the difference in value between the 4,083 francs, and the bills for £164 2s., which they selected for transfer.

I enclose you their letter to me. My own subscription of 100 francs is put down as "A Friend." I will ask you to oblige me by so leaving it.

I am, &c.

W. L. LAWRENCE.

To the Secretaries of the Patriotic Fund.

P.S.—The Genevese ladies are making large purchases and remittances of warm clothing for the Anglo-French army in the Crimea.

Christiania, Norway.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—A sum of £250 will reach, or has by this time reached, your hands from Christiania, the joint offering of a few English, and MANY Norwegian gentlemen—the latter, inhabitants of Christiania and Drammen, voluntarily and without any ostentation contributed upwards of £200 of that sum. Shall I be too bold in recommending that a few words of thanks be forwarded through the British Consul-General at Christiania to those Norwegian gentlemen?—such a compliment would not be unwarranted on their part from the committee of the Patriotic Fund, and it would be deeply estimated. As the impetus to the collection was given through a sermon I preached for the Patriotic Fund, I have taken the liberty of addressing these few remarks.

I am, &c.,

T. GRAHAM SMYTH,
Chaplain to the British Consulate.

To the Committee of the Patriotic Fund.

British Consulate, Calais.

Sir,—I have the honour to enclose a draft on London payable to your order for the sum of £74 11s. 7d., being the amount of subscriptions paid into my hands by the parties whose names are entered in the accompanying list, on account of the Patriotic Fund.

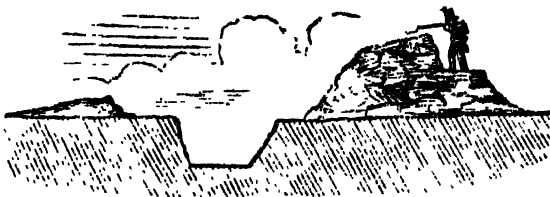
I am, &c.,

EDW. WALTER BODHAM,
To the Secretaries of the Patriotic Fund. H.B.M. Consul.

FORTIFICATION.

As a great deal of interest is just now taken by the British public in everything relating to field entrenchments, fortifications, and the attack and defence of fortified towns, the promoters of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL, anxious to instruct as well as entertain their readers, submit a familiar sketch of the most prominent objects of attention.

The simplest description of fortification is that which is employed by an army in the field to protect itself against a larger force, or to enable it to hold a certain desirable position, and this is called an *entrenchment*. It consists in its primitive form of a parapet and a ditch—the former being composed of the *remblai*, or earth removed from the latter. Here is a *profile view* of such a work:—



The ditch is generally from six to eight feet deep, and from eight to ten feet broad. The upper portion of the parapet is about eight feet in breadth, sloped so that a soldier may be enabled to shoot an enemy even when he reaches the *counterscarp*, or opposite edge of the ditch. The height of the work is eight feet, and as no soldier could by any possibility fire from behind so high a parapet, a step is raised called a *banquette*, which is reached by a slope of earth termed a *ramp*. A parapet of eight feet in depth will, if made of earth closely rammed or packed, resist a cannon-ball fired from a six-pounder at a distance of 500 yards. Such a shot would only penetrate five or six feet.

It will sometimes happen, however, that the earth is not of sufficient consistency to form a good stont wall or parapet. When that is the case recourse is had to various contrivances for supplying the deficiency. The most common of these are *gabions*, *fascines*, *hurdles*, and *sand-bags*.



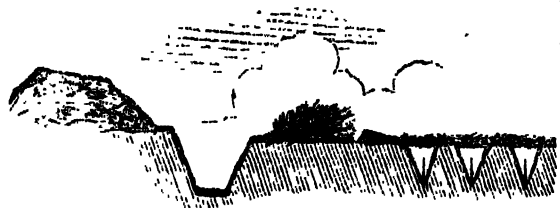
[Fascines.]

[A Gabion.]

The *gabion* is a basket open at either end. It is formed of osier, and generally measures two-and-a-half feet in height and one-and-a-half feet in diameter. *Fascines* are bundles of long faggots, or branches of trees tied very closely together. *Sand-bags* are merely bags of canvas easily filled, and when no longer required are emptied and packed away in a small compass. *Hurdles* are a species of fence formed of stakes and wicker-work. All of these are convertible to the same purposes, namely, the strengthening, or *revetting*, of earth-works.

If time will admit of rendering the entrenchment perfect, it is customary to dig pits seven or eight feet in depth beyond the ditch, on what is called the *glacis* or sloping earth. These pits are shaped like cones inverted.

A stake is firmly driven into the middle of each pit, and having a sharp end uppermost proves a formidable obstacle to troops advancing to the attack. Being slightly covered over with twigs and earth they are not seen, and men are thus precipitated into them and caught on the stakes. The pit is called a *trou-de-loup*, or wolf-hole; nearer to the ditch in front of these pits *abattis* are also placed by way of obstruction. The *abattis* are young trees, the leaves of which have been stripped off; the outer end of the branches is sharpened, and the trunk driven into the earth in a sloping manner:—



Young trees are chosen for *abattis* because they are too full of sap to be easily burned by the attacking enemy.

Another description of obstacle to which recourse is occasionally had, is the *fougasse* or small mine—the *palisade*, and the *stockade*. *Palisades* are stakes of several feet in length driven into the inner portions of the ditch, forming palings of a very formidable character. The *stockade* is generally placed across the ditch, and being composed of a double paling the defenders get between it by means of a passage cut through the lower part of the paling, and so fire upon the enemy when he has penetrated the ditch. It serves the purpose of a *flanking work*.

This principle of the parapet, with its outer and inner slopes to hold it firm in its position—its upper or superior slope to enable the entrenched parties to fire upon the assailants—its *banquette* and its *ramp* to neutralize the disadvantage of its height, is adopted in all fortifications, no matter what horizontal shape they may take.

Field-works, which are exclusively composed of earth, gabions, &c., are of many kinds—they are generally *serrated*, or like a saw in form, when many are together, because each is projected like an angle. They are called *redans*, *lunettes*, *redoubts*, *indented lines*, and *bastioned redans*. We shall endeavour to give some notion of them in our next.

THE GREAT BELGIAN MORTAR.—It appears that an English iron gun, after 300 rounds, requires re-venting, and that the entire gun will not stand more than 1,000 rounds; while a Belgian gun, after re-venting, will stand 6,000 fires, and even 2,118 fires without re-venting. The Siege of Antwerp, when Belgium separated from Holland in 1830, furnishes historical facts worthy of note with reference to siege guns. General Palixhans, of the French artillery, was sent to assist the Belgians in the Siege of Antwerp. In company with General Busen he reconnoitred the citadel, and found it to be a place of extraordinary strength. Every point was well sheltered from the effects of shells, and there was, moreover, a moat, which could be filled with water from the sea. The French general then proposed to King Leopold to shorten the siege by means of a mortar, of which the shells would weigh 1,000 lbs., and contain each 140 lbs. of powder. This, it was thought, would with a few blows decide the struggle, and cut short the pains and miseries of a protracted siege. The proposal was believed to be inhuman, and it was not until after 50,000 cannon balls and shells had been spent in vain upon the city that the monster mortar—a charcoal casting made at Liege—was brought out. Nine shells were fired—huge flying dragons—one of which burst in the air, and eight descended into the citadel. Two days after the first shell was fired the beleaguered citadel surrendered. A mortar capable of propelling a shell of such dimensions with any certainty and safety to its attendants, must have been manufactured to the utmost nicety; while charcoal of wood or pent, which is still better, could only be employed to produce iron fit for such purpose, being more tough, elastic, and free from flaws.

'T WILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

I.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
 What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
 Oh! how oft do I muse 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
 On the marvellous truth that these words convey!
 And *now* it be so? Must the valiant and free
 Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?
 Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won
 Only castles of frost-work confronting the sun?
 And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view
 As a mid-summer dream be as perishing too?—
 Then have pity ye proud ones, be gentle ye great,
 Oh! remember how mercy beseegeth your state;
 For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave,
 Is eating the chain of the manacled slave,
 And the conqueror's frowns, and his victim's tears
 Will be all the same in a hundred years!

II.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
 What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
 How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
 Whose heir-loom is sorrow, whose birth-right is toil!
 Yet envy not those who have glory and gold,
 By the sweat of the poor, and the blood of the bold,
 For 'tis coming—howe'er they may flaunt in their pride—
 The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side.
 Death uniteth the children of toil and of sloth,
 And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;
 For Time as he speeds on his viewless wings
 Disenamels and withers all earthly things.
 And the Knight's white plume, and the Shepherd's crook,
 And the Minstrel's pipe, and the Scholar's book,
 And the Emperor's crown, and his Cossacks' spears,
 Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

III.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
 Oh, most magical fountain of smiles and tears!
 To think that our hopes like the flowers of June,
 Which we love so much should be lost so soon!—
 Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?
 Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?
 Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?
 Or "the passion of youth for its darling dreams?"
 Or the aiming at ends that we never can span?
 Or the deadly aversion of man for man?
 What avail'th it all? O ye sages say—
 Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay?
 Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—
 The enchanting maid with the starry eyes?
 Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears
 It 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

IV.

Al! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
 How clear soever the case appears,
 For, know we not that beyond the grave,
 Far, far beyond where the cedars wave
 On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
 Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
 There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
 Where we smile to think of the tears in this?
 And the Pilgrim reaching that radiant shore,
 Has the thought of death in his heart no more,
 He layeth his staff and sandals down
 At the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.

And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere
 The delightful child she had wept for here;
 And the lover clasps to his breast again
 The maid he had loved upon earth in vain;
 And the warrior's sword that protects the right,
 Is be-jewelled with stars of undying light.
 And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
 While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!
 So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,
 For 'tis *NOT* the same in a hundred years!

MELOPOYN.

THE HISTORY OF "OUR OWN
CORRESPONDENT."

CHAPTER II.

SOMETIME during the spring of 1853, it began to dawn upon the apprehension of an English public that Europe was getting "into difficulties" on the question of Turkish independence. The information reached them first, of course, from some of "our own correspondents," but its real importance was for a long while disregarded. They heard, only to laugh at them, stories about the squabbles among some bigoted Syrian monks for the right of entrance to what were called the Holy Places in Palestine, or the privilege of appointing the porter at the door of the Holy Sepulchre. Then came narratives equally ridiculous, concerning the quarrel of the Star and the quarrel of the Key; the dispute whether an inscription should be restored in the Greek or the Latin language, and the dispute whether a cross should be mended after the Greek or the Latin pattern. Presently it was known that a French envoy had been sent specially to examine the controversy, and protect the interests of the Latin Christians. But this was looked upon as a sort of political mediævalism—a move made simply to prevent a three or four-hundred-years-old treaty between some King of France and the Grand Seignior from falling into abeyance—as being in fact much less interesting in politics than Fra-Raphaelism was in art. Even when Prince Menschikoff entered Constantinople, with his haughty bearing and insolent message, the British readers found little interest in the news. There was a vague impression that, somehow or other, the Prince's impertinence to Reschid Pasha was a slap vicariously administered to our own ambassador, Lord Redcliffe. Still the English public considered the dispute to be merely diplomatic, and had not yet got over the persuasion that, of all arts and mysteries, diplomacy was by far the most stupid and unintelligible. So dense was their indifference, that the first accounts of an "ultimatum" were heard in England much as the old Peruvian Indians heard the anathema pronounced by Pizarro's monks, without the slightest conception of its terrible significance.

During this interval "our own correspondents" were very much perplexed. It may be said of them, in a much truer sense than of an ordinary ambassador, that they represent the "interests" of the English public—since they are bound to pay little attention except to subjects in which that public happens to take an interest. Beyond translating the local journals and chronicling the local gossip of the capital in which he happens to be placed, the correspondent seldom feels justified in taking trouble, which means spending money, to obtain intelligence on subjects which readers at home have not yet learned to consider valuable. Therefore, it might and did happen that conferences were held, couriers crossed one another with despatch-boxes on all railway lines, and messages of weighty import flashed in ministerial cypher

along the electric wires, without "our own" being able to say much or anything about it. He was not put on the alert by the intimation of home anxieties, nor authorized to apply that golden key which, on the Continent, at all events, seldom fails to unlock all secrets, however carefully placed under *cachet* in official bureaux. England itself, whatever curiosity was excited, appeared quite satisfied to everybody but Mr. Layard, by some reply from the Treasury bench, which represented, like the light from a fixed star, not the fact of the day, but of that day three months before.

Presently all diplomatic disguisements seemed suddenly to fall off, and the naked fact stood prominently before our eyes—that England was on the brink of a war. Immense was the excitement, the indignation, and the babble stirred up by this discovery at home, and immense also the activity engendered among "our own correspondents" abroad; their trouble being infinitely enhanced by the divisions and complications which the subject had undergone. There were so many Powers, and so many Treaties; and some of the Powers were concerned in one treaty, and others in another, and different Powers were parties to this convention, and trustees for that, and guarantees in a third. And Prussia was found to fluctuate, and Austria to linger, and France—a fact which has happily stood unshaken amidst all storms and difficulties—to sympathise, heart and hand, with England. Then set in the era of conferences and protocols, during which "our own correspondent" could seldom sleep for an hour in peace. There was no minute of night or day in which information of importance might not transpire, or a rumour, worth transmitting in the place of more authentic intelligence, explode among the local politicians. If the correspondent went out to dinner, his principals in London might find in some rival paper the first announcement of some new "note" from Buol Schauenstein: if he lay in bed a little later in the morning, he might lose the opportunity of being first to telegraph the *précis* given in the *Independence Belge* of Count Armin's last instructions received from King "Cliequot." Manfully during this turmoil was the work done. We have seen two or more versions of the same document, given in parallel columns of the same morning paper as received from correspondents at different capitals. We have noticed, also, the echoes of the same report repeated day after day, from more distant stations, and still faithfully caught and transmitted, long after the original detonation was known on the spot to be a mere *brutum fulmen*. And manfully as the work was done, we fear that if the secret history of "our own correspondent" were ever published, much of it would be found to have been rather dirty work. No little listening at key-holes—no little earwiggling of secretaries, corruption of honesties, or greasing of palms already repulsively unclean—must have been perpetrated under the strong anxiety to learn what Austria said to Russia at Olmutz, or whether there was any secret postscript to the new Nesselrode circular. Of course to wait until documents were published, or events transpired in official shapes, was quite out of the question. Many incidents attending this rush for exclusive, which generally implied surreptitious, information, were certainly indecorous—others were simply amusing. Among the latter we may place the circumstances under which the first copy of any English "state paper" on the Turkish question attained publicity. The secrets of our own Foreign-office were so well kept, or rather the officials of that office were so unbribeable, that for a long time after the "notes," the "circulars," and the

"memoranda" emanating from Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg, were public property in Europe, no single missive bearing the signature of "Clarendon" had yet penetrated beyond the circles of high diplomacy, for whose special use they were designed. At length, through some channel not yet fully traced, a copy of one Foreign-office despatch to the ambassador in Turkey got into print, and of all places in the world in an obscure Greek newspaper. The publication came to England in due course of post, and was delivered to its few subscribers in London, and among others to the editors of some daily papers, on Friday afternoon. Most of these threw the sheet aside among other printed rubbish, valueless or unreadable. One Philhellenic editor actually took up the journal with serious intent, but being busy at the time, put it in his pocket for future perusal, misled by long experience into a belief that nothing of urgent importance could possibly be published in the *Courrier d'Athènes*. It was provoking to discover next morning that the despised paper really contained a most important document, never published before, and still more so to find that a Sunday newspaper had discovered the prize, and translated the despatch into its columns, thus obtaining the *éclat* of giving the first inkling to the English readers of those momentous communications which were passing between the Foreign-office in Downing-street and the palace of the British Embassy in Therapia. It is supposed that the despatch having been transmuted into French or Turkish for the behoof of the Ottoman ministers had reached the hands of the "own correspondent" of the Athens paper through some faithless dragonman. But it was sufficiently curious that a secret so jealously guarded from publicity at its source, should have performed so wide a circuit, and actually stolen into light in London, after passing through several languages, re-translated into its native English from a version in bastard Greek.

Diplomatists are clever, and diplomacy is tedious—never more so than when spinning out negotiations upon a dispute that has evidently become unnegotiable, and formularising astute "conditions" respecting a controversy which all parties have determined to settle at the point of the sword. All things, however, must come to an end; and thus the diplomatic interchanges ended in March, 1854. The great suit* hitherto carried on by wily protocol-writers was then handed over to gallant warriors and urged by the mouths of cannon, with bayonets and sabres for its *pièces justificatives*. It was a sterner but a noble arbitration. With this change in the court of appeal, the functions of "our own correspondent" changed also, and much for the better. Dealing with diplomatists merely, he had hitherto reflected their character, burrowing like them underground, rejoicing as they rejoiced in the success of a trick—not less proud of his aptitude at mystification, and evincing arts of cunning not inferior to their own. Henceforward he worked in the blaze of day and triumph, witnessing events that are destined to fill some of the brightest pages of history, and of which he was privileged to be the first Historian.

The Order of History, however, any more than that of the Bath, is not to be won without labour and peril. "Our own correspondent" incurred both, and stood them—why should he not?—like a Briton. Whether in a brown coat or a red one, an Englishman owns equal loyalty to the signal that "England expects every man to do his duty." And with equal heartiness, we may add, is the gallant performance of that duty recognised by the members of every profession, obtaining honour ultimately

even from the knights of Captain Sword to those of Captain Pen. There are few changes more singular or memorable than that in the appreciation which the "representatives of the press" obtained in the expeditionary army during its successive progresses from Gallipoli to Devna, Eupatoria, and the "Camp before Sebastopol." Stigmatized at first as spies, derided as cockneys, milk-sops, and "Pekins"—bewildered by incessant hoaxes, and obstructed at every turn by official reticence and hauteur—"our own" gradually won his way to endurance, respect, and esteem. Though he walked about in a round coat and wide-awake, with a note-book slung round his neck by the side of his revolver—though he showed an utter ignorance of military etiquette, asking questions and culling information alike from the captain and the corporal—and even though he sometimes looked shocked at the jokes, or was not quite *au fait* at the slang of the mess-table—it became at length acknowledged that the "newspaper man," as he had been ignominiously styled, was after all made of the true stuff. It was found that he could dispense with French cookery, London stout, and clean linen, with as much serenity as the Duke of Cambridge himself. He was seen to realise the difference between the camp at Chobham and the camp in the Crimea as soon, and accept it as cheerfully, as any officer in Her Majesty's—th. He was seen to sleep under a tent, or without one in the rain; to eat salt pork, sometimes raw, with the relish of a campaigner; and to write the despatches for his journal quite as coolly as an ensign would copy out the "general orders" for his company after a hard day's fighting. When the time of real service came, and the camp moved from Varna to within gun-shot of the Sebastopol batteries, "our own correspondent" exhibited still higher qualities. He shocked the blue jackets by "dodging a cannon-ball" just as seldom as any hero of the Alma, although wearing no epaulettes; and traced the parabola of a shell from the Russian redoubts, or noted the musical vibrations of "Whistling Dick" with an interest purely scientific, and no apparent consciousness of personal danger. Brave men are seldom slow in finding one another out; and it was consequently not long before the real bravery of "our own" became recognised by those whose special function was fighting instead of writing, and whose courage was stimulated by prospects of glory and the *Gazette*, to say nothing of promotion or a pension. In due course the higher and historical functions of the journalist obtained due acknowledgment among the members of the militant community. Multitudes who had never heard, or could not translate the assertion that, *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, &c., became conscious of the value of the prose poets who recorded their sufferings and immortalized their valour. Though as few men, out of the family of the Bobadilla, may be heroes to themselves as to their valets, there are none when the time comes who dislike being made heroes of, or can bear a grudge against the writer to whom they are indebted for their laurel crowns. With the commanding officers the case might be different. We can understand the strategic or the personal motives which have induced imperial warriors to denounce the revelations contained in "our own correspondent's" letters, or to complain of his criticisms. But from the private to the staff-officer this interposition was hailed with the gratitude which it deserved. As the broad sheets published in London came back to the camp and were read amid the mud and monotony of service in the trenches, the interest and the value of the "corres-

pondent" from the Crimea became perceptible to the Crimean soldiers themselves even more than to the public at home. The latter saw only the graphic portraiture of life in the camp, and felt their hearts throb at the description of some cavalry charge at Balaklava, or the defence of a host-environed redoubt overlooking the valley of Inkerman. The former found, in the letters from the camp, the reflex of their own opinions, the record of their own deeds of daring. Errors and faults which they had whispered round their bivouac fires; deficiencies which snug officials at home would have denied and left unrectified; endurances which taxed the strength of the strongest, and sent all others to the hospital; heroic actions whose performers died in accomplishing them, or would have remained dumb from modesty or inaptitude for self-laudation if they survived—one and all were indebted for justice and redress to "our own correspondent." He was the Xenophon of the Ten Thousands, though with no Retreat to describe—the Thucydides of a new Expedition and Siege of not less moment, though we hope undertaken with happier auspices and different results than that of Nicias against Syracuse. Many stirring scenes which occurred during the campaign have been described by these self-constituted annalists, in language that will rank beside some of the most renowned passages in historical literature. But the literary merit of "our own correspondent's" letters, high as it might be, is not the chief one. To them we owe, not merely our acquaintance with the great events of the war, but our intimacy with the glorious band who achieved them. Englishmen knew before that they had a noble army, and were proud of it, but they never hitherto have had the opportunity of appreciating the intrinsic qualities of the soldiers as individuals, and of learning to value the gallant fellows as they deserved. The national aids and comforts also that have been transmitted to the soldiers from their fellow-subjects at home have, in great measure, originated with "our own correspondent." Without his interposition we should hardly have known that such things were wanted, or where. Scutari hospitals would have been left for weeks longer without stores or nurses; the camp before Sebastopol would have lacked many a necessary and nearly all the luxuries which ere now have reached our war and toil-worn heroes there, if his vigilance had not discovered the deficiency, and his graphic descriptions aroused the sympathies of the country. The PATRIOTIC FUND itself would, doubtless, have come into existence, as in former wars, but it certainly would not have attained its present amplitude so quickly, or carried with it so completely as it does now, what is of far more value than money—the expression of universal love, gratitude, and admiration, paid by England to her army.

PAPER FROM FLAX.—The late increase in the price of paper of nearly 50 per cent., and the great difficulty experienced by the manufacturers in obtaining a sufficient supply of rags either at home or abroad, has necessarily caused trial to be made of many vegetable fibres, with the view of ascertaining whether they cannot be made available to supply the deficiency of the material hitherto employed in the manufacture of an article of so much importance. One of the most likely means of making good the deficient supply of rags, it was suggested some months back, would be found in the fibre of the common flax. Experiments have been made with this material, and the result is the production of paper of first-rate quality at a cheap rate. It has been found that in order to make immediate use of this article to an extent which would lower the price of paper, will require a very large capital; but, most unfortunately, the Board of Trade has refused to grant a charter of limited liability, and the project, in the shape of a joint-stock company, must, for the present, be abandoned.

PROPAGATING SALMON IN THE TAY.

THE experiments for the propagation of salmon in the Tay and other Scottish rivers, have been on the whole attended with success; and there is no reason to suppose, that when the science is better understood, we may not have salmon grown to order in the Tay or the Wye as well as chickens hatched to order in Leicester-square. It is now nearly twelve months since the last of the ova from which the young fry in the ponds was hatched at Perth, was deposited in the boxes. These eggs were hatched principally in the month of April last, and at this date the boxes are again filled (with the exception of a few boxes for hatching next spring. The fishermen who have been employed to restock the boxes at present state that the spawning in the Tay (and this is probably the case in all the Scottish rivers) is a month earlier this year than last, as more than half of the fish taken in their net had spawned, which was not the case at this time last year. The greater part of the fish have been taken on one ford, at the junction of the Almond with the Tay, and this was the place that furnished the ova last season; and it is a fact that on this ford the same fish has seldom been taken a second time (the fish which are taken are marked), proving, that more than one pair of fish spawn on the identical spot, and in doing so disturb the preceding bed—so that, for all the spawn that is taken off this place by the stocking of the boxes, enough is left for stocking the ford. It can thus be seen what amount of ova is disturbed on all the spawning-beds in the rivers, which becomes the prey of fish of all kinds that constantly attend on the spawning fish. We saw the other day, brought in by one of the fishermen, a river trout of about a pound weight which was caught in the net along with the spawning fish, and which was gorged to the mouth, and when cut open upwards of two hundred newly-hatched salmon ova were taken out of him. Here was a poacher that should be looked after; a few more breakfasts as ample, and one trout of a pound weight, would have devoured the spawn of a full-grown salmon. Under these circumstances the conservators of salmon rivers should use all available means for getting rid of the trout. For a month past the young fry in the experimental pond have been taking less food; at present they are hardly taking any. But although this is the case, they are plump and fat, and in fine condition, and no deaths occurring; the silvery smolt appearance is increasing, and it is to be hoped that they will go seawards this spring. We shall now glance at the facts in the natural history of the salmon that have been ascertained by the Tay experiment up to this period, although much remains yet to be known. Messrs. Shaw and Young have experimented successfully, although not on so large a scale as the present experiment. The results of their labours have been given to the public, and are very satisfactory, although in the time that the par remains in the river they do not agree; this, we trust, the present experiment will set at rest by-and-by. It has been ascertained that all the ova contained in the female fish are not equally prolific—a great many of the last-hatched eggs are addled; also, that the best time to transport spawn to any distance is shortly after impregnation, and that the nearer the ova is to chipping the egg, the greater the danger of its being destroyed by removal. Mr. Boccius, a London naturalist, says, that the proper time to remove the fish to stock any river is when it has burst the shell, and has still the umbilical bag attached to it. This, however, must be wrong, as the fish at this stage cannot

be tampered with, even in the most gentle manner, but death ensues. It is true, as this naturalist observes, that the fry in this state require no food, being supported by the contents of the bag; but this bag, or sack, is so delicately formed, and so helpless and incapable of self-preservation is the little creature at this stage of existence, that we are led to believe far more fry fall a prey to its numerous enemies at this time than at any other period. It has been ascertained that a very large proportion of the ova deposited in the natural way in the river are devoured by an enemy that was not thought of before, viz., the larvæ of the Mayfly. As the eggs of this insect are deposited in streams in summer, by the cleansing of the gravel before depositing the ova in the artificial method of rearing the fish, this enemy is avoided. It has been ascertained that all fry hatched from salmon ova are the same little fish that are found in all salmon rivers, which are called *par*, but at what age the par scales are entirely covered by those of the smolt, this experiment has not had time to determine; but from the present appearance of the fry, we should say that this will take place when they are a year old—viz., in April and May. It has also been ascertained that boiled liver, dried and well-pulverised, is suitable food for the fry, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, as the fish thrive well on it and devour it greedily; but since the temperature of the water has fallen, they have not shown the same desire for food. It has been proved that the temperature of the water in which the ova are hatched, shortens or lengthens the time of hatching. A severe winter is a bad hatching season. We have learned also, by this experiment, that the artificial method does not retard the growth of the young fish, for the par in the river at the present time are not larger than those in the pond. On the whole, the experiment up to this time has been completely successful. That the experiment would have opponents was to be expected; for, to convince some people that the par is the young salmon is found impossible. The experiment has cost the salmon proprietors of the Tay, up to this time, £620; and which sum, we understand, will carry it on for another year. The annual salmon rental of the Tay at present is about £10,000. The salmon takings belonging to the city of Perth usually yield from £800 to £1,000 annually, and the sum paid as yet by the corporation for this experiment amounts to £76. Only a very small minority in the town council have opposed this grant. The sum is small where so much is at stake; for it is well known that, from bad legislation, over fishing, and other causes, the quantity of salmon caught in the Tay has fallen off much of late years; and should this year's stock of fry from the artificial pond add a few thousand extra grilse to the July and August takes of next year, the experiment will not have been made in vain.

THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.—The earth, whatever may be the configuration, is in its superior strata a mass of ruins. Wherever the steep fronts of mountains disclose their interior construction; wherever native caverns and fissures reveal the disposition of the component materials; wherever the operations of the miner have pierced the successive layers, beneath which coal or metal is deposited—convulsion, and disruption, and disarrangement, are visible. Though the smoothness and uniformity which the hand of cultivation expands over some portions of the globe, and the shaggy mantle of thickets and forests with which nature veils other portions hitherto unexplored and un subdued by mankind, combine to obscure the vestiges of the shocks which our planet has experienced—as a fair skin and ornamental attire conceal internal fractures and disorganizations in the human frame—to the eye of the contemplative inquirer, exploring the surface of the earth, there is apparent many a scar, testifying ancient convulsion, and collision, and incursion; and many a wound yet unhealed, and opening into unknown and unfathomable profundity.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGHES WRITTEN AND PARAPHRASE, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 134, Strand. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1855. The Part will contain six Numbers in a neat cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

F. HANNAH (Gray's Inn).—We believe it to be true that the skull of Swift, and also of Stella, is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, with that of the Duke of Schomberg, killed at the Battle of the Boyne.

* (Hanger).—It is proposed that deacons in chancery and judicature may be enforced by execution in the United Kingdom. This will have the effect of making proceedings in the equity courts more rapid.

J. HODGES (Wandsworth-road).—There is nothing whatever to prevent your putting the provisions of the Smoke Removal Act into operation. The factories in your neighbourhood are a perfect nuisance.

Benny (Footling).—The lectures to which you allude have been delivered at the great hall of Hampton-court-palace. The admission was 3s., and the profits were paid to the Patriotic Fund.

C. WILSON.—The Sixth Dragoon Guards is a carbineer regiment. The hand-master is Signor Cleon.

* (Surrey-street).—You may travel as many times a-day as you please, if you have a season ticket, but you must produce it when required.

PARSON AINSIE has our thanks for his favour.

J. HUBBARD (Hogent-square).—Government has already done all it can in the matter. The only remedy is to get the local act repealed.

F. (Durham).—The place you refer to is about the worst you could select. The speculation would, we think, be a bad one.

* (Maiden).—The shares you hold are undoubtedly worth the money, as they are guaranteed by the South-Eastern Company, and not likely to fluctuate in value.

J. D. (Parkeridge).—We cannot answer your question.

I. G.—Your communication is received with thanks.

AN ARTIST.—Great progress has been made of late years in the art of painting on glass. Some excellent specimens are now exhibiting at the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, illustrating passages in the War in the Crimea. The "Landing of the Allied Armies" and the "Battle of Alma" are especially worthy of mention.

ANTIQUARY.—We are not aware that the letters E F Q R on the Roman banners mean Small Profits and Quick Returns. Our correspondent is a way.

—The gun-boats manufactured at great cost by the Spaniards for the siege of Gibraltar were of very little practical service; the guns from the Rock having generally set them on fire. The gun-boats now in course of construction in England and France cannot be ignited by hot shot, as they are covered with thick plates of sheet-iron.

W. (Dover).—We have already stated that it is not our intention to insert any articles calculated to raise sectarian dissension. There are other publications to which your communication might be acceptable.

JOSEPH L. (Southampton).—Your verses have considerable poetic merit, but you must be content "to labour and to wait" before you can expect success in this department of literature.

J. G. M.—Your poem is excellent in many parts, but it is far too long for our pages. The composition extends to upwards of three hundred lines. Try something shorter.

ALFRED S. (Causton-station).—There is not, we believe, any present intention to send the First Royal Dragoon Guards to the Crimea.

T. S. C. (Shaftesbury-crescent, Philico).—Your communication will be answered in our next.

J. R. (Carmarthen).—The first number of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL was forwarded free by post, as requested; the fault does not lie at this office, but another copy has been forwarded.

J. M. (Duke-street).—Your request has been complied with.

A. ROGERS (Russell-street, Chester).—The metal-shedding was, we believe, invented by Mr. W. Austin, of Holywell-street, Westminster. It is perfectly waterproof, being composed of lead and antimony, one side of which is covered with canvas. The sheeting being laid with the metallic side downwards on the ground, affords to the soldier a perfect protection from the damp, and is so exceedingly pliable that at other times it can be used as a wrapper in which to carry his bed. It is also applicable for tents, &c.

A BLUE-COAT BOY.—Your friend can become a governor by purchase, the sum payable is £200. All aldermen of the City of London are governors.

T. W.—The celebrated painting of "Charles the First on Horseback," by Velasquez, is in the dining-hall of the Middle Temple. The hall may be viewed any day during term.

INQUIRY.—We are not aware that the Earl of Derby on a recent occasion, "spoke a quarter of a column of a morning newspaper in one sentence," but think it not unlikely—Lord Brougham has often performed a similar feat with the addition of three parentheses as notes.

ANIMALS.—The Act for the Suppression of Dog-carts is now in force. It is applicable to the whole of the United Kingdom.

R. M. (Dulwich).—You will find a description of the process of signalling ships in No. 4 of this Journal.

W. (Datchet).—We have no room for the contribution which you propose to forward, but are much obliged for the offer.

BORIN (Birmingham).—We cannot be accountable for miscarriages in the Post-office, but we are most anxious not to disappoint our subscribers. The copy shall be sent again.

FANNY C. (Dartmouth).—We have already stated that persons sending us manuscripts which they wish to preserve, should keep copies of them, as we cannot guarantee the safe return of all the manuscripts transmitted to our office.

C. (Gravesend).—Dartford has always been a turbulent locality—Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, of rebellious memory, began their career in this place.

MISS.—The Limited Enlistment Bill passed three years ago. Its effect has not been to reduce the number of effective soldiers.

J. F. D.—Will find his request complied with.

M. G. (Fresno).—A book on the subject you refer to has been published, and may be had of Griffiths, St. Paul's-churchyard.

A. SWANSEA.—The salary commences at £280 and rises gradually to £300.

* (Wolverhampton).—Your notes on a town in the South of France are not sufficiently original to be of any service to us.

AMICUS.—You will find a description of the arrival of the mails at Bulaklava in the present number.

A. ROBINSON'S Widow.—You can apply at once to the Royal Commissioners, who will inquire into the merits of your case.

T. U. M. (Putney).—The prospect of a scheme for emigration to Monte Video is not yet sufficiently matured.—Try Canada.

F.—The principal contracts have already been effected by the Government at prices more moderate than was expected.

ST. MARY-LE-STRAND CHURCH.—A correspondent informs us that, "This beautiful edifice has been repaired, adorned, and warmed by the best process, and its free accommodation augmented, under the auspices of the Rev. J. F. Denham, Rector, and Messrs Stewart and Saunders, Churchwardens. By the removal of an unsightly range of middle pews, the altar has been thrown open to the view of the whole congregation, and the well-known elegance of the interior completely restored. The fabric now affords its original illustration of the classical taste of its architect, and is in all respects worthy of its pre-eminent position in the great thoroughfare of the metropolis."

ANTI-SMITHIAN (Newcastle) writes as follows:—"Among the many articles that are sent out to the Crimea, I do not see that any coal or coke is sent. Now, having some slight idea of what might be useful to men in the situation in which our army is placed, I think that a contribution of coke would not be altogether illegible as a comfort (and no small comfort, where wood is so scarce) to our troops in the Crimea. I have just heard, from a friend, that some coal (or coke) has been sent out, but I rather doubt that any large quantity has gone. I think that coke would be the best thing to send; it is lighter than coal, and would not, by smoking, offer so good a mark for the enemy's artillery."

F. S. (Grenville-street).—The Reciprocity Bill has passed in the Legislative Assembly of Halifax, Nova Scotia, by a vote of thirty-two to ten.

VERMITHIA (Wooden).—It is intended to supply each regiment of militia with a limited number of militia rifles, and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, will be practised in the use of that formidable weapon, in case of volunteering for foreign service.

D. C. & H. (Red Lion-street).—By a recent Order in Council any article may be manufactured in gold of any of the following standards:—1. The standard of fifteen carats of fine gold in every pound-weight tray. 2. The standard of twelve carats of fine gold in every pound-weight tray. 3. The standard of nine carats of fine gold in every pound-weight tray.

L. (Inverness).—Writes to us to say, that in the small parish of Avon in Inverness-shire, a contribution has been made of thirty-five volunteers to the navy, twenty-one to the militia, and £20 to the Patriotic Fund.

T. B. (Dover).—The monthly parts of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL can be ordered through any bookseller.

SUBSCRIBER.—Mr. E. T. Turnerell, a gentleman who has lived sixteen years in Russia, has lately delivered two very interesting lectures on the social and moral condition of the Russian people. We believe it is his intention to deliver one or two more on subjects connected with Russia—an undertaking for which he is thoroughly competent.

JOSEPH FIELD (Warrington).—The German States whose reigning families are most closely connected by single and double marriages with the Imperial line of Russia, are Baden, Oldenburg, Wurttemberg, Electoral Hesse, Grand Ducal Hesse, the Duchy of Warsaw, Saxe-Altenburg, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

C. WINSTANLEY (West Derby).—The claims upon the Patriotic Fund are increasing every day; your friend will get all the information she requires either by writing to the secretaries of the Royal Commission, or by personal application at the office, Great George-street, Westminster, between 11 and 4 o'clock.

F. (Swansea).—The Forbesian Medal is to be presented annually to the most distinguished student in natural history at the School of Mines.

FRANCES (Newcastle).—Miss Kirkpatrick, who lately died in her 80th year at Dumfries, was aunt to the Countess of De Montagu, and grand-aunt to the Empress of the French and the Duke de Berwick and Alba.

G. CANTWELL (Brighton).—Orders have been given that no more rations of green coffee shall be served to the troops in the Crimea. Coffee is generally preferred to tea by soldiers, most probably because it is more palatable without milk.

S. PHILLIPS (Barbican).—The sugar duties are not to be reduced this year; neither is the duty on tea to be reduced during the war.

J. R. (Guildford).—There are several fire insurance offices which give a portion of their profits to the assured—the West of England and Sun offices for instance. You are not liable for accidental damage done by fire to furniture, &c., in lodgings. The law presumes that the person who lets furnished apartments will take the ordinary precaution of insuring the furniture.

C. MORRISON (Fenchurch-street).—You cannot legally recover for your loss of time in attending a trial at which, although subpoenaed, you are not called as a witness. In most cases, however, some allowance is made to the witnesses by the party who summoned them.

HAROLD (Stockwell).—A reference to the book of Fish Fares published by the Police Commissioners and sold in Scotland-yard will be a sufficient guide. It has been already ruled that, although the book may not be correct in a given measurement, the cabman is bound to abide by it.

F.—Cannon are not cast in Scotland. The enormous supply of guns used in the defence of the place are for the most part procured from the ships in the harbour. The cannon-balls fired by the Allies are sent back by the Russians, which gives them a great advantage.

A. BRADEN (Stockport).—It is quite impossible for us to be able to state to what, if any, extent Mr. Cobden's views may be modified with reference to the present war. You had better address the honourable gentleman yourself.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 6.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.



[THE RUSSIAN STEAM-FRIGATE "VLADIMIR"]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE Russian fleet, ensconced in the harbour of Sebastopol, and protected from the visits of the Allied ships of war in the Euxine by the batteries of Forts Constantine, Alexander, and Paul, has at length ventured to show a bowsprit in the open sea. On the sixth of December last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, to the delight and astonishment of the combined fleets, the Russian steam-frigate "Vladimir," followed by a small but heavily-

armed sloop, issued forth from Sebastopol, and from the sea commenced a heavy flank fire upon the most advanced of the French works. She came out at the north-side of the harbour, keeping close to the forts; and in the first instance appeared to be attracted by the prospect of capturing one of the small French screw-sloops which had approached rather close to the forts and remained hove to. The gallant captain of the "Vladimir" no doubt imagined that some accident had happened to her engine; that he would, perhaps, make an easy capture, and tow

her back in triumph. But if such was his notion, he was speedily undeceived. Hardly had he cleared the harbour's mouth when the Frenchman went off like an arrow, signalling to the Allied fleets, which were within two miles, that one of the enemy's steamers had put to sea. The "Vladimir" was sufficiently wise to make no attempt to follow her intended prize, but, turning sharply to the south, lay to in the flank and rear of the French batteries nearest to the sea, and commenced firing against them. As it happened, two or three of our largest steam-frigates had their steam up for any emergency that might arise. The "Valorous" happened to be the outside ship, and immediately slipped and gave chase. The Russians were meanwhile blazing away at a battery that the French were making to protect the harbour where their transports were anchored. On the approach of the "Valorous," they steamed slowly back, and got safely into the harbour; but their pursuer was at their heels and gave them several parting shots. By the time they were in the harbour, the "Valorous" was within a thousand yards of the forts, which opened fire on her. The shot fell all round her, but no one was wounded, though the rigging and boats suffered considerably. Fortunately, the "Valorous" was not long exposed to the concentrated fire of the forts, for the objects of the chase being out of reach, the duty of the "Valorous" was accomplished, and, after a few broadsides at the Waap and other batteries, she hauled off, and anchored in her former position. The forts Constantine, Paul, and Alexander, protected by their fire the retreat of the Russian frigate, but none of their projectiles struck the "Valorous."

We have not been able to ascertain what expedients the officers and crews of the Russian fleets in Sebastopol and Cronstadt have hit upon to while away the tedium consequent upon a state of inaction now extending over a period of many months. The crews of the Allied fleets in the Baltic, however, while keeping a sharp look-out at Cronstadt, have amused themselves with theatrical representations. The "Duke of Wellington," being the largest vessel in the Allied fleet, was selected as the best place in which the theatre could be placed, so as to give as many Jacks as possible a peep at the play. Sir Charles Napier and the French Admiral were, of course, invited to the performance, which was duly notified in printed bills, headed "Theatre Royal, Ocean Street, Baltic," and commencing:—"On Thursday next Her Majesty's servants will perform Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, &c." Sir Charles Napier was much pleased with the proposed treat, having ordered the crew of the "Bulldog" an extra allowance of grog to sharpen their dramatic appetites, addressed them and said, "Now, my lads, if you are good boys, I'll take you to the play to-night." This frank and off-hand announcement on the part of the gallant admiral was loudly cheered by the men, and we question whether a more delighted audience ever assembled in any theatre on *terra firma* than that which attended in the floating play-house in the Baltic. After the entertainment, which passed off to Jack's entire satisfaction, there was a ball and supper. Those who had the good fortune to be present at the festivities, describe the scene as most amusing—the delicate attentions of the tars to their partners in the dance being delightfully comic. A great number of the officers and men of the French fleet were invited, and appeared to enjoy the entertainment, which must at least have had the charm of novelty to recommend it.

ANECDOTES OF FEMALE WARRIORS.

In these bustling days of war and military anecdote, the following records of female heroism may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

In several regiments that were raised in Queen Anne's reign, and which served with much distinction in Flanders, a number of women, habited as men, enlisted, and escaped detection for years. They fought valiantly, and evinced the greatest humanity towards the sick and wounded. In Churchill's Dragoons there was a trooper named Thomas Lovely, *alias* Elizabeth Samwel. This Amazon was the daughter of a farmer in Northamptonshire. Her lover had entered the army, and the regiment being ordered abroad, the attached creature, in the guise of a soldier, followed the fortunes of the object of her affection. Being anxious to communicate with her lover, she revealed herself to him; he, however, regarded her sacrifice in another light: he wished to shun and separate himself from her; but, at her request, he honourably concealed from his comrades the secret of her sex. An engagement having shortly after taken place, she twice during the day rescued him from danger. She, however, had the misfortune, at the close of the battle, to see him killed. This extraordinary woman returned to England, and died, we may infer, of a broken heart, at the age of twenty-one. She was buried at Bury St. Edmund's, and is described as having been remarkably handsome.

At one period, in the reign of George II., the 5th Foot contained no less than five women in the guise of men, all natives of Leicestershire; one, under the name of Christian Davis, fought in a dragoon regiment, the 6th Enniskillens, and received a severe wound in one of the memorable actions that took place in Flanders. This led to the discovery of her sex: a pension and retirement from the "tented field" were offered her, but she could not be prevailed upon to bid

"Farewell to the plumed troop and the big wars."

She, however, subsequently retired upon a shilling a-day, such in those days being considered a liberal allowance.

At the battle of Fontenoy several women fought under the banner of the Duke of Cumberland; the most remarkable, Phoebe Maude Hassell, a native of Tewkesbury, served as a private in the 5th Foot, and received a bayonet wound in the arm. She retired upon a pension, and lived to the age of 109 years, having been born in the reign of Anne, and terminating her eventful life in the year 1820. The late Duke of York, with characteristic kindness, on several occasions befriended the warrior-woman. A tomb was erected over her venerable remains in a churchyard at Brighton.

At the battle of Seringapatam, a Wexford lady, the wife of Captain B——, fought as a private soldier, her husband supposing her to be in Ireland. Captain B—— was killed in the action, and the lamentations of the disguised wife over the mangled remains discovered the secret of her sex.

When the 18th Dragoons were at Lisbon, during the Peninsular war, there was a trooper in the regiment named Charles Twibill, *alias* Ellen Duffy. This Amazon, while riding through the street of Corpo Santo, in Lisbon, was thrown from her horse and killed. The incident, of course, revealed the secret of the trooper's sex.

In one of the favourite regiments of Frederick the Great of Prussia, a young lady passed one year, during which time she played many tricks upon the "love-sick"

maids of Potsdam. However, the vigilant eye of Voltaire (who was then sojourning with the eccentric Frederick) made the discovery, and the *soi-disant* soldier resumed the petticoat, and proved to be the "Lily of Potsdam," as she was then designated by the inhabitants of that city. She was shortly after united to an English officer, Captain Hemington, on which occasion the King presented her with some valuable jewels and a purse of gold. Mrs. Hemington subsequently repaired to England, where she lived happily, became the mother of a numerous family, and lived to see two of her grandsons cavalry officers in the English army.

MY EXPERIENCE OF A WINTER IN RUSSIA.

BY E. T. TURNERELL.

"Here winter reigns in glory—his head is covered with hoary hair—congealed vapours form his diadem—his throne presents the appearance of a mountain of diamonds—around him all the elements lie subdued—the air dares not move—fire dares not burn—and the waves are captive and silent."—*Russian Poet, KERASSOF.*

CHAPTER I.

I BELIEVE there is no country or land, however mild its climate may be, whose inhabitants do not regard with a certain degree of concern the approaches of winter. In England, even before the autumnal blast has stripped the forest of its foliage, we begin our conjectures relative to the coming season. Nothing escapes us that can gratify in the least our propensity to prognostication. We draw our omens from the state and colours of the soil—from the multitude or scarcity of certain birds; even the hips and haws on the bushes serve us for coming to conclusions. Some *soi-disant* traveller returns from the country; he reports, that on the road the trees and bushes are redolent with berries—he maintains that these being the food destined by Providence for the feathery tribe during a severe winter, their profusion portends the bitterest cold—the report spreads from mouth to mouth, from ear to ear, creating everywhere a proportionate degree of alarm and uneasiness. That respectable race the *Patresfamiliares* in particular show especial concern. Coals and wood will be getting dear; a greater stock than usual must be laid in, and oh! the expense this will occasion. And then winter equipments must be got ready—for the great and small, old and young, of the family—flannels, worsteds, muffs, boas, thick boots, goloshes, and innumerable other articles must be provided to guard against the impending danger. The purse-strings must inevitably be opened, and papas look in consequence chilly and gloomy as the approaching season. Yet shame on these complaints and begrudgings! Let them think for a moment on what they would have to expend in Russia, where a fur-cap costs some fifteen or twenty pounds; a boa or muff at least as much; and where fur *shoobs* (overcoats) are worn, which often cost no less than five hundred to a thousand guineas.* It is by comparing the evils we suffer from with those of others that we best learn to bear them; and I trust that the present sketch of a Russian winter, if it answers no other purpose, will at least serve to make my readers content with their own climate, with the moderate expense it occasions, and bless their stars that they have so little in it to complain of.

In our land, where the climate is certainly none of the best during the winter, the thermometer seldom falls lower than 5 degrees Reaumur, or 20 degrees Fahrenheit, (the thermometer used in England), that is to say, 10 degrees below freezing point. What will my readers say

when I tell them that in Russia the thermometer often falls to 30, even to 35 degrees of Reaumur, which would be on our thermometer (if there were any such scale, which, thank God, there is not) *about 72 or 84 degrees below the freezing point*? Whilst we have the dreadful prospect of chilblains and chapped lips before our eyes, our northern brethren are thinking on the possibility of their heart's blood being congealed in its channels if they trifle with the cold, or at least of frozen ears, cheeks, chins, and noses—no very uncommon events, I can assure you, in Russia. We anticipate a two months' winter, with only a few days probably of downright frost; they are looking to one that is to last seven or eight months with almost uninterrupted severity. We lay in coals and wood, worsted stockings, and flannel unmentionables; they adjust, in a kind of panic, to their houses double doors and double windows; clothe themselves from tip to toe in thick furs; and plan every possible way of warring with their murderous visitor. To save some favourite delicate plant from the chilly air, we cover it with a glass case, which suffices to shelter it; but in Russia, the very figures of marble that adorn the public gardens are all enclosed in wooden houses, lest the frost and the elements should destroy them. Ponds and canals freeze with us, and we wonder at the cold that can congeal their surface. Lakes, rivers, bays, gulfs, seas, all become a frozen mass in the north; and armies traverse them as safely as if on *terra firma*. In the course of our rambles we find some poor butterfly that has fallen a prey to the wintry blast; but in Russia, the hardy crow is often arrested in the midst of its flight, and drops to the earth a stiffened, petrified mass. In a word, if an icicle forms itself during the night on the roofs of our habitations, in Russia they form themselves at mid-day on the very beards and noses of the pedestrian or the traveller who remains for any length of time in the open air. Such are the relative miseries of the two winters—where then is our right to complain and to murmur?

The following sketch of a winter I passed in St. Petersburg will give the reader some idea of the rudeness and variability of its climate. It was about the middle or end of September that the cold in St. Petersburg began to make its appearance, that is, clad in its frosty vestment; for long before this, bleak winds and chilly nights had warned the Russians that Winter—hoary Winter—was coming. October renewed still more strongly the admonitory caution. The snow fell in profusion, and continued to fall daily till the middle of November, when the ice from the Ladvaja began to descend the river, accompanied by a severe frost of 10 to 15 degrees of Reaumur, which soon congealed the surface of the Neva. The cold after this gradually increased: the surface of the river grew firmer and firmer; foot passengers crossed it resolutely; the sledge-drivers and country traffickers were calculating upon the increasing thickness of the ice, which they trusted would soon admit of their venturing on it with their vehicles and horses, when suddenly, a violent and baffling thaw occurred. The snow, which had gathered deep on the house-tops, melted away rapidly, and fell in a liquid stream on the pavement of the streets, which soon became like a morass, in which the feet of the pedestrian sunk up to his instep, so that St. Petersburg in a day or two presented the most miserable appearance that can be imagined. There was no means of driving either, for the slippery surface of the ground prevented the *droshkis* being used, while the half-melted snow and mud rendered it difficult for the horses to drag the sledges.

* Prince Potemkin had one at that price.

forward. The Isaac Bridge presented at this period scenes of a most singular and painful nature. The snow had totally disappeared from its surface, and the sledges heavily laden with provisions and other merchandize, could not be dragged across it. In vain the brutes of drivers beat and kicked their horses in the most cruel manner—the poor beasts had not strength enough to move the heavy vehicles, and the bridge was soon covered from one end to the other with carriages, carts, &c. All passage was consequently stopped; the hubbub and turmoil became inexpressible. Hundreds of carriages were waiting on both sides to cross over—senators who had to attend at the senate-house, generals and officers who had troops to review, ladies, &c.—all were forced to wait, or to leave their carriages behind them and pass over as well as they could on foot. There was no other means of clearing the bridge save that of unharnessing three or four horses and using them to drag, one by one, the heavily laden vehicles. This was indeed done by the police, and lasted, more or less, from morning till night. Such scenes were renewed daily for some time. December arrived—a month when the cold should have been intense, instead of which, the thaw still continued; snow and sleet fell uninterruptedly; a piercing damp was in the atmosphere; and a thousand unwholesome vapours filled the air, bringing fevers, agues, rheumatic pains, and other ills on the inhabitants. The roads became so irregular and so cut up in holes and chasms, that there was scarcely any possibility of driving, and how one had to walk over them may be supposed, though walking, after all, was the only safe method of moving at the period. Imagine the joy of traversing in such a state the large squares of the capital—for instance, the Isaac Plain, which all had to traverse to get from one part of the city to the other. Not a soul one met with at this period but seemed in the blue devils—and well they might be. Lamentations and complaints were heard wherever one went. The river Neva which had been totally and firmly frozen, began to break up in masses, and the probability, should the thaw continue, of its remaining unfrozen during the remainder of the winter, brought the inhabitants of St. Petersburg to a state of absolute despondency. On the afternoon, however, of the 7th of December, one of the heaviest falls of snow I have ever witnessed took place: I recollect it well, for I had to make my way through it for three long miles, my foot sinking at every step deep below its surface, and struggling as I walked with a violent wind which beat the snow in my face, and rendered it a positive labour to advance. The next morning, as I looked from my bed-room window, there was every appearance of a frost. A thick fog, or rather mist, was in the air, and prevented my ascertaining whether my conjecture was correct or not. After breakfast, I threw on my cloak and took a stroll in the Nevsky Prospect. It was freezing hard, and the fog, which had congealed on all the objects I beheld, created a very singular effect. The blackest horses were as white as if they had been white-washed; the long hair which projects from their nostrils being whitened and covered with ice, gave them a most ludicrous appearance. The beards, moustachios, eye-brows, and hair of the persons who passed me, bore the same aspect; nay, the cloaks and clothes of many who had been long in the air were one mass of hoar-frost. Before I finished my walk, my own hair and the fur collar on my cloak completely resembled those of my neighbours. I made a call at a friend's house, and observing a thermometer outside one of the windows, I examined it and

found the cold at that hour no less than 19 degrees below the freezing point; the day previous there had been 3 degrees of heat in full winter. Here was a change indeed—a sudden and a formidable one—yet certainly, it was all for the better, and no man would be inclined to complain of any extreme of cold which at the worst would have been a blessing compared to the horrible, damp, muddy, thick weather we had lately been suffering from. This improved state of the atmosphere continued for some time pretty regular, and brought back to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg their former elasticity of body and spirits. The deep mud disappeared, the ruts and holes in the roads became filled up with ice and snow, and both sledges and pedestrians could once more move in the city without risk or trouble.

But the cold did not stop at 19; it soon increased to 26, and even to 28 degrees. On the 13th of December (Christmas-day in England), the thermometer was as low as 30. The intense cold at this period cannot possibly be described. On leaving the house and going into the air, if there happened to be the least wind, it was more like walking on a sea of boiling water than anything else I can imagine. The stronger the wind became, the more the intensity of the cold made itself felt, and at times it even became dangerous to leave one's house, unless the face was totally enveloped in furs. The Nevsky Prospect and the English Quay—those places of fashionable promenade which are generally crowded with loungers, male and female—were desolate and deserted. Turn where you would, not a human face was to be seen; those of the men were carefully wrapped up in the large fur collars of the *shoobs*, which completely hid them from observation; and the women remained at home. The very birds in the streets, the crows, pigeons, &c., seemed to have lost the power of movement—they hopped about in a benumbed state on the pavements almost under the very feet of the pedestrians, craving as it were to be taken in the hand and warmed, but no one heeded them or was disposed to seize them. The hands of all were prudently hidden beneath the fur pelisse, nor would they have removed them to catch even the far-famed bird of Paradise had such been within their grasp. If a dog chanced to pass you, he was shrunk up to half his size, and he moved with his tail beneath his legs, rather hopping than running on the ice, much in the way the poor beast would have done had he been walking on a plate of heated iron. No uncommon thing, likewise, was it at this period to find dogs and cats frozen in the street, and I have even seen the hardy crow fall from the air in its flight as if struck with a musket-bullet; a few seconds more and it was a mass of ice. In a word there were moments when the extreme of cold was so great that the words of the poet we have made use of as an epigraph, became true even to our own experience:—"the elements were subdued—the waves of the sea were frozen—the air dared not move—even fire would scarcely burn in the horribly rarefied atmosphere." I remember I used, previous to visiting Russia, to be rather sceptical with regard to the various accounts I had heard relative to the accidents and mishaps arising from the cold in winter; I could scarcely believe that a man's nose and ears could be frozen without his knowing it; that a tipsy man going to sleep in the air, would in an hour or two become a frozen, petrified mass, and that his arms would fall off when you pulled them to wake him as if they were made of glass, &c. Experience has, however, taught me how true were these accounts: in fact, from what I myself have

seen and suffered, I am rather inclined to doubt whether any description that has been given has done justice to the severity of the Muscovite winter. Talking about frozen noses, I used to laugh much at the idea—little imagining I should one day myself be able to boast of the mishap in question. I had been taking a walk with a friend on a wintry day such as I have just been alluding to. Hardly had we returned home when my companion burst out into a hearty laugh, and laugh he did so loud and so long that he strove in vain to express what he wanted; but, at length, he managed to make me understand that “my cheek was frozen”—a matter which seemed to amuse him greatly, but appeared rather less funny to myself. However, I went to the looking-glass, and, lo! there was a large white spot upon my cheek, which proved his words to be too true. I adopted a mode of treatment which I thought at the moment most useful, namely, that of rubbing the part with the cuff of my coat. While thus engaged I happened to glance at the face of my companion, and, to my infinite satisfaction I beheld a similar white spot upon his ear, but considerably larger than my own. I need not say that I returned his laugh with interest. Nor was he long in guessing the cause, for he flew like an arrow to the looking-glass, and soon discovered that both his ears had been frost-bitten, or rather thoroughly frozen. Thereupon, he followed my example, which I learned soon after was a bad one, for my cheek, or at least the frozen part, became hard and swollen, and his ears assumed a shape and an appearance that merits mention. Instead of lying flat against his head as usual, they stuck out in the most hideous manner, having become, moreover, hard and senseless as a mass of gristle, and swollen to double their ordinary size and thickness. In this dilemma, my unfortunate friend employed the remedy recommended in such cases—that of applying abundantly goose-grease to the suffering part. I rubbed a little likewise on my cheek, but my mishap was comparatively trifling compared with his, for, in the course of two or three days, the blood began to circulate afresh in my cheek, while the ears of my companion remained in the state I have described for upwards of a fortnight. The reader will be able to form an idea of the cold when it is able to produce effects of this nature, and these are trifles compared with many other mishaps that occur at such periods. Some have their ears and noses so completely frozen that, on entering a hot room, the congealed parts mortify and separate from the rest of the face. And the most singular thing of all is, that no one knows whether his face is freezing or frozen. True, there is a slight sensation resembling a compression of the flesh, but it is so trifling, and the intense cold so completely deadens the feeling, that this is scarcely noticeable. Should, however, the frozen person become sensible of his mishap, the most salutary means of restoring circulation to the part is to take a handful of snow and rub the place briskly with it. If, however, the person incautiously or inadvertently enters a warm room, the consequence is such as I have described. But even if recovery succeeds after a fortnight's tribulation, the evil does not end here, for a part once frozen is always sure to freeze again, even in moderately cold weather, and this often repeated becomes fatal. At all seasons of the year, also, when any one to whom this has happened becomes heated or excited, the part assumes a deep red hue, and appears like a spot or blotch upon the cheek, nose, or ear. Such are a few of the pleasing results of a St. Petersburg winter. but.

spite of all this, I doubt whether it is not more liked, and less pernicious too, than the insupportable heat of summer, and the vile damps and mists that precede and follow it, and reduce half the population to a state of sickness.

The Russian peasants when they see a foreigner's face bitten with the frost, knowing the necessity of speedy treatment, without any ceremony, but out of sheer kindness, seize a handful of snow and rub it against the part affected, much to the astonishment and dismay of many strangers who do not at the moment comprehend the cause of this friendly action. A rather amusing circumstance occurred on one occasion from a similar cause. An Englishman, who had arrived during the winter, went out to take a stroll. He had not been out long when his nose was frost-bitten. A good-natured *moujik* perceived it, and, snatching up a handful of snow, set to rubbing the face of our countryman, who, taking the friendly act for an insult, instantly collared the fellow and beat him severely. Some persons who were passing at the moment explained the circumstance, whereupon the Englishman, sorry for what he had done, presented the Russian with a five-rouble note and went his way. The *moujik*, in ecstasies at the present he had received, thought that if every Englishman he met with treated him in this generous manner, it would be easy for him to carry home a good round sum of money, and he was very willing to run the chance of a drubbing at such a cost. He, therefore, betook himself to the English Quay, and watched carefully for every Englishman that passed, applying to each in succession the same treatment, persuading each by signs and words that his nose was frozen. Somehow or other, he managed to make himself believed, and our countrymen, after rewarding the Russian, went their way, never suspecting for a moment that they had been the dupes of this cunning *moujik*, who continued the speculation, and returned home every evening quite delighted at the idea of gaining so easy and profitable a livelihood, by rubbing the noses of *neutzi*, or “mute men,” as the Russians designate foreigners from the fact of their not being able to speak in the Russ language.

[To be continued.]

ANCIENT FEUDS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

One good result, at all events, has been realised by the war in which we are at present engaged. It has extirpated that hereditary feeling of hostility which for centuries prevailed between England and France, to the manifest injury of both countries. It is not a little disheartening to revert to the history of the past and to discover how large a portion of seven centuries was consumed in the conflicts of two powers, whose geographical propinquity should have tended rather to mutual friendship than enmity. The following calculation shows at a glance the duration of the various wars which have broken out between England and France since the year 1141:—1141, one year; 1161, twenty-five years; 1211, fifteen years; 1224, nine years; 1339, twenty-one years; 1368, fifty-two years; 1422, forty-nine years; 1492, one month; 1512, two years; 1521, six years; 1549, one year; 1557, two years; 1562, two years; 1627, two years; 1666, one year; 1689, ten years; 1702, eleven years; 1744, four years; 1756, seven years; 1776, seven years; 1793, nine years; 1803, eleven years; and lastly, 1815, fourteen years, making within a period of 700 years, 266 years of desolating war. It is to be hoped that we have at length seen the last of this denorable internecine strife.

THOUGHTS ON WAR AND PEACE.

I THINK "the crimson web of war,"*

As Gray, the poet, calls it,
Delights our fancy from afar,
And dazzles and enthalls it.

Yet Glory's altar is a tomb
In all these famous quarrels;
The pall commingles with the plume,
The cypress with the laurels.

I think the Despot must have dreams
That well may banish rousou
Who crimsoned Alma's gentle streams,
In Autumn's golden season;
And scathed, as only despots can,
With war's terrific lava,
The sunny hills of Inkermann,
The vales of Balaklava.

But still the thought will fondly come,
And cannot fail to please us—
The thought that we're akin to some
Who fell in Cheronæus.†
For this proud tribute to the brave
Can never be denied them—
'Twas HONOUR's flag they bled to save,
And FREEDOM fought beside them.

I think that valour may be shown
Where it is little heeded,
Nor is it in the camp alone,
That chivalry is needed;
For life's a stand-up fight, I ween,
With poverty and labour,
And many a hero there has been
Who never drew a sabre.

I think we run full many a race
That's scarcely worth the winning,
And Fame is but a phantom chase
That fools from the beginning.
I think that Youth, when Pleasure's nigh,
Forgets what Wisdom taught her;
I think that poets such as I
Are writing on the water.

Oh! thou, whose love, when sorrow's nigh
In dark despondence bound me,
Like VESTA's lamp for ever bright,
Shed Hope's effulgence round me;
In Memory's vision still is nigh
The day when first I met thee,
For though I should drink LUTHER dry,
I never could forget thee.

MELOPOYN.

* "Weave the crimson web of war."—Gray's *Rome Melodies*.
† The Crimæa—the ancient *Taurica Cheronæus*.

A LEGEND OF BOMBOL.

DURING a tour of a few months on the continent not many years since, I made the acquaintance of a German nobleman, who invited me to accompany him on a visit to his family estates, situated in one of the wildest and most romantic parts of Germany. I accepted the invitation, and passed some days most agreeably in his society. He had a fund of amusing anecdotes at command, besides a store of tales relating to that wild neighbourhood; and one evening when walking through his domains, he led me to the edge of a yawning gulph, in whose fearful depths we heard the roaring of an impetuous torrent along

its rocky channel, although all view of its foamy track was intercepted by bushes and projecting ledges.

"This fissure," said my host, "was not always here, but awful circumstances attended its formation; and these have furnished materials for fable and for verse. Of course it had the reputation of being the work of some evil spirit, and was formerly called what you would render in English 'The Vengeful Demon's Rift.' With us it is known as the 'Schrecken Schlund,' or 'Abyss of Terror.' I have in my library a copy of the legend attached to it, the perusal of which may amuse you. But while we are on the spot, let me give you some preliminary information as to the different localities which you will find mentioned there. That peak rising so terrifically above the rest, was in ancient times the volcano of Bombol; but its fires are said never to have blazed since the night of that dreadful catastrophe. The plain extending hitherward from its base, and through which the stream comes winding to pour its waters into this gorge, was then the Lake of Loban. On yonder summit the trees which you see, mark the site of the long-since fallen castle of Hirschberg; at a greater distance, that conspicuous steep rock was crested by another castle, called Steilfels; and on this nearer eminence stood, in those days, the stronghold of my ancestor, the lord of Rothenstein. These explanations will make more intelligible to you the narrative of which I have spoken."

All that I thus heard excited my curiosity, and on returning from our walk I did not fail to remind my host of finding the legend for me. Originally composed in an ancient dialect, it appeared to have been preserved with strict fidelity in the version that came before me, and which I, in my turn, copied, and afterwards translated as follows; although I fear my attempt is but an imperfect imitation of the original "Vengeful Demon's Rift."

There had been long enmity between the lords of Hirschberg and Steilfels. It was said that an evil spirit, who dwelt in the fiery caves of the neighbouring volcano, Bombol, built the two castles belonging to these lordships, and gave them to their first owners, to have and to hold, on condition of their fighting at least one battle every ten years, so that he might feast on the slain; and that this fiendish compact was signed with a bloody mark by each of their successors before taking possession of his inheritance. Be this however as it may, Hirschberg and Steilfels always regarded one another with an evil eye across the distance which separated them. Each castle from its proud height frowned defiance on its adversary, and challenged attack. But each was so well guarded and surrounded by such lofty walls, that neither could be beleaguered with any hope of overcoming it. Two hundred stalwart men obeyed either lord, and as many fleet steeds were always ready to bear them to perilous encounters. Living by plunder, the rival bands would meet, when seeking this, and fierce was then their onset. Shouting their war-cries, they rushed eagerly to the combat—battle-axes resounded on the intercepting shields; but oftentimes the blow carried death to the weaker or less skilful foeman.

This feud had raged for many years, when, in one battle, more bloody than any before it, both the leaders were slain. The two domains thus became the property of youthful lords just approaching towards manhood. Albrecht ruled in Hirschberg, and Siegmund in Steilfels. Each vowed to avenge his father's death; but they waited several years to recruit their forces, weakened by the last desperate fray, and to acquire for themselves, by diligent

practice, a greater expertness in the use of their deadly weapons. In this interval of repose, their neighbour, Otto von Rothenstein, a lover of peace, contrary to the manners of his time, and discrediting the reported contract with the demon, thought it a fitting opportunity to reconcile the two antagonists, and, by a more natural and pacific agreement, to make their friendship lasting. Each had a lovely sister, and he proposed that, by a mutual intermarriage, this union should be accomplished. In the hope of effecting this, he invited them to meet at his castle, and let him be the mediator of an amicable treaty. After repeated refusals and a long delay, they went to Rothenstein; but the chronicler of these events says they were only drawn there by the reputed charms of Otto's daughter, the beautiful Armgart, with whom each hoped to have an opportunity for advancing his love-suit, while dissembling compliance with her father's wishes. This is confirmed, indeed, by what followed; for with bitter rancour in their hearts, but with sweet words and deceptive smiles they protracted their hollow negotiations, seeking at the same time stolen interviews with their fair mistress. Albrecht was soon the favoured lover, and assured of this, avowed to the unsuspecting lord of Rothenstein, that he could not contract marriage with Siegmund's sister, as Armgart alone possessed his heart; and concluded by demanding her hand from him. Otto was dismayed; but still further was he perplexed when the young lord of Steiffels made a similar confession to him. He, therefore, sought his daughter, and said, "My child, Hirschberg and Steiffels have long been scenes of contention. Whichever chieftain might become thy husband, thou wouldst be placed among wild, lawless hands, with whom to consort thou wouldst be ill at ease. Let me dismiss them both. This may perchance yet induce them to hearken to me and complete the work of peace." Armgart's downcast looks did not respond to her parent's counsel. He found to his regret that her love was not only given but promised to Albrecht; unable to refuse what she held to be her happiness, he at length consented to their union, while he sighed in secret at apprehended evil.

When this was announced to Siegmund, his rage was boundless. Revenge—deadly, unsparing, implacable—was his only thought and he bound himself by a fearful vow, that by force or fraud, his rival should perish and Armgart still be his. This determination occupied his mind and directed all his movements. Watching Albrecht on his way to visit his mistress, he met him on one of these occasions and in the most insulting language, challenged him to single combat. Their attendants were ordered to stand apart and bide the issue. They were armed only with battle-axe and shield, and fought long without advantage being gained on either side. Siegmund's fury began at last to make him incautious, which Albrecht perceiving, availed himself of a favourable opportunity, and by a well-aimed blow he broke his adversary's weapon, who thus disarmed fell to the ground. But the lord of Steiffels had artfully provided for such an emergency, and did not scruple to gain his ends by means, which even in those rude ages were held to be dishonourable. He had in his castle a cunning leech, acquainted with all the secret virtues of plants, from some of which he had extracted a powder, that caused temporary blindness. Siegmund had concealed portions of this in various parts of his accoutrements, and among them in the handle of the axe still retained in his grasp, from which he projected it in his antagonist's

face unperceived by any of the lookers-on. Albrecht thus suddenly deprived of sight, failed in the blow which he was striking; his enemy regaining possession of his broken weapon, inflicted what he thought was a mortal wound, and saw his rival stretched apparently lifeless at his feet. Stamping on his neck, he exclaimed, "So perish my foes!" and rejoining his followers, returned to his castle.

Albrecht's retainers bore him sorrowfully to Hirschberg, and believing him to be dead, despatched a messenger with the sad tidings to Rothenstein; Armgart, when she heard them, was inconsolable. Early on the morrow Siegmund arrived at Rothenstein, and found that Armgart, absorbed by her grief, was secluded in her chamber. He approached Otto with a proud smile, as if he had done a deed worthy of all praise; unceremoniously he said, that his rival being removed, his pretensions to the hand of the fair Armgart ought to be allowed, and he had lost no time in coming to urge them. Astonished at such temerity, the old lord felt his anger rising; but repressing it, he coolly said, that his daughter was too greatly overcome by her sorrow to see any one, especially the very person who had caused that grief; knowing her sentiments, however, he would in her name tell him at once to relinquish all hope of ever being united to her; and that it would best become him not to prolong so painful an interview, or ever to return on such a fruitless errand. Sternly the young man replied that he would take his answer only from Armgart herself: for this he waited long. She resolutely persisted in her determination not to see him, and he at last withdrew, saying, that he would return on the morrow, when he expected that she would let him plead his cause and not deny his suit. Fearing that an attempt might be made to remove her from the castle, to seek the protection of her brothers who, with the greater part of their forces, had marched to assist one of their kindred in a distant province, he left some of his men in ambush to watch the gate and frustrate any such design. But the wicked boldness of his character had not then been fully displayed, and no idea of escape was entertained. When he made his appearance again on the following day, he was informed that Armgart remained in the same seclusion. Her father delivered a message from her intimating that she would not see him, being firmly decided to repel his advances, and that he must consider this as his final dismissal.

His obstinacy at length prevailed; Armgart came, but only with eyes flashing indignation, to upbraid him as a murderer, and to desire that she might never again hear his detested name, or be insulted by his odious presence.

When she had vented her rage, "Fair one," he said, "I love thee. I came to woo, and wooing to win thee. There is no preferred rival now to keep thy smiles from me. Why then not be mine?" Again her anger burst forth, which he vainly endeavoured to appease by entreaties and fond protestations. Finding her still inexorable, he could no longer restrain his impetuosity; but grasping her wrist, he exclaimed with hoarse fierceness, "Then force shall make thee mine, and thus in spite of thyself and all the world, will I drag thee to Steiffels!"

"Help, father!" cried the terrified girl. Her sire, rushing to the window, called out, "Ho, there! Up with the bridge. Close the gates. Let no one pass." Still holding his prize, the desperate suitor pulled Otto violently back and taking his place at the window, he drew from his bosom a horn, and blew a loud blast upon it, which rolled round the grey towers and reverberated in bounding echoes from cliff to glen below. Another, outside the



walls, responded to it. Then followed from every side a startling shout. In the next instant, ascending their ladders, the warriors of Steilfels lined the surmounted ramparts and Rothenstein was theirs. "Now, old man," shouted the exulting Siegmund, "who is master here? And thou, haughty fair one! now is it thy turn to sue."

Astonishment kept father and daughter silent; the conqueror enjoyed for a time their dismay and confusion. After a pause of some duration, he said, in gentler tones, "Thy unkindness, Armgart, has driven me to this. Thou seest that I am not to be withstood: will nothing soften thy hardness of heart?—then must I use the power which I hold. Rothenstein shall be razed to the ground. Borne a captive to my castle, thou shalt, on my own terms, be mine; and thy father, in its prison-cell, shall be my hostage for thy obedience. But be my willing bride and all may yet be well."

"Let us rather die, my child!" exclaimed her parent; "death would be sweeter than life on such conditions, and thy brothers will in time avenge our fate."

"Nay, father," answered Armgart, with brightened eye. Dark thoughts of revenge had crowded into her mind—the means were indistinct, but the intention fixed. A hectic glow suffused her cheek. With forced cheerfulness, she continued, "Life may yet have charms. The Lord of Steilfels no doubt loves me, or he would not have resorted to this unusual course of wooing. I must endeavour to love him in return, and be his."

Loosening his still firmly clenched grasp on her wrist, Siegmund at these words pressed her hand to his lips, giving utterance to all the promises and vows which at such times make lovers eloquent.

The preparations for the appointed ceremony went on; but no gladsome assiduity marked the demeanour of those who were engaged in them. Heavy hearts made slack hands. The cooking fires burned dimly and spoiled the sordid viands; servitors, leaving their unfinished work, gathered in timid groups to talk in mysterious whispers of the bad signs which they had seen or heard of; how for some days past a black cloud had been hanging over Bombol; how, now and then, lurid flames shot fearfully up from his burning throat; and how strange noises from time to time rumbled under ground.

Leaving these preparations to go on as they might, we must turn to Hirschberg for awhile and note what had occurred there. On arriving within its walls, as the bearers of their young lord's body were placing it on his couch, they thought a faint sigh was audible, and observing more closely they were convinced that he still breathed. The leech was summoned: having inspected the wound, he declared it was not mortal, and that its stunning effect had only produced a stupor, from which by careful treatment the patient might recover. Animation was gradually restored, and after three days of undisturbed repose, the sufferer was pronounced out of danger and allowed to speak. His blindness had till then been considered as the effect of debility. When he informed his attendants how it had originated, by the use of proper remedies he soon regained his sight; but loud and vehement were their exclamations of indignation against the foe who had resorted to such dishonourable, cowardly means of warfare. Before Albrecht had fully recovered his consciousness, a messenger had been

despatched to let Armgart know that he was alive, in the hope that she and her father would come and by their presence assist his convalescence. The envoy returned with the intelligence that the retainers of Steilfels were in possession of Rothenstein and that he was refused admittance. In this state of affairs he had prudently abstained from delivering his message, so that the preservation of their young lord's life still remained a secret. From some serfs he had learned the greater part of what had occurred, and that Armgart would in a few days be wedded to their foe; these facts were concealed from Albrecht, till he had so far progressed, that anxious suspense was more dangerous to him than knowledge of the truth. Of this he was gradually and cautiously apprised. At first his paroxysms threatened the most fatal consequences; and he was only tranquillized by the assurance that a plan was preparing for the rescue of his mistress, and only induced to nurse himself carefully that he might be able to assist in its execution.

The appointed day at length dawned, but not in brightness. A thick gloom shrouded the scene. The cloud that had been hovering over Bombol was spread far and wide, while the flames that issued from the gaping summit of the volcano were fiercer and more frequent. Reflecting these, the rolling masses of vapour had the semblance of tumbling rocks, menacing every moment to descend and crush all below them. The united standards of Rothenstein and Steilfels, raised on the towers of the former, flapped lazily in the heavy air, and the garlands festooning its porches drooped in the mists that withered their bloom; louder and oftener rushed the subterranean growl through unknown caverns, and as it passed, the firm battlements quaked, and even the solid rock which bore them heaved on its deeply-fixed base.

Ushered by these herald-omens of ill, arrived the daring lord of Steilfels, gaily apparelled and followed by a long train of invited guests and newly-liveried attendants. The beautiful Armgart, splendidly attired, gave him an apparently cordial greeting. Her father, with an air of deep dejection, which he made no effort to conceal, led her in silence to the chapel, where the officiating priest awaited them at the altar. As Siegmund took his place by the side of his bride, the whole scene was violently shaken; the trembling windows clattered, and the ceremony proceeded amid the terrific orgies of nature's convulsed powers. The choral chant was drowned in the howl of the whirlwind that rushed in sweeping eddies round the shaking pile; lightnings blazed fearfully from time to time through the darkness that shrouded the scene, and the thunder that groaned came not from skies above, but from vaults below. The columns that upheld the lofty roof, tottered; and just as Armgart pronounced the vow of life-long troth, the effigy of her deceased mother fell from the tomb beside her prostrate at her feet, and broke into a thousand fragments on the floor. The circling crowd turned pale with terror and many fled from the chapel; the hand of the shuddering priest dropped the rubric; even Siegmund quivered. Armgart alone stood unmoved. No tumult of the elements could make her quail who mastered the fiercer struggle of raging passion in her own stormy breast—no evil omens had power to affect her, for what greater ill could fate have in store for one who thus became an unwilling bride? There was a lull in this commotion at the close of the ceremony, and the company were marshalled in formal procession to their places at the long table in the hall; but the plenteous viands remained

untouched as the increasing din abroad was listened to with a more dismayed stillness within. Bombol, with bellowing roar, was emitting incessant flames, that gleamed luridly through the windows on the deepening gloom of the hall. Evening at length came on, and Siegmund announced his intention of departing forthwith for his own castle. Some of the awe-struck guests then found voice to protest against so daring an attempt in such a scene of horrors.

"What have I to fear?" he asked. "Bombol holds up a torch to light us on our way, and his loud hurrah will cheer our progress. My courageous bride is daunted by no womanish terrors." It was in vain that the lord of Rothenstein himself interfered to prevent their departure. The impetuous bridegroom was unmoved by either counsel or entreaty, and Armgart withdrew to prepare for the journey. As she retired, one of the minstrels, who had long been watching her, stole unnoticed through the gallery door, near which he had stationed himself. In the corridor he met her, and looking cautiously round to ascertain that no one was near, produced a signet, at the sight of which she started—it was a love-gift which Albrecht had received from her hand. "Lady," whispered the bearer of it, "by this token thou knowest I am true. I bring thee glad tidings—the young lord of Hirschberg is not dead. Even now he awaits thee near these walls. Assume without delay this minstrel's cloak and cap, which I have here concealed, and take this lute in thy hand—then follow me. But first let me place this lamp in the window of yonder tower as a signal to those without that we are coming."

There was no time for parley. Armgart decided promptly to do as he instructed her, and in that disguise descended with him to the open portal. As they were about to enter the court, some sentries who had been watching the outer gates, rushed past them uttering cries of trepidation. "All is right," said the minstrel; "hasten, lady." They found the postern gate unclosed, and in the next instant she was in Albrecht's arms.

"Armgart," he cried, "what rapture to meet thee again! But let me bear thee at once to safety, to happiness, and to revenge."

Quickly she was placed behind him on a fleet-footed steed, and as they proceeded with their escort towards Hirschberg, who, in that shrinking form, clinging to him she loved for protection, would have recognised the proud, defiant bride of the detested Steilfels?

Armgart had not long left the hall at Rothenstein before there was great agitation at its lower end. There was a buzzing hum of voices, and exclamations of amazement ran from mouth to mouth till they reached Siegmund's ears. To answer his inquiries, one of his men, yet staring wildly with terror, came forward, and in broken accents said, that while he and three of his comrades were on guard, and the fires of Bombol raging most furiously, there was a knocking at the gate. Thinking it might be some one seeking shelter from the storm, they cautiously unbarred the postern; but what was their horror at beholding the demon himself before them, who with flaming eyes and superhuman voice, roared out. "My prey, my prey! I come to demand my prey!" and by his side stood the slain Albrecht, pale as they saw him, when stretched lifeless on the ground. Terrified by this sight, they fled, nor stopped till they had reached the hall. The others confirmed this tale, and to justify their panic, described the appearance of the demon, his large black wings and tremendous claws, in terms that made many of their hearers tremble, and aggravated the horrors of

the hour. Siegmund, whose ready suspicions divined the truth, of this being a preconcerted device to enable his bride to escape, exclaimed, "Fools, there is treachery here!" and rushing out, he vociferated, "Armgar! where is Armgar?" with such vehemence that the vaulted passage re-echoed the sound, and repeated "Where is Armgar?" Her affrighted maidens came forth to say that they had awaited her, as they were bidden, in her chamber, whither she had not come. Returning to the hall, he questioned the guards if on their watch they had met any one? They replied; only two minstrels passing through the portals. The minstrels were quickly numbered and only one was absent. With more and more excited impetuosity, the enraged bridegroom flew across the court to the open gate. There in the brief intervals, when the uproar of the volcano for an instant subsided, his quick ear caught the tramp of receding hoofs. Raising a horn to his lips, he sent forth a blast, which aroused his followers from their stupefaction of mingled dread and wonder. Hastily obeying the summons, they found their lord already mounted on his swift courser. Ordering them to come immediately after him, he darted at full speed down the steep road that led from Rothenstein's height. At the foot of that craggy eminence lay an elevated and gently-undulating tract of table land, extending over a considerable space in the direction of Hirschberg. Along this plain they espied by the light of Bombol's red flames, their lord flitting in his glittering vest, like a fire-sprite, on his desperate way. They pursued his course in disorderly array, and with great difficulty urged their horses to sufficient swiftness to keep him within view.

In the meantime a melancholy desolation reigned in the almost deserted hall, where the guests and few retainers still sat looking at each other in mute consternation, while Otto searched in vain through the castle for his missing daughter. The eruption of the mountain became fiercer every instant. The windows that looked towards it glowed as if within bow-shot a sweeping conflagration were levelling the thousand dwellings of a peopled city. Its labouring convulsions were as the upheavings of a stupendous cataract striving for devastating liberty, yet unable to overleap the limits of its adamantine prison. To each of such efforts succeeded subterranean noises, and, as blow after blow threatened to consummate the work of destruction, the reeling walls of the castle seemed ready to fall and bury all beneath them in one common grave. Presently a muffled tread of hoofs in the court was heard, and Steinfel's band, without their leader, all begrimed and blackened, slowly crowded in, leading their horses with them into the disordered hall. Dropping their bridles, they sank in worn-out lassitude on the nearest seats, and it was long before the desponding occupants could inquire, or the awe-struck comers-in relate, what had taken place beyond the walls. At length the latter gave a confused narrative, with much rambling incoherence and full of contradictory inconsistencies. Some asserted that they actually saw the demon glaring furiously on them; others that, if they did not see, at least, they heard him; while those who admitted the fact of neither having seen nor heard this dreaded being, were still quite sure that he was there, directing the storm and causing the earthquake. These rough troopers, whom no common perils could daunt, were quite overcome by these convulsions of nature, the sources of which, unintelligible to them, they attributed to infernal agencies. The track of their leader conducted them into the hottest of the conflict. The ground beneath them was tossed like a waving

sea, and many a staggering steed fell with its rider. But nothing arrested Siegmund's headlong course. Sometimes, in the glaring light, he caught a distant glimpse of those whom he was pursuing, and then, by impatient words and frantic efforts, he urged his panting courser to exceed its powers of speed. At last came the final crash—so near to them was the tremendous shock, they thought the plain was rent beneath them, and expected each moment to sink in a yawning gulph. Their horses refused to move; every hoof seemed rooted where it stood; fixed as statues, they trembled like the leaves of a forest shaken by the breeze. The glare of the volcano was suddenly extinguished, and its roar silenced. But before them rose out of the earth, beneath a murky shroud of yellow vapour, a long line of blue flame, extending from side to side across the plain. There it shot up, flickered, and expanded, and close to that impassable barrier they discerned their master; the panting animal which he bestrode, sunk on its hanches, had planted its fore feet firmly on the ground, as if resolutely bent not to advance another pace. Its maddened rider was urging it onward by word, by heel and blow. At last, with desperate effort, it plunged into the flame, and instantaneously both disappeared. Then followed a shriek, a whirl of waters, a groan, and a splash, far, far below, in an unseen torrent.

Not an eye was closed in sleep within the walls of Rothenstein during that eventful night. Anxiously, yet fearfully, all watched for the return of morn. At length it dawned. The clouds of yesterday were dispersed, and the sky was clear and tranquil. But the rising sun beamed on wide-spread desolation when all went forth to learn what had befallen. Toiling through the deep bed of ashes caused by the discharge of the volcano, in the direction taken by the fugitives of the previous evening, they were stopped in their course by a frightful gulph never beheld before. In that terrific crash, which had shaken the frame of surrounding existence, the conflicting elements and subterranean fires that raged in Bombol's deepest caverns had forced for themselves a passage, by tearing asunder that age-cemented rock, coeval with the structure of the globe. But few among those who first stood on its verge comprehended this; the greater part of them were lost in stupefied amazement, and trembled before that fiendish power which alone, according to their ideas, could have executed a work of such fearful havoc. They looked around them, and how changed was the scene! Far as the eye could reach all was black. Mountain, glen, forest, and field, all were buried beneath that sable deposit. And where was the Lake of Logan? Through that deep rift its waters had flowed away, perhaps to swell the current of some distant river. And where were the towers of Hirschberg and Steinfels? No more were they to be seen on the heights which they before so proudly crested; and here again quailing superstition beheld the angry demon's inflicted vengeance. They were destroyed; but the spectators of their fallen state, cut off from all communication with their vicinity, could gain no tidings of the inmates. Where were Albrecht and Armgar? Had Seigmund actually perished, hurled by his own impetuosity into that unseen chasm? By a long circuitous route, rendered more tedious by crumbled precipices and drifted ashes, Otto von Rothenstein, with some of the bridal party, endeavoured to reach the point towards which his daughter's flight had been directed. During their progress they saw Siegmund's mutilated body thrown on a ledge of sand and stones which the torrent had raised at the foot of the

rock once crowned by the Castle of Steilfels. Defaced by many a blow, his features still wore the characters which death had stamped on them when his stern obduracy had been overcome by harrowing dread. Arrived at Hirschberg, the explorers of its ruins wandered for a time amid the wreck of walls levelled with their basements. Here and there a limb outstretched from beneath some fallen mass, strewn with ashes, told how sudden had been the work of destruction; but of living mortals to recount the tale not one was there. On leaving this scene of their fruitless search, they encountered three survivors, who had wonderfully escaped in a cave on the side of the mountain, and from whom they learned that neither Albrecht nor Armgart, nor any of their escort, had reached the castle before it fell. Hope revived, but was soon checked by the inquiry—what refuge could they have found? None was near. On every side they looked the same dark universal blank met their gaze—one waste of black sand, sometimes flying into heaps before the gentlest breath of wind, was all that lay around them.

Their informants added that in the silence which followed the great crash, and while the hot sleet was falling, they thought that cries for help had come up from the deep ravine through which the road ascended from the table-land between Hirschberg and Rothenstein, but, in the thick darkness, they could not have made their way to render any assistance, even had they not been intent on providing for their own safety. Hitherward the party proceeded. The narrow pass, hemmed in by a steep acclivity on either side, was quite blocked up by the ashes which had fallen most abundantly there, or had been carried in by gusty currents. Looking down the defile, they perceived at intervals irregular heaps rising above the general surface. Towards the first of these Otto, with despairing eagerness, made his way, often sinking knee-deep in the yielding dust, and with frantic determination he applied his trembling hands to dig a way to what was hidden beneath. The heat was stifling; at every breath he inhaled noxious vapours, and his parched throat was coated by the fine sulphureous particles which it drew in. Fainting energy still persevered, and the old man felt something in his grasp. What was it? The mane of a horse—the stiff hair, all crisped and charred by its hot covering, crumbled away in his grasp. With feebler yet more desperate exertion, he plied his onward work. By the side of the fallen animal there still lay something to be disclosed. Handful after handful of scattered ashes flew upward—he felt beneath them two human forms; and then discovered Armgart locked in Albrecht's arms. This confirmation of his dreadful fears broke the afflicted father's heart, and he fell lifeless on the blackened corpse of his beloved child. Such is the Legend of Bombol.

CLAIMS ON THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

RELIEF has already been afforded by the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund to 213 widows and 219 orphans. Of the former, 127 belong to the army, and 86 to the navy. Of the orphans, 214 have lost one parent, and 5 have been deprived of both. The Central Association for the Relief of Soldiers' Wives and Families has, in addition, transferred to the Patriotic Fund the claims of 324 widows and 301 orphans. The Seamen's and Mariners' Association is also about to transfer from 40 to 50 widows, many of whom have children. Independently, however, of the latter, the Patriotic Fund has already to meet the claims of 537 widows and 520 children.

THE CITY OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE streets are built in parallel lines from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses being of limestone have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the Emperor for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted-up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects and the sciences connected with them, history, and some light reading.

The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within. It contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals. There are many good churches; and a fine landing-place of stone from the military harbour, approached on the side of the town beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place during our visit; but we cannot say much for the singing; the company being third-rate, and the voice of the *prima donna* very much resembling at times a cracked trumpet.

The eastern side of the town is so steep that the masts-heads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers.

As Sebastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist. The only articles imported by sea being those required for materials of war, or as provisions for the inhabitants and garrison.

On the eastern side of the military harbour, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts very defective, the effluvia being most offensive.

Sebastopol is not the port of construction for ships of war: they are all built at Nicholasiev on the River Bug, as St. Petersburg is the building-place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and stores and materials of war in great quantity kept in the naval arsenal. The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master-mason. Along the eastern quay were ten large stone buildings for storehouses then in the course of construction, five of which were already finished.

But all other works sink into insignificance at Sebastopol before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks—three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide these docks are above the level of the sea, and the ships are floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each.

To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black River has been turned beyond Inkerman. This passes at one part through an excavated tunnel 900 feet long, and is constructed on arches in five or six other places.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUER, Esq.

CHAPTER IV.

If it were the purpose of this story to follow Horace Somers throughout his military life, we should proceed to trace, step by step, all the circumstances which caused his first interview with the child of the Pathan to ripen into an affection, which found full requital, first in manifestations of gratitude, and then in the demonstration of a stronger interest. Let it suffice that at the end of two or three years, Peerun the Pathanee, became the mother of a boy—that for seven years subsequently, Horace led the life too common in those days in the Indian army, when English wives were rare, but that gradually awaking to a sense of his own importance, and alive to the interests of his offspring, he, with one hand lavished a portion of his savings in the equipment and despatch of the boy to England that he might receive a good education, and with the other he effected an investment which gave a small pension to the mother, whom he thenceforward discarded, that he might be free to marry if he pleased. The grief of the mother was intense at the separation from her child, although she had been gradually prepared for such an issue to her relationship with Somers. There was but one alternative in respect to the treatment of children who were the offspring of such connections. They were either left to be brought up by the mother, and degenerate to the condition of natives; or they were cared for by the male parent, and sent to England to fit themselves for a decent station in life. Somers was fond of the boy, but he felt that his presence chained him to poor Peerun, and he sighed for a more “respectable” state of existence. In fact, he had become enamoured of the daughter of a staff officer of high rank, and he saw, or thought he saw, his way to preferment through the agency of family connections. Accordingly the boy, baptized Walter, was despatched to England to the care of a well-known army agent, with instructions to place him at a first-class academy. Not long after his departure, Peerun was placed on a pension; and Horace, obtaining leave of absence, quitted the station to be near the object of his now passion. Soon afterwards his marriage was announced, and this was followed by his appointment to the Adjutant-General’s department, where he gradually rose to offices of more consequence, until the effect of the climate upon his health compelled him to return to England on medical certificate.

Horace Somers went quietly through all the gradations of rank, and, as a major in the commissariat department, he contrived to amass a very considerable fortune. We would not, for the world, whisper a syllable in disparagement of his integrity, but it certainly did most miraculously fall out that invisible boats containing phantom military stores were totally lost in imaginary tempests; and herds of public cattle (on paper) were carried away by myths in the shape of ferocious wild beasts, and the effect of all these extraordinary losses was to enrich the major at the expense of the state. We say, if it were our object to provide simply a piece of military biography, we could relate many a strange tale; but a different theme claims our attention. It is not Horace, but Horace’s son, Walter, whose life we propose to sketch, for that life points a moral and illustrates a prejudice.

Years have rolled onwards. The little half-caste,

Eurasian, East Indian, or by whatever name the English delight to call the offspring of European fathers and Native mothers, has emerged from the academy and passed to the University of London, and from that he has come forth a polished gentleman and a liberal scholar. His father had always supplied him bountifully with the means of keeping up a respectable appearance; and now that Colonel Horace Somers has died, Walter finds himself the possessor of three thousand a-year, a warm heart, a sensitive temperament, and a very dark complexion. He had inherited more natural peculiarities from his mother than from his proud English sire. The latter had bequeathed him a fortune, but the former had given him the aptitude to enjoy it.

The kindly disposition of the unknown and unacknowledged Walter Somers—for none of the Colonel’s relatives would notice him in any way—had made him friends among his fellow-students; so, when he quitted the university and took chambers for himself, he was at no loss for associates. Several of these were of the ordinary class of “good fellows,” who would drink his wine, borrow his horse, his money, and his umbrellas, and tempt him occasionally to a little chicken-hazard. But there was one whom he valued far above the rest, for he was generous, chivalrous, and disinterested: this was Lionel Stratford, the son of a merchant; he was, nevertheless, destined for the bar, and his great natural talents, added to his passion for study, furnished strong grounds for believing that he would cut a figure in the courts of law, and possibly the senate.

Calling one morning upon Stratford, Walter found him with a companion—one Flicker—whose character was explained in the first few words of the introduction.

“Walter, my boy, how are you? Allow me to commend to your notice my old chum, Flicker, a man of observation and a pleasant fellow to boot, who is so fearful that the world should think him *slow* that he passes half his time in the absurdity of trying to be *fast*.”

“Any one,” said Somers, politely, “whom Lionel Stratford calls friend, is only too welcome to my regard. I hope sir, you will allow me to become better known to you.”

“Really,” replied Flicker, “you’re very kind. I don’t find people care to know me every day, although I never asked a man to endorse a bill.”

“Friendship,” rejoined Somers, “is not a feature of modern society. Men live in crowds now-a-days, and prefer multitudes of acquaintances to one sterling friend. For my own part I have withdrawn from the busy world in utter despair. My only sympathizing connection is here: I owe much to Lionel’s kindness.”

“You owe my regard,” interposed Lionel, “to your own intrinsic worth alone, and sure I am, if a certain sensitiveness—a timid reserve—did not deter you from meeting well-disposed men half-way, you would find friends by scores.”

“You forget,” said Somers, “how much prejudice operates in my case as a bar to familiarity. Mental attainments weigh lightly in the balance when—when—”

“I know what you would say, Somers; you think Englishmen hold it an offence in another that he wears ‘the shadowed livery of the burnished sun.’ The prejudice is not universal.”

“So you have proved,” said Somers, “in the fitness of a generous soul; but, if not universal, you will admit the antipathy is sufficiently general. At one time I felt it every day.”



[THE INTRODUCTION.]

Flicker here remarked that Somers did himself a wrong in so severe a seclusion. "Let me say for one," said the good-natured fellow, "that I am really happy to make your acquaintance, and if I cannot be useful to you, I will endeavour at least to be agreeable. Come out of your shell—make me your *chaperon*—Stratford tells me I shall benefit by your counsel in return—and I will take you everywhere."

Somers promised to take him at his word, adding, "If you find me dull and backward, send me to Coventry without remorse. I can go to my 'crust and hollow tree' again without a murmur." Flicker here bade them adieu, begging Lionel to drop him a note to say when he was to embark. "I'll go with you part of the way to India—that is to say, to Blackwall. It will be rather jolly to hear you sing 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'"

When Flicker had left them, Somers asked Stratford if he was really going out of England, and learned from him that he was to proceed to India immediately.

"To India!" exclaimed Somers. "How I envy you! Land of my birth, hallowed by early associations! How often have I longed for an opportunity to revisit it."

Lionel asked if his recollections of the country were clear and lively.

"On the contrary," replied he; "all is vague and hazy. I remember a kind and affectionate nurse—a native—whom I suppose to have been my mother; she had companions of her own age and character by whom we were constantly surrounded. I have likewise a dim souvenir of soldiers and horses, and all the pomp and bustle of military life; but there the reminiscence halts. I appear to have been sent to England for my education,

and in new scenes and amongst fresh associations gradually to have forgotten earlier ties. All that has since knit me to India has been report, occasional hearsay, and the conviction that I trace my being to the country. Of my father, the Colonel, who has left me independent, I have often heard men speak, but my mother's name and condition never reached me."

He added, that in fact he had no blood-relatives, and if it had not been for Stratford, he would indeed have been a stranger in a strange land. The prospect of his destitution filled him with melancholy apprehension. Stratford reminded him that Flicker had undertaken him, and that under his government Somers would make fresh friends.

"It was kind of you," rejoined the Indian, "to speak for me, though there is something repugnant to my sense of delicacy in hanging about a man who cannot but feel me an incumbrance. Besides our habits do not seem to correspond. While manners and knowledge of the world make him an acceptable companion, the world recoils from the unsocial being who adds natural disadvantages to moral disqualifications."

The words, "Oh, never mind—I'll be my own chamberlain," were now heard without, and a handsome girl, fashionably attired, entered the apartment. "Ah, Lionel, you see I was as good as my word, though in a frightful bustle of course." Lionel immediately introduced Somers.

"My friend Somers, Julia, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"And whom you have so often," rejoined the lively girl, "libelled, by saying he would not come to our house. I'm afraid, sir, if my cousin Lionel's report of you

be true, I ought to evince but little pleasure in making your acquaintance."

"I do not doubt," said Somers, "that I have been honestly represented, and will not try your patience with my presence."

He was about to leave, when Julia exclaimed, "Oh! don't go; I didn't mean that. Only Lionel said he never could prevail upon you to pay us a visit, and you know the vanity of a woman is plucked if she does not at least excite a little curiosity."

"It has been from no insensibility to charms and merits with which fame is ever busy, that I," said Somers, "have abstained from obtruding my society upon Miss Stratford and her uncle. Could I have supposed that—I mean that—that—"

It was evident her beauty embarrassed him. He hesitated. Lionel came to his relief.

"Walter Somers means, Julia, that he held it a duty to avoid temptation. He deems women's eyes and tongues as dangerous to sensitive men as candles to the wings of fluttering moths."

Julia laughingly retorted, "Now I'm sure, Lionel, that's entirely your own idea. I can't give Mr. Somers credit for so exalted an estimate of our sex, or so humble an opinion of himself. He is, I will venture to think, merely the willing slave of a little *mauvaise honte*, which more of—of our society—I mean the society of my sex—would effectually dissipate."

Somers saw the quickness of her apprehension of character, and felt the delicacy of her reproof of his bashfulness.

"I fear, madam," he exclaimed, aloud, "you read me aright; and now that I am indeed in your presence, I feel how much I have wasted opportunity—I mean the opportunity of cultivating a more social habit of mind, and of effacing the rust of manners formed only in the seclusion of a university."

Julia would not excite his vanity by denying that he stood in need of polish; but hastily turned to Lionel to bid him good-bye till they should meet again in the far East.

"Do you follow him then?" hastily asked Somers, the blood which rushed to his cheek imparting a deep red dye to his complexion.

"Follow, indeed! No, Mr. Somers, I precede him. I go to herald the advent of my commercial cousin, who, while I make captive the hearts of the victims of *ennui*, will pass his time in gathering the golden fruit of the pagoda-tree, to come back and pour it into the lap of a West-End Danaë."

"The pagoda-tree!" exclaimed Lionel. "The common fiction. I think we shall find, Julia, that that celebrated specimen of the arboreal family is now in the sere and yellow leaf. The fruit has long been gathered and consumed."

"Such, at least," said Somers, "is the received opinion in Anglo-Indian circles, and I believe it to be well-founded. The English have been bad gardeners in the East—paying less attention to pruning and fertilizing than to forcing and plucking the offspring of a generous soil."

"Well!" cried Julia, "there's some comfort in store, at any rate. There'll be hearts enough to captivate, and fancies enough to dazzle."

"Forgive me," returned Somers, "if I think that even there your hope outruns the chances of fulfilment. Exiles do not habitually land the land of their adoption. They

speak of it as a country where wealth and honour are doubtless to be obtained, but at the sacrifice alike of ease and health; where society, dispirited by the frivolous divisions of local etiquette, is narrowed and monotonous, and where the European, morally and physically subdued by the enervating atmosphere, wastes his best years of life in laborious nothingness, that he may spend its close in luxurious helplessness."

Julia denied the accuracy of the melancholy picture. She thought it at first highly coloured, because she happened to know a whole host of people who had come home full of health and spirits, with tolerable purses and sound livers, who spoke in raptures of the country.

"That is because they are no longer there," rejoined the East Indian. "But why should I destroy your bright anticipations? Since your departure is decreed, let me hope that you will find no exaggeration in the highly-tinted paintings of your enthusiastic friends. For Lionel's sake—for your own—I trust that India will prove an El Dorado of wealth and happiness. For my sake, I could have wished your stay."

Somers felt that he had said more than was justified by a first interview. He, therefore, hastily bade Lionel adieu, expressing his deep sense of Stratford's attentions to "a beggar in man's love." Lionel had never by act or word made the sensitive youth once feel that a mark was set upon his race. And, what with stammering and shuffling, Somers effected a very awkward exit.

Lionel saw at once that Julia had made a great impression on his susceptible friend. "Touched—wounded," exclaimed he, "in a vital part, and no mistake."

Julia was equally quick to interpret the emotions of the East Indian, and her native modesty did not forbid her making the admission, "Poor young man! Well, I never made so rapid a conquest in my life."

"You never had so weak, and I may add, so honest a foe. The children of the sun, Julia, are the slaves of sensibility. Passion quickly ignites in their bosoms, and unhappily burns with distracting fury. I fear poor Somers' happiness has not been augmented during the last hour."

"Well, it was not my fault. I did not attempt to apply the match!"

The interview ended in Stratford's determining to accompany his cousin to India instead of following her. We will leave them to make their own arrangements, while we trace the fortunes of the true hero of our tale.

CHAPTER V.

THE moment he returned home Walter Somers threw himself on a sofa in the drawing-room, and gave way to passionate grief. He had realised the delicious emotions of "love at first sight," but he had an instant afterwards experienced a revulsion of feeling. The very cup that he had hastily placed to his lips was as rapidly dashed away. To become enamoured of Julia Stratford only to know that she was immediately to be severed from him, was too much for one of his exceedingly sensitive organization. He would have rushed back to her presence and seized her by the hem of her garment—he would have cast himself in her path—he would have burnt to the very water's edge the ship that was to bear her away. His heart had issued a writ of *ne errat*, but he knew not any of Cupid's sheriff's officers to whom its service could be entrusted.

When the delusion to which he abandoned himself had

passed away, and reason had begun to assume her influence over his troubled heart, Somers began to ponder the means whereby he might re-open a communication with Julia. His quick feeling and the force of association soon suggested an expedient. She was going to India—the land of his birth—the land of *his mother*. How if Julia could become the medium of establishing an intercourse with the almost forgotten parent? Two sensations would thus be gratified. Wonderful are the devices of love! He leaped from the sofa to his desk, and in a few minutes had penned the following letter:—

“You are on the point, Miss Stratford, of sailing for India. I need not tell you that I am a native of that country; I bear the mark too palpably about me. Lionel may have informed you that my father, Colonel Somers, whose name you will often hear in military society in the East, has been dead some years. You may also be aware that since my accession to his fortune, I have never been able to discover any trace of *my unfortunate mother*. It is possible—I would at least indulge the hope—that some rumour about her may reach you in a circle in which he was known. Should it be so, will Miss Stratford charge herself with inquiry, and will she further become the medium of conveying to my mother this small tribute of my duty”—and here he hastily drew a ring from his finger.—“Tell her moreover, if you will be good enough, that any engagement you may make for her maintenance, should she be found in indigence, will be instantly ratified.” And then taking a ten-pound note from his desk, he folded it to be enclosed with the ring. He paused for awhile, and concluded his letter with, “I remain, with my prayers for Miss S.’s health and a pleasant voyage, her very humble servant, WALTER SOMERS.”

Hastily as he had penned the letter, he did not seem in so great a hurry to fold and seal it. He hung over it—not reading what he had written—not pondering his resolution or meditating the alteration of a word—but doubting if he had said all that he meditated, and wondering how any addition could be introduced. At last he played the woman, and made a postscript reveal the real or chief purpose of the letter:—

“P.S.—I have one more request to make; I had nearly forgotten it. If you should find, or *not* find, my mother, would you indulge me with a letter? The sight of your handwriting—the slightest evidence of your recollection of the unhappy Somers—will be a boon. Believe me, it is not in the indulgence of a weak and foolish vanity that I solicit this great favour.”

He did not venture more. The letter was now sealed and soon despatched to Stratford’s chambers, with a request that he would send the Mercury to Julia’s dwelling. An hour, which seemed an age, now elapsed, and the page returned with a note, neither three-cornered nor scented, but in an oblong envelope, and written in a fine, free hand. Who shall say there is not character in such letters? It was the type of Julia’s disposition. In matter business-like, in manner kind yet reserved.

“Miss Stratford undertakes the office Mr. Somers has done her the honour to entrust to her with unfeigned pleasure. It is praiseworthy in him—if she may take the liberty of saying so—to nourish an affection for a parent from whom he has been so long separated. Miss Stratford will make a point of writing from India, and if

her inquiries should not have a happy issue, she will beg of her cousin Lionel to become the medium for the return of the ring and the money confided to her.”

The Stratfords left town that very evening to embark at Southampton.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, Walter Somers, who had scarcely closed an eye during the night, found himself sauntering up and down in front of the house of the uncle of Julia and Lionel, old Heseltine Stratford, of the firm of Stratford, Monkhouse, and Co., great East India merchants. What did he there? Young readers whose hearts echo to the whisperings of Walter’s heart, will answer for us. They would have done the same! Perhaps he hoped she had not yet left, and that he would obtain another glimpse of her; perhaps he adored the very atmosphere she breathed—the very pavement she had trodden; perhaps—but why waste time in speculation? There he was, pacing up and down, like Love playing at sentry over ground hallowed by passion, that no profane foot might be planted upon it.

Somers was so much occupied by his own emotions that it was some time before he observed that a little man, apparently thirty years of age or more, passed him every time he moved to and fro, and directed his eyes either down to the area or up to the garret. Several times did the little man plant his foot upon the door-steps as if irresolute to proceed further, and once he went up and placed his hand upon the bell, but seemed to lack the courage to set it in motion. At length he took heart, went again to the door, rang the bell, ventured upon a single knock, and then shrunk back, “affrighted at the sound himself had made.” A servant came to the door; Somers quickened his pace—reached the steps just as he heard the lacquey say, “Gone last night.”

“Then,” said the little man, “I will follow her.”

A spontaneous fellow-feeling led Somers to accost the small stranger. An electric sympathy had been established between them.

“Gone!” asked Somers, “who did he say was gone? Like yourself, I am interested in the inmates of that house.”

“Who is gone? Why, my Sue. It was quite a unexpected thing. We had the notion of going together at some time or other, and now that she’s off with her young missus, I’ll go too.”

“Carried by the force of your affection?”

“My affection and my business—for she’s gone to the place where the real beasties is to be had.”

“I don’t comprehend you.”

“Oh, well, sir, I don’t mind speaking my mind to you, for you looks a gentleman, though you—”

“Are *black*,” added Somers, bitterly.

“Well, I didn’t *say* so,” rejoined the little man—“mean no offence—skin’s only skin-deep, you know.”

“Do *you* know,” said Somers, thoughtfully, “that I have the same idea of going out to India as yourself, for by a strange coincidence, the very lady whom your Sue has accompanied, is one for whom I cherish a deep regard.”

“Ah!” replied the man, “them coincidences is rum things. Only five years ago that girl, Sukey Mivers, and me, were chorus singers at a small theatre. We both of us left soon arter one another from the same feelings. She felt and I felt that it warn’t respectable to be always in the back-ground when the tenor and the soprano were going it in front. Where was the pleasure when a woman sang before the lights—

'No, though he leaves me,
Though he thus grieves me,
'Think not, oh, think not I'm mad!'

for us to be bawling out together—

'Think not, oh, think not she's mad!'

or if my lady was in the felicitous mode by the side of her lover, exclaiming—

'Oh, moments of bliss!
Oh, joy how complete!
All fears now dismiss
In the future so sweet.'

for us to second their opinions like slaves, 'Dismiss—bliss—complete—sweet.' Baugh! No, we didn't like it—so each left in turn—that was a coincidence. Then six months arter, we both went down to Brighton in the same second-class carriage—and that was another; and then I found two days ago she was going off to Indy, and so was I too—and that's a third."

Somers admitted it was a singular train of accidents.

"But," said he, "you said something about wild beasts?"

"Very likely—it's no secret. My name's Polito Roberts, at your service. I was brought up by Mr. Wombwell—you've heard of him no doubt; and his great London friend, who kept lots of wild animals in the Strand, before Waterloo Bridge came up, was my god-father. My own father fed the elephants and lions and monkeys for many years, and I made myself useful in the menagery as soon as I were old enough. When father died he left me a bit of money, and I took to the stage in the vocal line, because a man as used to play the piano at a free-and-easy where I frequented, told me I had two chest notes and a lot of octaves. But it didn't do; so I cut the stage, and turned my attention to the old trade—bought a van and some animals, and went to fairs. Howsomever, it was very difficult to keep up a good supply. Beasts is so scarce now-a-days, 'cos why, the Zurlogical Societies snap up all the tigers and bears and things. I did try the old dodge of shaving a hyena and painting him green, and tying a lot of flax to a donkey's head like a lion's mane, and calling it a *lucy natural*; but even country-folks are getting so wide-awake that that was rayther dangerous—so I've followed the advice of a old friend, and am going out to Bengal to buy my own beastesses, as I can get 'em cheap on the spot."

While Polito ran on with his personal history, Somers, half-listening, revolved in his mind his own suddenly-conceived project of following Julia to India, and when the wild-beast speculator came to a dead stop, and touched his hat, in act of leaving, Somers asked him whether, if he paid his passage to India, he would object to go out as his servant? Polito, for a moment, oscillated between his dignity and the suggestions of economy, and then exclaimed—

"'I'll be your follower; command me,' as I've heard it said on the stage, 'I shall in all my best obey you.'"

"Come to me to-morrow-morning early, between ten and eleven. Be ready to start at a moment's notice, should I require it. He then gave Polito his card, and called a cab.

To go into the city, engage a passage, make purchases at an outfitter's, pay off his servants, cause his furniture to be removed, write a few letters, and make several P.P.C. visits, was, with such an impulsive creature as Walter Somers, the work of a week. Polito was with him at the appointed time, and soon made himself very serviceable in packing up, running of errands, &c. One less prone to act on the inspiration of the moment than Somers,

would have waited a month, and then have proceeded to India by the ensuing mail; but his spirit was in a ferment—locomotion was necessary to him—and he found that a smart sailing vessel would carry him to Calcutta, as rapidly as the steamer in which the Stratfords had embarked. It was this impression which gave him life and animation when the "Lady Forbes" was running along at eight or nine knots—and cast him into the slough of dejection when she was becalmed on the Line. There were very few passengers on board, and these were chiefly young persons—cadets and ensigns with whose friends economy was an object; but there was one gentleman, a major in the Bengal Infantry, who had been a lieutenant in the same regiment with Colonel Somers, and, respecting the father, had conceived a warm interest in the son. Walter, always alive to kindness, and peculiarly apprehensive that even the officers of the Indian army would make him feel the circumstances of his birth more acutely than the persons with whom he had associated in England, acknowledged the sympathy of Major Marston very gratefully. To him he confided the secret of his soul, and often told the Major he should count on his co-operation, and hoped he would be his bridegroom's-man. The Major cheerfully encouraged a belief in the success of his suit. "What woman," he would say, "could refuse a man who had sailed over fifteen thousand miles of the ocean to seek her hand?" Polito proved, occasionally, a very entertaining companion. His adventures and vicissitudes, and his intimate acquaintance with the whole tribe of *artistes* who live by dog-breeding, dog-fighting, dog-stealing, and dog-finding, tumbling in the streets, or doing the *acrobat* in a country circus, furnished a fund of odd anecdotes; nor was he less amusing when reciting all the tricks and prejudices of his own peculiar calling. He had a strong idea that the humps on camels' backs "come up higher" for a daily feed of turnip-tops and cabbage-stalks, and he firmly believed that a fortune was to be made among the romantic young ladies who loved "dear gazelles," by any one who should dye the coats of the fawns of spotted deer. But his grand notion of success was founded on the possession of the *rara avis*. He had heard of such a thing, but what it meant—whether a bird, a beast, a fish, or a reptile—he could not in the least conjecture.

In rather more than three months from the time of her sailing, the "Lady Forbes" reached Calcutta.

[To be continued.]

SISTERS OF CHARITY AT SCUTARI.

A young French lady, a Sister of Charity, now occupied as a nurse at Scutari, thus writes home to her parents:—"Do not be grieved at my absence. I shall return to France as soon as all here have recovered. The Government wished and asked for a hundred of us to be sent out, but only twenty-two could be spared besides myself. We have been in the camp of the soldiers. Oh! if you knew how pleased they were to see us! It is our sisters who nurse them, and the soldiers would not on any account let them leave them. Cholera has almost left us, but a great many have died of it, and all of them received the last sacraments before leaving this world. I cannot tell you how much it pained me to see so many young men ill and dying: it made me resolve at least to do every thing in my power to be useful to them. Help me, my dear parents, in returning thanks to Almighty God for having chosen me for so noble a vocation."

STRAY READINGS.

THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

As we rowed to the shore, the beauties of the outline of the city of Rhodes, with its triple harbour, and white towers, above the still, sapphire waves, were fully expanded before us. We took a very extensive walk, passing first across the very wide moat and under the feudal archways of the Palace of the Knights of St. John. The ruins are very stately, and, I imagine, exhibit a greater mixture of ornament with military architecture than could be commonly found. I have not seen Malta, to which there would be naturally the greatest resemblance; Mr. Newton conceives that the style here is considerably purer. I wished ardently that the ample knowledge and admirable taste of my friend, Mr. Salvin, could have been on the spot to derive and impart information. My reader must have discovered before this, that when I speak on any of the high topics of art or architecture, it is with the slightest knowledge of detail; I can only record the general impression upon eyes not insensible to their beauties. The effect now suggested was that of bits of Kenilworth, seen under cloudless skies, and topped by occasional palm trees. From the palace we descended to the principal street, where are the hotels or inns (*auberges*) of the different nations; the armorial carvings upon the fronts of the houses are perfectly preserved, and still looked most sharply chiselled. Here is the cardinal's hat of Emery d'Amboise, Prior of the Order, and many other shields, which I conceive must have great interest for a herald. We came upon two representations of St. George and the Dragon still surviving in fresco. The houses are all inhabited, but there is so little mid-day stir in Rhodes, that this street forcibly struck several of us as being like one in Pompeii. The town, as I hear is the case with its more modern derivative, Malta, is eminently clean, and the dwellings most substantial. Mr. Newton took me into the house of a Jew, which had a large carved wooden ceiling, like a manor-house of England. They served us with great courtesy to sweetmeats, coffee, and raki, the spirit of the island. We concluded our walk with the circuit of the ramparts, which is very extensive, and would move to envy the philanthropic soul of Mr. Slaney as a public walk; but here we were obliged to take a *carross* of the pasha's to gain admittance. The views are very beautiful of dazzling white buildings, and calm blue sea, and gardens glossy with fig, orange, and palm trees, and the deep-grooved Carian and Lycian hills on the opposite coast. In one of the intervals of our long walk, the captain of the ship, the consul, and I, paid a visit to Ismael Pasha, who is at the head here of a very extensive pashalic, including a large proportion of the islands; he is a grandson of Ali Pasha, of Yanina, and seems to be one of the best-conditioned and enlightened of the body. He received us with very distinguished courtesy.—*Lord Carlisle's Diary.*

INDEPENDENCE OF THE ARABS.—Since 1830, all the attempts made by the French to induce the Arabs to change their manner of life have failed. General Rugeaud tried to colonize the tribes allied with France in fixed villages. He gave them all the building materials, and the sappers and miners began to erect houses for them. But the half-built cottages were soon deserted by the Arabs, and had they not been forced by General Rugeaud to remain, the majority would have rather gone over to Abdel-Kader than have been fixed to the soil. The love for an entirely independent life is as firmly rooted in the Arab as the belief in Mohammed. The comfortable life of the citizens; their substantial houses, granting shelter against sun and rain; the furniture on which they comfortably recline; the good fare they relish; the good clothes they wear—all this the Arab has seen for many years, but to him it has no peculiar attraction. He could live himself in the same way, if he choose; he is rich—he has herds of camels, and numerous herds which he could sell; he could with the money buy a Moorish house, good furniture, and splendid clothing in any of the cities; but he likes better to remain in the wilderness, to live under the tent through which the wind whistles, and to feel that he can roam wherever he pleases.

PALENTAGE OF GENERAL CANROBERT.—The Commander-in-Chief of the French army in the Crimea is acknowledged by all parties as a man of honour and lofty mind. He is believed to be a son of the Emperor Napoleon and Madame de Biroy. He passed the early portion of his life in the enjoyment of the ease and *maison* which a large fortune can bestow, and it was not until called from his life of dissipation to attend upon the dying bed of his mother, that he learned the secret of his birth. Immediately, notwithstanding the accession of fortune suddenly acquired by his mother's death—notwithstanding the habits of idleness and luxury he had indulged in ever since his birth, he declared that, with such blood in his veins, he should scorn to remain inactive. He instantly set out for Algiers as a volunteer in the Chasseurs, and has risen by slow degrees to the station he now occupies. The moral effect of his relationship to the great Napoleon has been immense upon the troops under his command, and enables him to obtain an ascendancy which St. Arnaud never could acquire.

PRICE OF THE BIBLE.—In the year 1274, the price of a small bible, neatly written, was £90, which sum was no doubt equal to £200 of our present currency. A good bible may now be had bound for ninepence! It is said that the building of two arches of old London Bridge cost only £25, which was £5 less than the cost of a single copy of the bible many years afterwards.

THE BLIND SCULPTOR.

At Innsprück, in the Tyrol, is a blind sculptor; his name is Kleinhaus. When five years of age, he was attacked with the small pox; it affected his eyes, and finally made him entirely blind. Before he had lost his sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skillfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would gladly have imitated. Then he would take them between the hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see, by measuring them with his fingers. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able by degrees to comprehend from the touch the exact proportion of the figure; *anatomising* upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge of the niceties of a work of art. When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute, and, rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had diligently devoted long days of labour. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other, but his love for art induced him to persevere. After very many efforts he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand, and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he *saw* as it were, by means of his fingers, the figures he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees, until he had attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection, for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance. He is now seventy years of age, but robust, and works every day as in his youth. During the course of his career he has sculptured several hundred figures. He lives alone in his humble apartment, and supplies all his wants from the produce of his sculpture. He is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desires agitate him; no ambition for honour or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist. His mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and, as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands. "I feel," he says, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with mine own eyes."

THE OLD STORY.—A young girl named Smith, lady's maid to Mrs. Blacker, Castlebar, County Kildare, lately drowned herself in the Liffey, in consequence of her lover, a carpenter, having proved unfaithful. At an inquest held on the body several letters were read which had been addressed by deceased to her faithless survivor, and among them was one which deceased had written to a fellow-servant the night of the suicide:—"Read this, dear Mary, seal it, and give it to him. [A broken ring enclosed.] Accept this as an emblem of thy broken faith. It is my last request that you will nail a few boards together to cover me—for it is but right you should finish your own work."

TOM THUMB AT COURT.—In Barnum's narrative of his life, just published, he gives an account of Tom Thumb's interview with Her Majesty. "Queen Victoria desired the General to sing a song, and asked him what song he preferred to sing. 'Yankee Doodle,' was the prompt reply. This answer was as unexpected to me as it was to the royal party. When the merriment it occasioned somewhat subsided, the Queen good-humouredly remarked, 'That is a very pretty song, General; sing it, if you please.' The General complied, and soon afterwards we retired. I ought to add that, after each of our three visits to Buckingham Palace, a handsome *douceur* was sent to me, of course by the Queen's command. This, however, was the smallest part of the advantages derived from these interviews, as will be at once apparent to all who consider the force of court example in England."

THE VIVANDIERES IN THE CRIMEA.—Among all the melancholy and desponding accounts from the Crimea, it is quite refreshing to hear of anything lively. And this gleam of sunshine on the gloomy landscape is shed by what we learn of the vivandieres belonging to the French camp. The very name, *vivandiere*, brings to our mind Jenny Lind in *La Figlia*, or Celeste, as another *file militaire*, exclaiming, "Advance friend, and give de countersign." The vivandieres are described as full of life and spirit amid all that "slough of despond" before Sebastopol. Little do they care for the mud and mire of the roads, or tracks—for roads there are none. They ride into Balaklava in full Bloomer costume, booted and spurred, sitting on their horses in manly fashion, and carrying as much provender as they can manage to stow away. Well done! little vivandieres! There is nothing like keeping up a good heart and showing a smiling face. We will venture to say that the sight of you cheers your countrymen's spirits quite as much as your supplies sustain their bodily strength.

WHISKY VERSUS FOOD.—A public meeting was lately held in the City Hall, Glasgow, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to put a stop to the distillation from grain during the present war-prices of food.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, Strand. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1855. The Part will contain six Numbers in a neat cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

J. LEE (Hexham).—The strength of the Austrian army on the 1st of August, 1854, was computed as follows. Infantry:—Sixty-two regiments of the line, each of 6,800 men, 423,378; fourteen frontier regiments, 55,200; one regiment of chasseurs, 6,964; division of depot chasseurs, 32,524. Cavalry:—Sixteen regiments of the line, 20,145; two regiments of light cavalry, 46,851. Artillery:—engineers and corps-d'etat-major, 1,140 guns, 11,116 men; pioneer corps, 5,592; gendarmes, 20,000. Total, 624,279 men.

W. DODSWORTH (Milton).—Militiamen volunteering for foreign service will be entitled to bounty. The services of three field-officers may be accepted with nine hundred men, two field-officers with six hundred men, and one with three hundred men; and of other officers in proportion to the establishment of a regiment.

WILLIAM GLOVER (Preston).—The vacant professorship of geometry in Uxbridge-college has been filled up by the election of the Rev. Morgan (Cowie), late fellow of St. John's-college, and Italian lecturer in the University of Cambridge. Mr. Cowie was senior wrangler in 1833, and for some years principal of the Engineers'-college at Putney.

L.—Captain Garner Mann, who lately delivered some very interesting lectures on Ancient and Modern Systems of Warfare at the United Service Institution, is professor of fortification at the Military-college of Sandhurst. The illustrations which accompanied the lectures were drawn by Mr. T. J. Hawkins, C.E., author of the elementary drawing classes lately adopted by the Government.

N. D. (Chelsea).—The city of Jerusalem was taken and retaken seventeen times, and ultimately surrendered to the Romans under Titus.

C. WOODWARD (Maitock).—A gabion is a cylindrical basket three feet high by twenty inches wide, filled with earth, and used to protect the men engaged in the trenches.

P. J. M. (Lambeth-terrace).—The total number of British soldiers sent to the Crimea since the commencement of the war is about 35,000.

A. B. (Sandfield-place, Lewisham).—Commissioners in the Militia are practically in the gift of the lord-lieutenants of counties, who can recommend approved persons to the Crown as eligible for commissions. The officers when on duty receive the same pay as officers in the regular service, but they are not paid except when actually called out for duty.

AARUS (Blackburn).—Mr. Isaacby, of Blackburn, is our agent, and he will give you all the information you require.

(Cambridge).—The medical staff at the hospital at Scutari now consists of forty-three medical men and twenty-eight principal nurses.

J. E. (Albion-place).—The first occasion on which the diving-bell was ever used for the purposes of masonry in this country was in the year 1812, when the foundations were laid for the Royal-harbour at Rangoon.

J. P. R. (Derbyport).—We do not like the singing of the vocalist in question, but you are welcome to admire it as much as you please. We cannot undertake to state which is the best ventilated of the London theatres, though we could readily answer an inquiry as to which is the worst.

A. MAY or KENT.—We cannot inform you of the name of the lady who a short time since undertook to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, but such feats are not so unprecedented as you suppose. On the 3rd of May, 1788, a young lady who, at Newmarket, had laid a considerable wager that she could ride a thousand miles in a thousand hours, finished her match in little more than two-thirds of the time. At her setting in, the country-people strewed flowers in her way.

HESTERAYE (Cottagey).—This word, as applied to the guards at the Tower, has no such carnivorous signification as the term suggests. It is a monstrous perversion of the French word, *houffeur*, which means clad in buff. There are numerous instances of similar corruptions; the most absurd that occurs to us at the present moment is the tavern-sign of the "Goat and Compasses," common in Norfolk and other places, and which is known to be a perversion of the original sentiment set up by the Puritans, "God omnipasseth us."

PHILO-ARBORE (Stroud).—The chestnuts that grow wild in this country never equal in size and perfection those which are imported from Spain and Italy. The largest in the known world are those growing upon Mount Atlas in Sicily. The most bulky of them is known by the name of "the chestnut tree for a hundred horses," and is one hundred-and-sixty feet in circumference, and quite hollow within. At Yorkworth, in Gloucestershire, there is a chestnut tree fifty-two feet in circumference, which is probably nearly a thousand years old.

A. A. (Lambington).—It was Dr. Johnson, if we remember aright, who said that "every discovery was a recovery." Even the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation was not unknown to the ancients, for Lærtius, in his first book, attempts to refute the idea that the universe has a centre to which all things tend by their natural gravity. That the central spot has the strongest power of attraction, was equally an hypothesis of Sir Isaac Newton and the Moles.

H. PRINCE (Holloway-road).—The power of appointing cadets is the only patronage now left in the hands of East India directors. The patronage of each director was formerly valued at from £10,000 to £12,000 a-year.

F. HEMMING (Merion, Surrey).—Specimens of the wood to which you refer, grown on the Himalaya mountains, may be seen in the Botanical department at the East India-house. The largest tree in the world is in California.

A. G. (Western-road, Brighton).—It is not at the Guildhall in London only that pigeons are kept at the public expense. In Venice, at the present day, thousands of these beautiful birds are kept, in the Place of St. Mark, at the cost of the city. It has been reckoned that the pigeon traverses in ten minutes a distance of nine miles. Among the Romans, D. Brutus was the first who made use of this flying telegraph.

J. EVANS (Ashbury).—The earth moves round the sun, but if you find any difficulty in remembering that fact, it is better for you, when asked the question, to compromise the matter, by stating that the process varies in different countries!

MARTIN (Southampton).—Butter's Spelling-book is the best, and you can purchase it at any bookseller's.

W. WILEY (Bridgnorth).—We cannot tell what number of square acres are in the county of York.

F. CAIN (Richmond).—The law with regard to lodgers is very complicated, but you are by no means justified in sending a live rat into the room of an intractable lodger, and we cannot imagine how you could have thought of such a thing. Practise the fute in the next room and see what that will do.

(Shifnal).—Every publisher is bound by law to send two copies of all works published by him to the Library of the British Museum.

A. Y. (East Barnet).—Many thanks for your sketch, which has been received.

C. (Cheltenham).—Your note has been handed to the publisher, who will attend to it.

E. J. (Devizes).—Sir Isaac Newton, in his Chronology, calculates that in no series of kings does the average duration of each of their reigns exceed twenty-one years.

MURKINS (Liverstone).—You have, of course, a remedy at law against the calumniator who overcharged you, but the delay and inconvenience of putting the law in motion are, to our thinking, an aggravation of the original injury. Lord Byron lived in the time of hackney-coaches, who were nearly as good ruffians as the present generation of budget brigands, and he assures us that, when one of them was insolent or extortionate, he used to make it a practice to look the scoundrel steadily in the face for half-a-minute, and then address him thus:—"I square, beyond all possibility of comparison, the ugliest man I have ever seen. Leave my sight, sir!"

C. SIMMONDS (Turo).—We confess we have no faith in weather prophets. It is an undoubted fact that the Emperor of Japan, by his coronation oath, undertakes to secure fair weather at proper times; but it is a constant source of dissatisfaction among his majesty's subjects that he does not fulfill his engagement!

M. (Romford).—No mine in England has been found to contain gold in sufficient quantity to pay the cost of working. We should not advise you to have anything to do with the adventure to which you refer. It is nothing but a speculation.

C. WILLIAMS (Penzance).—The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found amongst those classes of mankind who, amidst bodily labour and in the open air, lead a simple life agreeable to nature: such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, soldiers, and sailors. In these situations, man still attains to the age of 100. Hufeland, in his well-known work on the Art of Prolonging Life, enumerates several persons who attained a great age; amongst whom was Henry Jenkins, who at the time of his death was 169 years old. Draakenburg, the Dane, who died in 1772, in the 146th year of his age. J. Bingham, who died in Cornwall, in his 144th year; and the old Prussian soldier, Miltstead, who died in 1759, in his 119th year. We knew a man, ourselves who wrote a book showing "How to live 100 years," but, as he did not attain half that age himself, we should not advise you to spend your money on the publication.

TEMPER (Dunstable).—The new clock-tower in the Borough, near the London-bridge railway-station, is not to contain a clock with an illuminated dial. We cannot tell what is the matter with the clock at the Horse-guards; it appears to be a wretched, crazy affair.

G. (Stronham).—We are not aware whether Van Amburgh is alive. The wonder of his performance was, not that he put his head into the lion's head, but rather that he drew it out again.

F. (Pewich).—The sea has been for many years encroaching on the promontory known as Languard Fort, and we should by no means advise you to carry out your project of building a house in the neighbourhood, as it is probable that you would find yourself "all in the Downs" some stormy night.

AWOLO-NAXON (Piccadilly).—You are entirely mistaken in supposing that if you hire a cab in London you are entitled to drive, and to compel the cabman to sit inside. The cabman cannot take any person on the box without your leave.

CHARLES CURTIS.—You will find an answer to your question in our next number.

****.**—We believe the original idea of the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851 originated with Mr. Scott Russell, and was first suggested at a meeting of the Council of the Society of Arts.

R. CHATWOOD (Baltic Office-house).—The oldest vessel afloat, of which we have any knowledge, is a brig belonging to Newcastle, called "The Conference," which is known to be one hundred-and-thirty years old. She is still an excellent vessel, and the owners expect her to last many years to come.

RUBER (Bloomsbury).—We should by no means advise you to dye your hair. All species for that purpose are dangerous, and it is possible that some such misfortune, as happened to Mr. Tittibet Titmouse, may befall you, and that you may find yourself with a green crop.

A FRIEND TO TRUTH (Inverness).—We cannot but wish that you would evince your love of truth in some more convenient form than inquiring into the ages of ladies. We cannot tell you how old the accomplished actress is to whom you refer, and we request that such interrogatories may not again be addressed to us. Ask the lady herself, or, if you are disinclined to do this, accept it as a general rule that a lady is a year younger on each successive anniversary of her birth, and that, like the angels in Mahomet's paradise, the longer she lives the younger she grows.

R. P. (St. Leonard's).—"A SPEEDY PRIZE AND SOON!"—We believe it was the late Sir William Curtis who gave this famous toast at a city dinner. We are not aware whether he was knighted for the brilliant sentiment, but he ought to have been.

A COUNTY FRIEND (Exeter).—We do not know the precise height of the Dicks of York's column at Carlton-terrace. Leap it the next time you come to town, and let us know.

****.**—We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.



[THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE British Hospital at Scutari the (interior of which our artist has engraved from an original sketch), presents, perhaps, one of the most interesting scenes which it is possible to contemplate in connection with the war.

Being anxious to test the accuracy of the statements which had reached Constantinople, as to the sufferings of those of my countrymen who were arriving almost daily at the Hospital, I was induced, in company with a friend who has been for many years a resident at the Golden Horn, to cross the water and form my own

opinions as to how it fared with the gallant fellows who had fought the great Crimean battles. I had a further inducement in view in arriving at this determination, as I was anxious to see a young friend who had lately received an appointment in the commissariat department at Scutari, and who had, I believed, been entrusted with one or two letters from friends in England to me. We accordingly left Constantinople about noon, and having made the overland journey through some of the filthiest lanes and alleys that the "City of the Sultan" can boast of, we soon found ourselves in the now-celebrated town of Scutari.

The town or suburb itself has little to recommend it, consisting only of a few streets, containing houses of small pretensions, some long, scattered buildings, used as store-houses for the Turkish Government, an extensive burial-ground, and the large and imposing structure known far and wide as the English Hospital. The stranger visiting Scutari would scarcely suppose, from the general appearance of the place, that it contained a British population of more than five thousand souls. On the occasion of our visit the utmost order and regularity appeared to prevail. There was none of the excitement which I expected to find, although the place has become a considerable depot for English stores and merchandize. I had anticipated finding at Scutari a state of things something like that prevailing at Balaklava, where an immense quantity of stores and *materiel* of all sorts are collected together, and piled in confused heaps in the open air. But at Scutari, owing to the better arrangements made, the stores as they arrive are warehoused in dry and secure places; and, although the number of hands employed is by no means sufficient for the amount of work to be done, still it was satisfactory to perceive that the utmost had been done under the circumstances to provide for the exigencies of the sick and helpless soldiers who were constantly landed from the ships. Some idea may be formed of the Hospital itself, from the fact that it contains accommodation for upwards of five thousand patients, and the necessary staff of medical officers, nurses, purveyors, clerks, assistants, and attendants of all descriptions. Upon applying at the Hospital, and inquiring for my friend, I was instructed by a patient, sufficiently convalescent to be moving about, that I should probably find him in an adjoining building, where a lodging had been provided for several of the staff to which he belonged, lately arrived from England. I proceeded accordingly in the direction indicated, and was fortunate enough to meet my friend, who at once expressed his willingness to accompany me through some of the wards of the Hospital. He first, however, introduced me to his own quarters, with which he seemed perfectly satisfied. They consisted of a small room, about ten feet square, in the centre of which two or three boxes were piled, so as to form a temporary table. Around the walls, which had been lately whitewashed, were arranged upon pegs, a variety of articles, including clothes-brushes, umbrellas, swords and belts, tobacco-pouches, saddles, bridles, and whips, great-coats, and "wraps" of all sorts and sizes. The only furniture in the room consisted of one chair, and two or three packing-cases, which did duty as sofas and ottomans. There was a small stove in the room, but the fire had gone out, and this, with a couple of empty bottles, into which the ends of candles had been stuck, gave to the appearance of the place anything but a cheering aspect. Upon expressing my surprise that such accommodation should be regarded as something peculiarly

unenviable, my friend said, "We have everything we want; there are only three of us to share this room. We have each a comfortable mattress, which we put away in the packing-cases every morning, and we have so much to do during the day that we have not time to think of ourselves. When night comes we light our stove and our pipes, and I can tell you we consider ourselves very fortunate that we are not under canvas in the Crimea."

I then ventured to put a few questions with respect to the creature-comforts provided for those who were not on the sick list, and he informed me that they had nothing whatever to complain of on that score. They had abundance of food in the shape of ship's stores, but he admitted that a joint of Turkish beef was about the most disagreeable-looking and unpalatable viand he ever had the misfortune to behold. The difficulty of obtaining fresh meat he described as very great, but almost all other delicacies were to be had at Scutari in abundance, and at reasonable prices. My friend even favoured me with an insight into the preparations which were being made for Christmas-day, from which I learned that the mess in his quarters was to be provided with a turkey, a plum-pudding, and a liberal supply of wine, in which champagne formed a prominent feature. Having satisfied my curiosity in this respect, we repaired to the Hospital. The rooms prepared for the accommodation of the patients, are many of them large and well ventilated. They are sufficiently lofty, and each patient has a larger number of cubic feet of air allowed him than I have found in any of the London hospitals. The beds are low, tressel-shaped couches, about sixteen inches high, and sufficiently wide for one person to lie with comfort. Each bed is provided with a wool mattress, a pair of sheets, two blankets, and a coverlet. The patients are classified, as far as possible, with reference to the diseases under which they labour, or with regard to the injuries they may have received in action. Several of the patients in the part of the building which I visited, were able to sit up in their beds and converse with their comrades near them, or with the nurses in attendance upon them. In some instances they were enabled to limp about the room; and one group which I saw, consisted of a soldier of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who was moving about with the assistance of a crutch, while he rested one hand on the shoulder of a French soldier of the Line, whose arm had been shattered by a musket ball. The Scottish soldier had received a severe wound in the right foot from the fragment of a shell, and had undergone amputation of two of his toes. He did not, however, appear to suffer much pain; and although he was unable to converse with his French comrade, they seemed to understand each other perfectly, and to reciprocate any little kind offices within their power. I could not help contrasting the appearance of the sick with that of the wounded. The former seemed in many cases, completely prostrate in mind and body—many lay apparently insensible, and wholly unable to express their wants; while the latter, although in several instances having undergone painful surgical operations, involving loss of limb, were able to explain their symptoms and to carry on a conversation with each other. Several of them were sufficiently recovered to read books and newspapers; and some were engaged in writing or dictating letters to their friends. I noticed one poor fellow who had been fortunate enough to get possession of a London newspaper. He was, as he stated himself, but "a poor scholar," and, although evidently wishing to devour the contents of the paper, was scarcely able to read it with sufficient fluency

to satisfy the curiosity of the eager group around him. The French Sisters of Charity and the English nurses were to be seen moving about in every direction where their services were required. They brought wine, jollies, soups, and in fine, everything which could conduce to the comfort of the poor sufferers. I was informed that nothing could exceed the zeal with which they devoted themselves to their self-imposed mission, and that there was no phase of human suffering with which they were not familiar, and which they had not tended to alleviate.

The mortality in the Hospital, notwithstanding the great attention paid to the patients, was extremely high, averaging each day between thirty and forty deaths. The diseases which carried off the greatest number of victims were dysentery and fever; cholera also swept away many. Inadequate food and clothing, with constant exposure to rain and bad weather, had so reduced the constitutions of the men, that in hundreds of cases they were only removed from the transports to the Hospital, to expire.

The number of patients in the Hospital at the time of my visit, was 3,779, of whom forty-two were officers, and the remainder non-commissioned officers and privates. In addition to this number there were two "convalescent ships" at the Golden Horn with a full complement of patients, and also the "Bombay" transport, which contained one hundred more.

HISTORY OF "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

WE have shown "our own correspondent" in the abstract, fulfilling his historical functions. Let us now look at him as an individual, and trace some of the secret machinery of the system to which he belongs.

"Our own correspondents" may be divided into two genera, named—like Her Majesty's secretaries of state—the "home" and the "foreign." These again must be divided each into two species, as they are respectively engaged on permanent or occasional services. Our own home and permanent correspondents have their local habitations principally at Dover, Southampton, Plymouth, Liverpool, and Dublin. The duties of the first-mentioned are almost wholly transmissory. He is the general consignee of all parcels and letters intended for his journal, that come from, or through, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, or Ostend. At whatever hour of the day or night—but especially of the night—a packet may arrive, he must be on the alert to rush after the correspondence she may bring, and transfer it in the fewest possible number of minutes to the railway-station, where certain experienced hands will take good care that the letters are neither lost nor delayed in their transit to the "office." Formerly it lay within his discretion to order a special engine for the conveyance, at extra hours, of a single parcel; but this is now abolished for the simple reason that the telegraph is quicker and cheaper. Our Dover correspondent may almost be called an *attaché* to the foreign system. Much the same must be said of his Southampton *confrère*, who has to watch in all the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, and gather the correspondence from Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Mediterranean generally. Of this he picks out the pith, and telegraphs it to town on the minute; the letters themselves follow per next train. The same operation is repeated on the arrival of the West Indian, Brazil, and South Pacific Mails; and occasionally a New York mail may fall into his hand, brought by some steamer bound for Havre or Bremen, of later date than

the regular advices. Besides these foreign matters, the Southampton correspondent reports many movements among the fleet at Portsmouth or Spithead, and has sometimes to record the proceedings at royal Osborne. Our Falmouth correspondent catches for us the African mails very often, and will probably be the first to send news from any of the Arctic discovery expeditions. He also transmits a regular diary of shipping intelligence at his port. Diaries of daily proceedings are likewise sent up from Woolwich, Chatham, and Devonport, as well as from Oxford and Cambridge Universities; but these we can hardly call "our own," as their favours are shared among all the journals.

The functions of our Liverpool correspondent are highly important. He is the intermediary for all intelligence from the United States, and this is not only often of great interest, but unlike the Continental news, has not been winnowed and forestalled by the submarine telegraph. Tidings from Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and all other parts of North America, also pass through his hands, with occasionally some stray items from Ireland, such as may not have slipped by through Holyhead to London. Of local news, it may be observed, he seldom has any to send. Considering the amount of its population, its intrinsic importance, and the magnitude of the business daily transacted within its precincts, there is a singularly small proportion of news "made" in Liverpool. Were it not for civic *fêtes*, openings of St. George's Halls, and the like, with now and then a heavy "gale on the Mersey," the second city of the empire would hardly figure in the newspapers on its own account from one year's end to the other.

"Our own correspondent" in Dublin leads a regular and pretty easy life of it. The Irish metropolis is abundantly supplied with journals, morning and evening, which it is his duty to glean thoroughly, and send whatever grain he collects in a compact and available shape, by the packets leaving Kingston for Holyhead once or twice every day. If anything special transpires after the steamer has left, there is the direct submarine telegraph, by which it may be announced at head-quarters. The Irish despatch, in common with the great majority of "our own" letters from other quarters, does but precede by a few hours the ordinary post; but it enables the London journal to print the cream of all the news which their readers would find in the entire batch of Irish newspapers brought to them by the postman on the same morning, and saves them the expense of subscribing to, and the trouble of perusing, a whole regiment of broadsheets.

Correspondents of the occasional class, from home districts, are chiefly the editors or reporters attached to provincial newspapers. When these, in the course of collection for their own journals, light upon any news—a railway accident, a meeting, or a murder, for instance—likely to prove interesting to metropolitan readers, forthwith they make special transcripts of their narrative of the affair, and forward them to some one, or more, or all, of the London daily papers, upon the chance of their using the copy. If used, the account is ascribed to "our own correspondent," and paid for according to the quantity used. Several of "our own" correspondents of this class may never have sent more than a single communication to the London papers in the course of their lives. The whole corresponding system is further facilitated by some ingenious mechanical arrangements. For example, "our own," when on the regular establishment, is furnished with envelopes for his letters, tinted with some glaring

colour—brick red or cerulean blue. This catches the eye of the railway officials when distributing the small parcels on the arrival of the train, and secures prompt attention to the paquet. The name of the journal for which the letter is destined is legibly printed on the cover with, in addition, the suggestive words "extra for immediate delivery." The railway porter knows well what that means, and takes care that the letter so endorsed *shall* have "immediate delivery," pocketing himself from one shilling to half-a-crown for the service, according to circumstances. Sometimes—during a general election, for example—a single night mail-train will bring to the Euston station from fifteen to twenty of these pretty-coloured and profitable despatches for the same newspaper, on all of which the messenger receives his "extras."

The foreign department of the corresponding system is much more complicated and costly than the home. Paris and Vienna are the chief centre stations; whereof the former costs from five to fifteen hundred a-year, and the latter often a round thousand, in the expense of the staff alone, besides all the charges for telegraphs and despatching. The scene in the Paris correspondent's office on a busy day almost resembles that of a merchant's counting-house. One assistant is searching through bundles of provincial journals; others are rapidly rendering into English the paragraphs marked out for translation; while "our own" himself, who is often allowed to participate in great secrets, and lives hand-and-glove with great men, is busily weaving all his various materials into a long and elaborate letter. When that communication gets back in print to Paris, it will very likely tell the Parisians many things which they did not know before, touching the condition of their own metropolis and the doings of their own politicians. Through Paris, also, all the correspondence from Marseilles, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy, necessarily passes—the letters being directed to "our own" in that capital, and forwarded in his despatch. It is even whispered that with some of the epistles dated perhaps from Madrid, Geneva, or Rome, he has a still more intimate relationship—the same being made up in his own office out of newspapers received from those cities respectively.

In ancient days—everything that happened before the railway era belongs to the Ancient History of journalism—our Paris correspondent was a much less important personage, and enjoyed a much easier berth. Once a day he made up his letter, composed principally of such original information and political gossip as he could collect in *cafés* or Galignani's reading-room, tagged and tailed with clippings from that most useful journal, *Galignani's Messenger*. This letter was sent by the ordinary post in the afternoon, and arrived at Calais some time next day, whence it crossed over in the mail-packet to Dover in company with the private letters, which in the usual course would be delivered by the postman in London at nine o'clock next morning, thirty-six hours old from Paris. "Our own" despatch, however, parted company from the other letters at Dover, leaving them to slumber in Post Office pigeon-holes, or travel slowly in a mail-guard's bag, itself being conveyed by swift horsemen to town, which it reached commonly about midnight. This was for years the sole and simple mechanism of the "Continental Express" in the daily newspapers. In Paris, after post-hour, the correspondent was a free man for the rest of the day. If anything happened, he could not transmit the intelligence unless it was something so exceedingly important as to justify the expense of a mounted horse-ex-

press all the way to Calais, with a special steamer across the Channel. Railroads and the telegraph, by increasing the opportunities of transmitting news, have largely increased his responsibilities who gathers it. He is obliged to be always on the spot and the alert, so as never to be a single train in arrear with his intelligence. In times of excitement he may have to send a dozen messages and write three or four letters a day. The correspondent of one journal missed the opportunity of announcing Alibaud's attempt to assassinate King Louis Philippe, merely because he had ventured to go out to dinner with a friend on the evening when the crime was perpetrated. Sometimes the duties of the Paris correspondence involve "our own" in personal danger. During the Revolution of 1848, the *eneutiers* blocked up all access to the railway terminus, fearful that the government might send for troops from the country. "Our own" on the staff of the *Daily News*, in his loyal eagerness to get his despatches to London, dressed himself in a blouse, slipped through the barrier by stealth, and made his way to the first station out of Paris, whence he was able to get his letters forwarded. But if he had been caught in the attempt he would most certainly have been shot, or hung *à la lanterne*. Such a fate was actually very near overtaking the correspondent of the *Morning Post* when furnishing accounts of the progress of the Civil War in Spain. He was taken prisoner in company with some Christino stragglers, who were foraging, doubtless, for plunder, as he was for intelligence. They were brought before a Carlist officer, who, after a very summary examination, ordered them all to be shot in a quarter of an hour. But the officer behaved like a true gentleman, and after pronouncing their sentence, took his leave with the Spanish salutation *de rigueur*, "May you live a thousand years." Before the fifteen minutes had expired, the Englishman luckily met with an acquaintance who went bail for him that he was neither a Christino nor a spy, but simply "our own," engaged in the honourable fulfilment of his duties; so he escaped with a fright and a brief detention. In Vienna, to the present day, "our own" is subject, if not to peril of life, at any rate to frequent disagreeabilities. Unless he is known to be a thorough-going partizan of the government, his letters are constantly opened, and often delayed, to the great disturbance of his arrangements. Should he venture in his correspondence to criticise the existing administration of the country—above all, should he display any sympathy for "distressed nationalities," his letters are stopped altogether. If he continue writing in the same strain, trying ingenious artifices to get his epistles forwarded, he receives gentle hints touching the advisability of changing or silencing his opinion; and if still pertinacious, obtains a significant intimation that his residence in the kingdom is "inconvenient." If none of these hints are taken, some fine morning the police make a descent upon his residence without warning, ransack his papers, carry off his property, and take himself to prison, where he spends some nights in a filthy cell, and some days in cross-examination by insolent officials, until at length it pleases them to dismiss him, with or without an explanation. Months afterwards, by dint of incessant badgering bestowed upon the subordinates in Lord Westmoreland's bureau, he may wring some lame apology from the *chef* of the Vienna police. This is but a poor recompense for the indignities he has endured—but he is lucky to get it, though it will not prevent a repetition of the offence, nor save

him from being bundled out of the country with a stern prohibition to recross the Austrian frontier, should he afterwards afford the most trifling excuse for the proceeding. Some London journals have been thus obliged to change their Austrian correspondent two or three times in as many years. One paper, after undergoing several interruptions from this cause, has lately appointed an American clergyman to supply its correspondence from Vienna, as it has been found that the United States' envoys somewhat neglect the ceremonial observances of the European *corps diplomatique*, and are apt to be peremptory in resenting insults offered to their fellow-citizens.

Difficulties in preparing or in transmitting his letters are not the only ones which have to be overcome for the successful accomplishment of "our own correspondent's" mission. At home there are hindrances to overcome, and delicate points to hit. The value of a despatch often depends upon the time of its delivery; minutes are precious in a newspaper office, especially when the "small hours" beyond midnight are growing large. A communication that has cost infinite trouble and expense, and would have been precious if received in time, becomes almost worthless by a very trifling delay at certain periods. Half-an-hour before it would have been hailed in triumph. As it is, the morning mail must be saved, the paper has gone to press, the despatch can appear only in the late edition, and is regarded with something like mortification as a *coup manqué*. Other accidents sometimes happen. We remember once when a most important speech of the King of Prussia on opening the Berlin Chamber, arrived at the office of a morning journal. The correspondent thought he had achieved wonders in getting it at all; but was forced to send it over in slips from a German paper, having no time to translate the document. On its arrival, the foreign editor had gone home ill, the hour was late, and no one then about the establishment happened to understand German. In the exigency of the moment a messenger was despatched to beat up all the chess divans in the neighbourhood; and in one of them a worthy Teuton was found, absorbed in a meerschaum and a lingering mate, who consented to come away and transmute His Majesty's eloquence into such English as he could command.

Supplementary to the system of correspondents who have settled localities and definite functions, an auxiliary corps of remarkable character has arisen of late years under the denomination of "special commissioners." The *Times* began the practice, and the idea afterwards received a fuller expansion in the *Morning Chronicle*, whose late proprietors despatched a corps of very able commissioners through various districts of England first, and subsequently through different countries on the Continent, to report concerning the condition of "Labour and the Poor." To this division "our own correspondent" at the seat of war essentially belongs. The ability with which he has performed his duties is likely to make his appointment memorable as an era, both in the history of war and in the progress of journalism.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A French officer in the Crimea mentions an anecdote of a little dog, who came from the Inkerman side of the valley, and pulled the soldiers' coats so much that a party was sent with him, and they followed him to a wounded Russian (his owner), who had been lying concealed by the brushwood since the battle.

WAR.

THEN I looked—and I saw the proud Angel of War,
With the mien of a mighty king—
He rode in a high triumphal car,
His brow was a dazzling meteor star,—
And his advent thrilled through the earth as far
As the tempest spreads its wing!—
And, shaken and searched by his chariot-roll,
Were the depths of the heart and the heights of the soul.
Swords, banners, brave music, and grand parade,
Such a halo of glory around him made,
It mingled with all things—the dream and the deed,
The low and the lofty,—the oak and the reed.
It kindled the heroic breast to flame—
It wither'd the coward's heart with shame.
The pastor sent forth his pure son—to slay,
And blest the flags ere they flew in the fray;
The widow felt her old pride restored
When she girt her boy with his father's sword;
The timid maiden half-raised her eyes,
Ashamed to syllable forth her sighs,
When breathed her lover a soldier's vow
To weave her a bower of laurel-bough.
The very children mimicked bands
Of warriors wielding conquering brands.
Oh, like wind in the forest, or light in the wave,
That Angel's presence an energy gave,
And a gladness full, as if mortal strife
Were a grander element added to life!—
And millions followed, through fire and steel,
The track of his terrible iron wheel,
Mid wrecks and triumphs, mid cheers and groans,
O'er plundered shrines, and o'er ruined thrones;
O'er famished towns, and o'er harvests burned;
O'er mansions to crumbling monuments turned;
O'er founded fleets, that coffined their dead,
Where line of an epitaph never was read;
And many a fire was quenched with blood;
And many a hamlet roofless stood;
And weeds on many an altar grew;
And many a host had shrunk to few;
And many a brow bore fearful token
Of hope, and heart, and spirit, broken;
Ere that emblazoned Angel passed,
And the silence woke the world at last.
Then, nations and powers that had heeded not
Their bleeding wounds while the blood was hot,
And men, who had scorned to count the cost
Till final triumph was won or lost,
Beheld the clouds that proud Angel's track
Had made all gorgeous, lower all black.
As rain in the spring-time had blood been spilt,
And the national harvest was grief and guilt;
And they who, in striking for triumphs and thrones,
Had sharpened the sword upon human bones,
Setting wrong in the honoured place of right,
Treading weakness down with the heel of might,
Found the fruit was black if the blossom was white.
Then cursed the castle its first-born's plume,
For it hearsed him fealty from tent to tomb,
And served the blind worm to scare away,
From his own dark banquet, the bird of prey.
Then, the cottage cursed the hot victor's tread,
For trampling its darling down to the dead.
Then, grief prevailed o'er the stern and the bland;
It dripped from the rock, it welled up from the sand—
From the rustic chair to the regal throne,
All mourned, tho' each but missed his own,
Deeming the honours that crowned the brave
Mere flowers they gathered to deck the grave:
(And what are tomb-flowers, or fresh or faded,
When living hearts with thorns are braided?)
Yea: the guilty gathering left a brand
Of dishonour, perhaps, on some gallant land.
High minds were debauched, and brave bodies maimed;
The matron was widowed, the virgin was shamed;
Lust, rapine and murder, extortion and fraud,
Were suffered at home, were inflicted abroad,
And the hardest heart, like the hardest knife,
Took the keenest edge—cut the best through life;
While morals and manners rose higher in price
The lower they fell to the standard of vice.
Poor comfort it seemed that the cup of gall—
Yet comfort it was—had been drunk by all!
So the Angel of War, that all-gloriously passed,
Became, in men's eyes, a dark fiend at last.

J. DE JEAN.

MY EXPERIENCE OF A WINTER IN RUSSIA.

BY EDWARD TRACY TURNERELL.

"Here winter reigns in glory—his head is covered with hoary hair—congealed vapours form his diadem—his throne presents the appearance of a mountain of diamonds—around him all the elements lie subdued—the air dares not move—fire dares not burn—and the waves are captive and silent."—*Russian Poet, KRUASSOF.*

CONCLUSION.

A FRENCHMAN, who has written a very intelligent and impartial book about Russia, and one rather favourable in many respects to this nation, is as little disposed as myself to be indulgent to the climate, which he justly considers, as did the Empress Catherine II., to be execrable beyond description. This sovereign used to say of the climate of her capital, "We have eight months of winter and four months of bad weather." She was wont likewise to designate the summer of St. Petersburg, "the green winter;"—so variable, and often cold, is a great portion of this season in these parts. Indeed, I have known the summer to be so damp and chilly as to merit no other term than that given to it by the Empress Catherine. To prove that my description of the winter of St. Petersburg is not exaggerated, I will give one or two extracts from the work to which I have referred, which will serve to corroborate my own remarks on the subject:—"It must be acknowledged," says the author, "that a frost of fifteen to twenty degrees is a formidable enemy to contend with. Wo to those who are imprudent enough to trifle with it! Nothing can be more rapid than its effects—a mere perspiration checked is often followed by sudden death; and all the efforts of the medical faculty are unavailing in many such cases. During the first winter I passed in Russia, a young man, twenty-two years old, of a robust constitution, overheated himself in hurrying to the Catholic Church; the church was cold, the service long, and the unfortunate youth became chilled—three days after he was borne a corpse to the same place of worship where he had caught cold. A drunken man who goes to sleep in the air is almost sure to perish. A coachman drives his master to the theatre; tired of waiting, he goes and drinks a glass of his darling *vodka* (spirits), then seats himself once more on the coach-box, and goes to sleep; the footman arrives; calls to him to drive up; he receives no answer; the reins do not move; they strive to wake the coachman—he is a frozen corpse!"

To remain inactive in the open air is likewise very dangerous. I was acquainted with a Russian nobleman whose coachman had his legs frozen without having been either drunk or asleep; but he had remained seated on his box from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning. In very cold weather, some Russian noblemen do not go out at all; others have the humanity to send home their carriages, which are brought back to them at a fixed hour.

The influence of the cold is much more dangerous on those parts of the body covered with the dress; for these are hidden from observation, and it often happens that a mishap of the kind alluded to is taken for a mere benumbed state, which it is hoped the heat of the room or the bed will remove. The deplorable death of Mr. Pierson forms a terrible example of such a mistake. This gentleman had been sent to Russia to take to that country a sum of money in gold—a debt of the French Government. When he left France the weather was delightful. He took no precautions against a change. On his arrival in Courland, he still found the temperature mild and genial, and consequently did not think of buying either furs or warm boots—things so indispensable to

travellers in Russia during the autumn. When he had got beyond Revel the snow fell so abundantly that the postilions lost their way and upset his carriage in a ditch. This accident occurred at night-fall, and at a considerable distance from the post-station. Mr. Pierson being unwilling to abandon the treasure for which he was responsible, sent forward the postilions to obtain assistance; the snow ceased, but the weather suddenly changed from two degrees of heat to twenty degrees of cold. After waiting three hours in the most painful state imaginable, the postilions returned with several men and horses; the carriage was raised, and drawn slowly to the station. The station-master considerably inquired of Mr. Pierson whether any parts of his body were frozen: he answered, that thanks to the exercise he had taken while guarding the carriage, he had been able to resist the cold. The host was the more inclined to believe him, as he saw that Mr. Pierson's hands and face were uninjured; and our traveller retired to rest, convinced that the heat of the bed would soon set all to rights again, and went to sleep. He awoke some time after in the greatest suffering—he had lost all power of motion. He called for help—his body was examined, and his legs were found to be of a lived hue, and covered with black spots. To prevent mortification, it was deemed necessary to amputate the two limbs; the sick man consented to the operation, and the surgeon was about to commence his task, when Mr. Pierson found that his sight was failing him. Upon this, the surgeon began to despair of success. He examined the sufferer again, and found that the flesh between the shoulders was beginning to separate and open. He then clearly saw that all hope was over, and that the sufferings of amputation would be useless—indeed, shortly after, the unfortunate traveller died in agonies. If, on immediately arriving, he had sent for the doctor, nothing would have been easier than to have saved him; but to have exposed his frozen limbs to the action of the heat was an imprudence which cost him his life in the way we have related. Such was the fate of poor Mr. Pierson, as related by one of his countrymen. Should I, on a future occasion, describe to my readers an adventure of the kind I once had on the river Neva, when I and about a hundred other persons were very nearly sharing the fate of this traveller, I trust they will not accuse me of exaggeration, either in depicting my own hardships or the rigour of the Russian frost which caused them. But that tale I reserve for some other moment.

Another anecdote is told of the Duke of Sierra Capriola, who was sent as ambassador to Russia, which contributes to depict still better the variability of the Russian climate. The duke, with a numerous train of servants, arrived in St. Petersburg about the end of August. The weather was still warm, and the Italians were in ecstasies. They went to bed; during the night the snow fell abundantly, and when the Neapolitans rose the next morning, they found the city in the very midst of winter. Terrified at the sudden change, they hurried to the duke, exclaiming, "Alas! your Excellency! whither have you led us?—the earth is completely hidden—we shall see it no more! How can you have deceived your faithful servants? What kind of a country is this which becomes white in a single night, and is inhabited by bearded savages? By our Lady! we had sooner be burnt by the lava of Vesuvius than live in such a land." In vain the duke strove to pacify his terrified servants—they left him three days after his arrival, and returned to Naples. One anecdote more. A foreigner in St. Petersburg having

committed suicide, his death became the subject of much comment in the city. "How frightful!" said one; "when a man kills himself in such a manner, what hope can he place in Divine Mercy for forgiveness?" "Your pardon," said a Venetian, "God is too just not to tolerate suicides committed in St. Petersburg."

And spite of all this, were I to tell my English readers that the Russians suffer, at least in their houses, less from cold in their climate than we do in ours, would it not seem preposterous? Yet such is really the case. What I believe is most suffered from during a Russian winter is too much heat and too much comfort. This I must explain. In the first place the Russian houses are built upon a plan specially intended to keep out in every possible means the cold during the winter. Walls of triple thickness, double doors, and double windows rendered air-tight by the aid of putty, all prevent the slightest draught or cold air from penetrating into the apartments. And then their mode of heating the rooms is so admirably adapted to the climate that nothing can be better. This is through the medium of *petches*, a species of stove or oven, intrinsically Russian in its construction, for it differs from every other stove I have met with in the course of my travels. It is difficult to describe its shape, it being so varied and so fantastic, but in the generality of houses, it is of a turret-like form, sometimes square, sometimes round, rising from the floor to the ceiling, and commonly occupies a corner of the room. It is built of hollow bricks made on purpose, and the outer bricks are of porcelain, sometimes white, sometimes figured and ornamented. In the houses of the rich, the *petch* is an affair of great expense and luxury, and forms the chief ornament of the apartment. It has two doors of brass, one of which opens for the reception of the fuel, and the other to enable the servant to get at the species of double iron valve or cover which he opens to allow the smoke to go up the chimney, and closes again when the fuel is reduced to red ashes and all smoke has ceased. The system of lighting the *petch* is as follows: some dozen blocks of wood about the thickness of a man's arm or thicker, are piled cross-ways inside the *petch*; these are set fire to, and allowed to burn till the last blue flame is extinguished, and nothing remains but a mass of red sulphurless charcoal. The valves or coverings of the chimney are then closed, and the external air by this means entirely excluded; after this they shut up the brass door through which the wood was admitted. The red-hot fuel, being thus confined in the oven part of the *petch*, gradually warms the bricks, which diffuse through the whole room an equal heat; this may be increased or lessened by putting more or less fuel in the *petch*, or by opening for a short time the valves. There is a *petch* in every room in the house, on the staircases, corridors, &c., so that an even heat pervades the entire dwelling. Fourteen degrees Reaumur, or sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit, is the degree of heat recommended by the medical profession: it will be shortly seen that the Russians do not content themselves with this salubrious temperature. But to return to the *petch*. Should it happen the *petch* is closed before the blue flame is entirely extinguished, a heavy, perilous vapour circulates through the apartment, and very often causes death. I, myself, had a trifling experience in this matter while travelling on the Volga. I returned home to breakfast after an early walk in the frosty air, and went up stairs to remove, as the Irishman said, "my face from behind my beard," telling my servant to ring the bell when breakfast was ready. It appears in about half-an-hour he *did* ring the

bell, once, twice, thrice, and finding I did not descend, he came up at length to announce the matter verbally. He says, he found me lying on the ground perfectly inanimate. Somewhat alarmed he ran for the doctor, leaving me, however, unluckily in the poisonous atmosphere. When the leech came, his first words were, "I have come just in time; a little longer and my visit would have been useless." I relate this trifling event for the benefit of those who may one day visit Russia, and whom such matters concern nearly. The traveller would do well not entirely to trust to his servant, but to look himself to the closing of the *petch*, and see that the charcoal is sufficiently consumed, particularly in his bed-room, should the *petch* be lighted in the evening. Properly used, this mode of heating the rooms is, I repeat, admirably adapted to the rigorous climate, and prevents the inhabitants, in the houses at least, from feeling that the weather is cold, as we certainly do in England during the winter. In English houses—the comfort of which we boast so much—it has been remarked, "that in severe weather one part of the body is freezing while the other is being roasted before a huge fire," and the cold draught that enters every time the door is opened causes a perpetual shiver. Told in many rooms a silk pocket-handkerchief between the door or window and the fire, and you will see it floating towards the grate, as if very willing to fly up the chimney; and in that pleasurable position we sit to enjoy ourselves at home. Go to the window, and you will find between the frames space enough to allow blue-bottle flies to enter and warm themselves, and go away at pleasure. And then our street-doors—why a cat can almost creep under many, so wide is the space left at the bottom—and this is *comfort*! As for our bed-rooms we all know what *they* are—our limbs shiver and our teeth chatter, as we leave the parlour-fire to enter them; and well we may, for we find on rising in the morning, the water actually frozen in our jugs, wash-hand basins, &c. This is *comfort*! And when we do rise from our warm beds covered with a triple blanket, oh! the misery—not to speak of washing, shaving, and dressing in this delectable atmosphere. *Comfort*, indeed, this is with a vengeance! In Russia they manage matters better. Although the frost may be freezing the lamp-oil in the streets (which requires about thirty degrees of Reaumur), in the houses you may walk about with your coat off during the day, and during the night sleep as you did in summer with a sheet and light coverlet of cotton alone over you. There is none of that shivering of the limbs and chattering of the teeth which our comfort procures for us. Really and truly the luxury of the Russian rooms can scarcely be conceived by an Englishman who has not been in that country; unfortunately, however, there is far too much of it—it lasts too long, and this induced me to remark at the beginning of this paragraph, that it is the heat a man suffers from in Russia during the winter, *not the cold*. For eight months of the year a Russian gentleman is shut up, for at least twenty out of the twenty-four hours in these hot-house apartments: one may imagine the effect it has, in the long run, on the constitution. The air, moreover, first enclosed in the apartments in the month of September, remains more or less unchanged till the double windows are taken out in the month of May: this cannot be beneficial to human lungs, even to Russian ones, and yet strange to say consumption is far less common in Russia than in England. Men, and particularly women, grow old sooner in Russia than with us—the heat of the rooms has certainly something to

do with *that*. Uncongenial, therefore, to our feelings, and uncomfortable as are our winter *comforts* in England after all, we should rest content with the state of things established, for it contributes to harden our bodies while it affects them. And then as we sit by our fire-sides, even though we may be shivering at them, they are pleasant things to say the truth, and we need not envy the luxurious yet unwholesome warmth of the Russian houses. There is no reason, however, why we should not make our own a little more comfortable, as the author certainly will, if he ever can boast of one.

But this love of heat is often carried to an extreme, particularly in the houses of the merchants and lower classes. I have often been shown into rooms where the warmth was so great that I perspired as if in a vapour bath; and I remember once being present at some private theatricals held in a room which was actually beyond bearing. I had driven thither in a sledge, the external air being about fifteen or sixteen degrees (Reaumur) below freezing point, and I exchanged this severe cold for a heated atmosphere which would almost have reduced a wax taper to a liquid state. Fancy the pleasant change! When first I entered the room, accompanied by a family of my acquaintance, I almost lost my breath for a moment, and should certainly have returned home had I not feared to give offence to my friends, so I followed them to the places reserved for us. It is impossible to describe the intense heat, which continued to increase as the apartment got fuller and fuller; yet the Russians seemed but little affected by it, and many doubtless would have been dissatisfied had it been less warm. Does not this love of over-heated rooms seem strange in persons born and bred in one of the coldest countries upon the face of the earth?

The winter equipment of a Russian gentleman would rather astonish our English gentry. First, he possesses a light grey coat or mantle, for damp or rainy weather during the summer months, and a light paletôt to keep off the dust when the weather is dry and hot, so that in St. Petersburg at no season of the year is the Russian able to leave his home without some over-clothing. The above-named vestments are thrown aside when the autumn draws near, and a wadded coat or cloak is substituted in their place. These serve until the quicksilver in the thermometer falls to the freezing point; they are then considered insufficient, and a cloak lined with a light fur is then used. When the frost is more than ten degrees, a thick fur *shoob*, with a large fur collar that falls over the shoulders is put into requisition. Should the cold increase to twenty or twenty-five degrees, a bear-skin *shoob* is employed; those who cannot afford the latter article, use the light and the heavy *shoob* together, and the figure of the wearer naturally increases in proportionate thickness, and presents a very singular appearance. Besides these various articles of winter clothing already mentioned, the Russian gentleman furnishes himself with a wadded cap, and for very severe weather with a fur cap, with wide ears that cover the cheeks, and with the aid of the fur collar, which is always raised in cold weather, leaves only the eyes of the wearer exposed to the air. Then they have one or two pairs of fur boots, and as many pairs of two-fingered fur gloves, besides boas, *cache-nez*, comforters, &c.; thus equipped, the Russian parades the streets of his capital, bidding defiance to the murderous cold which surrounds him, and looking more like a wild inhabitant of the forest than the denizen of a civilized city. Whilst the natives of the soil, aware of the formidable

enemy they have to contend with, are equipped in this manner, and waddle along the streets like moving clothes-bags or corn-sacks, it excites not a little astonishment in their minds to see some rash Englishman hurrying by them in his ordinary dress, to show that he can brave the climate without even the addition of a great coat, and his frock-coat buttoned up to the chin being the only sign that he is walking in the midst of winter. But Heaven defend the unfortunate man should the cold seize him!—like the poor Frenchman, whose fate we related in a former page, the night that follows this vain bravado may probably be his last! Well may the Russians wonder at the rash foreigner; they look—draw back with a gesture and a cry of alarm and pity, for they well know the danger he runs, and the fatal consequences that are almost certain to follow. Yet, strange to say, such a sight often occurs in the streets of St. Petersburg, and our countrymen are, in particular, notorious for their foolish attempts to attract attention. Even when the act is not attended by any immediate pernicious result, sooner or later, the climate takes its revenge on those who brave it. And when the spring arrives, it has generally been remarked that those who have acted in this inconsiderate manner, are the first to suffer from the various diseases this season brings with it.

It is a rather singular fact, that foreigners, during the first winter they pass in Russia, suffer far less from the cold than the natives themselves, and are not obliged to clothe themselves so warmly. This is the subject of much speculation: I believe it arises from the circumstance that Englishmen, accustomed during the winter to brave the weather, partly by being much in the air during the day, and partly by sleeping in rooms where the water often freezes, become so inured, to a certain degree, to the cold, that on their first arrival in Russia, it affects them slightly. The second winter, however, they begin to feel its severity far more keenly; and the third they cannot do without the use of a fur *shoob*, which, hitherto they had not found it absolutely necessary to wear. It is pretty evident that the over-heated rooms in which they have been forced to live during the long months of the preceding winter have, little by little, enervated their constitutions, and rendered them more keenly susceptible to the cold which at first they had been able to brave, though seldom, as I before remarked, with perfect impunity. Before I close this paper, I would, therefore, once more urge very strongly upon those of my countrymen who may visit Russia, not to trifle with their health by exposing themselves rashly to the treacherous frost, which may strike them mortally, even when they least expect it. And to those who remain at home and content themselves with reading this account of the hardships and trials of a Russian winter, I trust it may bring a feeling of joy and satisfaction to think that they are exposed to none of those dangers and risks which hourly beset the traveller who makes a winter sojourn in these ice-regions of the frigid North.

FORTIFICATION.—No. II.

THE field-works, or temporary fortresses of earth, enumerated in No. 5, are employed either to enable an army to hold a particular position or to protect a permanent fortress from the approach of an enemy. In the latter case they are denominated *outworks*. The simplest is the REDAN. It is shaped like an angle—the two sides, or faces, being parapets, with a ditch in front. At either extremity short parapets are raised, so as to enable a

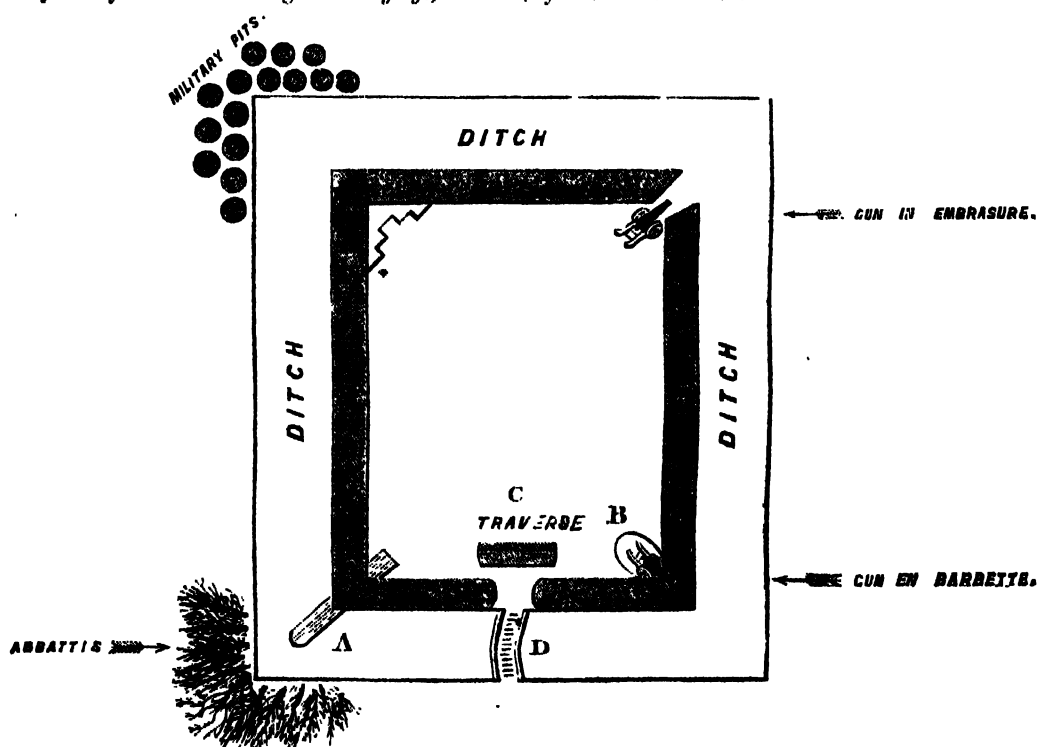
handful of soldiers to fire into the ditch, supposing the enemy to get thus far in his attack. The salient or point of the angle is sometimes broken into a straight line of parapet, capable of affording room for a *banquette* for four or five men to fire from. Were the angle to be rigidly preserved, that part of the work would be very easily assailed.

A *double redan* is very like what its name declares; with this difference, that the outer projection, instead of constituting two complete redans, forms only a fork of two angular parapets, the inner faces of which defend each other. The *double redan* is capable of holding a great many more men than the single *redan*; for while the latter is sixty yards at its greatest breadth from one extremity of each face to the other, the double redan measures one hundred yards.

A *lunette* is another angular work, eighty yards broad, and sixty-four yards from the angle to the *gorge*, or back

part. It derives its name, no doubt, from its resemblance to the supports of a pair of spectacles when placed on a table. The *lunette* is rather more closed towards the back than the other works. It is chiefly used as an outwork to defend the curtains or straight walls of fortresses.

A *redoubt* is an enclosed work—sometimes square, sometimes having five or six sides—capable of containing seven or eight hundred men and a few guns. Redoubts are placed on elevated positions so as to command some extent of country, and to oppose an enemy coming from various points. They are also used to strengthen the flanks of an army. Redoubts may be rendered very formidable by the application of all the resources of defence, and have often contributed to the success of military operations by the advantage which they give to the occupants over forces in the field. The following is a horizontal representation of a *redoubt*, well supported by artificial obstacles:—



A. A covered stockade, or *caponiere*, placed across the ditch, and communicating with the interior by a gallery. It is a good defence if the enemy get into the ditch.

B. A gun, *en barbette*, raised above the parapet so as to command the country. It is placed on a traversing platform, so called because it admits of the gun being turned in various directions.

C. The *traverse*. This is the name given to a parapet, which is placed in the interior of the redoubt in order that a party of soldiers, mounted on the *banquette*, may defend the opening of the redoubt and the bridge which communicates therewith.

D is the bridge.

The *fougasses*, or small mines, are also placed under the counterscarp of the ditch, and palisades are driven into the escarp. Add to all these defences crow's-feet, or *calthrops*, on the *glacis*—crow's-feet being formed of three spikes or long nails so attached that, while one or two rest on the ground, the other is always uppermost—and we may believe in the invincibility of a redoubt occupied by a sturdy garrison.

Amongst the various purposes to which redans, lunettes, &c. are applied, may be enumerated the defence of avenues, roads, the approaches to farm-houses, the entrances to woods and forests, bridges, &c. The defences of the head of a bridge are sometimes very elaborate, and are called *têtes-de-pont*. It is, of course, a great object to secure the

passage of a bridge, especially if baggage, stores, and provisions have to be carried over. This is done by establishing a double redan, and within it a single redan, with straight parapets at the sides; other parapets on the opposite side of the river, the fire from which can be brought to bear upon the works which the troops may have quitted, and of which an enemy may have got possession; and a parapet at the other end of the bridge, so as to rake the bridge if the enemy attempts to pass over it.

There are no flanking defences of the redoubt described and traced above. When these are deemed necessary small redans are formed on the four (or more) faces, instead of the *curtain*, or straight parapet, and the appear-

ance which the redoubt thus acquires has led to its being called a *star fort*. Sometimes the fortress is constructed altogether of angles, and then it resembles a star of many *radii*. They have been known to assume the form of a dodecagon or twelve-sided figure.

A collection of forts, redans, lunettes, &c., defending a large encampment, is called the *lines* of an army. Lines are of two kinds—the *continued*, and those *with intervals*. The *continued lines* take their name from the circumstance of the works being connected with long parapets—the *lines with intervals* are works placed at a little distance from each other, the fire from one acting as a defence of its neighbour: lines of this kind extending over a space twenty-nine miles in length, constituted the grand defence of Lisbon, established by the Duke of Wellington in 1811, and termed the Lines of Torres Vedras because their right rested on that town.

A BOX FROM BALAKLAVA.

On the south-eastern coast of England there is a little fishing town, the real name of which we shall not here divulge, but call it Seacombe. It is about six miles from the large and fashionable town of R——, one of those watering-places to which the Londoners repair in the summer months, and quit just as the days begin to shorten and the cold breeze sweeps in from the sea. The village of Seacombe is separated from R—— by a flat expanse of low marshy country, with a broken line of coast, and occasional headlands of chalk cliff, which, seen from the water, are not devoid of picturesque beauty. There is a little bay formed by the gradual encroachments of the sea, about a mile from Seacombe, which was formerly the scene of many a smuggling adventure before the Coast-Guard Service was brought to its present state of efficiency. The river Stour, a sluggish, muddy stream, winds its tortuous course between artificial banks, formed for the purpose of repelling the advances of the sea. Here the landscape is bleak and inhospitable. An extensive district of marsh fields intervenes between the high road and the sea, and the only way by which foot-passengers can reach the coast is by walking along the artificial banks already mentioned. The men of the Preventive Service—weather-beaten looking fellows, lounging about with telescopes peeping half-way out of the pockets of their pea-coats, and an occasional enthusiastic sportsman from the neighbouring town in search of a plover or wild duck, are the only persons one generally meets with in the winter months. In summer, the fields close to the sea furnish a stunted crop of short brown hay, while in winter, owing to the high tides, they are practically waste, being often under water for several weeks together. Notwithstanding these natural disadvantages, the little town of Seacombe is not a disagreeable place for a few days' sojourn even in winter. It has historic associations, too; for although now little known, it was once the ordinary place of debarkation for pilgrims coming from Normandy to visit the shrine of Becket at Canterbury. Dover Castle was then the "strongest fortress in Christendom," and the decayed and deserted haven which now meets the eye, was "the resort of ships from all quarters." It is not necessary here to discuss the causes which have reduced Seacombe to a mere village, boasting only an occasional vessel or two from the North, half-a-dozen buoys, and a very animated little steam-tug, employed to tow vessels through the winding mazes of the Stour, and introduce them to the sea. The prosperity of Seacombe

has passed away, but the aspect of the place remains unchanged, and to the lover of nature in all her phases, there is sufficient to admire, even in the expanse of marsh-meadow land, and the irregular outline of the coast. When the weather is unusually severe, the plover and wild duck—sometimes so shy that the sportsman can rarely get within shot of one during a short winter day—are driven to seek shelter in the meadows, where they lie in immense numbers, and afford excellent sport to the "shots" in the neighbourhood.

Early in the year that has just passed away, a recruiting party made their appearance in the town. "The ear-piercing fife and the spirit-stirring drum" then sounded merrily in the streets; but the inhabitants were almost without an exception, inclined, from early association, rather to the navy than to the army, and the sergeant in command of the red-coats was by no means successful in picking up recruits, although a tender from Sheerness, lying at the same time in the river, obtained a score of volunteers for general service. The village of Seacombe, however, cannot be truly charged with want of loyalty or patriotism, because the 5—th Regiment of Foot failed to enlist many of the young men of the place under its colours. Jack Moorhouse, one of the young fellows in the village who managed to live without any regular employment, had often been suspected of poaching, and had barely escaped conviction more than once; and Harry Hazel had for a long time seldom passed a week without giving or receiving a broken head in his ardent pursuit of singletick. The sergeant of the 5—th Regiment had made the village inn, the "Gamecock," his head-quarters, and here Jack and Harry were the first volunteers to present themselves, and to accept the Queen's shilling.

The year 1854 was a lucky year for recruits. The Government was in a liberal mood, men were somewhat scarce, and so all who joined the service about the time our story begins received a bounty, which enabled them to have a few pounds over and above the "stoppages for necessaries."

Jack and Harry, even without the smart drill of the 5—th Regiment, would at any time have proved ugly customers to half-a-dozen Russian soldiers, or even more; and the rumour of a war with the great Northern Power had so roused their martial spirit, that they gave a treat to the sergeant to anticipate the usual routine, and teach them their facings on the very afternoon they enlisted. They were, indeed, eager for the fray. But as to marching, even the offer of another steaming bowl of punch failed to induce Sergeant Stripe to commence instructing them in that more difficult art and mystery. Never before were recruits so willing to be taught as these two.

All was jollity and uproar at the "Gamecock" the night our recruits were enlisted. The buxom landlady was more busy than ever, and Sam, who was waiter, potboy, boots, ostler, and in short, *factotum*, reaped a richer harvest from the customers, including Sergeant Stripe, who was quite liberal with his jokes and halfpence, than he had ever before received. There was only one individual in the house who seemed at all surly or dissatisfied, and he was a lawyer—a man from the neighbouring town—arrived but that afternoon in Seacombe, charged with the charitable mission of putting an execution for rent into the house of one of his tenants, an old artilleryman who had lost an arm in the last war, and who was but little more than one quarter in arrear. Mr. Hardy Hart was the name of this worthy, and he sat in the little bar-parlour, wondering how the landlady

could be so pleasant, and the people in the tap-room so merry, when they must know *he* had been so injured in pocket, and had so much to disturb his mind. But Mr. Hardy Hart's mind was very easily disturbed about money matters. The accidental omission of a 13s. 4d. or a 6s. 8d. from a bill of costs despatched to a client, has been known to keep him awake the whole night after the discovery, and to be the means of dismissing his unhappy boy-clerk. Mr. Hardy Hart was also a great collector of fourpenny pieces, ever making those coins do the duty of sixpences, when he could not altogether avoid the exercise of charity, or ignore such a customary claim as "Please, sir, to remember the chambermaid." The amiable lawyer had accompanied the sheriff's officers to the village to keep them, as he said, "up to their work," and every minute seemed an hour until he received intelligence that the law had duly taken its course, and left "a man in possession" of the old artilleryman's house and shop. This news came at last, and then Mr. Hart winked his eye, nodded his head approvingly, and was even led away, by the enthusiasm of the moment, to call for a glass of ale wherewith to regale the officer of the law. He was, however, soon interrupted by the sudden entrance of a young man, who exclaimed, bitterly—

"So, Lawyer Hart, you know that soldier's pensions are not payable till next month, and still you seize for rent."

"What's that to *you*, my man?" answered the lawyer.

"I am the son of Jackson, your tenant."

"What's that to *me*?"

"Lawyer Hart," resumed the young man, "can you make up your mind to sell my poor father's things? Mother is but just dead, and father has been long in the doctor's hands, and my own wages are too small to save from, and—"

"Stop," cried the lawyer; "I have lost too much money in this village in my time, and for the future I will have my rents to the day, or distrain. Yes, to the very day."

"The fellow you have put in our house," resumed young Jackson, "has already seized all our little things, and even the snuff-box presented to my father by his old officers at Woolwich. You won't deprive the old man of *that*?"

"Of that, or of anything else that will sell," retorted Mr. Hardy. "The auctioneer and I will arrange it all without *your* interference. I have nothing further to say to you. Go."

The lad replaced his straw hat on his head and hurriedly left the room. In an hour, *he* also had joined Jack Moorhouse and Harry Hazel, and become a recruit; and by some arrangement between the lads and the sympathizing sergeant—who felt for the artilleryman as a comrade—the amount of rent due, together with the law-costs and other expenses, were raised out of the bounty received by the three recruits, paid over to Lawyer Hart, in the presence of the hostess of the "Gamecock," and the man in possession was withdrawn, much to the astonishment of the artilleryman, who knew not at what a hard price he had got rid of his unwelcome visitor. We pass over the interview between father and son, and the march of the recruits from Seacombe to the *dépôt* of the regiment they had joined. We must mention, however, that young Jackson had, as a boy, been tolerably well drilled by his father so that, in two months after his enlistment, he found himself on board a transport at Southampton, bound thence to the Crimea, where in due time he arrived, and stood before Sebastopol.

Month after month rolled on at home, but still no

letter was received by the old artilleryman from his son. Every day the father made a point of calling in at the "Gamecock," where he anxiously pored over the columns of the only daily newspaper which reached Seacombe from London. Many were the returns of killed and wounded he perused, but his son's name was not among them. Then he examined the lists of the sick and wounded at Scutari Hospital—still no mention of young Jackson being there. At last his eye fell on the name of Sergeant Stripe. The Russians had made a sortie at night, and almost surprised a weak, outlying picket of the regiment. The officer commanding it fell at the first volley; Stripe then headed the men, and they held the post till support arrived. Still the Muscovites out-numbered them, a hand-to-hand combat ensued, Stripe was badly wounded, and while on the ground one of the enemy attempted to run him through. But at the very moment his bayonet was raised, a young soldier dashed at the Russian, and clubbing his musket, struck him, with a heavy blow, to the earth. "Hurrah for Seacombe!" shouted the lad. It was young Jackson; and the feat had now found its way to England among other incidents penned by a gentleman rejoicing in the title of "our own correspondent before Sebastopol."

The artilleryman was a proud man that evening at the "Gamecock." The winter had set in, and seated near the cosy fire of the tap-room, the old man listened to the praises lavished on his son, and assured the villagers that he would not change places that night with the squire of the parish or the Archbishop of Canterbury. But he was yet destined to be more gratified. The new year commenced, and Shipway, the carrier, confessed to be "doing a good stroke of business just about now." The squires and farmers in the neighbourhood of Seacombe were despatching their annual presents of turkeys and country delicacies to friends at a distance; and friends at a distance were not slow in returning the compliment. It was curious to observe that, although Seacombe was a fishing town, more than half of the return-presents coming from the metropolis were barrels of oysters or baskets of fish. This was but sending coals to Newcastle. Still they increased the carrier's load, and helped to fill his purse. One day, however, he received at the railway-station a box that outweighed a dozen barrels of oysters. It was stained as if saturated with salt water; the words "Per Steamer, Candia," were written on it, and the cords that bound it were "foreign-like," as Shipway said. It was directed to the artilleryman, "to be left at the 'Gamecock' till called for." Such a queer box had never been seen in Seacombe before. When Shipway reached the "Gamecock," Sam and he found it a tight job to carry the box into the house.

News soon spread—and again a pleasant evening was to be spent at the "Gamecock." The box was placed on the sanded floor, and the artilleryman stood by, holding a candle, while Will Yarnley, the captain of the steam-tug undertook to cast off the "lashings," as he termed the ropes round the box. And Sam ran into the blacksmith's next door, and borrowed a heavy hammer, and then the blacksmith followed Sam just to see what there was such a fuss about; and the buxom hostess also left her bar, and walked round the box while, from mere habit, she continued to wipe with a napkin the glass she had just been rinsing. Several heads were also seen in the background, bobbing about like corks in a tideway. Curiosity was on the stretch. When the heavy hammer had at last done its work among the bothering nails, and the end of the kitchen poker had partly raised the lid, the spike of a helmet

caught the quick eye of the artilleryman. The reader has already shrewdly guessed whence the box had really arrived; but, strange to say, the group at the "Gamecock" had not at all connected it, in their village-minds, with the Crimea. But the box had come from Balaklava for all that, and from the artilleryman's own son, too. And inside the helmet there was a bundle of letters—a long one for the father, a short one for Farmer Wright, and a third for the clergyman of the parish. The letters were all written by young Jackson; and although on the date they bore, he was in the hospital-ship at Balaklava, still he was only among the sick, and had not been wounded in any of the engagements with the enemy. Young Jackson's letter to the clergyman informed him that the party with which he had started for the Crimea, had been billeted in London. While there, he and a comrade who had never been in the metropolis before, witnessed by accident the afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral. To the soldiers this, the burial-place of "The Duke," afforded the most intense delight. They stood among the monuments of heroes, and while gazing around them the "harmonious thunder" of the cathedral organ broke upon their ears. The long train of white-robed choristers was to them a novel sight. It was a dark day, and the service was performed by gas-light. The soldiers remained to the end, and the anthem, "Withdraw not thy mercy, O Lord," was sung with so thrilling an effect that Jackson had never forgotten it. The whole scene had made a deep impression upon his mind, and he resolved never to withhold his mercy from a prostrate enemy if the fortune of war placed him in his power. On the night of the sortie in which he saved the life of Sergeant Stripe, he was not unmindful of the promise he had thus made. A wounded and prostrate Russian implored his pity, and he assisted in moving him to the rear. The man proved not ungrateful. He made known to his preserver by signs that he had it in his power to reward him, and pointed to a place where he indicated that something valuable was concealed. Jackson marked the spot, which was but a few yards distant from the advanced parallel of the British Lines. In a night or two afterwards, having told his story of the Russian prisoner to his comrades, Moorhouse and Hazel, they proceeded to the spot, and having noiselessly excavated the earth for a few feet, discovered a box, containing a quantity of valuable articles, including rich uniforms, several vessels of silver, some arms, and a number of things which had been evidently placed there by some person who feared the beleaguered city would be sacked by the Allied army. Young Jackson divided the spoil with his comrades, and having packed his share in the box, was fortunate enough to get it conveyed to Balaklava, and placed on board a vessel for England. It is scarcely necessary to add that the old artilleryman has shown the box and its contents to the whole neighbourhood, gentle and simple, and that he is regarded as decidedly the most fortunate man in Seacombe. He predicts that his son will one day be a great man, and expresses a confident opinion that when he gets into Sebastopol, he will soon send home another Box from Balaklava.

DOCK LABOURERS AND THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

The whole of the workmen employed in the machinists' department of the London Docks have unhesitatingly contributed one day's pay to the Patriotic Fund, amounting to £89 19s. 7½d., which Mr. William Darlow, the superintendent of the works, handed over to the dock authorities, who have forwarded the money to the Royal Commissioners.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A SOLDIER.

At an attack of the Water Kloof, in the late Caffre campaign, three soldiers of the first division fought side by side; two were brothers—the third a comrade and formerly a school-fellow. During the action, the regiment they belonged to was ordered to change its position, and in performing this movement, one of the men who was a few paces in the rear, fell shot through the heart. A few moments after the regiment had gained the new position under cover of a hill, two soldiers were observed to rush from the ranks and advance under a heavy fire towards the fallen man. One, to his sorrow, discovered him to be his brother. They seemed not to notice the shower of bullets that fell thickly around them, but slowly and carefully lifted the corpse from the ground and bore it to the rear. A short time after, the division compelled the enemy to give way, and commenced its march towards the bivouac ground, situated about four miles from the scene of action. In the front, placed on a gun-carriage, was stretched a lifeless body. Two men followed, each with a hand on the body, apparently to steady it, their other brushing away the tears that forced their way down their sun-burnt cheeks. The division seemed much affected at such an unusual sight, and had more the appearance of a mourning procession than the march of a victorious army. A short time after their arrival at the bivouac ground, the two men carried the corpse a few yards from its bier, and placed it in a shallow grave which they had prepared by the light of a waning moon, near a clump of the mimosa. By the side of this grave, six thousand miles from their native village, two of England's soldiers knelt, offering up a prayer for the soul of him who had been so recently fighting by their side, and with whom in boyhood's days they had so often gambolled on the village green. They then quickly filled up the grave, but placed no stone or mound to mark the spot, merely levelling the earth, and making a fire near the grave, returned to their places. The following morning they returned to the spot, and spread the ashes from the fire over the newly-turned earth, hoping to deceive the Caffres, who were in the habit of plundering the graves of the British, to strip the bodies of the clothes, and afterwards leave them to the mercy of beasts of prey. The soldiers then took a last sorrowful look at that lonely spot, and joined their regiment, which had already commenced its march to attack the enemy in his mountain fastnesses.

Several acts of this nature, so creditable to the British soldier as evidencing the sincerity of the friendships which exist among men in the ranks, are recorded in the campaigns against the Caffres.

THE WIND OF A CANNON-BALL.

An officer of the French army, whom General de Martimprey had sent to make a reconnaissance in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, was knocked down, not by a cannon-ball itself, but by the wind of it as it passed close to him. The commotion produced was so intense that the tongue of the officer instantly contracted, so that he could not either put it out of his mouth or articulate a word. Having obtained leave of absence, he returned to Marseilles, where he underwent treatment by means of electricity. After the first few shocks, the tongue began to move with more facility, but without his being able to speak. On the twelfth day he was subjected to an unusually violent shock, which produced the desired effect, and in a few minutes after the patient recovered his speech.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTER SOMERS had so steadfastly nourished his passion for Julia Stratford, that the absence of more than three months had not abated his earnestness one atom. He found from the pilot who came on board the "Lady Forbes," that the steamer which took the Stratfords from Suez to Calcutta had arrived a month previously, and he concluded that he should find them both at the proud "City of Palaces," of whose *délices* he had heard so much, and of which he remembered nothing.

Lauding in the cool of the evening, he took up his abode at the principal hotel (Spence's) with Polity, and at once instituted inquiries as to the whereabouts of Miss Stratford; but he could obtain no further information than that Mr. Stratford (Lionel) had lately joined a commercial house, whose address was given in the "Bengal Directory." To this house he repaired the next morning.

Lionel was thunderstruck at his appearance, for Somers had not written to announce his intended visit to India. But Lionel intuitively guessed the object, for he knew his friend well. Before, however, the young merchant could hint his suspicions, Somers disclosed his object by a passionate exclamation—"Julia!—where is she?"

It was not without pain that Lionel heard the inquiry. A month had been time enough to assure him of the utter hopelessness of the suit of a young man who carried in his face the baseness of his origin; and, if the truth must be told, Lionel had become sufficiently acquainted with the tone of society in India to be satisfied that his own personal respectability would not be much enhanced by a connection with a half-caste. The position of that class is peculiar. They are repudiated by the English, and not acknowledged by the natives. The vast majority are educated in the schools of the country, and brought up as Christians, but the intense pride of the Europeans of the privileged classes shuts them out of all society but that which they form among themselves. Some of the girls, when they have had the advantage of an education in England, obtain husbands from among the officers, and are thus recognised in the upper circles upon the same footing with English women; the young men, on the other hand, rarely having either the energy or the opportunity of carving a way for themselves, linger out existence as clerks in public or mercantile offices, or take to the sea, or enter into life as small traders, forming alliances with girls of their own hue, and thus perpetuating a race of poor, puny mortals discarded by the very nations whence they sprung. To do them justice, they are people of generally good principles and kindly dispositions; inert, unambitious, but keenly alive to any reflections upon their origin. Only half-a-dozen instances are on record of Eurasians—for that is the name by which the Marquis of Hastings appropriately designated the offspring of Europe and of Asia—becoming distinguished by their talents, and working out a lofty position for themselves. One was a shipbuilder; another became a colonel in the army; a third is to this hour holding a high appointment in the civil department of the Bombay Government.

To Somers' inquiry, "Where is Julia?" Lionel replied, that she was gone up the country to stay with a relative, Mrs. Cardamum, and would probably be absent some time; and he followed up the intimation by asking Somers to come and dine with him, and talk over their respective voyages. Somers little relished either the information or

the obvious desire of his friend to turn the subject. To what place was Julia gone? Could he not go up the country and see her? He was anxious to open his heart. He was consuming with love; every effort to drive away the passion he had conceived for her was perfectly futile.

Uncertain how to deal with him—fearful on the one hand of compromising Julia by answering for her on a point which only concerned her own feelings and judgment, and on the other of placing Somers in an unhappy predicament by assenting to the propriety of his departure for Muddlepore, where the Cardamums were stationed—Lionel simply iterated his desire to see Somers at dinner, to which the latter assented conditionally that it should be *tête-à-tête*. Somers felt too much excited for general society. Lionel further proposed to call for him in the cool of the evening, and drive him on the Strand, where all the *beau monde* of the city were wont to congregate.

A gay and pleasing scene is the Calcutta Strand to the eye of the stranger. The road skirts the broad river Hooghly, where lay at anchor from fifty to one hundred vessels of every class and burthen. Stately free-traders from England, America, and China; vessels of lighter tonnage from Australia, the Persian Gulf, the coasts of India, and the islands of the Archipelago; steamers from and for the Red Sea; an occasional frigate forming part of the small squadron appointed to protect the interests of British trade in the East; innumerable boats, from the handsome pinnace or *budgerow* to the crazy little *paunchway* of the poor fisherman, make up the diversity of craft. Beyond these, on the opposite bank, is the village of Howrah and the dockyards, resting on a back-ground of palm and mango groves. One end of the Strand is bounded by the massive white edifices, with their green blinds, which have acquired for the town the title of the Palatial City, while the southern end is terminated by Fort William, a spacious fortress mounting some hundreds of guns, and containing a regiment of European soldiers. The east side of the Strand is bounded by an extensive esplanade, and beyond that, in the distance, is a row of handsome buildings, constituting the part of the town termed Chowringhee. On the Strand itself are innumerable vehicles—some of English, some of undoubted Indian make, and a perfect cloud of equestrians.

Somers was such a mere child when he quitted India that he could not by any possibility have remembered clearly any portion of the scene before him. Yet, when he drove out with Lionel, indistinct recollections crossed him, and he found himself continually endeavouring to fix some one locality or some one fact in his mind. But all was hazy. He was in India, and the atmosphere did not seem entirely strange to him; and that was all.

An Indian dinner is a pleasing sequel to an Indian drive, if a little attention is paid to the elegancies of life. The brilliancy with which the dining-hall is lighted; the array of sable servants in white muslin tunics and scarlet turbans; the floating *punkah*, or broad fan suspended from the ceiling; the polished plate and crystal; the snowy whiteness of the table-cloth; the dishes, of which *curries* always form a part; the iced claret, champagne, and pale ale, followed by the fragrant hookah, make up an *ensemble* that would create an appetite "beneath the ribs of death."

While the servants remained, the conversation turned entirely upon the mutual souvenirs of the friends; but the removal of the cloth was the signal for a more unreserved tone of conversation. Somers then made Lionel acquainted with the circumstance which had brought him to India—

his determination to seek the hand of Julia—and he entreated him to say if he thought that any insuperable obstacle would present itself to his success. Lionel was as frank as the peculiarity of his position allowed of his being. He told Somers that he had certainly made a pleasing impression on his fair cousin, and that she had reverted to her first interview in a sufficiently agreeable tone for two or three days after their departure; but that the novelty of the scene on board ship, new faces, new ideas, and the continual excitement incidental to an overland trip with many associates, had caused her to lose sight of the subject. "Did Lionel think that she had seen any one else on the voyage whom she liked better—or as well?" No; he was satisfied that she was heart-whole up to the hour of her leaving Calcutta. "Did Lionel believe that the complexion of the Eurasian would be a bar to the success of Somers' suit?" Lionel would not venture to answer for any woman's fancies. If, like the fair Venetian, she could see a man's visage in his mind, Julia would not refuse the addresses of so worthy a fellow and accomplished a gentleman as Somers. Lionel was very diplomatic.

The upshot of the interview was that the next day Somers *laid his dawk*—that is to say, ordered a palankeen and bearers for a journey to Muddempore. This arrangement was the work of three or four days, as the station was five hundred miles from Calcutta, and the Post-master General, who had the management of all these matters, required some little time to give notice to his subordinates at the intermediate stations that the relays of bearers might be summoned. In the interval the spirit of the young Eurasian chafed under the idea that every hour passed in absence from Julia gave advantage to some imaginary rival. He largely partook of the character of *Falkland* in Sheridan's "Rivals," and could not have brooked that a woman to whom he was attached should have been even happy, except in his presence—a whim the less justifiable in Somers' case, because as yet, he had no reason to suppose that Julia had any regard for him.

The *dawk* ready, Somers, with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Cardamum, started for the interior. At each little halting-place and larger station he made inquiries regarding the young lady who had, unattended, travelled the same road a short time previously, and his questions always elicited the observation that she was "*burra atcha*"—very good—very fine—very pretty. At one station a body of irregular cavalry were encamped. There were three officers with them, a major (commandant), a captain, and a lieutenant, all rough, good-hearted men, who lay in wait for travellers that they might drag them to their mess-tent, and force upon them their camp-hospitality. Two or three days and nights of confinement to a palankeen, had disposed Walter Somers to a little change, and when one of the officers rode up and invited him to their mess for the evening, and as much longer as he liked, he had no difficulty in accepting the civility even at the risk of Julia's being carried captive in the interim by some speculator in young hearts. He intimated to the lieutenant who had brought the invitation, that he would shortly follow him, in fact as soon as he had had a refreshing bath.

When Somers approached the mess-tent of the officers, he heard a gruff voice say, "If he should turn out a *keransee* (a clerk), we shan't think much of your penetration, Master Guracco. 'Egad here he comes, evidently daubed with the tar brush."

Somers' first impulse was to turn back; but he felt a proud consciousness that his education would soon satisfy the minds of his hosts that he was not of the class of *employes* they had been accustomed to despise.

Major Karreebaut met him at the tent entrance, saying, with a patronizing air, "Your most obedient, sir, glad to see you—thought a little halt would be agreeable. My brother officers, Captain Marsalah—Lieutenant Guracco."

Somers bowed, and added, "And may I crave the honour of knowing to whom I am indebted for this civility?"

"I ought to introduce you," said Marsalah; "our Major Commandant Karreebaut—a man whose valour is on a par with his gastronomic taste and skill."

The ease, self-possession, and gravity of Somers soon calmed the aristocratic alarms of the major. He saw that a gentleman was at his table, and he forthwith endeavoured to impress him with exalted notions of the corps under his command. Somers had read something in the local papers of the campaign in which the Saffron Rangers (the title of the corps) had been engaged, and he hazarded the observation—

"You have had a hard time of it out in the jungles, major; we had begun to think in Calcutta that the freebooters would keep you out another hot season. They seem very gallant foemen."

This set the major off. He loved the corps, and was never tired of trumpeting its exploits.

"Any other regiment than the Saffrons," said he, "might have required two seasons to settle their hashes—but we—we—and yet we have had some desperate encounters. There was the affair at the hill-fort of Bundledroog, where the chief of the Haramzadabs had ensconced himself like a—eh?—ah!—like an eagle in his eyrie. We made a forced march of a hundred-and-twenty miles in twelve hours beneath a vertical sun, whose scorching rays penetrated the metal of our helmets and pulverised our very brains. We were all dreadfully knocked up—not a drop of water was to be had—the tanks were poisoned by the foe—our provisions in the rear. What was to be done?—our tongues were parched—our faces blistered—we couldn't speak—our horses couldn't stand. 'Summon the chief to surrender,' said I. 'Exactly,' said Marsalah. 'Decidedly,' said Guracco—their usual form of assent. So we sent the subedar-major with a flag and our compliments."

"He surrendered, of course," interposed Somers.

"Did he?" rejoined the major. "Dammie, my boy, he pitched the subedar over the walls, and stuck our flag beneath his own blood-coloured banner, yelling defiance and flashing indignation: I saw him through my telescope. This was too much for British hearts. 'To horse,' said I. 'Exactly,' said the captain. 'Decidedly,' exclaimed the gallant lieutenant, and so it we went. The squadrons tore across the plain—dashed up the scarped rocks—sprang over crag and barrier—surmounted obstacles—levelled obstructions—and in ten minutes met the dastardly hand to hand. The shock was terrific, 'England, home, and beauty,' cried I. 'Exactly so,' said the captain. 'Up, guards, and at 'em,' says I. 'Decidedly,' cried the lieutenant. 'Ya Allah, Bismallah, al H'am id Allah!' says the chief. 'Balderdashkite!' says I, 'take that'—and in one moment his turbaned head rolled over the ramparts. The tongue of humility licked the dust of martial prosperity; the Saffrons seized the sherbet-cups of the vanquished, and drank to the health of the Governor-General of India."

"Exactly so," chimed in the captain.

"Most decidedly," exclaimed the lieutenant.

"And yet, sir," continued the major, "such is the indifference of the authorities to true military merit that while a lazy civilian gets thousands of rupees for doing nothing, Major Karreebaut will probably be fobbed off with a pultry brevet and a C.B.-ship. I say nothing—not I—Heaven forbid—but if there were any gratitude under the sun, there are soldiers for whom even knight-hood would be but a poor recompense."

When the major had talked enough of himself and the regiment, he condescended to ask Somers whether he was bound.

"To Muddlepore—to pay a visit to a Mrs. Cardamum."

"The judge's wife," said the major. "'Egad, at that house you'll meet a stunning *spin*, who passed by here on her way up."

"*Spin*?"

"Short for spinster. It's the name we *militaires* give to the girls who come to this country after a husband. As she was alone we couldn't invite her to dinner, but Marsalah went with our compliments to ask what we could do for or send her, and the *khetmutghur* was despatched with a regular dinner and a bottle of wine, to which she did more than ladylike justice."

"Her trip had given her an appetite," remarked Somers.

"It had indeed," resumed the major. "but it did not spoil Marsalah's impression. He fell up to his neck in love at once; offered to escort the lady, and, when she had declined his assistance, he had the impertinence to ride after her when she had left, expressly to pop the question."

Somers turned cold, and as pale as his skin would permit. He hated Marsalah from that moment. Too well bred to exhibit his vexation, however, he ventured to ask what had been the result of so chivalrous a proceeding.

"That's a decided secret," observed Lieutenant Guracco; "Marsalah has maintained quite a diplomatic reserve ever since he returned to camp."

"The fact is," said the major, "he has been *juwabbid* (declined), and he hasn't courage to admit it to his chums, lest we should laugh at him for ever!"

Somers could scarcely restrain his inclination to know the truth. He looked at the captain—a wizened-face little man, with a bald pate—and he could not bring himself to the conclusion that Julia would have made her election suddenly, and in such a quarter. Nevertheless, he wished to be satisfied.

"May a stranger ask," he said, interrogating Marsalah, "if the suit of the worthy captain prospered?"

"You may ask," replied Marsalah; "but it is not likely I should satisfy the curiosity of a gentleman I never saw till to-day, after refusing my brother-officers." And he resumed the cigar he had been smoking since the cloth was removed.

"Ah, well!" continued Karreebaut, "it don't much matter, for by this time the girl has been snapped up by a civilian, or an ancient lieutenant-colonel, and—"

"Never!" ejaculated Somers, rising from his chair; "Miss Stratford has too much self-respect—high feeling—"

"Ho! that's it, is it!" continued the major. "Well, the less we say upon the subject the better. I wouldn't give you much for your chance, though. I never knew a *spin* that could resist a fellow who could give her a

good establishment and be worth three hundred a-year to her after his death."

"Gentlemen," said Somers, rising, "I am very much obliged by your hospitable reception of me. You must now allow me to take my leave as time presses."

The officers of the Saffrons insisted on walking with him to the stage *bungalow* (or cottage), and as they put on their forage caps, Somers heard the lieutenant say to the captain, in a tone of banter, "A rival, by Jove, Marsalah!" But the captain preserved his usual silence.

CHAPTER VII.

TWENTY-FOUR hours' further travelling carried our hero into the station of Muddlepore.

The stations, or district towns (if they deserve the name) which are scattered over the British territories in the East have a stereotyped form and aspect. In each there is a *cutchery*, or magistrate's or judge's court; a collector's *cutchery* where the revenue business is conducted; a church, a jail, a mission-school, and a guard-house, or small barrack, for the detachment which guards the prison and escorts the civil officers in their tours through the district. About a dozen handsome houses form the abodes of the "society" of the place. This is composed of the collector, the judge, their wives (if they have any), their official assistants, the surgeon, the chaplain, the post-master, the officer commanding the detachment, two or three indigo planters, and a few Eurasians employed as clerks, interpreters, &c., in the courts. At the distance of a few hundred yards from these houses is the portion of the station occupied by the native shopkeepers, grain dealers, small landowners, the native officers of the courts, and amongst these, often surrounded and overshadowed by trees and wild vegetation, are tiny mosques for the Mussulmen, and diminutive pagodas for the Hindoos. The narrow streets of the village, unpaved, generally present an active scene, excepting during the middle of the day; and even if the population be small, no one can complain of its silence. The shrill tones of the native women driving bargains with the shopkeepers, who carry on their traffic (as our fishmongers do) nearly in the open air; the disputes of these sharp-tongued dames with each other; the creaking of an occasional cart; the ringing of the pagoda-bells; the clamour of mendicants—all combine to disturb the ear, though the scene itself is not unpicturesque. At night the ordinary noises are augmented by the presence of a band of native musicians who, with tom-toms (long narrow drums), cymbals, horns, and reed pipes, precede some wedding procession, or assist in some religious rite.

Beyond the village is the expanse of country, varied according to the locality of the district—sometimes bare and barren—more frequently cultivated to the very roadside, and occasionally bold and romantic. The latter is the case in the vicinity of the sources of rivers, and this was precisely the position of Muddlepore.

Contiguous to the village was what is called a *dawk bungalow*, or resting-house for travellers, either "dawking it" (travelling by palankeen), or marching singly. The bungalow—for they are all over India—generally consists of two apartments, with a bathing-room attached. Two servants have charge of these bungalows. One of them acts as cook and butler, and will serve you up a dinner (a curried fowl and rice) at ten minutes' notice; the other will bring you jars of cold water, and assist the traveller in his ablutions and toilette.

Somers went straight to the bungalow. His first

impulse, after the ordinary refreshment, was to send a note announcing his arrival, and asking permission to wait on Mrs. Cardamum. But an instinctive apprehension that he might possibly receive a cool reply, amounting to a refusal to "receive a half-caste," led to the banishment of the idea the moment after it had been entertained. No; he would go direct. He would manifest the strength of his passion by his impatience. He would capture the citadel by a *coup-de-main*.

Allowing the palankeen-bearers a short respite, and promising an additional gratuity, he had no difficulty in inducing them to take him to the house of the *burra sahib*, or "great man"—the term applied to all persons in office in India. The house was only a quarter of a mile distant. It was a large mansion of one story only—all the reception-rooms, the library, &c. being on the ground-floor. Around the rooms was a broad verandah, sustained by pillars, and this was shaded by thick curtains and a species of cane matting, termed *cheeks*, so that the whole of the house was enveloped in a sort of *chiaro-obscur*. The heat of the day was intense—180 degrees in the sun, 90 degrees in the shade. The porter, or *durwan*, slept in his little lodge, having been too lazy to close the gate; other servants lay slumbering about the verandah, with one exception, and that was a *bearer*, who, between sleeping and waking, was lazily, almost mechanically indeed, drawing a *punkah* to and fro.

Somers alighted from the palankeen before he entered the gate, and walked up to the house. He entered the verandah. There was no servant awake to take in his card. Looking around upon the sleeping group, he deliberated as to whom he should arouse, when suddenly his ear was greeted with the tones of a female voice:—

"Hot as it is, I'll undertake to say that dear Toodleton, the collector, will come. I never knew such devotion in an old gallant."

"Old! Mrs. Cardamum;" replied a voice which Somers recognised. "Surely, you don't call fifty-five old?"

"Not in England, my dear, where a careful man may live every year of his life, and count no wrinkles till he calls himself sexagenarian, but here!—Why, all the men skip over two of the seven ages, and go at once from the lover to the pantaloons."

"Except," answered Julia (for it was her), "Mr. Montague Toodleton, who is the lover-with-the-pantaloons. He is the finest specimen of the *ci-devant jeune homme* I've seen since my arrival."

Mrs. Cardamum replied, "He certainly has contrived to make great way with you, Julia; and I shall be rejoiced if, after you are fairly established as his wife, you find no reason to repent your selection."

"Oh, I suppose, dear," rejoined Julia, "I must take my chance. I came out here to get settled in life, and having had my share of the admiration usually bestowed on *spins*, as they call us, I must now make haste to become mistress of my own house before fresher importations with ruddier complexions push me from my present eminence. As for the sequel, that must depend upon circumstances."

"And have you no love for Mr. Toodleton?" asked Mrs. Cardamum.

"Love, aunt! Why, you surely wouldn't have a girl throw away her feelings upon a man who may not live a year! It would be a ridiculous expenditure of sympathy."

"Then why accept him?"

"Because he is worth three-hundred a-year, dead or

alive, in the very worst view of the matter; and has at least four-thousand a-year while he's above ground."

"Bravo, young lady! I am glad to see my lessons have not been lost upon you."

"Then I suppose, Julia, if Mr. T. should evince a singular tenacity of life, and hold out no prospect of your early liberation from the bonds of matrimony, you will—"

"Be very ill, and make him send me to England with a handsome allowance of more than half his income, for that I find is the custom with my countrywomen under similar circumstances. Am I not an apt pupil?"

Somers, an unwilling eavesdropper, was assailed by a thousand contending emotions during this brief dialogue. He did not know what to think, or how to act. That Julia was still heart-whole was a subject of satisfaction to him—that she aspired to possess wealth was not disagreeable to one who had so good a fortune as himself; but that she should so calmly and deliberately avow her readiness to bestow her hand upon a person old enough to be her father, shocked his sense of delicacy, and he doubted, for a moment, if he should attempt to prosecute a suit, the success of which might depend entirely upon mercenary considerations. While he hesitated, the sound of a gong announced that the *durwan* (or porter) had shaken off his lethargy, and proclaimed the approach of a visitor. A carriage immediately drove up to the entrance, and Somers not wishing to go, and deeming the moment unpropitious for his own visit, quietly walked to the end of the verandah, and was concealed from view, without losing the opportunity of seeing the person who now entered. The servants awakened by the gong had adjusted their turbans and stood to receive him, and two men with silver maces preceding the visitor, faced about, and in the attitude of sentries did honour to their master.

This was Mr. Toodleton, the revenue collector. Somers noticed that he was a tall thin man, prematurely old, of a sallow complexion, attired in white cotton jacket, waistcoat, and trousers. A sardonic grin was the distinguishing characteristic of his countenance. He shuffled in, and as he passed under the *purdah*, or large carpet which hung in the door-way like a curtain, a servant announced him as "*Toodleton Sahib*." Somers, then, returned to the vicinity of the entrance, and as one of the servants offered to take in his card, he said he would wait a few moments. He was thus the ear-witness to the rapid compliments and empty discourse which followed upon the appearance of the collector.

"Good morning Mrs. Cardamum," was the *abord* of the visitor; "my dear Miss Stratford, your most devoted. I came to you the moment I could get clear of *cutchery*, or, as I should say in the presence of the fair uninitiated, court affairs."

"Your labours, Toodleton, in the public cause are perfectly Herculean," was Mrs. Cardamum's half-satirical reply.

"Ah, Mrs. Cardamum," returned Toodleton, "you may talk of your English judges and commissioners, but the business of a revenue collector in this horrible country is gigantic compared with what they undergo. There am I from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, streaming at every pore, surrounded by crowds of jabbering, oleaginous natives, clamouring for what they call justice, and every one trying to outlie every one else."

"For my part," observed Julia, "I wonder how you get through it all: it must be terrible."

"What will not a man do," rejoined the collector, "cheered by the prospect of beauty's smiles, and encouraged

by her approbation? Mrs. Cardamum, she looks very charming this morning—don't she?"

"It's more than she deserves, the naughty little rake; I believe it was four this morning before the ball at the general's broke up, and she remained to the last moment, dancing every polka and quadrille."

"With the most awkward animals in creation," chimed in Julia. "It seems to me that the men and women in India are half a century behind the people at home. Not above six in the whole room danced even moderately well, and most of them moved as though they were ashamed of themselves."

This afforded Toodleton the opportunity of saying, "There are some people, Miss Stratford, whose superlative excellence so completely overshadows contemporary mediocrity as to embarrass many pretenders, and deter the unassuming from the danger of attempt—"

The gong announced more visitors, and two military officers entered. After their salutations were over, Somers, with a palpitating heart, sent in his own card. He could hold out no longer. The reception which his card experienced realised all his fears that his "colour" would stand in the way of a polite reception.

"Somers, Somers?" exclaimed Mrs. Cardamum.

"Oh!" cried Toodleton Sahib, "it's the young fellow for whom the *dawk* has been laid for some days. I heard of his coming."

The name struck Julia.

"I think I know the name—I remember a person—a dark young man—"

"Yes," said the collector, "half-castes, as we call them. What could bring him here? He'll find the place very dull, for we can't possibly admit persons of that class into society."

Mrs. Cardamum condescendingly proposed to see him in the verandah. But the officers suggested that he should be allowed to come in, as it would be "good fun" to see how a "country-born" could comport himself in first-rate society. Their suggestion was adopted, and Somers rushed in. Suddenly checking himself, he gazed upon Julia. Her loveliness was undiminished in his eyes; the burning son had not scathed her beauty; her glance was as lustrous as when first he encountered it. He could repress his emotions no longer. He walked—almost staggered—towards Julia, and disregarding the presence of four other persons, he exclaimed—

"Pardon—oh, pardon for this! Pardon for a love that maddens me into a forgetfulness of all things but itself. To see thee I have passed over half a world. Julia—Miss Stratford—forgive me. Could you but know how I have thought of you—how wept—how prayed—you would pity—you would not smile. Tell me—pray tell me—is the door still open—is your hand still free?"

This sudden address perfectly astounded the auditors. Mrs. Cardamum had never seen such an uncereceremonious personage. Mr. Toodleton wondered where he had been bred. The officers thought it "capital fun." But to Julia it was anything but a subject of mirth. She was shocked; yet her quick interpretation of the feelings of Somers prevented her uttering a word.

[To be continued.]

A FAMILY OF HEROES.

A Kent newspaper states that, four sons from one family, in the neighbourhood of Maidstone, have been engaged in the Crimean war, all of whom have been killed.

THE REVOLVER PISTOL.

The superiority of this weapon at close quarters, or under special circumstances, even at a distance, is undisputed. At a trial made at Erith, out of thirty discharges at a range of four hundred and ten yards, six bullets struck the butt within a sweep of only thirty-six inches from the centre of the target, and the remaining shots told with corresponding accuracy. This is what might truly be called "sharp practice." In fact, for safety, accuracy, and celerity of fire, the revolver is now universally acknowledged unapproachable. A glance at its construction shows the peculiar advantages it possesses. After being charged with about a drachm of powder, the six chambers, which revolve successively under the barrel, are first turned under a compound lever ramrod, which presses the ball into the passage, and the pistol is then ready for service. The balls, indeed, are pressed so effectually home, that a little wax over the nipple will preserve the charge from damage even if immersed in water. Another admirable provision of the revolver is its security from accidental firing, as it can only be discharged when one of the chambers is in a direct line with the barrel. As an arm in battle, it has been pronounced by the well-known Colonel Hayes, of the United States army, to be "unquestionably the most formidable weapon ever used."

SUPERSTITION OF THE TURKS.

Of the present sultan, Abdul Medjid, the Ottomans believed from the first, though on what grounds we know not, that the "black fate" was upon him; and it is remarkable that a similar superstition was popularly attached to Shah Soojah, whose career from first to last justified the gloomy impression. The Turks have all along entertained a traditional conviction that they are to be driven back into Asia again, and point to the very gate through which it has been prophesied that the "Giaour" is to re-enter Constantinople. Of late years, it would appear, these melancholy forebodings have been gaining ground. The Turks had a superstitious belief that the late Sultan Mahmoud was to be the last of their emperors that should reign in Europe. The conquest achieved by his ancestor was destined to be lost again by a sultan of the same name, and in him the realization of the prophecy was looked for. In like manner the Russians expect that, as Constantine was the last Christian monarch of the Eastern empire, a Constantine is to be the first of the new line; and they point to the Grand-Duke, the second son of the Emperor Nicholas, as the fated restorer. This young prince, who is now in his twenty-seventh year, and Grand-Admiral of Russia, is said to possess great energy and ability, and the characteristic ambition of his race. His older brother, Alexander, heir-presumptive to the throne, is described as mild in disposition, limited in talent, and fearful of responsibility. "What makes you so serious?" said Constantine one day, observing him in profound meditation, and with an aspect of despondency. "I am thinking of what may be reserved for me in future," replied Alexander; "the charge of ruling an enormous empire is heavy indeed." "If there is nothing else to torment you," quickly rejoined the younger brother, "speak the word, and I will instantly relieve you of that charge." Both the Grand-Dukes, Alexander and Constantine, are married, and have young families, so that the line of Romanoff is at present in no danger of extinction from natural decay.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, BRIEFLY WRITTEN AND FREELY, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, Strand. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THIS "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY, 1855. The Part will contain Six Numbers in a neat cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

A SOLDIER'S WIDOW AND SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have written to us on the subject of the stipends granted by the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, and we can only tell them that the amount of the allowance is determined by the circumstances of each case—the grade of the deceased, the number of children living, and other particulars. The lowest scale is 8s. 6d. per week and the highest 10s., which is about half the amount of what the husband's pay would have been were he alive. The final stipend to be paid have not yet been decided by the Commissioners, nor can they be until some approximate idea can be formed of the claims upon the Fund.

F. G. T. (Lambeth).—We should recommend you to apply to Mr. West, optician, in the Strand, or to any other respectable optician, who will be the best person to advise you.

C. B. (Maldstone).—It was Edward the Black Prince who originated the expression, "God defend the right." The words were used by him on the field of Poitiers, when he was told that a battle was inevitable. The prince was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, and his tomb is one of the most interesting relics in that stately pile.

F. HANSHAW (Salford).—The first discoverer of gold in Australia was Mr. Edward Hammond Hargraves, Commissioner of Crown Lands in New South Wales. Mr. Hargraves is a native of Gosport, near Portsmouth.

E. FAMILINE (Burton-upon-Trent).—The "four points" which Russia has accepted, according to the construction put upon them by England, France, and Austria, are as follows:—1. That the protectorate hitherto exercised by the Imperial court of Russia over the Principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia cease, and that the privileges granted by the Sultans to these dependent provinces of their empire shall, in virtue of an agreement with the Sublime Porte, be placed under the collective guarantee of the Powers. 2. That the navigation of the Danube, as far as its outlet into the Black Sea, shall be delivered from all restriction, and submitted to the operation of the principles consecrated by the acts of the Congress of Vienna. 3. That the treaty of July 30, 1841 (excluding European ships of war from the Dardanelles, except in time of war), shall be revised, in concert, by the high contracting powers in the interest of the European equilibrium, and in the sense of a limitation of Russian power in the Black Sea. 4. That no power shall claim the right to exercise any official protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong, but that France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, shall lend their mutual co-operation, in order to obtain from the Ottoman Government the consecration and observance of the religious privileges of the various Christian communities, and turn the generous intentions manifested by his Majesty the Sultan to the account of their various co-religionists, so that there shall not result therefrom any infringement of the dignity and independence of his crown. The Czar, by this act, does not assent to every condition that the Allies may think it necessary to insist on hereafter, but he agrees to the necessary preliminary points on which alone negotiations can be based.

CHARLES CRADOCK (Stockton).—There are now 74 generals of the army, 38 Lieutenant-generals, and 136 major-generals, exclusive of those who have sold out, but whose names are retained in the Army List. The fixed establishment is 50 generals, 70 Lieutenant-generals, and 114 major-generals.

F. SCARBOROUGH (Manchester).—The vessels of the Baltic Fleet are disposed as follows:—At Portsmouth—the Duke of Wellington, the James Watt, the Hogue, the Blenheim, the Imperieuse, the Arrogant, the Penelope, the Locust. At Devonport—the St. Jean d'Acre, the Princess Royal, the Nile, the Cesar, the Euryalus. At Leith—the Edinburgh, the Cruiser, the Archer, the Magicienne. At Woolwich, the Odin. At Sheerness—the Cressy, the Majestic, the Royal George, the Amphion. At Hull—the Conflict, the Desperate. At North Shields—the Bulldog. At Cromarty—the Dragon, the Rosemond, the Basilisk, the Vulture. At Harwich—the Driver.

J. GALESWORTHY (Burnley).—We don't believe in ghosts, but you are at liberty to do so if it contributes to your happiness.

F. WILKIN (Regent's-park).—The play of the "Corsican Brothers" is taken from A. Dumas' story, "The Famille Corsic."

C. WARMAN (Chelsea).—Gymnastic exercises in youth greatly improve the voice. Send the boy to a school by the sea-side.

ELIZABETH SPARK—Persons with qualifications such as you possess will, no doubt, be wanted both at Varna and Balaklava. Your best course would be to apply to the contractors for the work, who will, in all probability, put you in the right channel to proceed.

NATON (Bromley).—The famous Neapolitan diver, Pasche, on one occasion swam fifty miles on the Calabrian coast in twenty-four hours. The human body, with air in the lungs, is lighter than water.

CAMBRIDGE writes as follows:—"Sir,—In the Times of the 6th inst., I see the Patriotic Fund collected from Oxford University up to the end of 1844 amounts to £700. The amount from Cambridge University up to that time is stated in the Times of the 13th inst. to be £1,300. This contrast is creditable to Cambridge, and, if mentioned in your widely-circulated Journal, may promote generous rivalry in a good cause."

S. S. (Doughty-street).—"Germane" means "nearly allied; natural." "It were more germane to the matter." The emphasis is on the second syllable. CECILIA (Cambridge).—The line occurs in Shakespeare, and is worthy of him. "Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law my services are bound."

A. T. M. (Bishopscotton).—We will make inquiry on the subject to which you refer, and let you have an answer in our next.

T. FLAXMAN (Calne). No. If you were any one else you should have a flat refusal.

H. STEVENS (Crews).—We are much obliged by your contribution. It is excellent, and we shall gladly avail ourselves of it.

A LADY.—Your note has been answered direct. SHARPSHOOTER (Paddington).—The reason why the rifle is so formidable a weapon is, that it will kill at a distance when an ordinary musket would be powerless. The inner surface of the barrel is grooved, and, when the piece is fired, the bullet is forced through the grooves, and acquires a continuous spiral motion, as well as a progressive one. Moreover, the lead being lacerated on the passage, it can be easily understood how terrible must be the wound it inflicts.

H. (Hoggar).—An "esquire" was anciently a shield or armour-bearer—the person that attended a knight in time of war and carried his shield. This title was subsequently awarded indifferently to all persons of distinguished social position. It is now a universal dominion—a sort of "wrap-rascal," which symbolises no dignity, but rather the contrary.

DRAMATISTS.—It was in the time of the Stuarts that actresses were introduced on the stage.

AN ACTUARY (Cornhill).—"Actuary" is a word of Roman descent. The *actuarius* was an officer, or rather notary, appointed to write down the proceedings of a court.

A. SOMERVILLE (Bennet's-place).—A calculation made at Lloyd's shows that ten per cent. of British shipwrecks are occasioned by the loss of the rudder.

J. S. (Aylesbury).—Our gold coin has eleven parts of gold to one of alloy. JAMES TUBAL (Hilcester).—There is a tree at Souma, in Lombardy, which is said to be the oldest in the world. It is popularly believed to have been planted in the year of Our Saviour's birth, and is held in great veneration. But there are allusions to it in historical writings which seem to justify the opinion that it is of still greater antiquity. The largest and oldest German tree is probably that at Neustadt, on the Kocher. In 1299, it was already a magnificent tree. In the year 1408, it was said:—

"At the city gate stands a Linden-tree,
With sixty-seven columns, as you may see."

A FATHER (Aberystwith).—By all means have your son taught music, for it is an elegant and humanizing accomplishment which opens many sources of enjoyment to a mind endowed with sensibility. If you pay due regard to the boy's moral training, you need not fear that music will entice him into dissipation; on the contrary, the surest way to make profligate dissipation, is to cherish and cultivate such refined pursuits as cause a man to shrink with horror from pastimes which are gross, sensual, and material.

F. BAUTON (Amersham).—The line is not "Small by degrees and beautifully less," but "Fine by degrees and beautifully less." The expression occurs in Prior's poem of "Henry and Emma," and is applied to Emma's waist.

M. (Harnage).—We entirely sympathise in the indignation with which you witnessed a proceeding so anomalous as burning, in effigy, a baker in your town who sells bread at a cheaper rate than his colleagues in the trade. We presume the proceeding must have originated in the jealousy of rival tradesmen; but it is one which we should have thought was not likely to have found favour with the multitude. We can understand a high-price baker being burned, in effigy (or it may be in substance), but that a low-price baker should endure either indignity surprises belief.

CLARA (Staplehurst).—Many thanks for the poetry you have sent us. It is very spirited and melodious; and were it not that Oliver Goldsmith has already anticipated you, we should have gladly inserted it.

* (Ashford).—You will always find the current number of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL at the Ashford station, and at all stations where periodicals are sold by Messrs. Smith and Son.

B. K. (Tamworth).—We have not seen the natural, or rather unnatural, curiosity to which you refer, as exhibiting at the Lowther-bazaar, and don't mean to see it if we can help it.

B. (Henrietta-street).—The practice to which you have called attention cannot be justified, and we believe an appeal to the Home Secretary will be the only course likely to produce any good effect. The Board of Health have, by law, no power to interfere, which appears to be singular, looking to the character of their mission, but the Home Office may, by an order in Council, direct the immediate closing of the burial-grounds. It surprises belief, that the two church-yards to which you refer (St. George's, Bloomsbury, and St. George the Martyr, Queen-square), overcrowded as they are, and already reported against, should be kept open for the selfish gains of individuals to the prejudice of the public health, and the violation of all laws of decency and even morality. Lay a statement of the facts before Lord Palmerston at once, and see what that will do.

MASCARON.—We are not in a position to advise you what goods you should send to the Australian market, but if you will refer to a file of Australian papers, which may be seen at Deacon's coffee-house, you will be able to pick up a good deal of valuable and authentic information on the subject. The present is the best season for emigrating to Australia.

F. KING.—You can insure the goods in question for about 30s. per cent., and it is better to incur this expenditure than run the risk of loss.

F. (Maldstone).—The term, it is "a pretty little quarrel as it stands" occurs in the play of the "Rivals," and is used by Sir Lucius O'Trigger to satisfy Bob Acres that he has sufficient grounds to fight a duel.

P. (Dulwich).—There are two or three courses open to you to adopt, but you had better consult a respectable solicitor before resolving upon any.

(CHARLES MOORE (Brandon).—A railway company cannot make any bye-law which is inconsistent with the common law of the land. The company referred to (if your statement be correct) is bound to make good the loss you have sustained by the negligence of their servants.

S. STEWARD (Brixton).—The harbour of Balaklava is eight miles from Sebastopol, and not fourteen as you suppose. There is now a railway in course of construction in Switzerland.

T. BOWLING.—The flag-ship of Admiral Napier in the Baltic was the "Bulldog." She is a vessel of great strength, 450 horse-power, 1,400 tons burden, and propelled by paddles. The number of guns which she carries is only six and two small brass ones; but, for weight of metal and length of range, her own guns are superior to any in the fleet. One of the great guns of the "Bulldog" principally contributed to the destruction of Bomarsund.

* * * We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 8.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.



[THE SORTIE OF 20TH DECEMBER.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

On the morning of the 20th of December, a little before three o'clock, the whole camp before Sebastopol was suddenly aroused by bugles sounding the alarm. As the stirring notes ran from regiment to regiment, in many instances followed by the "double," the troops started up from their sleep and were quickly under arms. The night was fine and starlight, but there was no moon visible. Along the whole line of batteries was heard the sharp

fire of musketry, and the sky was constantly illumined by the reflected flashes of the heavy guns, and the flight of shells in the air: The cause of the alarm and turn-out proved to be a sortie made by the Russians against the advanced works, both of the English and French batteries. Distinct attacks had been made nearly at the same time on the troops in advance of Captain Gordon's battery on Frenchman's Hill, and on those protecting the advanced work which, some time since, was wrested from the Russians. Another body of the enemy also approached

the entrenchment originally made in advance of Captain Chapman's battery on Green Hill. The enemy came on in comparatively such limited numbers against the advanced work in front of Frenchman's Hill as almost to lead to the belief that it was planned as a feint, while the more earnest attack was made against Green Hill and the advanced French works. It appears that the Russians came up so silently that they were not met as they should have been, and that, in both the British positions, some loss was sustained by what must be termed negligence on the part of their defenders. But, though comparatively trifling in its results, had the Russians been aware of our failing, and in force sufficient to take advantage of it, the issue might have been very serious, especially at Frenchman's Hill, for the guns in the battery might have been disabled, and the contest carried into the very camp of the Light Division, as before into that of the Second Division. Neither men nor officers were on the alert, and all were taken by surprise. The first intimation of the attack to the men and officers lying within the work, was given by the shouts of the Russians themselves, who had mounted the parapet, and were already committing havoc among the sleepers. The consequence was, there was a panic, scarcely any resistance was made, and the covering party hastily fell back upon the battery. Some of the men even crowded in at the embrasures, and thus prevented the guns being used against the Russians, who had gained possession of the advanced work. Others crowding within the battery impeded the action of the troops stationed there for a time; but when order was restored, and an advance was made to regain from the enemy the work they were supposed to be still holding, it was found that they had already abandoned it. They were not in sufficient force to retain it, extending as it does for a long distance across the hill towards the middle of Orshakoff Ravine; but they had had sufficient time to carry off considerable booty in arms, blankets, and accoutrements. Five men were killed, and had all been stripped, even to their boots. One body was found with eight bayonet wounds; another was mangled and thrown into the well. Fifteen were wounded; some so badly that they were left for dead in the work by the Russians. These had been most barbarously treated, having been repeatedly wounded after they had fallen, and, in three or four instances, had also been kicked and beaten over the head by the butt of the musket to ensure destruction of life. About twenty-seven are missing, who, no doubt, received wounds which did not disable them from marching, and being carried away as prisoners. Among these latter is Lieutenant J. Byron, of the 34th Regiment. This officer was seen to fall by a sergeant, who states that he was wounded, but not severely, and has not since been forthcoming. There can be little doubt but that he was taken away as a prisoner. The sentries were men of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. In the advanced work of Green Hill there appears to have been the same want of caution and alertness as at Frenchman's Hill. A covering party of the 50th Regiment were protecting the work, having relieved a corresponding force from the 20th Regiment. The Russians advanced up the ravine which divides the French extreme right from our extreme left, and thus attacked the advanced work in flank. The men of the 50th Regiment were taken by surprise, but succeeded, after an obstinate resistance, in driving the enemy back. They suffered, however, considerable loss—seventeen being killed, and about thirty-five men wounded. Captain Frampton and Lieutenant Clarke are reported

missing, and it is presumed were made prisoners. The attack on the French works was very determined and obstinate, and the contest continued for nearly an hour after all fire of musketry had ceased in the British position.

THE MINIE MUSKET.

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written during the last two years on the advantages of the Minié Rifle over the heavy, cumbersome, and inefficient musket of our common soldier, which experience has proved to be nearly useless at a range of more than 100 yards, very little has been done until lately to bring it into general use in the British army. Since the last great struggle in which this country was engaged, the science of war has undergone almost as complete a change as the domestic sciences. The general application of steam to ships of war has altered materially the whole system of naval tactics. The electric telegraph now directs in concert the movements of masses of troops many miles distant from each other; and the science of gunnery has also been developed to an extent that must make the whole process of war a far speedier, and on that account, less destructive process than it used to be. The principle of the Minié is, however, yet in its infancy—its enormous advantages over every other arm, offensive or defensive, yet discovered will be developed in due time, and when they are brought into full play, no troops unprovided with the weapon, can stand for a moment against its scathing and irresistible fire. The revolving Minié Rifle, capable of discharging six shots in as many seconds, will, in a few years be comparatively the only weapon by which battles will be won. The Emperor of Russia is not unaware of the importance of the revolving Minié, as we are informed that he has given instructions for an immense supply of this terrible weapon.

Our government has at length taken active measures to instruct the British army in the use of the Minié Rifle. With this view, a school of instruction has been established at Hythe, an ancient borough on the Kentish coast, about eighteen miles from Dover. The institution owes its origin to Lord Hardinge, who judged that if it was left to the commanding officers of regiments to see that the men were properly instructed in the use of the new weapon, there would not be secured throughout the army that uniformity of practice so essential to the efficiency of the service. He, therefore, advised the creation of a special establishment which might serve at once as a training school for our infantry and marines. This, then, is what we have at Hythe, and if, as seems likely, the Board of Ordnance is to establish a manufactory for the construction of rifles and small arms generally—provided such an establishment be erected in connection with the training school—the dépôt at Hythe will henceforth bear the same relation to the infantry of our service that Woolwich does to the artillery. For the purposes of the new establishment, the barracks already existing there, and formerly occupied by the staff corps of the army before the dissolution of that body, were immediately available; but there was this further inducement to select Hythe as the site for the training school—that, abutting on the sea, it possesses a very extensive beach, admirably suited for the "judging distance drill" and "target practice." The barracks, however, are not capable of holding more than two hundred men, an amount of accommodation which will

have to be greatly enlarged if Hythe is ever destined to grow into an establishment worthy of the part which the rifled musket will play in deciding the events of war. According to the plan laid down by Lord Hardinge, each regiment of the line was to send in its turn a party of ten men, together with an officer and non-commissioned officer, to the training school, the men to be selected with a view to their quickness and intelligence, and, after remaining there for a period of two months, to re-join headquarters and aid in the instruction of their comrades, under the direction of the "Officer Instructor of Musketry," an officer henceforth to be attached to every regiment. This plan has, however, been so far deviated from on account of the war that, while some regiments have been represented at Hythe by two and even three detachments, others have not had as yet a single party there. At present, the regiments having detachments at Hythe are as follows:—The Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Fusilier Guards, the 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 28th, 34th, 51st, 56th, 66th, 71st, 72nd, 77th, 79th, and 88th; all of which, with the exception of the 56th, just landed in Dublin from the Bermudas, are either actually serving in the Crimea, under orders for it, or in garrison in the Mediterranean. And, in its way, it is a somewhat novel sight to see these men drawn up of a morning on parade, where, side by side in one common line, you have the dark blue facings of the Guards and Royal Irish, the green of the 51st and 66th, the buff of the 71st Highlanders, the yellow of the Connaught Rangers, and the purple of the Pompadours. On, however, recurring to the list of regiments that have had parties at Hythe, it is curious to note that the 93rd Highlanders, whose fire at 600 yards upon the advancing Russian cavalry, on the memorable day of Balaklava, did not, perhaps, sufficiently attest the capacity of the Minié Rifle, was the only regiment then serving in the Crimea which had never been represented there. What that weapon can effect against cavalry at such a distance is being over and over again demonstrated at Hythe, for parties of men at file and volley firing, will lodge from eighty-seven to ninety-two out of every two hundred shots, in a target eighteen feet in width, by eight-and-a-half feet high, supposed to represent cavalry; and with such terrible effect is this fire delivered, that the ball, weighing one-half as heavy again as the old spherical bullet, is utterly annihilated on coming in contact with the target. The probability, therefore, is that, if the 93rd had had a little more experience of the Minié, the Russian cavalry would have been disorganized before receiving the second discharge. The course of instruction at the training school is confided to the direction of a lieutenant-colonel commandant, aided by two assistant instructors, and comprises the theoretical, as well as the practical: the practical being subdivided into two headings—namely, drill and practice; under the former of which are included the cleaning of arms, target drill, judging distance drill, and the manufacture of cartridges; while under the latter, are comprised "target practice," and judging distance practice. Of all these, undoubtedly, that which requires the most attention is the "judging distance practice;" for on the abilities of a soldier to compute with accuracy his distance from an enemy, depends in a great measure the degree of efficiency which he is able to display in the use of the Minié Rifle. And it was on the supposed inability of the common soldier to estimate long distances with a sufficient approximation to accuracy, and on a somewhat erroneous calculation as to the trajectory of

the Minié bullet when directed against an object a long distance off, that the objection of one of our most distinguished authorities against the introduction of the Minié rifle mainly hinged. That calculation supposed the ball to rise much higher above the line of sight than in practice at Hythe it is found to do, while its descent on the object aimed at was believed to be much less gradual than it is proved to be. On issuing forth from the muzzle of the gun, the course of the ball is upwards towards a point, the elevation of which varies according to the distance of the object it is intended for; it then descends, but the descent is less gradual than the ascent, for the culminating point of the ball's trajectory is farther removed from the muzzle of the gun than from the object. In other words, supposing the rifle discharged at a target 600 yards off, the bullet would rise for probably about 400 yards, and then keep descending for the remaining 200. Previously, however, to experiments at Hythe, it was held by some most distinguished authorities that the descent was much more abrupt, and, consequently, the chance of hitting an object a long distance off was much less than what it is. The "judging distance drill," or the mode of judging distances by the eye, is thus conducted:—the instructor causes a line of 300 yards to be measured; this line is subdivided into equal parts of fifty yards each, by perpendicular lines, the length of which increases according to the distance from the starting point. Thus, if the first perpendicular line, drawn at fifty yards, is ten yards long, the second, drawn at 100 yards, is twenty yards in length, and so on. At the extremity of each of these perpendicular lines a soldier is placed, standing at ease, and facing the squad about to receive instruction, so that each soldier serves in turn as a point of distance for them to estimate. The instructor then points out successively to the men the different parts of the arms, accoutrements, figure, and dress, still distinctly perceivable on the soldier placed at fifty yards' distance, and also such as cannot be plainly discerned. He questions the men one after another on what they see, points out the differences existing between the objects stationed at the six different points comprised in the 300 yards, makes them observe the state of the atmosphere, whether it be a clear or dull day. And here the instruction is conducted on different ground and under different states of the atmosphere, in order that the soldier may become habituated to the diversity of circumstances in which he may have to act. The men, after they have been exercised up to 300 yards, continue to practise up to 600, and then up to 900, when, after some time, they are divided into three classes, according to their ability; No. 3 class being limited to judging objects up to 300 yards, while the practice of No. 2 extends up to 600 yards, and that of No. 1 ranges as far as 900 yards. In target practice the men are divided into similar classes and are made to fire at similar distances; and it is found that, during the course of instruction, more than fifty per cent. of the men became entitled to rank with the first or second class. While at Hythe, each man is supposed to fire away ninety rounds of ammunition—sixty in individual firing, and the remaining thirty in file and volley firing and skirmishing. As for the weapon now in use by the troops it is understood that as soon as practicable, the present regulation Minié musket will be superseded by a new weapon, manufactured at Enfield. Its advantages, as compared with the Minié, are its lightness and greater strength, while it is more highly finished as to the "sighting." The weight of the

latter with bayonet, is 10lb. 8½oz.; that of the Enfield being about 9lb. 8oz.; and, while the present Minié bullet weighs 680 grains with a charge of 2½ drachms, the new bullet will weigh but 520 grains and will only require 2½ drachms of powder. On the other hand, it is pretty clear that the wounds inflicted by the Enfield bullet will not be as severe as those made by the Minié, although it will be heavier than the old spherical bullet by thirty grains. It might also be stated that a new kneeling position has been introduced, which gives the soldier greater steadiness in taking aim. The position is this: the man kneeling on the right knee sits on the right heel, while the left elbow rests on the left knee, the left hand steadying the musket; the body thus rests on the tripod of equilateral proportions, of which the right knee, right toe, and left foot are the feet, and this position is generally found easy and advantageous. On considering, then, the nature of the establishment at Hythe, it cannot but be hoped that it is not merely intended to serve a temporary purpose, for its existence will always insure something like a proper attention to the musket practice of the British army, which has been hitherto too much neglected, as well as a more ready application of all the new improvements in small arms to the wants of our service.

RUSSIA DRAWN BY RUSSIANS.

AN AMIABLE SEIGNEUR AT HOME.

It is very hard for a foreigner to write the truth of Russia; not that the air is infectious, but because untruth when foreigners are in the way, is seemingly the most popular institution of the land. Has some chance way-side traveller the luck or skill to find a grain or two, and the candour to publish the discovery, Russia and all her partisans at home and abroad will loudly denounce him as prejudiced or something worse. Truly, says the French proverb, "It is only the truth that wounds."

We are not travellers from Russia, and yet have gathered some truths in a novel pilgrimage—truths which one would think can hardly be questioned. We only draw Russia as she is drawn by Russians.

Nicholas Gogol, a professor of the university of St. Petersburg, is one of the most popular fiction-writers in Russia—a man of humane sympathies, and a writer of no common power in describing domestic life. If his pages are sombre in tone they are graphic enough in their descriptions of the graduated slavery, from the serf bondsman of the soil, up to the first subject of the land. In his "Adventures of Chichikoff, or the Dead Souls," he has amply confirmed the worst that has been said of the corruption and degradation of official life and society. The story is very simple. The hero is a disgraced official, who, as a last resource to fortune, enters on the business of dealer in "dead souls." Start not, gentle reader; there are no bounds to the speculative ingenuity of mankind.

In Russia, a serf or slave is popularly called "a soul;" and the wealth of a landowner is estimated by the number he possesses. At the revision of the census, the amount of capitation-tax payable to the crown by each proprietor, is rated on the number of serfs then returned as living, and so it continues till the next periodical revision and assessment. There is a government-board which makes advances by way of mortgage to needy landowners on their lands and serfs. In short, the scheme of the ingenious Mr. Paul Chichikoff is to buy up and pledge to

his paternal government dead serfs as living ones. The author carries him into all sorts of society, bad and indifferent. We shall accompany him on a visit to a very amiable land and slave owner, not because the entertainment is the best in the volume, but because it exhibits the peculiar domestic institution of Russia in perhaps its most amiable light. Let the reader, for the sake of the author, bear in mind that we have abridged with unsparing hand.

Recollecting a promise to visit the landowner, Maniloff, Chichikoff ordered his serf-coachman, Selizhan, to put the horses to the carriage by the earliest hour in the morning. Petrushka was desired to stay and take care of the room and the portmanteau. As the carriage rolled out of the gateway, a priest who was passing saluted the rider respectfully, and some urchins in dirty shirts stretched out their hands and implored, "Gracious sir, something for the poor orphans!" As soon as they had fairly turned their backs on the town, the familiar road-side picture presented itself of mole-hills, stunted firs, low brushwood, charred trunks, and huts of rough deals, thatched with straw, and figured like embroidered towels. Peasants lounged on small benches by the doors staring at the carriage; women with stout faces and full busts looked out from the upper windows, while from the lower the snouts of pigs and calves were popped out. When the traveller had proceeded some fifteen versts, he began to think that according to description the village of Maniloff could not be far off; but the sixteenth verst-post flew past, and still no village was to be seen. Indeed they might not have found it at all, had they not met a couple of peasants. Two versts farther he journeyed, and three or four more down a cross road, when Chichikoff remembered that if one in Russia invites a friend to his village as fifteen versts off, it is safe to be thirty.

There was nothing in the village of Manilowka likely to attract notice. The lord's house stood on a hill, permitting free access to all the winds that had a fancy to blow there. The declivity of the mountain, so called, was covered with close-cut turf. A few plots with wild jessamine and yellow oruses, and five or six birch trees with their small leaves and narrow tops, formed an English park. Between two of the trees was a summer-house, with a green cupola, supported by sky-blue wooden columns and inscribed—"Temple of silent contemplation." Below was a fish-pond, covered with reeds. At the foot of the height, and partly on the declivity itself, many grey huts, built of timber, were scattered about, which our hero, for some special reason, immediately began to count, till he reckoned more than two hundred. The atmosphere gave to the whole scene a peculiar colouring; it was neither bright nor gloomy, but of a light grey colour, like the uniforms of old garrison soldiers. As Chichikoff approached the door he observed the landowner himself in a green shawl coat, holding his hand before his eyes as a parasol that he might have a clearer view of the approaching visitor. As the carriage drew nearer his eyes grew brighter, and a smile spread over his lips.

"Paul Ivanowitch!" he exclaimed, when Chichikoff got out of the carriage, "so you have not forgotten us."

The two friends embraced each other cordially, and Maniloff conducted his guest into the house. There is a race of people who, in fact, do not belong to any race—neither bird nor fish, as the proverb says. To that class belonged Maniloff. At first sight, he had a quiet, stately appearance, and his features were engaging though a little too sweet. From his manner it was evident he

desired to make friends and gain affection. He smiled winningly, was fair in complexion, and had blue eyes. In the first moments of conversation you would feel inclined to exclaim, "What a kind and friendly man!" Presently you would say nothing, but leave him alone, and whisper to yourself, "The devil knows what he wants, only if I stay with him I shall be bored to death." Generally speaking, every man has his hobby, but Maniloff had none. He spoke very little, but usually sat and thought of what—heaven only knows. He did not busy himself with domestic affairs; he did not even look at the fields; everything went on of its own accord. If the steward said, "I think it would not be bad to do this or that," he would answer, "Yes, it would not be bad," and quietly smoke away at his pipe, an accomplishment he had learned in the army, where he was considered an unassuming, gentlemanlike, and intelligent officer. In his study lay a book with a donkey's ear at the fourteenth page, and so it had lain for the last two years. The most necessary things were always wanting in the house.

The mistress of the house was well matched to the master. Although eight years had passed since their marriage, they would still bring each other a slice of apple, or a bon-bon, or a nut, and say, in the most tender, loving tone, "Open thy sweet lips, my soul, and let me give thee this tiny bit;" and the sweet lips opened very graciously, of course. In short, they were what we call children of fortune. It might be observed that there were other things to be done in the house, and, indeed, many questions might be asked. Why, for instance, was the table so badly supplied?—Why were the larders nearly empty?—Why was the housekeeper a thief?—Why were the serfs dirty and drunken?—Why did they sleep one half the day, and lounge idly about the other half? But these were vulgar affairs, and the Lady Maniloff had received a fine education. But it is time to return to our heroes, who, for some minutes, have been standing at the drawing-room door, each anxious to yield precedence to the other. The dispute was compromised by both entering together, each squeezing the other sideways.

"Permit me to introduce you to my wife. My darling! Paul Ivanowitch."

Chichikoff now perceived a lady whose presence he had not noticed during the ceremonies at the door. She was rather pretty, and tastefully dressed in a nicely-fitting grey silk dress. As she rose from the sofa, Chichikoff kissed her little white hand. She assured him that she was very happy to see him, and that her husband had spoken about him every day.

"Yes," said Maniloff, "more than once. 'Why does not this friend come to see us?' 'Be patient, my dear, he is sure to come!' At last you have really honoured us with a visit. It is a real treat for us—a May-day—a true festival!"

When Chichikoff heard it was a question of festival, he became somewhat embarrassed, and modestly replied that his name was too obscure, and his rank too low to pretend to such honours.

"How did you like the city, and how did you pass your time?" asked Lady Maniloff.

"A beautiful—a splendid city!" returned Chichikoff. "I passed my time most agreeably. The people are so pleasant there."

"And how did you like our governor?" asked the mistress of the house.

"Is he not a most worthy and amiable man?" added Maniloff.

"I quite agree with you," said Chichikoff. "And how he discharges the duties of his office! It would be well if there were more like him."

"How well he understands how to receive each one according to his rank. What delicacy in his words and actions," added Maniloff, shutting his eyes like a cat that is gently scratched behind the ears.

"A very pleasant and friendly man," said Chichikoff. "And what an artist! How beautiful he embroiders. He showed me a purse he had worked himself. He may contend with the most delicate female hand."

The vice-governor, the head of the police, the president of the court, the postmaster, and all the other officials, were not forgotten, and all were declared to be worthy and amiable men.

"Do you always pass your time here?" asked Chichikoff.

"Generally. Sometimes, however, we go into town to see refined people. Here one might become quite a savage."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Chichikoff.

"If we only had a more agreeable neighbourhood," sighed Maniloff. "If we had anybody living near us with whom one could converse on any scientific object—it might rejoice the heart—it could draw a magic circle—"

He intended to express a sentiment, but getting rather confused, he only waved his hand by way of explanation, and a servant entering, announced that dinner was ready.

"Pray excuse us if our table is not such as you have in your great town. We have only, in the old Russian fashion, a plate of *schtschi*,* but we offer it with joyful hearts."

In the dining-room two little boys, sons of Maniloff, were seated at table, and beside them, their tutor. The lady helped the guests to soup, and an attendant fastened napkins round the necks of the children.

"What fine little fellows!" said Chichikoff. "May I ask how old they are?"

"The elder is eight, his brother was six yesterday," said Lady Maniloff.

"Themistocles," said Maniloff, turning to his first-born, and Chichikoff raised his eyebrows when he heard the classic name to which, for unknown reasons, the termination *us* was added, "tell me, which is the finest town of France?"

The tutor looked hard, and then nodded approvingly, as the boy replied, "Paris."

"Which is our best town?" asked Maniloff.

The tutor stared again, and the boy replied, "Petersburg."

"And which besides?"

"Moscow," said Themistocles.

"Splendid! wonderful!" exclaimed Chichikoff.

"Allow me to say that this child possesses wonderful talent."

"Oh, you don't know him yet," answered Maniloff, "he has uncommon sagacity. Alkid, the younger, is not so quick, but Themistocles will run after every beetle. I intend to bring him up to diplomacy. Wouldn't thou like to be an ambassador?"

"Oh, yes, papa," cried Themistocles, nibbling a piece of bread. The servant who stood behind, just in proper time wiped the nose of the ambassador.

* A national soup, composed chiefly of cabbages and carrots.

The conversation turned on the pleasures of a retired life, only interrupted by the observations of the lady on the theatre of the town and its actors. As they rose from table, Maniloff, putting his arm round the neck of his guest, was about to conduct him to the drawing-room; but Chichikoff said he desired to speak with him, privately, about a very important matter.

"Then allow me to show you to my own room," said Maniloff, leading him to a little apartment which looked out upon the forest. "This is my little corner."

The walls were painted blue; four chairs, an easy-chair, a table on which lay the book with the donkey's ear, some papers, and a huge supply of tobacco, formed the furniture of the room. On the window were little heaps of tobacco-ashes arranged in picturesque hillocks, the formation of which was the chief daily occupation of the lord of the manor.

"May I offer you a pipe?"

"Thank you; I do not smoke," said Chichikoff.

"Not smoke! Why not?"

"I have never accustomed myself to it. I have bad lungs."

"I must say," observed Maniloff, "that the dislike to smoking is a mere prejudice; smoking is much healthier than taking snuff. There was a lieutenant in our regiment who never removed his pipe from his mouth at table or anywhere else, and he is forty, and in the best of health."

Chichikoff observed, that such things do at times happen, and that there were things in nature quite inexplicable. "But allow me one question," he continued, in a low tone, and glancing around, "Is it long since you presented your last revision-list?"

"Why, yes, some time since—I cannot exactly say when."

"Have many brave souls died since?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. We must ask the steward. Ho, there! tell the steward to come up."

The steward came up. He was nearly forty, without a beard, and wore a coat. His full, rosy face spoke of an easy life. One could see at a glance that he went through his career as stewards who are seigniorial serfs usually do—an errand-boy first, housekeeper next, marries my lady's-maid, and then became steward. In this dignity he behaved of course as all stewards do—he was the excellent friend of the rich ones, and made the burthens of the poor still heavier; slept till nine in the morning, and then sipped his tea.

"How many souls have died since we last sent in the lists?"

"How many?" said the steward, opening his mouth. "Many have died."

"I thought so—many have died," said Maniloff to Chichikoff.

"But how many?" asked Chichikoff.

"Nobody has counted them."

"Have the kindness to count them, and make a list," said Chichikoff.

"Yes, make a list of the names directly," said Maniloff.

The steward said, "I hear," and went away.

"For what do you want them?" asked Maniloff, a question which rather seemed to confuse his guest, for he blushed a little.

"You ask what for? Look here—I want to buy souls—"

"With land?"

"No, not exactly souls—I want dead ones."

"How—what! excuse me, I'm a little hard of hearing—"

"I wish to buy dead souls—souls returned in the list as living."

Maniloff let his pipe drop, and opened his mouth with amazement. At length he timidly looked for a smile which might betoken a jest. Then he thought his guest mad, but his eyes were clear and calm. As a last resource he puffed away vigorously at his pipe.

"May I ask," said Chichikoff, "if you are disposed to sell or give me the souls who are really dead, but still in the eye of the law living?"

But Maniloff was so perplexed that he only stared without answering.

"I fear I have occasioned you some trouble."

"Oh, no, by no means," replied Maniloff. "Only I cannot conceive—you must excuse—I have not had the advantage of your splendid education—perhaps some secret meaning?"

"No, I have exactly stated the matter. I mean the souls that are dead."

Maniloff was quite bewildered, and could only answer by fresh puffs from the pipe.

"Well, if you have no objection," said Chichikoff, "we can close the contract."

"A contract for dead souls!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Chichikoff. "In the contract they will be mentioned as still alive, as, indeed, they are by the register of revision. I am not used to abate a jot from the law. Obligation is my sanctuary; and I stand confounded before the law."

This pleased Maniloff, though he did not yet comprehend the matter, and he puffed away till the pipe-stem began to sing.

"Have you any doubt?" asked Chichikoff.

"Oh, pray—I am not at all afraid of being prejudiced by you—but permit me only to ask if this is quite lawful?" and he bent an earnest gaze on the face of his guest.

Chichikoff replied, that it was neither against the law nor the policy of the country, and that it would be for the advantage of the government who would receive the taxes.

"You are sure?"

"I am convinced that everything is perfectly right."

"Then I have no objection," said Chichikoff, quite satisfied.

"We have now only to agree as to the price."

"As to the price! Do you think I will take money for souls no longer living? As you are determined to persist in this strange whim, I willingly give you the souls, and you must allow me to pay the costs of this contract."

Chichikoff was so overjoyed, that the covering of the arm-chair cracked to pieces, and Maniloff was quite overwhelmed with the deluge of gratitude.

"If you only knew what a service you have rendered me—a restless, roving man. Ah, what I have suffered—like a boat amidst the foaming billows! What persecution I have endured! What grief—what suffering! Why? Because I would ever be faithful to truth—because I preserved my conscience pure—because I would stretch out a helping hand to the widow and orphan!"

He wiped away a tear. Maniloff, too, wept, and grasped the hand of his friend so tightly that the latter knew not what to do. At last, freeing his hand, he took his hat and rose to take leave.

"What! leave us already?" asked Maniloff, startled. At that moment the lady entered the room. "Lisinka," said Maniloff, with a sorrowful air, "Paul Ivanowitch is going to leave us."

"Perhaps he is dull here," said the lady.

"My lady," here Paul Ivanowitch laid his hand on his heart, "here lives for ever the pleasant time I have spent here. Believe me, I could not know a greater happiness—if not to live under the same roof, at least to live in your neighbourhood!"

"Ah, yes," cried Maniloff, quite charmed at the idea; "it would be delightful to philosophise—to indulge in reveries under the same roof—beneath the elms—"

"It would be paradise," said Chichikoff. "Adieu, my lady," he said, kissing the little hand. "Adieu, my dear sir!—do not forget my request."

"Rest assured," answered Maniloff. "In two days I will be with you in town."

The carriage had long disappeared, still Maniloff looked after it, smoking his pipe. At last he went into his room, sat down in a chair, and plunged into thought, inwardly rejoicing that he had been able to give some happiness to his guest. Soon his thoughts wandered to other objects, and soared—heaven knows where. He pondered on the pleasures of life and friendship—how charming it must be to dwell with another being on the banks of a river. Then he built a bridge over the river—then an enormous house, with a tower so high that one might see Moscow from the top; he would take tea on this tower, and entertain himself in the open air with agreeable objects. Then he thought again that he was going with Chichikoff in a splendid carriage to a great party; that everybody was charmed with their manners, and that even a high authority bearing of their friendship, bestowed on them the rank of General, with many other things. The strange request of Chichikoff at once interrupted the images of his fancy. The thought of it would not leave his mind—from whatever side he considered it, he could not find a satisfactory explanation, and so he sat and smoked his pipe till he was called to supper.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER VII.—(continued.)

The first plunge over, Somers recovered himself, and turned to Mrs. Cardamum, offering a hundred apologies. Then, drawing forth his letter of introduction, he handed it to her.

The surprise of Mrs. Cardamum was unconcealed. What could Mr. Stratford mean by sending a person whom she could not possibly recognise on a footing of equality? What was *she* to do with the half-caste? Drawing herself up, she determined at once to let Somers understand his "position;" and, in a few words, she expressed her regret that she could not recognise the introduction! From the manner of Somers, the officers expected that "a scene" would ensue, and they immediately withdrew, promising to return. They had no sooner left than Somers asked Julia to explain the meaning of Mrs. Cardamum's extraordinary rudeness; but Miss Stratford continued silent, pale, and agitated. Mrs. Cardamum followed up her rejection of the acquaintance "forced upon her," as she called it, by telling Somers plainly that he had mistaken his position.

"Whatever generous oblivion of your personal peculiarities," said she, "may have distinguished the

bearing of a few people in England, in this country it is not the practice to forget the origin of a certain class of individuals."

Toodleton supported her views. "Very true," added he; "sound policy has established a broad line of demarcation between the European and the native, and he who partakes even remotely of the complexion of the Hindoo is quite beyond the pale of civilized society."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Somers, passionately, "am I then to understand that even here, in the land of my birth, where the white man counts his fellows by units, and the children of the sun are numbered by millions, it is a *crime* to carry about one the mark of kindred with the descendants of the proud Timour and the wise Aekbar?"

"Undoubtedly it is," calmly rejoined Mrs. Cardamum; "at least it is a conventional offence, and even the Governor-General of India dare not overlook it."

"Certainly, certainly," added Toodleton. "It would be as much as his situation is worth to attempt to drive half-castes down the throats of Englishmen of the upper ranks."

Somers was confounded. He nevertheless addressed Julia, for he could not relinquish hope. "Julia," he said, "*you*, at least, have not adopted the common prejudice. *You* do not measure your regard for an attached fellow-creature by the tints of his complexion—the accident of his birth?"

But Julia, feeling that it was incumbent on her to speak, stammered out, "I regret—it was rash—in my ignorance of the usages of society here to—to—and it was foolish in you to cherish anticipations—so slight an acquaintance—really—I—what shall I say?"

Somers appealed to her. "Heavens! am I not the same as when, in the intoxication of a new passion, I sought your sympathy and declared—"

Mr. Toodleton interposed the observation, "Of course you are the same—that's your misfortune."

The "half-caste" turned fiercely upon him. "By what right, sir, do you, a perfect stranger, presume to mock my feelings, and stand between my appeal and Miss Stratford's responses?"

The collector coolly replied, "The right sir, first, which European supremacy confers to school the daring half-caste; and next, the right invested in me as the accepted suitor of the lady herself," and here he took Julia's hand.

"What!" ejaculated Somers.

"'Tis even so," replied Julia, calmly. "This gentleman has engaged my—my affections, and in a short time—the truth must out—I shall be his wife."

"His wife!—The wife of that withered remnant of humanity—the companion of a shrivelled and despicable—"

Julia's pride was awakened. "Silence, sir! I cannot hear my future partner and protector opprobriously assailed by one who—"

Mrs. Cardamum now spoke. "Don't disturb yourself, my dear; consider how insignificant the subject—consider the thermometer—consider your health. I'll settle the matter. Mr. Somers, you did me the honour to precipitately enter my house. You have frightfully upset us all since you have been here. As it is quite impossible for me to receive you—quite impossible for Miss Stratford to entertain your very strange addresses—perhaps you will oblige me by taking your departure."

Toodleton, taking courage, added, "Yes, yes—very

proper. Go away, young man, go away. If you have the means of returning to England, let me advise you to take your passage by the first ship—if you haven't the coin we'll raise a subscription for you. But if you wish to stay, and will learn to understand your true position, I may be induced to make a *kerannee* of you."

"A what!"

"A *kerannee*—a clerk—"

"You!" almost screamed Somers. "I spurn your offer as I spurn yourself. Happily I am above all wants. My means are ample, and could I have found a sharer in fortune's gifts in her, my first and only love, my measure of content had overflowed. Scorned, rejected, the half-caste in his turn scorns you, but the dastardly malevolence of your nature in his becomes deadly hate; his hour of vengeance will come," and with these words he hastily quitted the scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALTER SOMERS had not observed while he was in the apartment which was the scene of his humiliation, that there sat in a corner, near to a sofa on which the *burra beebee*, or "great lady" had been reclining, an elderly, emaciated native woman, or *ayah*, as they are called who perform the duties of nurse, ladies'-maid, and so forth. She had gazed at him silently from the moment he had uttered the first words—or, perhaps, from the instant of entrance, for she had heard his name mentioned. Her uneasiness was great during his stay, but it reached a point of agitation before he had left. Still, so absorbed was he with Julia and the reception he had encountered, that he noticed it not.

Rushing from the house, he walked—almost ran—towards a jungle, a mile from the station, regardless of the scorching rays of the sun. He seemed unconsciously to seek the shade of the forest, or at least its secluded depths, where he might, unobserved, give way to his passionate grief.

"Blow, fierce *sirocco*!" he exclaimed in his agony; "scorch and wither me, for life has lost its value! Pierce me to the brain, ye burning rays, and efface the memory of this bitter outrage! Was it for this I nurtured in my heart the fond remembrance of her smile, and cherished the fragrance of her honeyed words? Was it for this I suffered myself to hope—voluntarily chained myself to her car, only to find that I was one of a crowd of captives—the least worthy of whom is preferable to the half-caste? Accursed spirit of mammon! how thou canst warp the sweetest thing in nature, and change the current of the purest feeling! I, that was but *dark* before, am now, in contrast with thy glitter, a very *black*! Heaven have mercy on the European whose gross and inconsistent pride has put this shame upon the offspring of his fellow! We are the children of a foul lust, which blushes at its own indulgence, and brands with ignominy the evidence of its being!"

The excited Somers uttered this rhapsody aloud, as if to relieve his overcharged heart. He believed himself alone—but he had scarcely uttered the last words recorded above, when he heard voices near him, with one at least of which he was familiar. He did not desire companionship;—he accordingly stepped out of the path in which he was walking, and was immediately shrouded by some thick bushes. One of the speakers was a woman

in humble life.

"Not if I'd a' known it, Po, would you have caught me here. There isn't a respectable public-house or a tea-gardings in all the country. I'm sure it's millions of miles from where we landed, and I've seen nothing but dirty hovels, with no floors or windows; and the people are so hignorant they won't give a Christian a drop of water for fear of our spilling their nasty brass cups."

"Well, it is a *rum* place," replied the man, in whom Somers recognised his shipmate and *quondam*-domestic, Polito; "and I don't like it a bit more nor you. Only let us get hold of some wonderful curiosity to take to England, and we'll turn our backs on it."

The conversation continued as they loitered along, and Somers, had he been disposed to listen, might have acquired some valuable insight into the best method of entrapping wild beasts and feeding them; but his senses reeled when he heard Susan (the woman), say that she only waited till Miss Stratford's marriage came off, which might bring her a few presents from old Mr. Toodleton, and she would "walk her chulks out of Indy" quickly enough.

The queer couple had gone fifty yards from the spot where Somers stood concealed, ere he emerged from the jungle and regained the path. After a few minutes' hesitation, he folded his arms and walked forwards.

He had not proceeded many paces, when he perceived a native female in white muslin attire walking towards him firmly and rapidly. As she approached she slackened her pace, and then rushing towards him frantically, she cast herself down, seized him by the legs, and looking up in his face tenderly and undoubtingly, exclaimed, "*Merra babba! merra beta!*"

Ignorant of the language of the country, Somers did not know that these words signified "My child! my son!" The woman's apostrophe was lost upon him. He deemed her a beggar asking alms; he could only say, "I don't know what you mean, my good woman—I have no money with me."

"Ah, my master," she cried, "I no want money—you Colonel Somers' *babba*—you my child—I your mother!"

"Good God! woman, what do you mean?" said Walter Somers. "What do you mean?"

The floodgates of maternal love, of anger, and of vengeance too, were unlocked. She went on volubly—passionately:—

"Yes, true, master, I poor woman—you great gentleman. I now *ayah* to Beebee Cardamum. You come in house to love Missy Estratford. She like one old gentleman—she treat you like a dog. *Burra mem* (great lady)—she too treat my child like dog. My heart very *goosa* (angry)—I hate to Beebee Cardamum—I hate to Missy Julia—I know—I kill them—I know—My poor *babba!*"

Somers was overpowered by the peculiarity of his situation, no less than by the very remarkable evidence of strong feeling and affection on the part of the woman. He had quite forgotten all about her. She, however, had not forgotten that he was the image of the man who had rescued her at the battle of Kirkee, and had become her friend—her protector—everything but her husband, and that she had given him a son, who had, after long years of absence, transmitted a ring and money to his poor mother if she were to be found. Julia Stratford, it seemed, had faithfully fulfilled her mission. She had by dint of diligent inquiry, discovered that Colonel Somers had bequeathed a small pension to Peerun—that this, by the failure of the great banking-house of Palmer and Co.,



[INTERVIEW BETWEEN SOMERS AND HIS MOTHER.]

had been nearly lost, and that the poor woman in her forty-fifth year (equivalent to sixty in an English woman) was in a state not very far removed from destitution. She (Julia) had followed up her ascertainment of these facts by offering to obtain the poor woman a situation as an *ayah*, which offer was joyfully accepted, and Peerun had been recently installed at Capsicum Villa—long enough, however, to know all that was going on in the family.

To the frenzied declaration that she would "kill" Julia and her aunt, Somers opposed the ordinary suggestions, "It was a crime—it was ungrateful—it was absurd. Why should she attempt to injure those who had only been kind to her?"

"Kind to me!—yes—that very true—but not kind to you. No, no, *babba*—they very bad—they make you one *pariah*—they tell, 'go, go,—we no want you.' This very bad—I know—I kill all—you not stop me—Peerun kill."

It was in vain that Somers endeavoured to make it apparent to the woman that her crime would recoil upon her own head. One fixed idea had taken possession of her heart; her child had been insulted, in her own presence too, and nothing could or should content her soul but the destruction of those who had wounded him.

When Somers found the woman's purpose unalterable, he took a higher tone, and told her that if she talked in that wild and wicked manner, he should forget his duty to her as her son, and at once give information to the magistrate that she might be taken up and put in prison. But this, so far from terrifying or softening the woman, only seemed to aggravate her anger.

"What!" she shrieked; "what!—I no care—go to police—I no care. You not one Englishman—you not like colonel—he one brave man—I one Pathan woman—my father Pathan—no Pathan let go without revenge. I know—I make revenge. I know one *jukeer* over on other side of torrent water. I go to him—he make fine poison." And she was moving away when Somers, apprehensive of her intentions, seized her with both hands, and violently expostulated with her on her folly and wickedness all in vain. She struggled fiercely, and by the sudden exercise of that dexterity which is so common to the natives of India, whose persons are more or less lubricated with mustard-oil, she slipped through the grasp of Somers, and fled through the jungle.

For a moment Somers felt spell-bound—rivetted to the spot whence Peerun had fled. Suddenly a consciousness of the horrible nature of her mission struck him. Could it not be prevented? Was it not his duty to arrest her in her savage course? If he was not disposed to visit the offence he had, as he supposed, received from Julia and her hostess, what right had Peerun to become his champion. These sentiments had scarcely flashed across his brain ere he rushed after the angry woman adown the pathway she had taken. He ran with speed, and he had some difficulty in overtaking her. A shriek directed him to the place she had reached—a boa-constrictor had crossed her path and buried itself in a cluster of wild shrubs. She stopped for an instant and again bounded forward, but that slight pause had given her son time to come within a few yards of her.

At the extremity of the jungle a torrent roared and dashed over the rocks which constituted its boundary, and

formed a cascade at a little distance from the opening. Across the deepest portions of the ravine lay a trunk of a tree answering the purpose of a bridge, with scarcely footing for a single individual. A rope suspended from the branches of two opposite trees afforded support to the passengers across the dangerous chasm. Peerun, as she emerged from the jungle, crept cautiously along the edge of the precipice until she reached the frail bridge, when seizing the rope she boldly stepped on to the trunk and was making her way across, when Somers called out to her, "Woman! Mother! for God's sake, stop!"

The word *mother* seemed to possess an electric power in arresting her wild progress. She hesitated and looked back. He implored her to return—to forget all she had witnessed, and leave the wrong-doers to the reproaches of their conscience. She looked at him tenderly, but his appeal did not move her from her purpose. With a few hurried steps she cleared the bridge, and was soon lost in the opposite jungle. Horror-struck, Somers followed her—he had stepped on to the bridge, when a cracking beneath his feet warned him that his weight was too much for the withered trunk. He drew back. Still resolved to go forward, he seized the rope and swung himself across the torrent, but the force of the action was too much for the branch of the tree on the side he had quitted. It broke off short just as he had obtained a footing. Staying not to observe the effect produced, he groped about for the pathway Peerun had taken. There was scarcely a trace of the passage of a human being. He looked in every quarter—he called aloud—he listened. Nothing was visible but tangled weeds, wild creepers travelling in graceful festoons from the bamboo to the peepul, and the peepul to the *sant*—nothing was audible but the plash of the waterfall. He moved in one direction—then in another—ever returning to the spot whence he started. All his endeavours to track his mother were futile. At length he abandoned the fruitless pursuit and determined to await her return which he knew must be by the same route, as no other appeared to present itself. He sat down upon the edge of the cascade. A few chattering monkeys leaped about over his head, a flight of wild parrots disturbed him with their scream; below he saw the *nulseeer* (the salmon of the East) leap from the rocky bed, and once a small herd of antelopes, as if scared by some beast of prey, ran towards his resting place and as rapidly recoiled, fearing to find in man an enemy as merciless as the hungry creature from whom they fled.

Upwards of an hour had passed away and no sign of Peerun. By-and-bye voices reached his ear. The language was foreign to Somers, but the tones assured him it was a man and a woman who spoke. He watched their coming breathlessly. Presently they emerged from the jungle and stood at the foot of the bridge, evidently unaware of his being in the vicinity. The woman was Peerun. The man was short, broad, and muscular, of the middle age. He was naked to the waist. A long, grizzled beard, unkempt, unannointed, hung down his chest. Ashes were smeared over his person. He bore a branch of a tree and a string of beads.

The moment they approached the bridge the man uttered an exclamation of surprise and alarm. He perceived that the rope which supported passengers across the bridge, and which probably had been placed there by himself, was broken. It seemed as if his connection with the human family had thus been sundered. After some anxious conversation, Peerun placed her foot on the bridge, and the man offered her his staff as a substitute

for the rope, as far as it would go. She grasped it and moved onwards. Somers at this moment, remembering that the tree had cracked beneath him, could not resist the impulse to warn her of her danger. Rising from his concealment, he called aloud, "Take care—take care—for Heaven's sake, take care!"

The very caution precipitated the calamity he wished to avoid. Starting at the sound, Peerun relinquished her hold of the fakcer's staff—and at that moment the bridge gave way. With a frightful scream the unfortunate woman fell into the foaming torrent. Dashed violently against the rocks she soon became a corpse, and her body was instantly lost to view in the eddying of the stream.

It would be difficult to say who was the most appalled by the frightful scene. The fakcer screamed aloud, "*Wah! wah!*" Somers clasped his hands in agony. All attempt to rescue the unfortunate creature was vain. She was beyond human help. The two men looked at each other: the one could not speak English, the other was ignorant of the Native language. The fakcer was moving away—Somers, awakened to a sense of his own extraordinary position, endeavoured by signs to make the man comprehend his anxiety to return to the opposite bank. Seemingly to apprehend him, the fakcer at length signed to him to follow—Somers obeyed. The fakcer then led him through the jungle, parallel to the course of the torrent. The path, scarcely discernible through the vegetation which continually crossed it, sloped gradually at first, and then lay through a rugged, nature-terraced declivity, which abruptly, at a distance of two or three miles from the point of departure, brought them to the bank of a broad river. A little beyond it was a small village, and two or three canoes moored close to the bank. The fakcer pointed to them with his finger, then saluted to Somers, and hastily retreated by the path they had come. Somers understood the hint, walked towards the village, and was just in time to see two or three sepoy of the Native army about to embark for the opposite shore. Signing to them to take him in, they respectfully received him, and in the course of half-an-hour he was wafted to the opposite bank.

The sepoys had crossed the river to make purchases of grain for their comrades and themselves. Somers had no sooner set foot on the shore than he discerned a cluster of tents in the distance, and from the flag which floated near the largest he judged that this was the encampment of a regiment. His conclusion was correct. With the confidence of a gentleman, and anxious to unburthen his mind of the scene he had witnessed, he made straight for the large tent, which he found to be that of Lieut.-Colonel Seymour of the ——— regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. The regiment was on its march to a new station, in the course of the regular relief, and had halted as usual for the day. Somers immediately introduced himself, and rapidly told the lieutenant-colonel as much of the history of the recent affair as he deemed necessary or advisable. He said, that having reason to believe the unfortunate woman was hastening to purchase drugs wherewith to poison a family, he had followed her and was witness to her destruction. Being asked minutely to describe the man, the colonel remarked, that he had no doubt he was a famous chieftain who had retired from the world, disappointed and morose, only too glad to lend a hand in cutting short the existence of a *Frangi* (European) family.

Dinner having been announced, Colonel Seymour invited Somers to join the officers and partake of their

camp fare, promising to give him the story of the chieftain over their wine.

Dinner in the camp of an Indian regiment is a cheerful meal. Few men better understand the art of keeping a good table than your Anglo-Indian officers. With many, indeed, it is the chief business of life. Each in turn is president of the mess, and so all become rivals in catering for the comfort of their brethren. Opportunities are never lost of laying in stores of wine, ale, hams, cheeses, pickles, preserves, and *chutney*. Care is taken in the selection of a good *khansamah* or butler, and he is studious to purchase the best sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls, &c., either for cantonment or camp use. The regiment marches with a perfect farm-yard at its heels, and when it halts the *khansamah* sends his aides into the nearest village to buy up the milk, eggs, butter, oil—in short all that can contribute to enhance the luxury of the table.

Somers was received with marked courtesy, and the lieutenant-colonel having repeated to the officers his relation of the scene Somers had described, proceeded to fulfil his promise of telling

THE STORY OF SHEIKH DULLA.
[To be continued.]

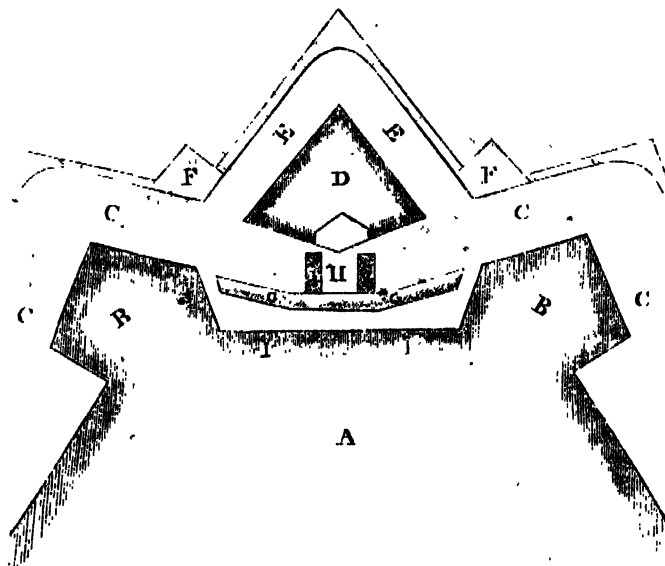
FORTIFICATION.—No. III.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder it was usual to defend towns by circular walls of masonry or brickwork, with towers placed at certain intervals. The upper portion of the walls was battlemented or castellated, that the archers might operate with the greater facility, or stones be thrown upon the besiegers. Later, the walls were constructed on perfectly straight lines, with towers at the angles. But when gunpowder had come into general use, and cannon were used to protect towns, the bastioned system was introduced, because it afforded a reciprocal system of defence. A bastion is a projection from the general outline of a fortress, from whence the garrison is

enabled to see and defend, by a flanking fire, the ground before the ramparts right and left. This projection is sloped like two sides of a square, forming an angle. These sides are called the *faces* of the work, because they front the country. They are connected with the *enceinte*, or girdle of the town, by two other lines, which are termed *flanks*. The front of the *enceinte*—which is likewise called the *body of the place*—which unites two bastions, is termed the *curtain*. The diagram given below will explain this.

The number of bastions depends upon the extent and formation of the ground on which the city to be fortified may stand, and the quality of the country in front, which they are intended to command. Around the whole town, beyond the bastions and curtains, is a ditch thirty yards broad, and ten yards deep. In front of each curtain is a large regular detached work, termed a *ravelin*, one hundred yards in length, from the counterscarp of the ditch to the angle, and about the same distance from one extremity of the work to the other at the base. Within this, and raised above it a little, is a redoubt. The ditch runs round the *ravelin* as well the *enceinte* of the fortress, but it is not so broad as the main ditch by ten yards. Between the *ravelin* and the *curtain* in the ditch there is a parapet called a *tenail*, and this is connected with the *ravelin* by a protected passage termed a *caponiere*. Along the upper part of the counterscarp of the ditch runs a broad passage, protected by a parapet. This is, from its protected condition, called the *covered way*; and as, when a besieging army attacks a fortress, it generally directs its fire down the *covered way*, it is usual to place parapets across to protect the soldiers from the round shot and shells. These parapets have the name of *traverses*, from the French verb, *traverser*, to cross.

We now have a complete outline of a fortress and its outworks. A horizontal sketch of the several parts described above, will convey the best idea of a portion of the fortress:—



A Interior of the fortress. B Bastion. C The Ditch. D The Ravelin. E The Ditch of the Ravelin.
F Places of Arms. G Tenail. II Caponiere. I The Curtain.

The walls of a fortress represented by a series of bastions, curtains, &c., are, at the upper part of the parapet, eighteen feet thick, and at the lower, thirty feet. The outer portion of the parapet is sustained by masonry and brickwork, which are carried down to the very bottom of the ditch. All these walls are of earth, closely

rammed, or packed, and faced with turf, which imparts an elasticity to the outer portion of the works, and enables them to resist the shot of the besiegers.

When there are means of filling a ditch with water it is generally done; but sometimes a part of the ditch is kept dry, and the remainder wet; and the division between the two parts is called a *batardeau*. In dry ditches a communication is established between the inner part of the work and the *tenail*, by means of a gallery or passage cut through the base of the ramparts in a sloping direction. A flight of steps conducts the garrison from the ditch to the parapet of the *tenail*; another leads to the *ravelin*, and a third to the *covered-way*. These works, in wet ditches, are connected by drawbridges.

In the interior of the bastion, works are sometimes raised to command a greater expanse of country. They are termed *cavaliers*. The objection to them lies in the fact of their being more exposed to the fire of the besiegers than the lower works.

To render the approaches to a fortress a matter of difficulty to a besieging army, *redans*, *lunettes*, and *star redoubts*, are raised in the country beyond the fortress, every advantage being taken of heights, rivers, and ravines, as good positions for such auxiliary defences.

It is to Vauban, a distinguished French general and engineer, who was born in 1633, and who rose by his talents to the highest preferment in the service of Louis XIV., that we owe the groundwork of the modern system of fortification. It is generally called *Vauban's First System*. But Cormontaigne, who lived sixty years later and served at the battle of Fontenoy and the siege of Fribourg, improved upon Vauban's method, and now, in constructing fortresses, Cormontaigne's *tracé* or plan is the guide of engineers.

Towns are generally built upon the banks of rivers or near the sea-shore, for the obvious purpose of facilitating their commercial intercourse with other parts of the world, or of the country in which they stand. This is so far an advantage that it saves the necessity for continuing the same system of fortification all round. But then it is necessary to have strong walls on the sea or river face, and outworks on the opposite side of the river. Bridges admit of some defence on the approach of an army, provided that when the garrison retreats to the town a portion of the bridge be immediately blown up to bar access to the pursuers.

The strength of the garrison of a town depends on circumstances:—this, with the size and quality of the guns used in defending a fortress, will form the subject of another chapter.

TOWN TREES AND COUNTRY TREES.

It is of vegetation that we who dwell in a great city most sensibly feel the want. Seas, lakes, and mountains, towering cliffs, sparkling cascades, and foaming cataracts, are no doubt magnificent achievements of nature, but like all other sublimities, they are of rare recurrence; and even though you should live in the country, you may have to travel many miles before you look on them. But the silent blossoming of vegetation—its refreshing verdure, and the abundance and loveliness of its forms, are free alike to all who lead a rural life. To enjoy them, all that is necessary is that you should be remote from cities. It is for the green fields and the waving trees that the heart most yearns; for, as a German writer has well observed, "Nothing more clearly expresses the

maternal character of nature than vegetation." Wonderful are the works of man—mighty the mutations that his genius can accomplish on the face of the material world—and sad, alas! the havoc that his cunning hand can spread over a smiling landscape. Look at the characteristic life of the age—its vast material development—its irresistible and crushing growth of mechanism, physical and human—its swarming towns—its distracting mills—its noisy agitation—its chaos of beliefs and unbeliefs. All these things betoken the vascularity of the national heart, and the vigorous vitality of the national mind—but they are not without their alloy. The turbulent cares of commerce alienate us from the tender sympathies of nature;—we renounce her gentle sway for an inexorable tyranny, and forsake her fair domains, her warbling woodlands, and her sunny hills, that we may surround ourselves with the heartless conventionalities of an artificial existence. But—

"Man, though he may build a town,
Could never make a thistle-down."

and if the city proclaims what he can do, the country, with equal significance, prescribes the limits of his power. A strange thought it is when gazing on a great city, to revert, if not in memory, at least in fancy, to the time when that mighty aggregation of human dwellings was a forest primeval. His Royal Highness Hamlet Prince of Denmark plunges us in a sea of mystic reveries, when he moves upon the stage like a melancholy human cypress, and calls upon us to trace in imagination the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole! A wild conceit, truly, and full of mournful meditation, but would it be less a romantic effort of fancy to remount the river of time and recal the days when Ludgate Hill was as desolate as Dartmoor? Yet such days there once were. When the postman, with his smart double-knock, was as yet a luxury of more advanced civilization—when the express train was a revelation of science still deep in the womb of time—when sunbeams, busy with painting roses, had not as yet been impressed into the service of painting portraits—and when the electric telegraph had not even struck a poet's fancy as the creation of imagination supposing the impossible—that was the time, when Ludgate Hill was in the country, and they who clomb its peaceful breast were free of mountain solitude! That was the time, when deep and solemn masses of foliage crowned the summit of the eminence, and the trees were resonant with their melodious denizens;—that was the time when the silver dew still sparkled on the grassy carpet—when the foxglove set up its tapers from the cleft of the stone—when the blue dragon-fly rocked itself on the long blades of grass—when the butterfly winged its golden flight from daisy to honeysuckle, and the bee hummed her busy pæans in the blossoms of the linden. Ah! well may we say *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Linden and London go well in sound, but very ill in sense. Ludgate Hill is now in the city, and sad is the change that has come over its destiny. For shepherds' crooks, we have now the whips of badged brigands; we have exchanged the song of the nightingale for the insolent chirp of asthmatic sparrows; for bees, we have beetles; for butterflies, we have "blacks;" and for silver dew, we have a filthy yellow fog. But our human sympathies are not to be thus summarily dealt with. "The feelings can't be smothered like royal children in the Tower," as some one has characteristically observed, and like the man in Xenophon, who had two souls—a soul for right, and a soul for riot, even amid the wild tumult of war,

and the ceaseless din of commerce, our hearts are touched to think of the beauties of external nature, and our ears are still finely attuned to the harmonies of wood and wave. There is something pathetically ludicrous in the fondness with which we still cling to the word "garden" as applied to the filthiest and most disgusting purlieus in London. That phrase is associated in our fancy with all that is radiant in colour, and freshest and most delicious in perfume; but how are these expectations realised in such parterres as Hatton Garden, Covent Garden, Savile Garden, or Baldwin's Garden, where tulips are represented by paving-stones—lamp-posts supply the places of geraniums—chimney-pots do duty for roses, and the exhalations from the sewers are substitutes for the south-wind "breathing o'er a bed of violets?" To give the name of "garden" to such unlovely localities is as bitter a mockery as to call log-wood port wine, or chalk and pipewater cream. But the saddest satire of all is a tree in the streets of London. The destinies of country and of city trees are strikingly dissimilar; and as there is something happy beyond expression in the former, so is there something unspeakably mournful in the latter. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything in nature more joyous than a country tree. Planted in a spot where sun and zephyr are alike of easy access to it, tossing its tassels in the air, and flinging its green flags to the breeze, it is as beautiful an embodiment of life, joy and happiness, as vision can realise, or fancy picture. From the roots to the tips of its very leaves, there is such a singular interweaving and budding—such a peculiar transition of colours and shapes, as can with difficulty be described by pen or pencil. The waving outline of a tree is in itself one of the loveliest objects in nature—and when the breeze rushes like the spirit of life through the branches, and the light of the sun streams through the delicate curling leaves, rising and sinking like a finely-woven net of azure—language is powerless to mark the never-ending, ever-changing play of lines and lights with which nature enchants and ever surprises us anew. "Masses of cypress in long avenues have an imposing effect," says Dr. Hermann Masius; "they likewise, whether isolated or in clumps, form a magnificent ornament for the fronts of palaces, where they gain in real artistic importance in proportion to the boldness and breadth of the horizontal lines of the architecture. In the neighbourhood of fountains they possess a peculiar beauty. The rising and falling sheaf of water, the magic play of colours in the myriad drops glittering with sunbeams—the luxuriant green of moss and lily, present here a joyous, inexhaustible fulness of life beside the sublime melancholy of death, silent and solitary. But the abrupt contrast is softened by the gushing murmur of the spring, which, in its perfect rhythm of coming and going, lulls the soul into a state of dreamy yearning." A hawthorn sparkling with blossoms of white and pink, aromatising the winds that dally with it, is also a beautiful object. And, oh! what a fairy picture, when the hoar-frost hangs his diamonds on the dusky crown of the fir! But this must be in the country. Fir and hawthorn have the same heart-broken aspect in the society of lamp-posts, and a cypress in a city churchyard looks like a vegetable sweep. There is a tree in Cheapside whose destiny is sufficiently miserable to engage in its behalf the sympathies of the civilized world. It stands, and has stood for years—unhappy vegetable!—at the corner of Wood Street, where it has witnessed in its life-time more of sin and sorrow than would suffice for the aesthetic experience of a whole

forest. Its branches are gaunt and haggard, its leaves are crumpled and begrimed with soot, its trunk lean and scraggy, and the smoke of ten thousand chimneys has made its bark as black as your shoe. Little withered twigs are continually falling from it, and its leaves resemble the *papillotes* of a slatternly school-girl. Smutty sparrows perch about its creaking branches, and rascally town-bred crows have built their nests upon its topmost boughs. Humboldt says of trees that, "there is in them an expression of longing beyond belief, when they stand so firmly planted, and with so circumscribed a sphere of action, while with their tops they move as far as they are able beyond the boundary of their roots. I know nothing in nature so formed to be a symbol of longing." If this be so, how tragic is the destiny of that unlucky tree in Cheapside, for though its aspirations be with the stars, its conversation is with the chimney-pots. There is not a day I see that tree that I do not feel inclined to address it, in the words of *Lear* to the *Earl of Kent* in the stocks, "What's he that hath so much thy place mistook to set thee here?" And, indeed, it were to be wished that the lot of this unhappy vegetable should attract the sympathy of public writers. Poets who scruple not to sacrifice common sense to the exigencies of their rhetoric when singing the sorrows of "An Old Arm Chair," might surely spare a tear for a living creature, and the most hapless of all living creatures—the tree in Cheapside. Were city-trees accountable beings, and responsible for their movements, the lines of Thomson would be no less applicable to them than to the thousands of men and women who pass them heedlessly in the course of the day:—

"Oh! how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields:
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even—
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields—
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh! how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

MELOPOYN.

WHO FOUND THE GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

THE existence of gold in the Australian colonies in sufficient quantity to remunerate the miner was first discovered by Mr. Edward Hammond Hargraves, a gentleman whose name will ever be associated with the fortunes of the great empire now rising in the west. Mr. Hargraves, who was born at the close of the late war, was, at the age of fourteen, to use his own expression, "launched" into the active world on the deck of a merchant-ship. He followed a sea-faring life for three years, during which time he visited a great part of the world, and encountered his full share of hardships in various forms. At the age of seventeen, he found himself in Australia. To be in Australia now at seventeen may be accounted a fortunate circumstance in a man's life; but when Mr. Hargraves became a "squatter" in the colony, things were very different. Australia was then only beginning to be known. The existence even of many important rivers had not been discovered; and although a partial survey of the coast had been made, no authentic or reliable information regarding the extent or properties of the interior had been collected or transmitted to the seat of government. At the time when Mr. Hargraves became a "squatter" in the bush, dense and trackless forests intervened for six hundred miles between Sydney and Port Philip. No

portion of the river Murray had been explored, and, in fine, the colony was only known to the mother country as that distant and dreaded region beyond the sea, to which the convict was sent to expiate his crimes in a penal servitude worse than death. But, notwithstanding the impetus which the discovery of gold has given to the new colony, little more than a belt of land on the southern and eastern sides of this great continent has even yet been adequately explored. The greater part of the interior and of the northern and western coasts, with the exception of the insignificant settlement at Swan River, is as yet a blank upon our maps, and is as unknown as if the country had never been visited by civilized man.

When the first settlement of the colony took place in the year 1788, it was entirely dependent upon the mother country for supplies; and it is related that on many occasions the whole population, including the governor and his dependents, were reduced to the verge of starvation when any accident or the perils of the sea prevented the arrival of store-ships from England. The British population amounted at that time to about 1,000 souls, of whom about 769 were convicts. Mr. Collins, the historian of New South Wales, in his description of the "invasion" of the country by Captain Phillips of the "Syms" frigate and a fleet of nine transports, states that the confusion that ensued on the landing of the expedition was not to be wondered at when it was considered that every man stepped from a boat literally into a wood. The people were then told off into working parties—some to clear the ground for the different encampments—others to pitch tents and bring up such stores as were more immediately wanted. The spot which had been so recently the abode of silence and tranquillity, soon became changed to that of noise, clamour, and confusion; but as the woods were opened and the ground cleared, the various encampments were extended, the primeval trees which had cast their broad shadows on the sward for many a century, bowed their giant heads before the axe of the invader, and a town sprung up where a few hours before the faint rustle of the leaves or the cry of the kangaroo were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the forest. Four months after the colony was founded, the governor directed every person in the settlement to make a return of what live stock was in his possession, when the following appeared to be the total amount:—1 horse, 8 mares, 3 colts, 2 bulls, 5 cows, 29 sheep, 49 hogs, 29 pigs, 5 rabbits, 18 turkeys, 29 geese, 35 ducks, 122 fowls, and 89 chickens. Of this small number, which was to form the only supply of fresh meat for a population of more than a thousand persons, the two bulls and four of the five cows were lost early in the following month, owing to the carelessness of the man who had charge of them. Towards the close of the year, the first governor of the colony resigned his command and returned to England. At that time the whole land under cultivation amounted to about 1,400 acres, of which about 1,000 was public land, farmed by the government, and the remaining 400 by various settlers, whose numbers amounted to 67; and when the settlement was five years old, the stock of cattle amounted only to 3 bulls, 28 cows, and 5 calves; for of 15 bulls purchased at various times in England, and destined to replenish the stock, 12 died on the passage; and of 119 cows forwarded with the same object, no fewer than 91 were lost in the same manner.

But to return to the personal narrative of Mr. Hargraves. The most distant suspicion that Australia was

destined to become the Ophir of the world, seems never to have entered the minds of the settlers whose destiny it was to lead a quiet, pastoral life, amid the wild and majestic scenery of New South Wales. Mr. Hargraves, therefore, did as other settlers did before him, he became a proprietor of cows and bullocks, and at eighteen found himself thrown upon his own resources, the sole owner of a cattle station, and almost "the monarch of all he surveyed." There was scarcely a limit to the range of his pastures. He was surrounded by some of the most magnificent and picturesque scenery in the world, and with health and a manly heart (although he was but a lad) he settled down and commenced his life in the bush. But Mr. Hargraves was not quite as lonely as the reader may suppose, who pictures to his imagination the young settler dreaming away a monotonous existence in a wooden hut, and attending only to the welfare of his flocks. He had the good sense to do precisely what every settler should do if he can. He married, and at nineteen was a parent. During all this time his means were very limited, consisting merely of such stock and produce as he could raise. He worked with his own hands as every settler must do who expects to make a smiling garden in an untrodden wilderness, and his industry and frugality in course of time brought their reward.

In subsequent years affairs in the colony by no means improved, and in the years 1841, 1842, and 1843 there was almost a general bankruptcy throughout the country, and Mr. Hargraves, whose active and enterprising nature had enabled him to survive the crisis, and pay twenty shillings in the pound, resolved to seek his fortune in California, where the tide of emigration was then setting. To California, therefore, he repaired, and the result of his sojourn in that go-a-head province induced him to return to Australasia and endeavour to discover the mineral wealth of the colony. He felt persuaded from the general resemblance of the geological formations in both countries, that large deposits of gold were to be found in Australia, and as the government had offered a reward of £500 in the first instance, with certain contingent advantages "in remainder," to the enterprising individual who would prove the existence of gold in large quantities, he resolved to see whether he could not entitle himself to the prize, by proving the correctness of his surmises. He accordingly started on the 12th of February, 1851, and accompanied by a young fellow named Lister, the son of the landlady of the inn at Chynow, explored the Lewis Pond creek, which he then believed to be the most promising district. Here the resemblance of the formation of the country to that which he had seen in California, could not be doubted or mistaken. He felt himself surrounded by gold, and "panted for the moment of trial, when his magician's wand should transform the trackless wilderness into a region of countless wealth." Still one difficulty seemed to present itself. There had been an unusual drought during the summer which was now drawing to a close, and the creek where they proposed to explore was completely dried up. Following the course of the creek, however, they were fortunate enough to come to a spot where some pools of water were found among the rocks. Mr. Hargraves and his companion then turned their horses loose to graze on the surrounding herbage, and seating themselves on the turf, began to satisfy the pangs of hunger before they entered upon their grand experiment. This necessary duty having been performed, Mr. Hargraves took a pick and scratched the gravel off a schistose dyke which ran across the creek

at right angles with its side, and with a trowel dug a painful of earth, which he washed in the water-hole. The first trial produced a fragment of the precious metal, which he exhibited with delight to the incredulous gaze of his companion. He felt for the moment bewildered with the immensity and importance of the discovery he had made. Visions of future greatness crowded upon his imagination. He thought of the honours and rewards which must await the man who appeared in a moment to have realized the fabled wonders of the philosopher's stone. He sat down and examined the shining fragment again and again. No—there could be no mistake about it—his metallurgic knowledge enabled him to pronounce the grains to be pure gold. Having washed five pansfuls in succession, all of which contained gold with the exception of one, he deemed the experiment successful, and with his companion retraced his way to the little inn at Guyong. His first duty on arriving there was to write a statement of his discovery to the colonial secretary. He afterwards resolved to visit the Macquarie river, feeling persuaded that gold was to be discovered there, and satisfied himself of the auriferous character of the country since known as the "Banandong Diggings." The Wellington district next claimed his attention, and he paid a visit to Mitchell's creek, distant about a hundred miles. Here he repaired to the house of a friend, a Mr. Cruickshank, settled at Dubbo, who like others listened with incredulity to the tale of his successes as a gold-finder. Mrs. Cruickshank, however, with the trusting confidence of her sex, at once took an interest in the discovery, and was rewarded by finding enough of gold to make some rings within a few paces of their own door. Mr. Hargraves having, by various experiments at Mitchell's creek, satisfied himself that the gold deposits of Australia exceeded in richness and extent the produce of California, lost no time in repairing to Sydney and claiming the government reward, which was paid to him in due course. The contingent advantages which were to accrue to the fortunate discoverer of gold in the colony were afterwards taken into consideration by the legislative council of New South Wales, who awarded Mr. Hargraves the sum of £10,000, an amount of compensation which he expresses himself perfectly satisfied with, although he states that he made a bad bargain for himself when he consented to leave the amount of reward to the discretion of that body. He believes that had he stipulated for a percentage of 10s. upon every £100 worth of gold exported from Australia for the period of three years from his first discovery, it would have been considered a reasonable offer. In that case, as the exports of gold from the colony within the last three years are estimated at £50,000,000, he would have realised no less a sum than £250,000.

Mr. Hargraves has, however, earned a more durable reward than any payment in specie could possibly confer. He has been the means of achieving for the country of his adoption an amount of material prosperity which has no parallel in the history of the world. If the man who makes a single blade of grass to grow where none existed before, confers a benefit upon his country, at what estimate must the services of that man be valued by whose instrumentality a vast and unexplored continent has suddenly sprung into social greatness and commercial eminence, affording at once an outlet for the superabundant capital and labour of the old world! Mr. Hargraves has received, what to a man of his character must be quite as gratifying as the State remuneration of his services, the recognition

and acknowledgment by his brother colonists of the importance and value of his discovery. The town of Sydney, which his energy and talents have so largely benefitted, presented him with a cup of pure gold of the value of £500. The citizens of Melbourne determined not to be outdone in the expression of their gratitude, gave him a gold cup of exquisite workmanship appropriately inscribed and filled with sovereigns. At Bathurst they presented him with a service of plate, and public entertainments were given to him at Moreton Bay and other places; and lastly, at the moment of his departure for England, a citizen of Melbourne, whom he had never seen, and who was a perfect stranger to him, sent him a purse containing £250 as a private testimonial of respect for the public services he had rendered to the colony.

Mr. Hargraves has recently returned to England, and perhaps his magician's wand may be the means of discovering amid the pleasant vales of Devonshire or the rugged cliffs of Cornwall, some of that kindred wealth which he has found in such abundance in the youngest and fairest dependency of the British crown.

TO ZARAFFA.

Droopeth the queen of lilies,
Paleth the rose of June,
Fadeth the gayest rainbow,
Waneth the softest moon,
Fainteth the richest odour,
Sinketh the brightest day,
Melteth the sweetest music
Over the hills away!

Shineth a light to-morrow,
Sparkling with silver dew:
All that hath gone in sorrow
Cometh in joy anew.

Springeth the queen of lilies,
Bloometh the rose of June,
Gloweth the gayest rainbow,
Glideth the softest moon,
Scenteth the richest odour,
Riseth the sun, and then
Cometh the sweetest music
Over the hills again!

Shall it be said, Zaraffa,
That the immortal soul
Only of things created
Findeth the grave her goal?
Dwelleth she there in darkness,
Chained in a dreary den?
Hath she not the rather
Home to her Lord again;
Soaring above the cedars,
Wearing a starry zone,
Singing her loud Hozannas
By the CREATOR'S throne?

C. D.

THE CZAR'S ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

When a battle is reported to the Czar, his first question is, not "How many men are killed?" but "How many muskets are missing?" The value of the weapon is far more to him than that of the animated machine who carries it, for the latter is furnished by the Boyars out of the abundant population of the empire, whereas he must replace and pay for the former out of his own pocket. The men are the least expensive components of the Russian army, and are furnished more readily than the equipments.

STRAY READINGS.

THE ALLIES AT VARNA.

Oh, what crowding and jostling was there! All the shops had open fronts, with goods ranged on shelves at the back. In front of these, Algerines, French soldiers, women, interpreters, Zonaves, English military servants, were all scolding, laughing, bargaining together—most of the groups by no means sober, and if they were, finding it difficult to make themselves intelligible to the French, Smyrniote, Italian, Greek, and Turkish merchants, who condescended, in most polyglot fashion, to minister to our wants at Varna.

Gallipoli having to a certain degree been evacuated by the French and English force, several of the shopkeepers, who had found trade flourish there, came on to Varna; and speculation was so much encouraged by the experience of those energetic individuals who had ventured to commence trade at Gallipoli, that we soon had not only hams, pickles, tongues, brandy, and such vulgar necessities at command in the Varna Bazaar, but Marseilles biscuits, *eau-de-fleur-d'orange*, ladies' French boots, side saddles, and bonbons—generally sold in the same shop, too, which, though not in accordance with our prejudices of usage in the West, decidedly economises time and trouble to those who desire to be the possessors of a variety of supplies. The shops every day became more brilliant; the calico banners were alternated with those of red and blue silk with gold letters; champagne and burgundy were advertised on every side; preserved soups and vegetables tempted the appetite; crates of crockery—the “willow pattern” predominating—tended to seduce many from their original tin services; and really, considering we were on the Black Sea, grumbling at not having the luxuries of Regent-street, the prices were not very exorbitant after all.

Perhaps the costumes of the buyers were as amusing an item as any in the Varna Bazaar. Officers, with haversacks over one shoulder, would ride in from their camps, to collect every little novelty which struck their fancy, and this in the most motley attire; odd caps, marvellous wide-awakes, jackets of every material that could well be imagined, were to be seen on every side. Tall Highlanders riding little Turkish ponies equipped with cavalry saddles, and Mameluke head-gear of crimson tassels and white cowries, were not at all uncommon; one extraordinary-looking German individual I encountered had a brown wide-awake surmounting a strange fancy dress, over which lay a flat white ostrich feather. Red guernseys and dark green wide-awakes were also a favourite costume; and certainly, one great advantage of Varna was, that people did exactly what they liked. And, as the good shopkeepers who did so much in our service yet stopped short at the point of “sending home” the articles purchased, it was not uncommon to see a captain in a crack regiment at Varna riding through the city-port at Varna with a bottle protruding from his pocket, a haversack containing tea and sugar over his shoulder, and a large mat rolled up behind his saddle.

All this sort of thing astonished the French officers, who never by any chance wear “mufti,” or make themselves the carriers of their own provisions. I have heard them say, they consider plain clothes so much more expensive than regimentals—a dress they affect with as much security, under all circumstances, as the officers of this army endeavour to escape the necessity of wearing them. A little while, beside the French restaurant,

a *cercle des officiers* was started; but though some out-looking persons, lounging at the door, were occasionally amusing enough, the club itself, I found, was a bad sort of *café*—dull as possible, and presenting no advantages of a nature at all calculated to win a man from his domestic rug, supposing him to have one. The club had neither cooks, billiards, magazines, nor papers. There was no page, in an eruption of bright buttons, to minister notes on a silver salver; but simply a very dirty Turk, who might occasionally bring a morsel of lighted wood between a pair of tongs for the cherishment of a dying cigar. No bow window attracted gossiping loungers, but, on the contrary, the club-room of the “*cercle*” was so dark that a candle usually burned on the table; and had it been otherwise, it is doubtful whether the duennas in yellow boots, with the street-groups generally of Varna, would have proved very attractive, unless to an artist studying “effects,” to whom the mixture of light and shade, strong colour and “mummy brown,” would have charms unspeakable.—*Our Camp in Turkey*, by Mrs. Young.

WILD FOWL AT WHITSTABLE IN KENT.

Fowlers here have commenced the work of destruction amongst the wild fowl; sportsmen are very numerous, and being principally oyster dredgers, have abundance of time to devote to the pursuit of their game, and among them are some of the best marksmen in the county. The mode of shooting is peculiar to this place, and some notice of it may be interesting to many readers. A large and heavy gun is placed in a singularly-constructed boat called a “pantooney,” about twelve feet long and thirteen inches deep, flat-bottomed, stem and stern alike, the gun being laid flush fore and aft; the gunner observes a kneeling position, and propels his vessel with great rapidity by means of a double-bladed paddle, the use of which requires great dexterity. On nearing the bird he places himself at the bottom of the boat, which is only a few inches above the surface of the water, and is not to be seen until within range of his object. In this position he forces himself along by means of two smaller paddles, and upon the birds rising he discharges the gun, by which as many as sixty birds have been known to have had their flight arrested. After picking up the dead, he proceeds in pursuit of the wounded, which, being excellent swimmers and divers, call into requisition the use of a small gun. Great skill is required in the conduct of this sport, otherwise considerable danger is incurred. Another class of fowlers have also a peculiar method which is frequently successful; at the commencement of the season a tub is sunk, at the ebb of the tide, sufficiently large to hide the sportsman, who there watches with great patience for the wild fowl, curlews, and hawk-birds; at the two last of which the great gunner disdains to fire. Many persons from the surrounding country visit this place for the purpose of shooting wild fowl, but are almost always disappointed for not using one or the other of these methods—in fact, they seldom obtain a single bird.

HOUSE RENT IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Hargraves the discoverer of gold in Australia, states in his recent work, entitled “Australia and its Gold Fields,” that, in the year 1846, he built and let a house with thirteen rooms in it, for 2s. 6d. per week, and that, after repeated threats from his tenant to leave the house unless he reduced the rent, he did actually leave. In six years afterwards, one room in Melbourne used to let at £3 per week!

LOSS OF LIFE IN BATTLE.

Many persons, in perusing the lists of killed and wounded at the recent disastrous battles of the Alma and Inkerman, appeared inclined to pronounce those engagements unprecedented for the number of killed and wounded in the time in which the combatants were engaged. A reference to a few of those sanguinary engagements which took place between France and the Allied Powers (Austria and Prussia), as also France and Russia, will, however, show that the loss of life at the late battles was by no means great, regard being had to the number of the combatants and the obstinacy of the struggle.

At Austerlitz, the Allies (Austrians and Prussians) had 80,000 men on the field, out of which they lost in killed and wounded, 31,000. The French, 11,000. At the battle of Ligny the Prussians had 10,000 killed and 5,400 wounded. The French army, 5,000 killed and 1,900 wounded. Leipzig was another terrible scene. 180,000 men and 724 pieces of cannon sustained the honour and glory of the imperial eagles of France. The Austrians and Prussians had on the field 194,000 men and 760 pieces of artillery. The slaughter continued for three days! The Emperor Napoleon lost two marshals, twenty generals, and 60,000 soldiers in killed and wounded. The opposing party, 1,796 officers and 44,600 men. The battle of Dresden was fought for two days. The Austrians and Prussians lost in killed, 18,000; wounded, 7,650. The French, 8,000 killed, and upwards of 4,000 wounded. At Friedland the Russians lost 17,000 in killed and wounded. The French, 8,000. At Smolensko the Russian loss was 11,000; that of the French army 17,000. The battle of Borodino was one of the most bloody and obstinate engagements on record in modern European warfare. The French loss in killed and wounded on this "field of death" has been estimated at 50,000 men! The Russians at 62,000! Out of the 500,000 French veterans who invaded Russia in 1812, not more than 35,000 returned to France. The French had nearly 60,000 cavalry; and in the frost of one night 20,000 horses died. The whole number of cavalry which the Allies have at present in the East scarcely muster 6,000 sabres. At the battle of Albuera the English army lost 4,300 out of 7,500 men. When the muster of the English was called after the battle, the 3rd Buffs were represented by three privates and one drummer, all the rest being either killed or dangerously wounded. The late Viscount Beresford (a brave soldier) commanded the English and Portuguese at this battle. He was opposed by the inimitable Marshal Soult and his French veterans.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

At the death of the Emperor Alexander I., the extent of the Russian empire was 366,582 square miles. During the present reign of the Emperor Nicholas I., the following conquests have been made:—The Pashalic of Achalzick (Turkey), 143 square miles; the Khanate of Erivan (Persia), 224; the Khanate of Nachitschevan (Persia), 92; the province of Djaro-Belokansk, 71: total, 530 square miles. The present extent of the Russian empire amounts to 367,112 square miles.

THE GRAVES OF GREAT MEN.

When we stand by the graves of remarkable men it is always an interesting and instructive question to ask what evil is there which we trust is buried with him in his tomb?—what good is there which may still live after him—and what is it that, taking him from first to last, his life and his death teach us.

A RUSSIAN MAJOR HANGED.

The correspondent of a Lyons journal writes that General Canrobert sent to Prince Menschikoff the notes of the English court-martial which sentenced the Russian major, who killed and mutilated the wounded English at Inkerman, to be hanged, asking him, at the same time, for the sake of humanity and the rules of civilized war, to sign the death-warrant himself. Prince Menschikoff declined to affix his signature, stating that he had always strictly prohibited such acts of cruelty, but that he could not acknowledge any other jurisdiction in such a matter than that of a Russian court-martial. It appears, from the correspondent of this journal, that the major was actually hanged—a fact not hitherto established beyond doubt.

CHANGES OF THE ALPHABET.

John Selden said many true things but seldom any thing truer than the observation that, "syllables govern the world." The delights of literature and the records of the world's story are to be found in the art of transposing four-and-twenty letters. The alphabet may be varied so many millions of millions of times, that if a man could read 100,000 words in an hour (a task impossible for any man) and there were 4,650,000,000 of men they could not speak these words according to the hourly proportion above-mentioned in 70,000 years.

GOLD DIGGINGS AT SEBASTOPOL.

The French engineers employed in mining the ground in front of Sebastopol, have secured an unlooked-for prize. The difficulties of the ground are immense, but the soldiers do not complain, and they are at times rewarded for their trouble by what they find. It appears that the inhabitants, foreseeing the reduction of the place, had buried many articles of value, which they hoped to be able to dig up again at a future day, when the army should have departed. They, however, did not reckon on the works of the miners, and every day these men find something of value in the shape of silver and plated articles, jewels, and costly ornaments, and among other things is an elegant bonnet carefully packed in a box. The bonnet is of pink satin of the first style of fashion, and still bears the address of the maker in the Rue de la Paix in Paris. This bonnet, after having been tried on by all the men, has since been hung up as an ornament in one of their tents.

THE ENGLISH CAVALRY IN THE CRIMEA.

The 1st Royal Dragoons, the Scots Greys, the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, the 4th Light Dragoons, the 8th Hussars, the 13th Light Dragoons, and 11th Hussars, that formerly had an effective strength of some 2,000 sabres, cannot now among them all mount 200 men in a state fit for even temporary service. The Scots Greys are numerically the strongest regiment in the Crimea. It mounts seventy men, out of which only about twenty-five men and horses are fit for service in the field. For some three or four weeks past we have known that our cavalry, as an arm of the service, was no more; but still, out of compliment, it was spoken of as a division, and was, therefore, on the whole, a pleasant fiction to believe in. But now all our cherished fancies are destroyed—the term cavalry has no signification; the fifteen or twenty men remaining out of each regiment are all formed into one corps, and used in carrying biscuit up to the camp.



OUR LETTER BOX.

The Conductors of the "Patriotic Fund Journal" have great satisfaction in announcing to the Public their intention to print, in the Eleventh number of the Journal, which will appear on the 24th inst., the receipt of the Royal Commissioners for the first payment on account of profits realised by the sale of the Journal.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL."

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that from any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL CORRESPONDENTS, LEGALLY WRITTEN AND UNPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, STRAND.

The value of the present Part of the "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains Six Numbers in a handsome illustrated cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Threepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

TRAVELLING.—Mail coaches were first brought into use in 1784, and the speed at which they travelled when compared with other public conveyances excited almost as much wonder in those bygone times as railway travelling does now. This is a world of progressive development, and it is not unlikely that in a hundred years hence our present locomotives, like the whip and great coat of the old mail coachman, may be exhibited as the relics of an age when science was yet in its leading strings.

O. P.—Encore. This word is used in England by the audience at theatres and other places when they call for a repetition of a particular song, &c. It is somewhat remarkable that the English should have been the first to give such an application to the word. In the French theatres the phrase generally used is *bis-bis*.

H. WADE (Hockdale).—The Maine Law is a law passed fourteen years ago by the State of Maine, prohibiting the sale of all intoxicating liquors. It has been since adopted by seven other of the United States; and has been recently introduced into Canada. "The United Kingdom Alliance" has been formed in this country for the purpose of procuring "the total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating liquors;" in other words, the adoption of the Maine Law.

A. JARVIS (Croydon).—The medium duration of human life at present is—in Russia, 31 years; in Prussia, 35; in Switzerland, 34; in France, 36; and in England, 38. We are always abusing our climate, and yet it is perhaps the very healthiest in the world. People live to enormous ages in the north of Scotland and in the Hebrides.

A. RESCUE (Woolwich).—The following cavalry regiments will proceed to the Crimea early in the spring, when it is expected that each will be augmented to 800 sabres, exclusive of trumpeters and furiars, viz., 1st, 2nd, 6th, and 7th Dragoon Guards, 3rd Light Dragoons, 7th Hussars, and 16th Lancers. The following are the infantry regiments under orders for the Crimea, viz., 2nd battalion 1st Foot (Royal Scots), from Cork; 3rd Buffs, from the Marseilles; 13th Light Infantry, from Gibraltar; 31st and 48th Foot, from Cork; 54th Foot, from Gibraltar; 71st Highland Light Infantry, from Cork; 71st, 2nd battalion, from Winchester; 82nd Foot, from Edinburgh; 91st, from Malta; 92nd, from Gibraltar; and the 3rd battalion of the 1st Royal, 60th Rifles, and Rifle Brigade, which are now being raised. Those regiments which are stationed in Malta, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Islands will proceed to the seat of war as soon as they are relieved by the regiments of Militia which have volunteered for foreign service.

NECROS.—You will find as good a life of Dr. Young as you need care to peruse prefixed to Dr. Doran's edition of the poet's works. It is scarcely possible to imagine any study more painfully interesting, more humiliating, but at the same time more instructive than the life of such a man:—it shows how the greatest meanness of practice may co-exist with the most exalted sentiments of morality, and how false a poetic inspiration may dwell in a heart where purity and selfishness have also taken up their abode. Dr. Young's dedication of his works to Queen Anne is the roughest piece of obsequy in any language.

A. FITZGER (Blackheath).—If you wish to acquire an accurate knowledge of the manners, customs, and institutions of the Russians, read the works of Mr. E. T. Turnerall. They are at once witty, graphic, and trustworthy, and will give you a more correct view of Russia than any other works on the subject with which you are acquainted.

AN AMATEUR.—We agree with you that "Look alive!" would be a capital exclamation to address to the statues in London. The best is probably that in Charing-cross; but they are sad, stupid things, one and all. The statue of William IV. in King William-street, City, is not so bad, but with that barbarity of taste which marks all our proceedings with reference to public works of art, the Commissioners of Police have destroyed its effect by erecting at each side of it a huge wooden placard, enjoining wagon-drivers to keep close to the kerb-stone on London Bridge. The figure of Wellington in front of the Exchange is an abomination—the pedestal is so narrow that it looks as if he were sitting on the parapet of a bridge.

ANONYMOUS.—OLIVER CROMWELL. There is much controversy as to the final resting place of Cromwell's bones, but there can be no doubt that for many years they lay interred in the middle of Red Lion-square. There was a slight obelisk erected over them with this strange inscription—*Obsequium monumentum obsequio dignum*. The obsequy monument of a yet more obsequious monarch.

ANONYMOUS.—You are altogether mistaken in supposing that the origin of the word *obsequy* is in England; the origin of this national term is generally supposed to be in France.

H. DEAN (Tavistock).—"O ye!" in law, is corrupted from the French word "*oys*," (hear ye!) It is the expression used by the clerk of a court, in order to quail silence when any prohibition is made.

"—Forgiveness to the injured doth belong." This line occurs not in Pope but in Dryden, so you have lost your wager and you had better pay over the money to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. You will find the couplet in "The Conquest of Granada."

"—Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,

But they will pardon who have done the wrong."

F. D. (Tamworth).—The RAVENNAH JOHNSON. It was not to Dr. Barrett but to Dr. Farr that this sobriquet was applied. Farr was a very learned man, but very eccentric. When he heard that Porson was dead he rang the bell for his servant, and said, "Richard, Dr. Porson is dead, and your master is now the most learned man in England." He left a legacy to Tom Moore.

HYGIA.—"After dinner walk a while—After supper walk a mile." The latter of these jingling precepts is manifestly an interdiction on all suppers, and do you apply it accordingly. We should like to see the man, who after eating supper, would, under any sinister persuasion than that of his house being on fire, contentedly "turn out" and walk a mile, it may be in rain, snow, or storm.

G. SCOTT (Harwich).—The county of York contains 3,689,510 square acres. We are not aware whether that exceeds the number of letters in the Bible; but it seems that you have made a bet that it does, without knowing how the fact really is. The wager is as silly as it is indecorous, and you scarcely deserve to win.

G. BROOKS (Lodgegate-hill).—Nearly three parts of the entire face of this planet are covered with water. The greatest depth that ever has been sounded in any sea is 7,200 feet, but no doubt there is in every depth a deeper still. At the bottom of the sea, as on the surface of the earth, there are plains, valleys, and mountains.

INDICTED (Scarborough).—The plague is scarcely known now in any other countries than Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. The reason why it lingers there is that the people are so uncleanly: so take warning by them. It is both infectious and contagious.

COLLARD (Castle Barnard).—It is very absurd to make one's self wretched about dreams. It is not because Dr. Johnson believed in such things that you should. You might as well put out your eye to look like Nelson. Imitate great men in their virtues rather than their defects.

W. DOLLAND. Historians estimate that the number of persons put to death in England under pretext of witchcraft, amounted to 30,000. Witchcraft was universally believed in throughout Europe till the sixteenth century, and even maintained its ground with tolerable firmness till the seventeenth. The number of great men who believed in it is rather humiliating to the pride of human intellect. The greatest persecutor of so-called witches in England was a certain Matthew Hopkins, born in Manningtree in Essex. He boasted that he had destroyed seventy of them.

J. PURDY (Gray's-in-square).—You will find the object of your inquiry in the Crystal Palace, where it is now exhibiting.

INQUIRE (Aldington).—The first party of nurses sent to the East on the 23rd of October, consisted of Miss Nightingale and 38, viz.: from St. John's-house, 6; from Miss Mallon's, 8; selected hospital nurses, 14; Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, 10; total, 38. The second party of nurses, sent out on the 2nd of December, were 47, viz.:—from St. John's-house, 2; Protestant ladies, 10; selected hospital nurses (Protestant), 20; Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, 15; total, 47—making, in the whole, 85 nurses; of whom 60 are Protestants, and 26 Roman Catholics.

A. CHURCHMAN (Bognor).—The only new colonial bishopric created last year was that of the Mauritius.

J. PHELPS (Oxford).—The clause in the Oxford University Bill, known as the Heywood clause, and which abrogates the oath of matriculation, was carried on the 22nd of June last; the numbers being for the clause, 252; against, 161—majority for the clause, 91.

J. MURR (Cheapside).—May customs are nothing more than a gratulation of the Spring, to testify universal joy at the revival of vegetation. Mr. Douce thinks that there can be no doubt that the Queen of May is the legitimate representative of the goddess Flora in the Roman festival.

HENRY NIXON (Milton).—If a railway-passenger takes his bag or valise into the railway-carriage with him, and declines to give it to the servant of the company to label and place in the luggage-van, he cannot recover from the company in case it should be lost. The law relieves the company from responsibility, as the passenger prefers to become the guardian of his own property.

C. (Marseilles).—We are much obliged for your sketch, which has been received and will be engraved in a few days. Anything more of the kind will be very acceptable.

The Admiralty have issued conditions of contracts for 170,000 yards of blue cloth, 80,000 yards of blue jean, 700,000 yards of duck, 500,000 yards of flannel, 150,000 yards of white cotton drill, 350,000 yards of blue serge, 60,000 blankets, 145,000 pairs of worsted stockings, 70,000 worsted caps, 51,000 shirts, 80,000 black silk handkerchiefs, 15,000 Flushing jackets, 250,000 pounds weight of hair for beds, 30,000 bed cases, 20,000 pairs of shoes, and 20,000 pairs of quilts, for the naval service.

F. GREENING (St. Pancras).—You will find all the information you require in a parliamentary paper entitled "Burial-grounds (London), No. 348." It can be had at the office for the sale of parliamentary papers in Abingdon-street, Westminster.

HARWOOD (Windsor).—The landing on the coast of the Crimea was accomplished in one day. Upwards of 40,000 men, French and English, with a great number of horses and sixty pieces of artillery, were landed without interruption. This is a fact unprecedented in history, and the successful accomplishment of which forms an important epoch in the annals of war.

G. HIND (Baker-street).—If you wish to get admission to the Strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, you must provide yourself with an order from a member of Parliament. No member will refuse one; but, in order to make it available on a night when an interesting debate is likely to come on, you must be in attendance not later than half-past three o'clock. Admission to the Speaker's gallery is obtained by getting a member to put down your name a few days before on what is called the "Speaker's list;" no order is then necessary, as, on presenting yourself at the proper door and mentioning your name, the officer will admit you on finding your name subscribed on the list for the night. Ladies are admitted to the gallery reserved for their use on the application of a member, who puts down the name of the lady desirous of attending in a book kept for the purpose. Two ladies are admitted upon mentioning the name entered on the list.

"—We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

FUND JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 9.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.



[READING THE NEWSPAPER IN THE CAMP.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

No one who has not had the fortune (good or bad as the case may be) of the writer of this paper, to be absent

from home for many months while engaged upon a service of the utmost difficulty and danger in an enemy's country, can form any adequate idea of the gratification of receiving an English newspaper. Any paper from

England was of course interesting to us when in Camp in the Crimea; but a London paper, containing despatches from Lord Raglan, or from the admiral in command of the fleet which had done us such good service since our landing, was sure to be welcomed with no common emotions of delight and satisfaction. I was one of the first to land with the invading army of the Crimea. To me, everything connected with the embarkation was new and interesting. I did not leave England until the commanders of the Allied armies had almost completed their final arrangements for the invasion of the territory of the Czar. The tedious but necessary delay at Varna was nearly passed; and when I took my passage on board the "Prince Arthur" transport, and steamed out of the dock at Southampton, I considered myself fortunate that my sojourn at that plague-stricken place would not, in all probability, extend over many days. I had then no anticipation of the scenes in which I was to take a part, or of the privations I have had to endure. I did not go out as a "man-at-arms," neither was I to act as "our own correspondent" to any of the metropolitan journals. My employment was of a less exciting and dignified character, although in the ardour of my patriotism I often deplored the hard fate which had written me down as one of the many "non-combatants," whose services with the army were rather of an administrative than a demonstrative character. To me the invasion of the Crimea was not as grave an affair as I afterwards found it to be. My spirits were elastic, my hopes high, and my strength unimpaired, when I first trod the Russian soil, and surveyed the smiling landscape which met my gaze on our march to the interior. I will not attempt to describe my sensations when beholding the Russian masses drawn up on the heights of Alma. Up to that moment I had rather prided myself upon the firmness with which I could witness the terrible collision of hosts of armed men; but I am bound to confess that when I saw the imminent prospect of a battle in which thousands of lives must be sacrificed, my heart for an instant sank at contemplating the results of an arbitrament in which the sword alone was to decide the issue. This feeling was, however, only momentary, as the excitement of the scene instantly banished every other thought but that of the battle. I felt a sort of delirium stealing over me, and the first heavy gun that boomed upon my ear, dispelled all my moralising, and made me rush heart and soul, if not in body, into the midst of the fray. I am not, however, about to give my version of the battle of the Alma, or of the forced march by which we were enabled to seize upon the rocky harbour of Balaklava. All this has been done by abler pens than mine. I shall only say that long before the first blasts of winter swept the stormy promontory of the Crimea, I had arrived at a thorough appreciation of the comforts of home. My duties required that I should repair almost daily from the camp near Sebastopol to the port of Balaklava. This was pleasant enough in the early part of the autumn before the rain set in, as I had a good strong back which I was enabled to bring with me from Varna, having disposed of my other and inferior animal at the latter place for the handsome sum of sixteen shillings—less than he would have fetched for cat's-meat (or satusages) in London; but when the autumn inundations set in, it was quite another matter. Wet days and cold nights to follow are about the most disagreeable incidents of camp life. I may say, without exaggeration, that for several days together I was never thoroughly dry or warm. The Crimean rain by no means resembles the vapid

element we are accustomed to deal with in England. A "wet day" is bad enough in England, or indeed anywhere, but who can adequately describe a wet day in the Crimea. The rain descends in that favoured region in a compact sheet of water, which nothing but slates or tiles can resist. The canvas tent which I had to share with two other unfortunates, defended us bravely for about ten minutes, and then abandoned us to our fate. The wind caught up the edges, and the strain on the ropes often tore up the pegs, so that we were obliged to rush out every now and then amid the descending deluge to "make things snug" as Jack would say. The little trench which we had confidently formed round the tent to catch the water, soon became full, and then a yellow stream of rain rushed in, and made the floor in a few seconds as wet as the ground outside. We had provided ourselves with macintosh sheets, railway rugs, and blankets, under which we managed to sleep comfortably enough (having first excavated a small hole for the hip-bone to fit into) when the weather was dry; but such feeble "wraps" were no defence against a Crimean shower. The only thing we could do under such circumstances was to sit upon a portmanteau or packing-case *à la Turc*, cover our head and shoulders with the macintosh sheet, and smoke away till daylight. Sometimes even this poor consolation was denied us; for when our stock of cigars was exhausted, and we could not get to Balaklava to replenish it, the prospect of creature-comforts became a very dreary affair indeed. The excitement of the siege operations during the day, and of occasional cannonades and sorties at night, served at first to dispel the monotony of our existence, but custom in the end deprives even a cannonade or sortie of its excitement, and at length the expression, "Oh, it's only a sortie from Sebastopol," became a familiar expression calculated rather to allay apprehension than create alarm.

We had, however, one delightful treat in store for us, and that was the arrival of letters and newspapers at the camp. The "mail day" was, and I suppose still is, quite a contrast to all other days. The news of letters from England spreads through the camp like wildfire, and the post-office is soon besieged with eager applicants for letters and papers. The process of distributing the letters is by no means as tedious as one may be supposed. The letters and newspapers are all sorted in the steam-packet for the different regiments to which they are addressed, and a message directed to "Private John Smith, 42nd Regiment, Lord Raglan's Army, Turkey," is delivered into the hands of John Smith, if he be fortunate enough to be there to receive it, with as much certainty and despatch as if it were merely sent from Liverpool to a firm in Cheapside. A great number of letters and newspapers are, however, incorrectly or insufficiently directed, and this of course leads to confusion and delay. Many letters are addressed for instance to Gallipoli, Bantari, and Constantinople, while an immense number are found to be actually addressed to their owners—"at Sebastopol," everybody at home supposing that the place must have fallen before the mail arrives. These latter, however (if properly stamped), are made up in the "Turkey bag," and arrive at their destination "before Sebastopol" with the others. An immense number of letters, for which no application has been made are now lying at the post-office in the camp. Many of the persons to whom they are addressed have never sailed from Varna, having died at that disastrous camp, while others have been killed in action, or removed to the English hospital at Scutari. It is a curious fact, however, that the proportion of letters

delivered to private soldiers in the camp does not exceed on the average one to every fifty individuals; while those for officers vary from one and two, to twenty, and sometimes even to sixty, each individual. This, however, may be accounted for by the fact that a great proportion of the soldiers are not "scholars," as they themselves say; and newspapers are, consequently, more gratifying to them than even letters from home, unless perhaps in the case of married soldiers receiving letters from their families. When a soldier gets a newspaper he suddenly finds himself a most important personage. True, he may not be able to read it offhand himself, but then he can always find a comrade who can. The paper is first displayed to an eager and curious group of auditors. The man who reads best in the company is called for, and he generally mounts a gun or some other object at hand so as to be better heard, and commences by reading aloud the date of the paper. He then turns to the latest foreign news, and selecting the telegraphic despatches, reads the contents amid the breathless attention of his auditors. It is amusing to watch the effect of the intelligence upon the faces of the men. Some continue smoking their pipes, and say nothing until the cream of the news has been skimmed, while others at once break into exclamations of surprise or gratification, according to the nature of the intelligence conveyed. In many cases the news with respect to the movements of the Russians even in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol is first brought to the men through the medium of the telegraphic despatches, although of course they are already known at headquarters. The soldiers' letters when they appear in the newspapers, are also read with great avidity; but the most interesting intelligence is that which may be found in the despatches of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert. The substance of those despatches is afterwards discussed with animation by the soldiers, and I have known many instances in which private soldiers have at once volunteered to write to the paper and "put them right" upon certain points of detail which may have been erroneously represented by other correspondents in the ranks. The reports from the hospital at Scutari are likewise read with deep interest, and the man on the cannon never fails to announce the names of all who are returned as having died since they left the camp invalided. The newspaper having been thus made to discharge a public duty, is then handed back to the owner, who generally divides it into four sheets and lends them from hand to hand until the wear and tear renders them almost unintelligible. The gratification which the newspaper imparts is not, however, confined to the short period during which its contents are read aloud. It forms the subject of discussion for weeks afterwards, and, in fine, until it is supplanted by a later arrival. Private letters are generally soon forgotten. The men can rarely find the materials at hand for replying at once, and even when they can be procured, the total dearth of news often prevents the soldier from attempting to write. After an engagement has taken place the case is different. Then every one has something to say, and the demand for pens, ink, and paper, always exceeds the supply. A considerable trade might be carried on in stationery and newspapers if any enterprising individual, undeterred by the severity of a Crimean winter, would establish himself in that line at Balaklava. The Jews and Greeks, always endeavouring to trade, sell their paper at prices varying from threepence to three shillings per sheet, according to the demand; but the supply even then is precarious. Many of these people have attempted to

establish shops in Balaklava, but no one is allowed to open any place for the sale of goods without the permission of the commandant. This stringent rule has led to smuggling of all sorts. Some of the traders have sent presents to the commandant with the view of bribing him to make an exception in their favour, but it is almost unnecessary to say without success. A supply of postage stamps is also much wanted at the camp; and when it was my fortune to be there they were often at a considerable premium. Next to food, clothing, and fuel, however, newspapers and tobacco are the commodities most prized; and I recommend all who wish to cheer our brave fellows, to send them supplies of these important mental and physical comforts.

COUNT ORLOFF'S REWARD.

THE streets of St. Petersburg were filled with men, in brilliant uniforms, on horseback and on foot. Splendid equipages were bearing home the magnates who had assisted at the ceremony of transferring the remains of Peter III. from the church of St. Alexander Newsky to the fortress of St. Petersburg, where they now rested near those of his wife, whose lofty genius had shown her in what light to look at a political murder. All the magnificence of the rites of the church, heightened by the array of courtly splendour and martial pomp, had been displayed on this mournful occasion. The conduct of the Emperor Paul, who had ordered the imposing ceremony, and busied himself about its minutest details, had been truly edifying. Apparently insensible to all exterior objects, wrapped in religious thought, devoutly kneeling, he raised his eyes but once during the long service. That single glance fell on the nearest to him of the four nobles who held the corners of the pall, an old man, still erect in his carriage, and from whose stern features time had not yet effaced all traces of former comeliness. A deep scar that furrowed one of his cheeks seemed to tell that he was a soldier. The old man appeared to be fatigued by the long ceremony, for the deathlike paleness of his countenance was not the effect of illness or age. Occasionally, though seldom, a nervous movement agitated his closely-compressed lips. It was on one of these occasions that the glance of Paul fell on him; the look, which he must have rather felt than seen, appeared to have a magical power, for the old man turned his head for a moment, and looked towards the emperor. But Paul was again absorbed in his devotions.

The ceremony over, the old man, who was the Count Michel Orloff, had already reached the threshold of his palace, when a youth, not dressed in uniform as most people were on that day, but wrapped in the long, dark cloak of a civilian, came up, whispered a few words in his ear, and then disappeared among the crowd. Orloff received the message without apparent emotion, but when he entered his apartment and was alone, his pale countenance became livid, and the convulsive movement of his lips was communicated to his whole frame—it was with rage more than fear that Count Orloff trembled.

"The idiot," he murmured; "to humble myself before his mother was more supportable, but to cringe to this half-mad thing is indeed degradation. What fatal destiny ever prevents my reaping the fruit of so many years' unceasing toil? Genius and resolution have not yet placed me above those I despise. Ah! but I have patience also—I will wait, and submit once more—the day of triumph must come at last. At midnight I will

stand humbly before the mighty madman. To his insults or reproaches I will listen, as to the howlings of some wild animal; but if I think he has a scheme against my life, my arm is still strong, my movements are quick—I will plunge my dagger into his heart."

It was nearly midnight. Paul sat reading by the light of a solitary lamp, in a small room of the gloomy palace, whose exterior fortifications and mysterious labyrinth-like interior construction served not to protect him from his fate. The room was hung with tapestry on all sides, and had no apparent opening either to admit light and air, or to serve for ingress and egress. Round three sides of this room ran passages so constructed that the slightest noise in them re-echoed loudly, while the tapestry and thick carpeting of the chamber deadened all sound within its precincts. The table, a bureau, a few chairs, a harpsichord, and a sofa were all the furniture of this room; a pale, delicate-looking young man, whose physiognomy showed his German origin, was sitting in profound silence on the sofa, which was placed just opposite the table at which the emperor was reading.

Suddenly Paul raised his head from his book, a wild light was in his eye, his lip quivered: "Franz," he exclaimed, "is not this glorious reading? Is it not magnificent to contemplate this spectacle of a nation wreaking its vengeance on its oppressors? The nobles heaped together in prisons, hacked to pieces by the ferocious mob; the night illuminated by the blaze of palaces! Ah!" and here throwing down the book, he stood erect, and with wild gestures continued, "Ah, Franz! it will come here, in Russia, as it came in France, that day of vengeance; our nobles will be slaughtered by peasants less ferocious than themselves; our palaces be consumed by incendiary fires; the monarch and his family dragged to execution by an infuriated populace. Well, be it so; I would rather die thus, victim of the just vengeance of an oppressed nation, than be murdered like my father by a faithless wife and a few other ambitious traitors. Yes! wretched serfs, come! tear down this palace that I have built so strong, not against you, but against your treacherous masters, and if you extirpate their accursed race, you may make of me a martyr-sovereign, and the martyr will forgive you," and here exhausted by the violence of his rage, Paul sank back into his chair.

Franz, who had not interrupted him during his paroxysm, now took from the bureau a small phial, and pouring some of its contents into a glass of water, held this to the emperor's lips; Paul drank the proffered beverage, and then fixed his eyes on Franz, who kneeling by his side, held one of his master's feverish hands in his own. After a few moments' silence, the emperor continued, in a hollow voice, but in a somewhat calmer tone than before—"I tell thee, Franz, some great judgment must come on this country, and on our family, to avenge all the foul murders that stain our annals, and will stain them yet—for all is not over, Franz—I shall be murdered—I feel it—perhaps one of my own family will connive at the deed—perhaps my children will have the same fate. However, before I die, I will punish one of my father's assassins. I could have had him put to death, Franz; I could even now send him to Siberia,—but I prefer humiliating him daily, and seeing him bear the affront he cannot repent. I still see his look when I told him that no one in Russia was so worthy as he to hold the pall over Peter III. I wonder how my magnificent mother likes the presence of her husband down in the vault. She can't get rid of him a second time, eh! Franz?"

"My gracious lord, drive these terrible thoughts from your brain; you must now be calm—Orloff will soon be here."

"Dear Franz, I love you, for you are not a Russian, so you can be faithful; nor am I Russian, my father was of German race, that is why there is a natural hatred between me and the Muscovite lords. You say right, Franz; I must compose myself to see Orloff."

Hastily rising, Franz opened the harpsichord, and striking a few chords, began to sing a plaintive German melody, subduing his naturally rich and powerful voice, so that the music flowed on the ear like some sweet harmony heard from a distance. As Paul listened, he gradually became calmer, the hectic spot left his cheek—the unnatural fire his eyes; the soft sounds that fell on his ear seemed to carry with them a soothing balm for his troubled spirit.

He raised his hand—Franz ceased to sing; steps resounded in one of the corridors that surrounded the chamber; in another second Franz had touched a spring, the tapestry was drawn aside, and discovered a low door that opened instantaneously. A few seconds after Orloff stood in the presence of the emperor.

Franz rose to close the door, not, however, by touching the secret spring, nor was the tapestry yet allowed to fall into its usual place. But though neither bolts grated nor key turned, Orloff's heart sank when he saw the door shut on him, yet the fear was more some instinctive dread of fresh insults than of death. While he stood uncertain and uneasy before the czar, the countenance of Paul was perfectly placid, and a smile almost benign played on his lips as he began—"Count Orloff, you who have devoted so many of the best years of your life to the service of my illustrious mother, and who still bear the marks of wounds received in that service, I am going to ask you not for a service, but for a great sacrifice."

He paused, and saw Orloff wince at the illusion to the scar on his cheek—indelible mark, imprinted there by his unfortunate victim in his death struggle.

In a husky voice Orloff replied, "Let my sovereign command; to serve him, my life and all I have were too poor a sacrifice."

"Orloff," continued Paul, still in the same calm tone, "you wear constantly a miniature that you doubtless value more than any other earthly treasure—the miniature of my illustrious mother, given you by herself as the reward of your devotion. Orloff, you must give me that miniature; it is the last sacrifice your sovereign asks of you; and trust me, that sacrifice shall not be forgotten; ere three days have elapsed, you shall receive the recompense." And he held out his hand, while Orloff perplexed at this unexpected demand, of which he could not yet see the bearing, detached from his uniform and handed to the czar the precious miniature. He felt that the audience was at an end, the hand of Franz was on the door, and the astonished count retired to meditate on this new freak of his eccentric sovereign's hatred to him.

When he was gone Franz again touched the spring, and the tapestry fell into its place. Paul beckoned to him, and showed him the miniature, an exceedingly small and admirably-executed likeness of the great Catherine, given by her to her then favourite and former accomplice, Orloff. The count had purchased an immense diamond, and caused it to be hollowed so as to receive and serve as a frame to the effigy of his imperial mistress.

The czar gazed on the portrait for a few moments; then taking a penknife, he coolly hacked to pieces and

picked out of the sparkling frame the little piece of enamel bearing the likeness of his august parent. "Franz," he then said, "take this diamond to the French artist, you will find him in the room above this, he has his orders. And let no one approach this room until tomorrow." Franz left to obey his master's orders, and Paul, throwing himself on the sofa, found in a few hours of sleep a refuge from his passions and his sufferings.

Two days elapsed without bringing to Orloff another summons to the imperial presence. He almost fancied that Paul's anger had been but a gust of violent temper that would subside, after having vented itself by forcing his enemy to appear in the funeral ceremony and by depriving him of the portrait of the late empress. But on the third day his immediate presence was commanded by the emperor.

This time Paul was not alone, but thirty or forty nobles were assembled round him in one of the state drawing rooms. Orloff glanced around the circle, and saw that it was composed of men between most of whom and himself there was coldness, if not enmity. Their faces were all lighted up with smiles, reflecting the bland and almost joyous expression which had now chased from Paul's countenance its usual gloom. When Orloff had advanced to the proper distance from his sovereign, and stood before him in the attitude of the profoundest respect, the czar said in a soft and clear voice, "Count Orloff, our august mother commanded you to wear her portrait, which she gave you as a small recompense for services that could never be sufficiently rewarded; but her son has not yet given you sufficient proof of his appreciation of those services. Wear, therefore, in future this portrait of our father, as a token of the esteem in which we shall ever hold you;" and advancing graciously and condescendingly towards the count, the emperor gave him the diamond, now containing the portrait of Peter III.

Orloff looked not up, but inclined his head more deeply than before, as, silently, he received the gift. "Attach it now to your uniform," said the czar, in a voice which, though extremely soft, had a commanding sound. Orloff obeyed, then deeply bowing again, and without raising his eyes, lest he should behold the countenances of those who witnessed his humiliation (though instinctively he felt every sneer he could not hear or see), he left the imperial presence, doomed to wear constantly and publicly the portrait of his victim.

"I have avenged my father's murder," said Paul to Franz, when they were again alone. "Who will avenge mine?"

THE SEAT OF WAR—THE SEAT OF HAPPINESS.

THE diversity of men's opinions upon most subjects, and the hopeless dissimilarity of their views upon one subject in particular—the means of attaining happiness—are topics which in all ages have provoked the mirth of the satirist, and engaged the speculations of the philosopher. But they are topics, which however frequently discussed, are still fresh and fragrant, for, like all things else which affect the character or destiny of our species, they have that salt of human interest which never loses its flavour. They are of a class of questions which, like the New River, enjoy perennial youth.

Blest be those heroes who have fought
For empire wide and great dominion;
Since, by their madness we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion!

And so it is—as much a matter of opinion as the respective attractions of crimson and violet. "Define the constituents of happiness, and describe the manner of their compounding"—what a stiff problem that would be at an honour-examination at Oxford or Cambridge! We remember to have heard of a countryman who, being gifted with two great blessings, or as *Iago* would describe them, two "good familiar creatures," a wife and a cow, kissed the latter in preference to the former. It was a barbarous proceeding, and would seem to entitle its perpetrator to be regarded rather as a two-legged rhinoceros than as a lord of creation; but what, after all, if he should shelter himself (as he is said to have done), under the ancient adage of "Every man to his taste?" Who is there amongst us who does not claim the benefit of that venerable proverb? Discredit it, or let it fall into abeyance, and what will become of the Water Cure, or of Homoeopathy, or of Table Turning, or of the Agapemone, or of the "holy and ever-glorious game" of hocky? Our tastes are as various as our features, and our ideals of happiness are more discrepant than either. Who shall make laws for the wild vicissitudes of taste, or prescribe limits for the erratic impulses of fancy? Dynasties have been overturned, and mighty empires laid prostrate in the dust, because men found it impossible to agree upon the conditions of happiness. Crochet and Berlin work appear to us despicable pastimes for other than female fingers, yet the author of "Home Life in Russia," himself a Russian, assures us that they are the favourite amusements of nobles, courtiers, and even warriors, in the frosty dominions of the Czar. Some people love smoking, in the famous sense that the Moor loved *Desdemona*, "not wisely, but too well," while to others a pipe is as much an instrument of torture as the rack or the thumb-screw. There are those who relish yachting, and there are those whose souls—and their stomachs too—sicken o'er the heaving wave: *Sunt quos curricula*, &c. We have read of ladies whose hearts were in cards—and we have known those to whom whist is "a mere gullery"—as the great John Selden would phrase it. Every man forms his own idea of felicity, and chases it up and down the hills and valleys of his imagination, till "Death, that mighty hunter, earths us all." Demophoon of old shivered when the sun shone on him; and Power, the great Irish actor, used to impersonate an eccentric Milesian, whose "fatigue," as the comedian called it, began when he sat down, and who, after a hard day's work, would run a couple of miles to rest himself! Horne Tooke begged to be excused from sea-bathing, on the ground that pickles did not agree with him—but we met an old gentleman at Torquay a few years ago who was so furiously fond of the ocean that he used to get up at six o'clock on a November morning—our teeth chatter to think of it—and go into the sea with a lanthorn in his hand, which he fixed (not the hand but the lanthorn) on the top of a long pole, whose pointed extremity he stuck in the sand. This is a fact, and if any man take exception to it, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, we care not. The strangeness of the subjects on which literary men exercise their pens, furnishes another, and a not less remarkable illustration of the universal maxim. Dante delighted to picture hell; De Foe's subtle fancy luxuriated in the horrors of the plague; and Milton found his happiness in penning dialogues for the sulphureous lips of Satan. In more ancient authors the same perversity is visible. Cardan wrote in favour of Nero, and of the gout; Synesius pronounced a panegyric on poverty—a thing which, to speak

the truth, has at least the merit of fidelity, seeing that it clings to a man when his best friends forsake him; Passerat was eloquent in commendation of blindness; Favorin devoted his pen to an eulogium on ugliness and the quartain fever; Schuppins, Glancon, and Erasmus wrote three famous treatises, the first in honour of war, the second of injustice, and the third of folly; and Duverdier, a Frenchman, capped the climax of absurdity, and triumphantly vindicated freedom of opinion by singing the praises of HUNGER! In all classes and conditions of life you may detect the same remarkable enthusiasm, and amongst no people is it more common than amongst the English, cold and phlegmatic though they are reputed to be. The same spirit which in the Middle Ages sent out knight-errants on the most Quixotic enterprises—cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, dissolving enchantments—survives to our own day, and only differs in the manner of its development. It has taken a different form, but the *spiritus intus* is the same. "What glorious work!" said Nelson, at the battle of Copenhagen, while cannon-balls were flying around his ears as thick as hail-stones—"what glorious work! I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" And we all remember with what infinite gusto Sir Charles Napier, in describing the destruction of Bomarsund a few months ago, dwelt upon the "beautiful" manner (that was his word), in which the shell and mortars whizzed in the air and blew the devoted fortress to the moon. It would appear as though imminent peril had some magnetic influence on that fine particle within us which expands, rarefies, and refines our whole being. Wherever the needle travels we find Englishmen wandering in search of adventure, which is but another word for happiness, and scenes the most terrific and discomforting that can well be imagined—rubbing skirts with danger in its most appalling forms, and flinging their glove in the teeth of death. It is all one to them, whether they wander through the orange-groves of the South, or defying the rage and rigour of a Polar sky, plant the unconquered flag of England amid the icy solitudes and eternal snows of the Arctic circle. What a sight it must have been to have seen Captain Peel standing on the top of a redoubt at Balaklava, while the air was black with bullets, and waving the Union Jack by two corners, after it had been severed from the flag-staff! There has been no finer display of composure under danger since the night that Napoleon sat quietly down on the battlements of the Kremlin, and by the lurid flames of the blazing City of Moscow, indited a play-bill for the *Théâtre Français*. Assuredly happiness is a matter of opinion, and the present war abounds in instances to prove it. The animal spirits of the sailors at Balaklava show themselves in the most exuberant daring. Captain Lushington having told some of them who had worked for several hours at the Seamen's Battery, that they might now go and have a "lark," they instantly jumped on the parapets to have it *themselves*. At that battery, indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty that they are restrained from exposing themselves in this way every moment, as nothing will content them but watching the course of the balls as they fire them. There is only one martial duty with which they cannot be trusted, and that is to guard the casks of ration rum—the spirit invariably vanishes under their care. *Apropos* of this foible, the author of a very amusing little book, published the other day under the title of "A Month in Sebastopol," suggests, in reply to a remark on the difficulties of penetrating into that re-

doubtable redoubt, "Only put up a grog-shop on the other side, and the sailors will be sure to find their way through!"—an ingenious refinement, certainly, on the old philosophy, "a sprat to catch a salmon." The suggestion is, to the full, as witty as that attributed to Sydney Smith, namely, that English musicians should be employed to play the *Ranz des Vaches* through the streets of London in the hope of exciting in the breasts of foreigners such a heart-sickness for their own country as would induce them to go home. And, by the way, talking of that little volume, "A Month in Sebastopol," reminds us that its author's expedition to the Crimea is, in itself, no inapt illustration of our trite maxim, that happiness is a matter which dwells in "our own desiring fantasy." Here was a gentleman—and his, he it remembered, is the case of many—who, urged by no impulse of duty, for he is a civilian, not a soldier, voluntarily exchanged the comfort, luxury, and security of a great capital, for the terrors and privations of a stormy promontory in the Euxine, where war and winter have alike arrayed themselves in their most terrific aspects. It is the sentiment of an enterprise that lends to it its most seductive charm, and steels men to the endurance of the direst calamities. Sympathy is no doubt a fine spring of action, and exercises a powerful influence, for it is not less true *now* than in the time of Churchill, that

Britons, like Roman patriots famed of old,
Are cast by nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their souls engrossed by public weal or woe.

But sympathy, though it will do much, will not do all; and it is, we repeat, the *sentiment* of an enterprise that lends to it its brightest glory and its most attractive grace. In situations of great peril, men become sensible of the beauty and grandeur of the principle of self-renunciation, and they rush with eager speed to scenes where happiness is in an inverse proportion to animal enjoyment. When read by the light of the Christian philosophy, what a sublime significance there is in the saying of the Pagan poet

Qui patitur nullis speratur ille Deis.

—There is not one of the gods who looks with contempt upon him who suffers. Our "non-combatant"—for so the author of the book in question, whoever he may be, styles himself—corroborates all that has been said by a hundred other writers respecting the physical discomforts of the Crimea, but, like that famous king of old who grew fat on poison, he seems to have extracted merriment from all his misfortunes, and, to hear him talk, you would really suppose that the camp was the head-quarters of human happiness. And what is very pleasant to observe is, that he found in our soldiers the same sunny-hearted philosophy. They were all alike willing to make the best of their destiny, and there was discernible in all that manly spirit of resignation which enables us to realise, even amid the most distressing fortunes, what Lord Bacon so eloquently describes as "a constant quick sense of felicity, and a noble satisfaction." The town of Balaklava—anything that flattering pens and pencils may say to the contrary—he describes as "a sad, tumble-down affair." It is situated two or three hundred yards from the mouth of the harbour, and straggles for about a quarter-of-a-mile along the south side of it, on the narrow strip of shore which there intervenes between the water and the rock. In general effect it reminded him of the sort of places one sees in some parts of Scotland, where stone is abundant and nothing else, and where copious whitewash

does duty for repairs. "Lord Raglan's house was not much above the level of the general wretchedness. Before the door paced to and fro a sentry, whose get-up was not at all out of keeping with his situation. He had a soiled red coat; its ragged worsted tags were the reverse of ornamental, and its open collar showed neither stock nor shirt. His rusty black trousers gaped vainly here and there for buttons, and were tucked up unceremoniously at the heels to keep dry. His boots were the colour of the dust they trod on; so were his Saxon locks and sun-burnt face. Nevertheless, there was that about his quiet, honest bearing which would, I think, have proclaimed him, even without the distinctive red, a British soldier." Our pensive wanderer pool-pools "the Great Asian Mystery," and admonishes his readers that if they should have to discourse on the marvellous virtues of the Arab race, they should set it roundly down that they are hospitable because they live in tents. Under similar conditions of canvas, John Bull beats them hollow. Such, at least, was the ethnological conviction at which our author arrived. "All the more valuable," he drolly adds, "as I never travelled in Arabia." Nothing, certainly, is more conducive to fraternity of feeling than fellowship of rough usage. This is just what may be seen at every step in the Crimea. The battle-field has this in common with the grave—to which it is often the ante-chamber—that it vindicates the consanguinity of all mortal men. "Stuck-up people," magnificent in Regent Street, have no business there; nor will it do for a man to toss his head in the air in a place where a flying shell may at any moment leave him without that respectable appendage. Of patricians and plebeians in the Crimea, it may with equal truth be averred that "their lodging is on the cold ground." Sir De Lacy Evans' tent differed in no respect from that of the common soldier. A single wax candle placed on the ground lit the interior. Canvas forage-bags, cloaks, and waterproofs spread around, hid the bare earth; and on them reclined *more antiquo* the general and his staff. The "non-combatant" alone enjoyed the dignity of a seat—on a portmanteau. No such thing as table, chair, bed, bedding, or couch, was visible! "As I looked at these simple arrangements, I could not help thinking if such was all the comfort enjoyed by a general in the Crimea, what must be the condition of inferior officers?" It was not till afterwards that he learned that in these respects Sir De Lacy Evans could not be persuaded to allow himself, either on the score of his years or of his rank, the smallest advantage over his subalterns. "You do not of course imagine," writes our pacific friend, "that our entertainment (dinner) was of the full-dress order. Everybody, in fact, except my unmilitary self, wore the working staff uniform—blue frock and gilt-buttons, blue, red-striped trousers, and high boots—nor did any one doff his gold-laced forage-cap in compliment either to the occasion, or to the flimsy canopy which alone protected our heads from heaven. Altogether—setting aside a grotesque figure on a portmanteau—a painter might have made something of the gallant group which, lit by that solitary candle, lay little dreaming of a tableau round the figure of their chief." The bitterest trial of all that the army has to endure, and indeed the only one which seems to have a depressing influence on the spirits of the men, consists in the utter absence of adequate means to ensure personal cleanliness. All Crimean campaigners concur in describing this as an intolerable grievance. The sea is too distant for bathing; and though there are little springs in various neighbouring

hollows, nobody has vessels which can be applied to washing. The men have only the small pans which they use in cooking; the officers, destitute even of these, borrow them from the men, and manage perhaps such a toilet as can be accomplished with half-a-pint of water, unaided by towel, soap, nail-brush, tooth-brush, hair-brush, or comb. Razors naturally are out of the question, and the soldiers there are so many British Esaua. Think of that, ye exquisites, and bless the stars ye are wont to curse! The generals, field-officers, and staff, are somewhat better off. They possess basins and tubs: those who like it can shave; and our "non-combatant" even saw a few white shirts, though they were not starched. "Still it was only the other day that even this portion of the army got tents over their heads; and that you may not have too exalted a notion of their comforts, I will describe to you the costume in which I lately saw the colonel of a regiment making his morning's report to General Brown. Both stood outside Sir George's tent, and I was one of a fumigating group not far off. The colonel's black trousers hung in folds over his spurs for lack of braces. His red coat was fastened with three buttons, and showed to advantage a chocolate-coloured flannel shirt. The long ends of a silk neck-cloth, tied in a sailor's knot, dangled over the coat, and over all was a dilapidated great coat, which had certainly not been brushed for the occasion. One hand he kept in his fob; the other held a well-browned meerschaum; and with many vigorous pulls thereat, he told his story." With the exception of the meerschaum and the potent pulls thereat, we have seen just such a figure before now in the middle of a corn-field, and great was the dismay of the crows. His pipe was to the gallant (and ragged) colonel a *dulce solatium in malis*—his rosy cherub and his loving wife—his guide, philosopher, and friend—the lamp, the star, the compass of his life. To the rank and file it would seem to be no less. Some honest folks at home are wont to denounce tobacco as the root of all evil, but to the Crimean campaigner, it is the veritable *elixir vite*: unfortunately, it is difficult to procure. Our "non-combatant" tells a story of two privates who had got hold of a goose which they intended for their day's consumption. An officer coveting the bird, offered ten shillings for it, and it was refused! A few minutes afterwards the men bartered it with somebody else for a lump of tobacco, which in England might have cost two-pence! It is all very well for people in easy circumstances at home to cry down tobacco, and the achievement is all the easier if they get their living, as is the fact with some, by doing so, but the soldier before Sebastopol, who goes out to the works at four o'clock in the morning, and is not relieved till the same hour next day, is in a different case altogether. What is it to those poor fellows, lying on their stomachs to avoid shot and shell, all through the bitter night, on the bare ground, that total abstinence from tobacco promotes longevity? Alas! even Sunday shines no sabbath-day to them, and their ears are less familiar with bells than with mortars on that sacred day. Very graphic is the picture which our friend from the Temple draws of Sunday in the camp: "We were scarcely placed in position before the loud rush of round shot from the fort was heard again and again in our ears, causing sundry dislocations of the square—the men grinning and swaying about at each whirr in a kind of jocular disorder. Nothing was left for it but to move off; so we took up our ground a few hundred yards lower down, and here—though a fleecy little cloudlet which

announced its birth in a thunder-clap, showed that a shell had burst above us, not very far off to our rear—the service was conducted to a close. Everybody, of course, stands upon these occasions throughout the ceremony. To obviate fatigue, therefore, the litany and communion were omitted. The chaplain preached extemporaneously, and with so excellent a voice, that, though the wind was blowing his surplice about, it did not drown his tones. I was amused by his British *sang froid*. Half his congregation might perish round the walls of Sebastopol before next church-parade—a theme which the threatening missiles exploding about him would have served sufficiently well to enforce—but he utterly disdained such obvious rhetoric. Perhaps, indeed, it is considered undesirable to make allusions of the kind, and certainly they are too patent to need much insisting on. At any rate, the reverend gentleman neither noticed the pyrotechnics in his sound, practical sermon, nor in his own person, but stood with his back to the fort, and preached on some every-day text, and never changed his voice or turned his head in compliment to shot or shell." A sermon punctuated with cannon-balls is certainly an alarming undertaking for the most heroic parson. But man is a plastic animal, and like that creature in the East which has the property of changing its colour to that of the foliage around it, we can, fortunately, adapt our habits to the circumstances of our destiny. Who that reads of such scenes and such characters, can doubt that happiness is a relative term—the thing itself depending less on external influences than on the state of a man's own heart—and that, while many are uneasy amid the most luxurious circumstances at home, there are many abroad who regard the Camp in the Crimea, with all its diabolical dangers and Stygian horrors, as the head-quarters of human happiness?

MELOPOYN.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER VIII.—(continued.)

THE STORY OF SHEIKH DULLA.

Upon the breaking up of the grand army in 1818, which terminated the campaigns against the Pindarrees, one or two chiefs of small renown, who commanded particular *golas* (bodies of horse), when on predatory excursions, effected their escape accompanied by a few of their most determined and staunch adherents, to the most impenetrable fastnesses in and about the Kalerbhat hills which lie south of the Nurbudda; where for a time they remained in a state of comparative peace and quietness, forsaking their freebooting expeditions and contenting themselves with living on the fruits of former unlawful gains; but as the adage has it, "going oft to the meal-tub and putting nothing into it will soon reach the bottom," this kind of life could not last long, nor was such a listless state at all adapted or congenial to their roving and restless spirits. Aware that a price was set on their heads, prudence as well as policy required that they should lie quiet in their haunts until all pursuit had been given up, and they should have become in a manner forgotten. "Dire necessity," however, added to that thirst for levying black mail so inherent in the life-veins of a Pindarree, soon caused them to roam at large once more.

The hero of my story, by name Sheikh Dulla, was a man of by no means a prepossessing exterior; in the first place, he was short in stature, and of a very dark complexion, indeed, really black; and secondly, his face

bore a forcible impress of having been a martyr to small-pox ravages. In his manners he was aught but repulsive; on the contrary his demeanour was insinuating, and in conversation he had a happy knack of concealing his real character and profession. In point of years he numbered about five-and-thirty, or maybe forty. Born and educated within the precincts of a marauding camp, he imbibed with his mother's milk a strong predilection for rapine and a no less thirst for blood which he hesitated not to shed (though seldom by his own hands, leaving it to his followers to carry his will into execution) when thwarted in his lustful or avaricious designs upon females and plunder: few were the contracts which he ratified that did not bear impress of the bloody seal.

During the campaigns against the sheikh's sworn friends, the fellow always contrived to find safety in flight whenever overtaken or hard pressed by our troops, on which occasions his *gole* would separate, and he would allow none but a chosen few to be his companions when flying on a fleet-paced mare from the field of fight for the point of re-union, always preconcerted, and which was always reached by footpaths and forests, in a labyrinthic knowledge of which he is said to have "not a little," excelled. From the innumerable, and many of them hair-breadth escapes, which Sheikh Dulla had met with, when pursued for his very life by the "dogs of war," his followers almost worshipped him as a leader, and looked upon him, if not exactly, at least akin to immortal, and gloried in attaching themselves to his fortunes. Many are the tales which are related of the sheikh's almost miraculous escapes from his enemies. One of them just occurs to me:—Sheikh Dulla and his followers, having paid repeated visits—professional, of course—to the different villages, which lie between Boorhampoor and his favourite haunt and place of retreat, the fort of Narnulla, situated on the river Taptee, at length became emboldened by his great and repeated success in forage matters to extend his trips further from home, and practise upon the unoffending villages closely bordering upon, as well as within, the Company's jurisdiction. News so alarming to the peaceful villagers was not long in reaching the nearest military post, when it was deemed necessary to order out a detachment of native infantry to slay or take prisoner this daring freebooter.

The officer in command was likewise furnished with a few irregular horsemen, and making their services subservient to his plans, devised a stratagem, whereby he trusted to the wily sheikh's falling into his hands, for he well knew from the repeated failures of our troops before, that without a *ruse* he had not the slightest chance of "catching the lion in his lair."

Accordingly the detachment no sooner reached the scene of Sheikh Dulla's predatory warfare, than the officer dismounted a part of his troopers, and habiting them like so many poverty-stricken *brinjarees* or bullock drivers, made over to their charge a string of bullocks, on whose backs were placed bags of sand so contrived as to resemble both in shape and size the canvas bags of grain which those itinerants convey throughout the whole interior of central India. Each mock *brinjarry* took with him his pair of loaded pistols concealed from view within the ample folds of a muslin girdle; and having received particular instructions to keep secret from the inhabitants of the villages and country through which they were about to pass, the real nature of their craft as well as the embassy they were on, were informed by way of impetus to the successful termination of their enterprise, that a

epithet roused the anger of the *baboo* (for such is the title given to native gentlemen in Bengal) and he at once hinted that if his wishes were not complied with, even without the pecuniary consideration, he would let the government know the real condition of affairs in the collectorate of Muddlemore. Toadleton's rage at this declaration was ungovernable. He seized a whip which lay upon his table, and inflicted chastisement upon the *baboo*—at all times a great outrage in the esteem of a Hindoo, but the more so if he happened, as was the case in this instance, to be a man of high Brahminical caste.

As the *baboo* ran down the steps before the infuriated collector, the two officers came up. Toadleton desisted from the infliction of further chastisement, and walked back into his house, the officers following him.

"A villain! a scoundrel!" ejaculated the angry Toadleton, "to dare to insinuate—"

"Insinuate!" cried Major Wildman, "did you say insinuate? I abhor an insinuation. Give me open abuse—direct, plump insults. I can bear *them*, for I know how to deal with them."

Toadleton could not resist the indulgence of a sneer.

"I should think you did. Your experience in such matters must have made you familiar with their mode of treatment."

The major did not relish this remark. "Look ye, sir," said he, getting very red in the gills, "I have faced the devil at Duddlenbad, and scattered Mahrattas and Rajpoots at the head of my Light Bobs; but I have also learned the virtue of forbearance. My courage, sir, is of the moral as well as the physical order. I have endured, can endure, and may endure—but damme, sir, not always—not every body—not every *thing*."

Toadleton rejoined, "I never doubted your passiveness. My own faculty of endurance is not so remarkable. For instance, I cannot endure more of your society; but as I do not expect you will relieve me of the burthen, you will excuse my acting for myself in the matter, and taking my leave." Saying which, he walked into an inner apartment.

[To be continued.]

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

ENGLAND, England! nurse of heroes,
Who, on many a battle-plain,
Fought, and bled, and bravely conquered,
Rouse thy warriors once again;
Toll them that the contest rages,
Tell them of the thick'ning fight;
Tell them that the danger presses,
Tell them of the Russian might;
Sound the war-cry loud and shrill,
Let it roll from hill to hill.

At the summons *seo* appearing
Many a brave and gallant heart,
Pressing forward to the battle,
In the strife to take a part.
From fair Scotia's rugged mountains,
From each lone, secluded glen,
Many a valiant warrior cometh,
Many a band of noble men;
And the battle-cry they hear
Causes them no dastard fear.

Now, oh! noble Scottish warriors,
Think upon your ancient fame;
Make the stubborn Russ remember
Mighty Bruce's conquering name,
And as once ye fought for freedom,
And with Wallace nobly died,
Fight again, for 'his endangered
By the haughty Russian's pride;
Hasten onward to the fight—
See your swords be sharp and bright.

By the memory of your fathers,
By the prowess of each clan,
By the deeds of ancient valour
Which at Bannockburn began,
Up! and rouse ye for the conflict,
Up! and hasten to the fight.
Seize your weapons and march onward;
God himself will aid the right,
And the Russian soon shall know
Highland warriors deal the blow.

Cambria's sons are also hast'ning
To the succour of the brave;
They, as ancient legends tell us,
Trembled not at Cæsar's rage;
But, when all around were conquered,
Spurned th' invader's hateful sway—
In their cliffs and rocky places
Kept the mighty chief at bay.
See! they come with headlong speed,
Welcome in the hour of need.

Welcome! welcome, gallant warriors,
Welcome in this trying hour,
For your proffered aid is wanted,
To restrain the Russian power.
As of yore ye foiled the Cæsar,
And upheld the British name,
Be ye now as firmly minded
To preserve your ancient fame.
Up! and raise the battle-cry—
"Win the day or nobly die!"

Warriors, too, of brave green Erin,
Rally, rally to the fight;
Let your cry be "Freedom! freedom!—
Lo, we come to aid the right!"
By the memory of your chieftains,
Famed in many a tale of old,
By the memory of their prowess,
Be ye dauntless, firm, and bold.
Up! and hasten to the fight—
Up! and battle for the right.

English warriors, firm and true,
Answer to the rallying cry;
For your country and your sovereign,
Proudly wave your banners high.
Never yet in English annals
Has th' appeal been made in vain—
Always foremost in the conflict,
On the land or on the main,
Up! and mingle in the fray—
Brave hearts look for you to-day.

England calls you, England calls you,
In a dark and dangerous hour,
To oppose a cruel conqueror,
To repel a tyrant's power;
By the memory of your heroes,
Fall'n on many a battle-plain,
In the pride of power and conquest,
Rouse, ye warriors, once again;
Hasten, hasten to the fight—
Hasten, and defend the right.

Take the banner: as ye bear it,
Think upon the days of yore—
Think how your heroic fathers
Bravely carried it before;
Emulate their ancient valour,
Emulate their glorious fame;
In the hour of dread and danger,
Still uphold the British name.
Rouse! and hurry to the fight—
Rouse! and charge for England's right.

Oh! British warriors, once again
Listen to your country's call—
Onward march to meet the Russian—
Bravely fight or bravely fall.
England's prayers and hopes go with you,
And attend you to the field;
Nobly then, brave hearts, march onward—
Trust in Heaven's protecting shield.
Go, brave warriors, to the fight—
Go, and "God defend the right!"

HOW THE FRENCH EXAMINE THE RUSSIAN DEFENCES AT SEBASTOPOL.

THE following graphic details of the manner in which the French volunteers make midnight examinations of the Russian works in front of Sebastopol, is from the pen of a young French officer with his regiment in the Crimea:—

"Starting from the Belfry House, inhabited by the major who commands in the trenches, and which is the centre of all the orders relating to the siege operations, you enter the covered zig-zags leading to the parallels. The first parallel joins the second on the left; it leads now, without interruption, to the quarantine *jauboury*. The second parallel, which on the left stretches 300 or 400 metres into the bay, touches on the right the third parallel. It passes at the point where two ravines meet, and which unite at a depth of 100 feet. At their point of junction there is a knoll, called the Green Hill, occupied, it is said, by 1,000 Russians, and distinctly visible from the right extremity of the third parallel, by raising one's head carefully above the parapet. The sinuosities of the valley protect the Russians there from the guns of a battery placed between the English and French lines of the attack. On the decline they have constructed ambuscades, or shelters, one metre in height, of solid stone; they have crenellated the walls, and keep a watchful eye on every living thing that shows itself. It is from this point that they often make sorties, either on the French right or on the English left. The difficulty of cutting a way in the rock has greatly retarded the moment when our works can force this important point, which is supported by two guns loaded with grape; but it will inevitably be carried by the first success of the third parallel. In advance of the Green Hill there is a small lake where the two ravines discharge. It separates them from a third ravine which descends from the English lines, joins the two others, and passes behind the Flagstaff Battery. On this spot the eye dwells with delight. It is a great pleasure to behold still water, poplar trees, gardens, and a mill, it is true without its clapper. This oasis, which the cannon ball alone protects against the cannon ball, is too dangerous to be inhabited for any one to think of seeking a refuge there. Above the mill, still on the opposite incline of the deep valley which stops us, are a number of Russian cottages, which, seen from the right of the third parallel, appear on the flank. They are all of the same dimensions, of the same whiteness, with the same two black open windows. On the left is the town; the church and an isolated house with a green roof are visible. The *plateau* between the incline which we see, and that which descends to the sea-shore is crowned by batteries with a formidable row of cannon mouths. Here the English will have a great part to play when the general assault takes place. The Flagstaff Battery, eighty metres in front of the third parallel, is a ruin. But it holds out. In front of the bastion there is a deep ditch, well furnished with palisades, and the counterscarp, which bristles with *chevaux de frise*. A French battery of six mortars can send shell and rocket into the bastion from the third parallel. Along the whole development of our trenches there are, at the distance of about twenty metres, crenellated earthworks. Our sharpshooters ambuscade there, and keep a sharp look-out. Woe to the workman or curious individual who shows himself! In vain have the Russian riflemen constructed along their whole front ambuscades similar to ours. In boldness and skill we bear off the palm. It is an

interesting sight to see our riflemen creep along, like foxes or snakes, from stone to stone, under the very walls of the town, when cannon are brought to bear against them in reply to their rifles. At night it is a continual *feu d'artifice*. At intervals also the trenches are enlarged, and, instead of a simple parapet surmounted by gabions and earthwork, a flight of many steps *en sautoir* is constructed. Here the support battalions advance when a sortie is made. It would be difficult to convey a just idea of the hard work of the siege division. Duty in the trenches lasts twenty-four hours, without counting the time employed in going and returning. We pass one night out of the three in a hole or ditch of water, where it is impossible to light a fire to keep out the cold. One's back against the gabions, one's feet on a heap of stones, the musket within reach, almost without seeing one another, officers and men struggle against sleep, and are ready to start to their feet on the first alarm of the sentries. It is military heroism *en permanence*. The siege army has bored twenty kilometres in the rock; it obstinately defends its works under a shower of missiles against an enemy hidden behind walls and in ravines, continually reinforced by men and ammunition. Alma was settled in three hours—Inkerman in one—the siege requires months! The young soldiers recently arrived from France, take a long time to get accustomed to such hard work, but the veteran troops only exhibit impatience at waiting for the glorious object they have in view; they know that their enemy is harder up than themselves, and this thought makes them brave every sort of suffering. The other night, in a deluge of rain and in complete darkness, some twenty of those intrepid volunteers, known in the army as *enfants perdus*, because they risk their lives in the most daring enterprises, passed out of our trenches. Two led the way, one behind the other, at the distance of five paces. The rest of the band followed, commanded by an officer called Benner, formerly of the 7th regiment of the line. They all crept along on their bellies in dead silence. Their chief, an old Zouave, had taught them how. As each man lies down he glides along his rifle to the full stretch of his arm; he then glides on himself, and thus gets on without noise or embarrassment, always ready to bound to his feet should an enemy surprise him. The first in advance acted as guide; he felt the way; the second communicated with the officer surrounded by his band. Every man had his eyes and ears on the alert. The path they took made a circuit. They had to leave on the right an earthwork occupied by Russians. To fall upon it, carry it, or kill them, would not have been a difficult task, but as it would have given the alarm, it was necessary to double it and glide between it and the ditch, inspect the enemy's works, and return without letting them be aware of the danger they had incurred. Before entering the narrow strip which separates the narrow *fosse* from the Russian post, the officer left more than half his men on station. Should his party be discovered they were to fall upon the post. He himself, with five or six determined men, enters the dangerous path, and proceeds alongside the *fosse*. With his hand he tries the strength of the defences—they are bound very firmly together, and are fixed fast in the ground. The *fosse* is six feet deep and full of rain water. It seems possible to scale the *fosse*—to tear up the defences would require time, it would be better to burn them; the *chevaux de frise* are connected together by chains. If the one burns the other will remain; it is more advisable to carry them off some twenty yards—

once there, they are ours. The night is pitch dark. A few steps a-head a man appears. Astonished, he glides towards him. It is one of his own men. If they all get up they are lost; a trench stops him—he hears the sound of the spade and pickaxe in the rock; he hears the workmen converse—the guard splash with their feet in the water—the men cough. What does this mean? The sound is hollow—it is a mine. It commences here and leads there. But the rain continues to pour down. It is bitter cold, and the flash of a gun may lead to their discovery. The officer gives the signal to retreat. They return the way they came. Their track on the moist earth guides them. They pass again the Russian out-work. The Russians little suspect a mortal foe is so near them. The men speak low together; they might take them all prisoners, but it would be imprudent. There are other parts of the defences to be examined. The success of the enterprise is more valuable than the death of ten Russian soldiers. Finally, all having been explored, they rejoin the remainder of the band who are waiting for them lying down on the mud. ‘Anything new, boys?’ says the officer. ‘Nothing.’ ‘Then let us return.’ And these twenty brave fellows, wet to the skin, pass our sentries, who were becoming anxious about them, in the same silence as before. It is said that in the night between the 28th and 29th of December the same men destroyed some works which annoyed our troops, took a prisoner despite of themselves, and carried off some sacks of powder. One of them received a ball in the foot.”

THE RUSSIAN SERF.

The Russian serf is far more happy, and far better treated, than foreigners imagine, and, in general, the peasant himself seems to be averse to any sudden change in his condition. One of the most striking traits in the character of the *mozgik* (or serf), is his extraordinary devotion to his sovereign, whom he looks upon as an earthly God, and even calls him so. The intemperance of the lower classes is one of the greatest failings of the Russian serf. In the *kabaks* (the drinking houses in St. Petersburg), *vodka* (the name for Russian spirits), was drank in 1827 to the amount of eight millions of roubles; and in 1833 to the amount of eight millions and a half—which gives to every male inhabitant of St. Petersburg, about forty roubles a-year for *vodka*, or about four painful and full of liquor! The Russian serf is cunning and crafty, but, at the same time, far more intelligent than the peasants of many other countries. He is likewise wonderfully dexterous; in fact, he is fit for any trade or handicraft. His hospitality is very great; his courage unbounded—to a degree amounting to contempt of danger. The serf seems to look with indifference upon death—and this feeling is innate in the child as well as the grown man. A Russian nobleman, during a tempest on the Gulf of Finland, found himself in danger of perishing. “Oh, sir,” said a boy of eleven years, “if it be the will of God we shall die, it is not, after all, so great a misfortune—we cannot die twice.” His devotion is extreme, but mixed up with great superstition. The Russian peasant firmly believes in household devils, water and forest devils, sprites, gnomes, &c. A certain sprite, called *Donovoe*, plays a grand rôle in their abodes—he lives, they suppose, under the floor. By charms, the *znakars* (half sages, half sorcerers), cure diseases of every kind, stop blood, &c., and bring men and women back to their senses when they happen to fall in love. Mr. Turnerelli mentions a case which had come under his own

knowledge during his sojourn in Russia:—A young peasant, he stated, fell desperately in love; his parents were opposed to the match, and he did not wish to disobey them; so, struggling between love and duty, he got into a low, melancholy mood; passed whole nights in the woods, wringing his hands, and refusing every kind of food and consolation. Somebody told him that the girl had bewitched him—he believed it, and went to the *znakar*. The latter told him that “the spell would be broken if he went to the house of his mistress and gave her a good beating! He did so—whipped her furiously, and came home whistling, laughing, and as completely cured of his love as if he had never seen the girl who had bewitched him. With regard to the question whether the Russian serf is humane or inhuman, Mr. Turnerelli seems to think that much of both is mixed up in his character. At first it strikes a traveller as strange, that if a man falls in the streets, from sickness or accident, that everybody should stare him as if he was attacked by the plague; but this is to be explained by the reluctance of the people to meddle with the duties of the police. He had himself been arrested and taken to the police-office for having attempted to get on his legs a drunken man, lying in the middle of the street, who collared him, and swore he wanted to strangle him! In a word, the Russian serf may be described as good-humoured, courteous, hospitable, religious, intelligent, dexterous, daring to excess, patriotic, and above all, devoted to his sovereign. But, on the other hand, he is addicted to drunkenness, disgusting in his oaths, cringing, servile, disposed to cheating, lying, and thieving—sometimes inhuman, and, in many cases, as reckless of other men’s lives as he is of his own.

WHY SHOULD NOT THE CRIMEA BE RESTORED TO TURKEY?

The Russian invasion of the Crimea in 1698 dates but one hundred and fifty-six years ago, and it is scarcely eighty-three years since the first successes were obtained in that quarter. It was not till 1783, seventy-one years ago, that Catherine declared those provinces united to Russia, so that no claim of long possession or prescription can be invoked in favour of a government whose progress, from the earliest ages, has been marked by treachery, by fraud, and by the most insidious corruption. These remarks apply with equal force to Russia’s acquisitions on the side of Persia and of Georgia. These aggressions, first commencing between 1715 and 1724, were more or less continued till 1800, when Georgia was declared a Russian province, and the members of the reigning family of that kingdom carried in captivity into Russia.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CARDIGAN.

A correspondent has forwarded us the following anecdote of the hero of Balaklava:—“Lord Cardigan was lately attracted by a group of persons standing at a shop-window in Bond Street, eagerly gazing at a painting representing his lordship on horseback at one of the engagements in the Crimea. Feeling anxious to become the purchaser, he entered the shop and asked the price. ‘Seventy guineas, sir,’ replied the attendant. ‘Well,’ said Lord Cardigan, ‘I feel great interest in his lordship, and some people say I am even like him; I will buy the picture.’ The shopman declared he could not see the likeness, but averred that the painting resembled his lordship. Lord Cardigan then informed him who he was, and told him that he might keep the picture in his window as long as the public cared to see it, and then send it home.”



[THE LATE LIEUT. H. C. HARRIOTT, 41st REGIMENT.]

THERE are few more painful duties than that of recording the death of a young and gallant soldier. LIEUTENANT HUGH CHARLES HARRIOTT, late of the 41st Regiment, (whose portrait we have engraved above), was one of the first—if not the first—officer who fell beneath the fire of the Russians, in one of the earliest sorties from Sebastopol. Lieutenant Harriott, who was in his twenty-first year, was the youngest son of the late Rev. W. Harriott, vicar of Odiham, and domestic chaplain to the Earl of Beverley. He was educated at the Royal College of Sandhurst, where he early gave evidence of extraordinary capacity for the military profession. Whilst pursuing his studies at college he especially distinguished himself for his proficiency in field fortification, and had the honour of carrying away no less than six prizes in various departments of military science. To an enthusiastic attachment for his profession, he combined those amiable qualities of the heart which rendered him not only popular amongst his brother-officers, but made him a special favourite with the men of his company. The 41st was the first regiment that crossed the river at the battle of Alma, and Lieutenant Harriott, in a letter to his family, thus describes the passage:—"Our regiment came especially under Lord Raglan's notice as we crossed the stream or river with the staff. The reason we suffered so little, I think, is that we crossed the river first, and they hardly knew we were there till we were through the burning village. I was deeply drenched with fire and dust, and the shot and shell whistled and cracked around us in every direction.

I shall be able to tell you some of the scenes on that battle-field when I see you again. To describe them here is impossible." On the 26th of October the Russians made a sortie in considerable force from Sebastopol, and Brigadier-General Adams ordered the 41st Regiment, among others, to repulse them. Lieutenant Harriott took the command of his company in consequence of the absence from illness of Captain Steward, and led them against a far superior force. The company to which he belonged charged the Russian masses with that bravery and "solidity" which has won for the British infantry the admiration of the French; and just as the enemy were giving way, Lieutenant Harriott received a musket-ball in the left shoulder, which fractured the collar-bone, but was not supposed at the time to have touched any vital part. The Russians were defeated on that occasion with a loss of 1,000 men, and the gallant manner in which Lieutenant Harriott performed his duty, won for him the marked thanks of the Brigadier of the Division (General Adams). The wound which he received unfortunately took an unfavourable turn. The ball ultimately lodged in the muscles of the back, having passed through the upper part of the lungs, and inflicted an injury of a vital character. He was removed to the hospital at Scutari, where he gradually sunk until he expired on the 8th of December. The estimation in which this gallant young officer was held may be gathered from the following letter addressed to his mother from Captain Steward.

Nottingham, Dorchester, 9th January, 1855.

My dear Madam,—As a brother officer and most intimate friend of your gallant son, I cannot refrain from condoling with you on the sad loss both yourself and the service have sustained by his death. I only arrived in England on Friday last, having left Scutari on the 29th November, when there appeared to be every chance of his recovering from his wound, as his spirits had kept up so well to that time, notwithstanding his very great suffering, which he bore with most unflinching courage and patience. I was in the same room with him from the time he arrived wounded to the 29th November, and no one knows better than I do what he went through. In him the service has lost a most gallant soldier and promising officer, and I have lost a devoted friend—which is not easily replaced. It was entirely owing to an oversight by our commanding officer that your son's name was not mentioned by Lord Raglan in his despatches in connection with those of Captains Bailey and Atcherly of the 30th Regiment, for his gallantry and daring on the 26th October. He was so beloved and respected by the men of his company that they all turned out to wish him "Good bye" when he left the camp to be conveyed on board ship wounded. I regret that it is not in my power to give you any account of his last days, but trust that Captain Rowlands, whom I left with him, has done so.

Apologising for thus addressing you, and with the wish that my pen were in abler hands, I remain, my dear Madam, very truly yours,
R.D. STEWARD, Captain, 41st Regt.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet-laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by their airy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business: and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling—it touches with light even our sleep: which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of mortality.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

THE soldiers who are fighting the Crimean battles are the best historians of the war. Many of their letters evidence considerable graphic power, and, as all contain matter of deep interest, we purpose, from time to time, devoting a portion of our space to echo the voices from the ranks.

FROM A COLOUR-SERGEANT IN THE 28TH REGIMENT.

Camp before Sebastopol, January 1st.

My dear Friend,—In the midst of our hurry-scurry and dangerous way of living, my memory clings tenaciously to our long and tried friendship, to our old and mutual associations, and to our old and mutual acquaintances; and I love to dwell on these ties, even the faintest. You have asked me for news. I cannot pretend to give you any, for long ere my letters would reach you, anything I could relate, as an eye-witness, would have become "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Again, the events which daily, aye, hourly, occur around us, do not assume, in the eyes of our people, the importance attached to them at home, and then we live so much at that home in heart and fancy. I really believe that the interest, or rather the enthusiasm, created by the arrival of the despatches and other accounts of our victories, at least rivals the fervour attendant on the immediate doing of the work. Men go out from the camp in the evening or in the morning, little knowing, and often little caring, that they may win a great battle before their hour of relief comes round, and that they may yield up their heart's blood in achieving it. This is our manner of life; nor is it a very miserable one, though every day lessens our chance of enjoying it, as every succeeding day lessens our numbers, and renders those who are left less able to bear the hardships of such a campaign. We have had no great affair since Inkerman, and our whole operations seem to consist in defending our position. The men are growing impatient and wearied, and are constantly wondering what is doing, or what is going to be done. Every man would willingly go to the breach to get rid of this wearying and monotonous life. Moreover, the spectre which hung over our devoted army at Varna, is paying us very frequent visits. I have buried six of our company, now reduced to about sixty men, within these ten days, and we are far from being the worst. The 9th, a veteran regiment from India, joined lately, and buried sixty men in one week. The Rev. Mr. Wheeler fell a victim to his devoted zeal, and the gentleman who replaced him returned to Scutari after a fortnight's labour; yet, in the midst of all this ruin and desolation, I am cheerful, trustful, healthful, and possess the fond hope that I may one day grasp your hand, and tell you how much I owe you, as well as my other kind friends, for their good wishes, their anxiety, their sympathy, and above all, for their prayers, which have carried me through so many dangers.

I send you a five-franc piece, which I intend as a trifling *souvenir* of this campaign, if you think it worth while to preserve it. They are common in the camp, but I received this from a young Frenchman at Boulahur. He was a sergeant-major in one of the French regiments of the line, and was very near making me a traitor to our friendship. I was sincerely attached to him, and so would you, my dear friend, had you known him. But, I lost him at Inkerman, where he was shot through the heart—a warmer than which never beat. There is another loss which I forgot to mention in my last. Mrs. V—, who refused to return to England from Gallipoli, when all the women were ordered home, was confined on board H. M.'s ship, "Cyclops," about a week before the bombardment of Sebastopol by the fleets, and, being too ill to be removed, she was close in to the forts during the whole day of the 17th October, which terrible situation so shook her already weakened constitution, that she sunk, and expired a few days afterwards, and was thrown overboard in the bay of Varna, to which place the "Cyclops" had been sent to bring up the reserve. This is war. Now of Inkerman. Our division being on the extreme left of the English line, next the French, we were, of course, the latest, or nearly so, coming into action. Some of our regiments, however, of which the 28th was one, had been in the trenches all night, under General Torrens, and from the trenches marched to Inkerman, at the first streak of daylight, where we staid until evening; and, though an eye-witness of the varying fortunes of the day, I can scarcely tell you what occurred. I believe such a hidden fight never before took place. Every man, in some degree, was his own general, and every general had to fight his own battle. It was apparently the fight of a rabble, but of a rabble that knew how to fight. Wings of regiments were separated, companies were severed from each other, but each wing and every company fought and cleared the ground in its own neighbourhood. It was a complete massacre. On the night after the slaughter one company of the 28th buried a hundred men in a few hours, and in a very small space of ground. The second night after the battle we formed a covering party to a lot of Turks, who were making a fort on the heights of Inkerman. I never spent a more miserable night in my life. The wind blew so strongly that the captain, with his hand upon my shoulder, and speaking at the highest pitch of his voice, could not make me understand him. In addition to this, it rained so violently that we could scarcely keep our eyes open to watch, and we

were within a hundred yards of the advanced picquets of the enemy. But worse than this, the only way leading to this battery (for there was no road, all being brushwood and shrubs), was covered by the Russian guns, and their dead lay around us, not only unburied, but stripped and bleaching in the wintry wind. To see their white bodies gleaming through the thick darkness was indeed an awful sight. The following morning we returned to camp, and to our great dismay found our tents prostrated. We lay all day crouched in nooks and corners, shivering with cold and wet, and were sent to the trenches again that same night, where many men died from the exposure. But this is past, and many more such days and nights; yet we sometimes get a really fine day, such as one but rarely meets with in England, even in midsummer. I think, however, that there is more in contemplation; regiments are moving up rapidly to reinforce us; two regiments have joined our division within this last fortnight, besides drafts from depôts. Should the assault take place, rumour gives the post of honour to the third division. I may, therefore, ere you receive this, be *hors de combat*—either rigid in death or maimed for life—or we may still be in suspense, as we now are. But, whatever contingency may occur, I am still your devoted friend.

My kind regards to all my companions and acquaintances; tell them I shall yet win my commission, and believe me to be, yours very truly and sincerely,

FROM A SERGEANT IN THE SCOTCH FUSILIERS.

Camp before Sebastopol, January 4th.

My own dear Sarah,—Since I last wrote to you nothing of importance has occurred. The Russians and we are complimenting each other, as usual, with shot and shell. None of our regiment, thank God, have been killed or wounded since I last wrote; but I am sorry to say great numbers are carried off by disease. Reinforcements are coming out to us, and we need them; for I am certain Sebastopol will not fall easily. I am a little feverish to-day: I think it is a cold. I hope to be quite well to-morrow. Indeed it is scarcely worth while mentioning it, were it not that I keep nothing from you, no matter how trifling. I received your letters very regularly, one every second mail, and a paper from you to-day, dated 25th November. Poor Rutherford's arm gives him great pain. It is yet uncertain whether he will be able to keep it. To-day the weather is fine, and every one looked more happy. The cavalry horses bring up our biscuit from Balaklava. The men carry their own meat. It is painful to see a string of fifty or more soldiers, with a piece of salt beef in front of them and another behind, tied with a string, and slung over their shoulders, dragging their feet through mud up to their knees, and this for six miles. Still it must be done, or the remainder of their regiment would have to fast; and, to add to their comfort, it often rains both going and coming, so that they are soaked to the skin, with no fire to warm them or dry their clothes; and still worse, with mud for their bed. It is wonderful there are not more men dying and in hospital than there are! When a regiment arrives here, they suffer very much at first, as many as twenty or forty a day dying. It was better for us that we got seasoned with hardship whilst the good weather lasted, than if we had to endure the cold and wet without any seasoning. My dear Sarah, you must bear our separation a little longer. God's will must be done; and it would be lying in the face of the Almighty to take on too much about it. If the Lord spares us health, the longer the separation the greater the happiness at our meeting. Besides, don't you get a letter from me every five days, and I keep nothing from you—I let you know everything; so, my own dear girl, don't be fretting. I am not sure if I told you of the death of that gallant and much lamented officer, Colonel Ainslie; he died of his wounds. Major Stuart is also much lamented; he is gone home invalided. Lord West succeeds in command, and from all I know of him, the "Old Fusiliers" will be much pleased with him, and he, I trust, with them.

Good bye, my own dear Sarah. I feel much happier after writing to you. I fancy I am talking to you.—God bless you, my own Sarah. Your own B.

FROM A SOLDIER IN THE 9TH REGIMENT.

Camp before Sebastopol.

My dear Uncle,—The representative of the family in the Crimea is in excellent preservation, and likes campaigning very well, infinitely better than doing garrison duty in Malta or any other place like it. All goes on well with us, and the health of our men is improving, thank God. We expect two drafts shortly, and then I hope we shall be able to make a better show; at present we cannot turn out more than 250 men for duty. I think we are shortly to have a slap at this little place, as soon as they have enough of ammunition on the ground to serve the batteries well for a few days. I believe the fleet will go at them too, so that, if we don't take the place, we shall have the satisfaction of making plenty of noise outside. There is no doubt that it is tremendously strong. Battery upon battery has been thrown up by the Russians, and they have made large stockades encircling the place. We shall lose many men if we storm it, but I don't think they will try.

Give my love to my aunt. Ever your affectionate nephew,
H. B.



OUR LETTER BOX.

The Conductors of the "Patriotic Fund Journal" have great satisfaction in announcing to the Public their intention to print, in the Eleventh number of the Journal, which will appear on the 24th inst., the receipt of the Royal Commissioners for the first payment on account of profits realised by the sale of the Journal.

THE Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL"

Our readers will perceive that in our anxiety to render this periodical in all respects worthy of their support, we have enlarged our sheet by eight columns. It is our intention to avail ourselves from time to time of any valuable suggestions that may be made by esteemed correspondents, and we hope that the rapidly-increasing circulation of the Journal will enable us to enlarge our space yet more.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND FREIGHT, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, STRAND. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" IS NOW READY. The Part contains Six Numbers in a handsome illustrated cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Sixpence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

ALLAN.—The processes of manufacture through which steel passes are more costly than you suppose, and of all trades it is perhaps that which requires the largest capital. Steel may be made three-hundred times denser than standard gold, weight for weight; six steel wire springs for watch pendulums weigh one grain, and are worth 7s. 6d. each, equal to £2 5s.; one grain of gold being of 9d. value.

F. (Hampden)—Will find a packet for him on calling at our office. EDWARD FELLOWS.—The great fire of London broke out in the house of a baker in Pudding-lane, and, in four days, burned 13,200 houses situate in 400 streets, and 89 churches, including St. Paul's. Although London was literally reduced to ruin by the disaster, it was not devoid of advantages: London was freed from the plague ever after, and we owe St. Paul's, St. Bride's, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and all the glories of Sir Christopher Wren, to the desolation it occasioned.

H. WOODWARD (Aldersgate-street).—We believe the Government are going to send out an efficient fire brigade to Constantinople; but we cannot inform you what prospect of employment the service offers. Inquire of Mr. Braidwood, at the central station, Watling-street.

C. L. (Moorgate-street).—The quantity of air contained in a room 30 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 19 feet high, equals 18,560 cubic feet, and, as 13 cubic feet of air weigh nearly 1 lb., the total weight of air in such a room is about 1,420 lbs., or rather more than half a ton.

* (Hornsey).—You may relieve your mind with respect to the insurance on your house and furniture, as no insurance office objects to gas being introduced to a house, either for the purposes of heating, lighting, or cooking. It is not necessary to give the office notice that you have had gas "laid on" in your house.

F. S. (Cambridge-terrace).—Dr. Arnott, in a recent paper communicated to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, has exposed the fallacy of the modern idea that heat burnt in a low fire-place gives out greater heat than if burnt in the old-fashioned stove. The learned doctor states, that "a low fire on a heated hearth is to the general floor or carpet of a room nearly what the sun, at the moment of rising or setting, is to the surface of a field. The rays are nearly all shooting upwards from the surface, and the few which approach it slant obliquely along, or nearly parallel to, the surface, without touching it."

G. (Guersey).—The Crim Tarsiers have long since abandoned their nomadic life, and now reside in villages; but their tents are rick and ill-built, and their habits still bear the traces of their former wandering life. Their language is a hard guttural Turkish, nearly resembling that of the tribes of Northern Persia.

X. Y. Z.—There can be no doubt that many regiments would be glad of your services, although your height is not, as yet, quite up to the standard as lately reduced. You should apply at the recruiting office, Delahay-street, Westminster.

J. D. (Fleetwood).—The work you refer to is entitled "The Science of Gunner," and is by General Sir Howard Douglas, C.B. It is published by Mr. Murray, and the price is 2s.

G. (Hampstead).—We have already repeatedly announced that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for the return of manuscripts forwarded to us for approval. We shall endeavour to return any that may not be suitable, but, to prevent disappointment, copies should always be kept.

Timetra (Finsbury-circus).—London presents an area of 86 square miles, covered with 21,000 square acres of bricks and mortar, and more than 800,000 houses.

* —We cannot inform you whether it is the intention of the Government to reduce or abolish the fire-insurance duty. The tax is a most objectionable one, as it is the penalty which the prudent man is made to pay for his prudence. Write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and ask him what he intends to do in the course of the present session.

CHARLES HALPIN (Dublin).—You are quite mistaken with respect to the present rate of income-tax being higher than that which prevailed in the late war. In 1803, the tax was levied at 5 per cent. on incomes above £150, and 10 per cent. on smaller incomes; in 1805, it was raised to 6½ per cent.; and in 1806, to 10 per cent. The tax produced in 1804, £4,650,000; in 1805, £5,500,000; in 1806, £11,500,000; and in one year afterwards, so high a sum as £15,000,000, was repealed in March, 1816.

M. A.—It is a difficult thing to advise as to the most suitable place for emigration, when so many fields are open. The last accounts by the "Great Britain," from Melbourne, give a cheering account of the state of the labour market there. In all branches of the building trade, the skilled mechanic can command 28s. per day. Female servants are more plentiful. The present wages are, with rations, married couples without family, £80 to £100; with family, £75 per annum; shepherds, £40 to £45; housekeepers, £30 to £40 per year; general useful servants, £1 5s. per week; black drivers, 80s. to 90s. per week; stock-keepers, £50 to £70 per year; farm labourers, 20s. to 25s. per week; compositors, 2s. 8d. per thousand, or £7 7s. per week.

W. B. (Fenchurch-street) is thanked for his suggestions and good wishes. He will find that his hints are not disregarded.

A LONDONER (Leeds) will oblige by sending us the names and addresses of the booksellers to whom he refers, and our publisher will communicate with them. Our agent will be at Leeds in a few days.

K. W.—Your letter was not received in time.

J. B.—Several correspondents have requested us to state how many numbers we propose to put in our first volume. This, however, is more a question for our subscribers themselves, who can make their own election. The volumes may be bound to contain either twenty-six or fifty-two numbers; the former would be the most convenient.

A CANDIDATE.—Several alterations have been made in the rules as first published by the East India Company for the examination for writerships. The following, however, may be relied on. Each candidate must send in, before the 1st of May, certificates of health, character, and of his being above eighteen and under twenty-two years of age, together with a list of the subjects on which he wishes to be examined. These subjects, as finally settled, are—English composition, English literature and history, including that of the laws and constitution, language, literature, and history of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and Italy, mathematics, chemistry, electricity and magnetism, natural history, geology and mineralogy, logic, mental, moral, and political philosophy, Sanscrit, and Arabic. The twenty best candidates are to be selected. They will be required to pass, after one or two years, at their option, an examination in law, Indian history, one Indian language, and political economy. After passing these examinations, they will receive their appointments.

H. (Brook-street).—We are much obliged for the offer of the sketch, but the subject is almost exhausted. Try something more original. There are abundance of subjects connected with the war to which justice might be done.

ALFRED (Matlock).—We know nothing whatever of the company to which you refer. You had better write to the chairman for information.

E. H. (Canden-street). The number of assistant-surgeons to be sent out to India in 1855 is thirty-four. The salary is liberal, but the qualification must be undoubted.

A. (Sandford).—Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary-at-War, has the appointment to which you refer in his gift. The salary, at first, is only £80 per annum.

A. KERIDON (Penzance).—The French hospitals at Constantinople can accommodate 10,000 sick and wounded. The grand hospital at Pera contains 1,200 beds; the barracks of the Imperial Guard, Dolma Bache, 500; Ranssch Tiblich, 1,000; Daoud Pasha, 800; Bosphorus Quarantain, 200; Culhane, at the point of the Seraglio, 1,000; Maltepe, 230; and Scutari, in the Isle of the Princes, at the Polytechnic-school, the Russian Embassy, and the two floating hospitals, 5,000.

DAY (Fakenham). The principal public libraries in England are the Bodleian, founded in 1598, containing 400,000 volumes; the Bodleian (Oxford), founded in 1719; and the Great Library of the British Museum, including the Cottonian and other collections, which contains about half a million of volumes and 100,000 manuscripts.

E. DAVIS (Westminster).—The resolutions which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to propose on the subject of the newspaper stamps and postage dues, are as follows:—"That it is expedient to repeal the exemption of newspapers from postage duty; and to charge on newspapers and printed books transmitted by post, rates of postage not exceeding one penny for every three ounces in weight, and for any fractional part of four ounces. That it is expedient to alter and amend the laws relating to the stamp duties on newspapers, the printing and publishing of newspapers, and registration and giving securities in connection therewith, and the regulation of the duties of postage on printed papers."

* (Driffield).—Write to Mr. Charles L. Grimsden, the secretary of the Conservative Land Society, who will forward you particulars.

F. C. (Liverpool).—The medal for the Crimea is to be of the same description as the good-conduct medal. In the instance of any who may have been specially noticed for gallantry, an inscription is to be made on it for "distinguished conduct in the field."

G. R. C. (Lincoln).—If you will write to the War Office, a printed paper will be forwarded to you, which you will have to fill up and return to that department. Inquiry will then be made in the Crimea as to the fate of your friend, but you will not get an answer much before the expiration of three months.

INQUIRY (Preston).—The following return shows the number of ships that arrived at Scutari from the army with sick and wounded, the number that died on the passage, and the number of burials that have taken place at Scutari, since the formation of the general depot. Number of ships arrived, 86; number of wounded and sick conveyed from the army that originally embarked, 11,880; number died on passage, 654; number of burials at Scutari, 1,949; total burials of all persons that died at Scutari, 3,044.

S. WINTERTON (Nilean-street).—We have not seen the "Tallied Family of Central Africa," and do not intend.

C. R. (Derby).—It was Dean Swift who said, with an ingenuity and sarcasm rarely surpassed, "I never knew a man in all my life who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian."

A NUMEROSA.—A new royal warrant secures to sergeants who have enlisted since the 1st of March, 1853, the addition to their pay, when promoted to that rank, of whatever extra pay they were drawing as corporals for "good conduct pay," and their pension, on discharge, will be augmented in like manner.

ANTY-CEAR (Edinburgh) informs us that the second command of the British army in the Crimea is to be conferred upon Sir Colin Campbell.

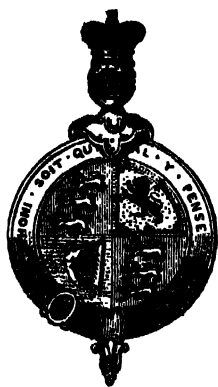
A. C. (Sittingbourne).—If you will join with others in your neighbourhood, and subscribe for a dozen of the monthly parts of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL, the Publisher will forward them to you free of expense, or you can order them of any bookseller.

ALICE.—Her Majesty is married fifteen years this day (10th February).

* —We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 10.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[DRAGGING UP A MORTAR FROM BALAKLAVA TO THE CAMP.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE uninitiated in military affairs, or those only who have witnessed the rapid evolutions of field artillery on the Woolwich marshes, can form no adequate idea of the difficulty of moving heavy pieces of ordnance intended for siege operations, even under the most favourable circumstances. But when steep and muddy roads, with

miniature hills and valleys at every half-dozen paces, have to be passed, the labour becomes one of the most arduous and difficult that can possibly fall to the lot of a soldier to accomplish. The road from Balaklava to the camp before Sebastopol is about the worst in Christendom at this moment—if Mr. McAdam were alive, its dilapidated condition would bring tears to the eyes of that king of road-makers. The heavy traffic which passed over it in

the autumn months, cut up the surface; and, unfortunately, no effort having been made to repair it by filling up the holes with gravel while the weather was favourable, the consequence is, that it is all but impassable, except when a severe frost has set in. The climate of the Crimea is particularly unfavourable to the efforts of a besieging army. The thermometer on what they call out there a "cold day," is generally from fourteen to twenty degrees below freezing-point. Supposing an army to be housed in winter-quarters, that is provided with huts and abundance of warm clothing, fuel, and provisions, this state of the atmosphere is tolerable enough, and to some constitutions even agreeable; but when the mercury in the thermometer has risen until it indicates ten degrees above freezing-point, the complexion of affairs is sadly altered for the worst, for then the army is sure to be exposed to what they call a succession of "bad days." A rapid thaw of course succeeds, generally accompanied by floods of rain only to be seen in the Crimea; and the roads all about the camp, but especially that leading to Balaklava, are in the most wretched state that it is possible to imagine. The miseries to which a fatigue-party is exposed when bringing up provisions to the camp, remind one rather of the retreat of a beaten and dispersed army than the routine duty of men actually engaged in an assault upon the strongest fortress in the world. If it were not for the sufferings of the poor fellows thus employed, it would be impossible to refrain from a smile at the ludicrous appearance which the men present. Here you see a dozen men in Indian file, plunging their way through the semi-frozen mud, and carrying at the same time loads which, under ordinary circumstances, would be fully equal to a man's strength, but which are evidently far too much for them in their present exhausted condition. Again, you see a tattered figure, wasted with famine and fatigue, staggering under the weight of a shell or cannon-ball, which may not be fired for three months to come, while the human machine is rapidly sinking under the accumulation of its privations. In another part of the road you find a broken *owala*, with a couple of dead horses alongside, and a spirit-bag and bread-bag lying in the mud—both empty, of course. The skeletons of horses, many of them once the magnificent chargers which excited so much admiration at Chobham, may be said to mark the road from the camp to Balaklava. The poor animals ~~lie~~ where they fall, and no one has the strength or energy to remove the carcasses. The vultures of the Crimea soon deprive them of the little flesh of which they could boast, and then nothing remains but a heap of whitened bones. In many places the road has been abandoned, and a fresh track made out, but the men dread to wander far from the beaten way, as the Cossacks are always flying about on their shaggy ponies within half-a-mile of the town, and were beside the unfortunate man who comes within range of their rifles. But if it be a work of difficulty to bring up provisions and ammunition by such a road, what must be the Herculean labour of dragging up a mortar, or gun of large calibre, weighing some two tons. Had it not been for the assistance derived from the French, it is impossible we could have got up any of our heavy guns so as to place them in position before Sebastopol. The horses which we sent from England with our field-artillery are all long since "used up." The transport service soon finished what remained of them when the severe weather set in, and of course to move a mortar eight miles along the Balaklava road without the assistance of horse-power, was

out of the question. As, however, we had neither horses nor mules even for the conveyance of stores for the daily consumption of the camp, we were compelled to apply to our allies to assist us. General Canrobert, in that frank and generous spirit which has distinguished the bearing of our allies throughout the whole campaign, at once offered Lord Raglan the services of a number of his mules and their drivers for the transport of the heavy guns to the camp. The process of moving a heavy gun of the description shown in our illustration, is one requiring some tact and a great deal of physical power. Such is the condition of the road from Balaklava to the camp that it requires twenty mules, twelve drivers, and about fifty men to bring a gun of two tons' weight an English mile in the course of a day. In some places the road is three feet in mud, and when to this is added a hole every here and there about two feet deep, some idea may be formed of the labour of extricating the wheel of a gun carriage from such a slough. The men have recourse to all sorts of expedients to get out of the "fix." Strong ropes are fastened to the rebellious wheels, crow-bars and great pieces of wood like giant handspikes are passed under the wheel to prize it up, while planks are laid on the frozen mud to bridge over the holes. The French and English soldiers toil side by side at this painful operation. The drivers are all French, and the energetic cries with which they animate the men and mules is the only pleasant part of the proceeding. When the ropes are fixed, the planks laid down, the handspikes applied, and all ready for an energetic and combined effort, the French drivers crack their whips, and with loud and cheering cries, encourage their animals to advance. In this manoeuvre they are generally successful. The mules make a plunge, the drivers shout, the soldiers and sailors at the wheel and pushing the carriage, catch up the cry, and with the combined enthusiasm of man and beast, the monster gun is brought some ten or twenty yards nearer its destination. The party then draw breath for a moment—again the ropes, handspikes, planks, and whips, are in requisition, and the gun is slowly advanced a yard or two further. This is a description of service which the men prefer far more than carrying up provisions, a kind of labour which hurts their feeling of self-respect. They complain bitterly that they are "made to do the work of pack-horses," instead of that of soldiers, and that such drudgery and hardship unfit them for service in the field. It is to be hoped that when the services from England are sent to work, the road will be drained and ballasted, a proceeding which will tend to the speedy reduction of Sebastopol far more effectually than the landing of 30,000 men. Indeed, it has been found undesirable to expose fresh troops to a recurrence of the hardships to which the French and English armies are now exposed in the Crimea. The French command has consequently, given instructions that the reinforcements arriving from France shall not proceed further than Constantinople—the severity of the weather and the difficulty experienced in procuring fuel, making it undesirable that the camp should be enlarged at present. The difficulty of finding fuel has led to the introduction of a variety of experiments in the French camp. An English gentleman who has discovered a description of condensed fuel, a pound or two of which will suffice to heat a room or dress a dinner, has contracted to supply the French Government with a large quantity of this useful article. The inventor submitted his plan some time since to the British

Government; but from some cause or another, they declined to avail themselves of it, although it had been favourably reported upon by the military authorities to whom it had been submitted. A box of the fuel was forwarded some few weeks since to Paris, and upon trial the French Government were so strongly impressed in its favour that they immediately ordered five hundred tons for the use of the army in the Crimea. The English Government have since ordered three hundred tons of the same material, but of course some time must elapse before it can be manufactured in sufficient quantity to meet the demand. The inventor states, that he made repeated applications to the authorities here for a trial of his fuel; but that their invariable reply was "arrangements have already been made for the supply of fuel to the army, and yours is not wanted." It has since transpired that the government depended upon a supply of green wood; but admitting that a sufficient quantity of that commodity could be had, the inventor of the patent fuel offered to prove that the expense of cutting and conveyance would make the cost of the green wood three or four times more than that of the fuel. Such are the mistakes to which the army in the Crimea is the victim.

FUN.

THERE is no accounting for taste—according to the proverb—and not much accounting for fun. In fact, like most matters connected with our ideas of art, beauty, or orthodoxy, the meaning of the term varies rapidly and most extensively according to the difference of time and circumstance. In regard to fun, indeed, not merely the signification, but the thing signified, changes altogether from age to age, and from country to country. Jests and pranks that split the sides of one generation or people will be regarded as irredeemably dull and brutal by their successors or neighbours. It is a valuable faculty that of making a nation laugh—and happy the nation that can find something to laugh at, or will consent to laugh at anything, instead of growing savage, and making an *enclume*. There is a big volume still extant, full of epigrams, many of them stinging and indecent enough, written against Colbert, the French Minister of Finance in the reign of Louis XIV. So far from being displeased with the pasquinades, Colbert rather encouraged them. "They make the people laugh," he said, "and then they pay and are content." Another administrator of affairs in the same nation, Cardinal Mazarin, made the jests against himself pay in a different fashion. A *brochure* was written full of biting satire on his government—he seized and confiscated the whole impression; and when this authoritative attempt to suppress the work had brought it into notice, he sold all the copies underhand, for his own profit, at exorbitant prices. Very recently the susceptibility of laughter among our neighbours proved equally advantageous, though on a smaller scale, as it secured the safety of a public favourite, and the prosperity of an extensive enterprise. It may be recollected that some months since Mademoiselle Cruvelli suddenly deserted the Italian Opera House in Paris, in the very middle of the season and her engagement. Her disappearance took place, without notice, on the morning of a day on which she was announced to sing. The theatre was, in consequence, obliged to close its doors abruptly for the time, and afterwards reopened under great difficulties and at heavy loss. The affair led, subsequently, to a law-suit, and to a break up of the operatic cabinet—

M. Roqueplan resigning, and a new administration being formed upon different principles. Ultimately, however, Mademoiselle Cruvelli returned, and resumed her engagement just as if it had never been interrupted. The mystery attending her escapade has never been thoroughly penetrated; but, at any rate, the Parisian public believed that the lady had run away either *with* or *to* a certain wealthy *seigneur*, whom she hoped to marry—and had come back again without having succeeded in getting the ceremony performed. On the night of her reappearance it was very doubtful how she would be received by the audience. The public had been insulted, and might be revengeful. Fortunately the opera selected for performance was the "Huguenots," in which Cruvelli assumed the character of *Valentin*. She descended, for the first time upon the stage, slowly down a staircase, amidst a most ominous silence, which replaced the plaudits that usually greeted her *entrée*. But in the French *libretto* of the opera, the dialogue, after the appearance of *Valentin*, begins something like this: "Where have you been, *not there?*" "I have been with the Count, who is kind enough to promise that he will never marry me!" The audience accepted the *impropos*. There was a shriek of laughter—Cruvelli was forgiven, and the Opera saved. *Coups* like these are possible only among a highly impressionable people, such as the French or the Irish. With fitting audiences, the performers of real life—the governors, orators, and advocates—find the power of exciting laughter equally advantageous. O'Connell, for example, owed half his influence to the instant command he was able to exercise over the risible faculties of his hearers. In a lower grade, the dealers in various wares have found the fun-making talent highly profitable. The solemn quack sold his drugs quite as much by virtue of the jokes of his jack-pudding as of their own medicinal qualities. The itinerant hawk of questionable jewellery and "picker up of unconsidered trifles," always attempted to enact the part of Autolycus:—though the false gold of his *bijouterie* might not ring, if the laugh *did*, his trade was sure to go on swimmingly.

Fun for "the million" was provided from these sources until a very short time ago, and formed, indeed, the best they could get. What fun the million could make for themselves was of the coarsest possible description, consisting chiefly of tomfoolery, and rough-and-tumble pranks. A *mêlée* of cudgel-players, ending in half-a-dozen broken heads, was capital fun; and so was a practical joke, resulting in the jokee being half-smothered in a slime pit. Less barbarous, but scarcely more elevated sources of mirth were found in the grinnings through horse-collars, the climbings of greasy poles, and chasings of soaped pigs, which still occasionally illustrate our provincial merry-makings. There are honourable members who regret that such exhibitions are becoming rarer, and would fain revive them, in the hope of bringing back the days of "merrie England" which they so much regret.

Kings and great men, from very early times, made fun an affair of state, and assigned it to appointed officers, regularly salaried, provisioned, and costumed. The decorations of the article they furnished might be somewhat more courtly, but it is doubtful whether, at bottom, the quality of the fun produced by the royal jester was less gross than that of the village jack-pudding. Shakespeare's clowns, with their biting jests and shrewd sarcasms, are, we fancy, quite as exceptional to the ordinary run of jesters and buffoons as the Sancho Panza of Cervantes is to the clod-hoppers of Spain. The

average buffoon was a low, lazy fellow, with no other gifts than a huge appetite and a thick skin, who purchased an idle life and a trencher at "my lord's" table (a long way below the salt), by offering himself as a butt for the practical jests which it amused my lord and his guests to perpetrate over their cups. His utility in this department of service was much enhanced by certain personal qualifications, such as the possession of a vast paunch, a hump back, or a dwarfish stature. Men thus gifted have commonly been preferred as jesters for the royal and noble inhabitants of all cities, from London to Delhi—for the custom of keeping a fun-minister prevailed both in the East and the West. Among Orientals, if we may credit the voracious chronicles preserved in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," the functions of jester were commonly associated with those of barber, with the addition that the barber was equally a jester, whether he dispensed his services among the public, or reserved them for a particular patron.

Sometimes the treatment which the buffoon underwent for the amusement of his master passed all bounds of joking, even under the coarsest interpretation of the term. It is recorded of a late Pacha of Egypt that after some riotous festivity, at which we may hope the brute got madly drunk, he derived immense entertainment from seeing his favourite jester dance upon hot bricks. The poor wretch was laid up afterwards for months, during which time the pacha visited him often, and sent his own physician to attend upon him, cutting off the doctor's nose moreover because he failed to heal the scorched feet of the buffoon with sufficient celerity. A still more tragic incident is chronicled among the "funny" incidents of the Russian court in remoter times. Everybody has heard of the famous ice palace built by order of the Empress Ann on the Neva. It was a splendid edifice, we are told, comprising several apartments built entirely of ice, and containing a liberal allowance of furniture—tables, chairs, couches, beds, and ornaments of the same material. Within it was performed a nuptial ceremony, at which the court buffoon figured as bridegroom, and the marriage was celebrated with a feast of ice dishes, bouquets of ice flowers, and salutes from ice cannon. Thus far we are told in the common anecdote-books; but they do not inform us of the real significance and brutal finale of this savage jest. The buffoon in question was a Muscovite noble of high lineage and ambition, who had been accused of complicity in some intrigue against the empress. A few score of his supposed accomplices were hanged, but he himself, through family influence, was pardoned upon the ignoble condition of becoming the court butt and jester. For some years, he endured innumerable indignities under that character. At length, the empress either repented of her clemency, or found reason to suppose that its object was embarking in fresh conspiracies. She then ordered the ugliest scullion in the palace kitchen to be picked out, and forced him to marry her. The ceremony was performed, as above related, in the ice palace on the Neva, her imperial majesty personally sharing in the amusement. But when the burlesque had finished, and the "fun" was all over, the unhappy pair were shut into their frozen chamber, in which the nuptial bed was carved out of ice blocks, and left there to pass the whole of a Russian winter night. Next day the bride was found dead, and the bridegroom raving mad from suffering and terror.

The fun of courts and courtiers has always reflected the characteristics of the age, even more perhaps than

that of the populace. It has become cruel, coarse, practical, poetical, or literary, according to the fashion of the period. Brantome relates, among many less presentable instances of the customs of his own half-civilized and wholly immoral era, that in some princely and contemporary court it was considered an excellent jest to place cups painted with indecent designs before the ladies invited to state banquets, and oblige them to drink therefrom if they did not prefer leaving their thirst unquenched. At Russian feasts of a much later date, we are told that a favourite entertainment offered to the guests consisted of what was called the "flour play." Four performers were hired for the purpose, and furnished with a plate heaped with flour, among which was stuck a number of lighted candle-ends. The four players sat round in a circle, holding the plate by its edges between their teeth. At a given signal they began puffing the flour into one another's faces. Each of them, of course, received a plentiful allowance of the burning dust in his face and eyes, the least dexterous and shortest breathed suffering worst, and the contest furnishing capital fun to the spectators.

In France during the "Augustan age" of Louis XIV. the court fun became as pompous and grandiose as the *grand monarque* himself, but did not change its character in being designed for the amusement of a single personage, or at all events, a very limited number of personages. Poor Madame de Maintenon's complaint of her trouble in trying "to amuse an unamuseable king" has been often quoted by way of consolation to those who have never succeeded in becoming court favourites. About the time that the unacknowledged Queen of France was writing that bitter lament, the courtiers were getting up an elaborate piece of fun with the special view of enlivening his majesty's spirits. They brought to Paris a fictitious ambassador from the King of Siam. His excellency arrived in the French capital with a fitting suit of attendants, a liberal stock of presents, and a long speech in Oriental gibberish. His presentation at court, the interchange of compliments on behalf of the Siamese sovereign, and the formal conclusion of a treaty of friendship and commerce between France and Siam, were all performed with infinite state and solemnity. The trick deceived his majesty, whom it roused for the time from his melancholy lethargy; and also took in the Parisian public—as may be seen by the number of histories and descriptions of the kingdom of Siam to which the occurrence gave birth and circulation. But it was none the less a mere piece of stage-play got up for the amusement of King Louis, at far greater cost, and with not such minute attention to the proprieties of costume and "mounting," as Mr. Kean's revival of "Sardanapalus" at the Princess's Theatre.

Prussia being an essentially military kingdom, the jests current among its social circles wore, of course, a military uniform. One anecdote, of which we believe the origin may be traced in "Grimm's Memoirs," has been considered sufficiently funny to deserve dramatizing in half-a-dozen different versions. The foundation of them all is this:—A certain citizen was so inspired with admiration for the great Frederick that his highest ambition lay in being allowed to serve his majesty in any capacity. At the same time, Frederick, in one of his promenades, detected a soldier in some breach of discipline, and as his manner was, sent him back to barracks with a billet to his captain. By the way the soldier encountered the above-mentioned citizen, to whom he transferred the letter, sending him off overjoyed with the honour of the

task, which he was made to believe involved the performance of an important service to the king. On delivering the missive as directed, it was found to contain a laconic order, signed "Frederick," to "Give the bearer a hundred lashes." The unlucky bourgeois was, therefore, forthwith handed over to the provost-marshal, and flogged accordingly, to his great astonishment, and, no doubt, to the complete cure of his enthusiasm for his ungrateful sovereign.

Parisian society, for many generations, was almost in the possession of successive literary cliques, who popularized, within certain circles, the taste for literary jests. These jests were embodied in epigrams, chansons, epitaphs, calembourgs, or other literary vehicles, and furnished the principal "fun" of the age to the refined and aristocratic classes of Paris and Versailles. A single joke would sometimes make the fortune of its author, and sometimes send him to the Bastille. Bussy Rabutin spent fourteen years in that prison for writing three funny lines upon Madame de la Vallière, although the king who sent him there had got tired of the lady in a quarter of the time. On the other hand, Piron enjoyed during a long life a high appreciation among wits and men of letters, purchased from a few by admiration, but among the greater number from fear, solely on account of his faculty of writing bitter and stinging epigrams. The point of these witticisms, whether of Piron or the school of which he was the representative, most commonly consisted of some coarse and indecent personality. But the fun of the thing, if it happened to be funny, excused all faults. Only dulness was unpardonable. The taste had not expired in very recent times. A *littérateur* and poetaster only just dead, M. Baour Lormiau, was made the subject of countless epigrams, most of them pointed with allusions to the fact that his wife had gone home to her mother on the day after her marriage, and insisted on suing out a divorce. Any mortification to an author's vanity, or failure in his literary or dramatic performances, furnished, of course, abundant food for the wits and amusement for the town. The author of a translation of Tasso brought out a second edition, in smaller size, of his work, which had never obtained much public reputation. The following epitaph upon him was circulated and esteemed highly *spirituel*—"Here lies so and so, who was buried once in quarto, and is now again interred in twelvemo." Occasionally the jest took a material form. La Harpe, who flourished in the literary generation succeeding that of Voltaire, brought out a drama, heralded with many flourishes, called *Les Barmécides*; when performed it proved a dead failure, and was hissed off the stage. Somewhere afterwards, the author was walking with Madame La Harpe through the streets of Paris, when he saw in a shop-window some walking-sticks for sale, labelled *cannes à la Barmécide*. He took it as a compliment. "Perhaps," said he to his wife, "these honest folk have really a better appreciation of the beautiful than our *soi-disant* men of taste." So he went into the shop to buy one of the canes. When he had paid for it, and not displeased at finding it rather expensive, he asked the shopkeeper why the article was called a *Barmécide*? "Press strongly on the handle," replied the man, "and you will see." M. La Harpe leaned heavily on the stick, when there issued forth from it a dismal hiss—the echo of those which had greeted his ill-fated comedy.

In England, at different periods, we have presented specimens and reflected the fashion of every species of fun, but always in a modified degree. We have had epigrammatists, of whom Churchill, Sir Charles Hanbury

Williams, and Peter Pindar, may be taken as the representatives; but our epigram-writers never formed a class, nor did any of them build their fortunes on a few jingling couplets. We have had too our jokers of the coarse and brutal order. There were the Mohawks described in the "Spectator," who beat the watch, frightened women, and thought it capital fun to pin up an elderly cit into a corner, and prick him with their swords. There were the "bloods" of the ante-penultimate, and the Corinthian Toms of the penultimate generation; and in our own days there have been the race of "fast" men, who prided themselves in being vulgar imitations of a noble marquis in getting drunk in night taverns, initiating rows, and pulling off bell-handles and door-knockers—all out of fun as they conceived.

The fun of real life has naturally been reflected in the national drama. From this cause it has arisen probably that, with one or two exceptions, the modern comedies have contained the funny element in such slight proportions, and presented it in so imitative a form. The English public preserves its character of reserve even in its hilarity, and laughs more from fashion and example than genuine impulse. In the same manner the plays of every era derive their amusement from the limited sources then in vogue, and serve it up in the stereotyped fashion prescribed by the tastes of the day. During a long period subsequent to the Restoration, there was hardly a comedy which contained any other incidents than those of intrigue; and the wit of the author was most strained and most successful in devising new combinations of trickery, by which an old husband could be gulled, and the young wife and her lover secure immunity for their amours. Since the tone of society became more decent such fun is voted unrepresentable, but it is replaced by other specimens that hardly boast of greater novelty. There are comic scenes and notions so old that their repetition is far beyond the charge of plagiarism, and yet the last new comedy or farce *was*, and the next *will be*, built up mainly from the same materials. It would puzzle us, for example, to compute the generations of playgoers who have roared at jokes against lawyers and doctors that have been common property to dramatists since the days of Massinger. How many times more shall we see the hero of a farce hide himself in the chimney and be detected with a black face, or in a miller's sack and come away with a white one? When will the last lover be pushed into a closet on the approach of the stern guardian, and throw down the last crockery, thus risking a discovery which the waiting-maid averts for the last time by adroitly suggesting that it was the cat? Not in our time we hope will such calamity befall the British drama.

At the passing moment, however, the drama is under a cloud, fast men are voted vulgar, "night"-errantry is apt to lapse into the station-house, and sobriety is becoming the fashion. For our fun, accordingly, we must hardly look to the stage, and certainly not go into the streets, and are compelled to fall back upon literature. Here the public spoiled by long flattery, or disabled by the "division of labour," has shown itself lazy and imperious. It will not make fun for itself, but, like kings and cardinals of old, "keeps a jester" for the purpose. The article is fabricated in a most business-like way, in regular workshops, by expert hands, like any other commodity, and brought to our doors so many times a week at a very reasonable cost. So accustomed are we to this process that even when the materials for a jest fall in our way we decline the trouble of making it, just as we should

abstain from making our own boots if we happened to pick up a roll of leather. Being readers of the newspapers, we constantly find events in politics or at the police courts eminently suggestive of fun. But we never attempt to educe the joke for ourselves; it would cost far too much pains, and we should very probably bungle the process after all. We prefer waiting until Wednesday, when we feel certain of finding the jest artistically worked out in our "comic periodical." The dish in the end comes up very nicely cooked, very savoury, and highly spiced, containing the "concentrated essence of fun" in short, and presenting a great deal of nourishment in a most accessible form. It is a token of our highly-organized civilization. Yet we question whether this practice of buying fun ready-made at three-pence a sheet is likely to be a permanent fashion, or calculated while it lasts to promote the healthy merriment of the nation. Game—spiced, potted, and preserved in tin canisters, may be very toothsome, and got with very little trouble; but it can neither excite nor satisfy a wholesome appetite anything like so well as a smoking haunch from the quarry which you have hunted down for yourself.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER IX.—(continued.)

The major boiled with rage; the captain was petrified with astonishment;—to horsewhip a man in his own house would have been *un peu fort*. They, therefore, quitted it to concert how best such insults should be avenged. To call out Toodleton was the first suggestion, and Captain Hardwicke rather pressed a measure by which he would have been the first to benefit if the major were to fall by Toodleton's hand. And the major himself was not indifferent to the notion. But after a little reflection, it was settled that such a rencounter would disturb the harmony of the limited society of Muddlemore and damage the reputation of the regiment. To be shot by a soldier was tolerable, but to be the victim of a civilian's pistol was clearly *infra dig*.—so the major resolved he would take vengeance by endeavouring to upset the marriage of Mr. Toodleton by writing Julia a series of anonymous letters, in which he would revel in the luxury of misrepresentation.

The worthy major had scarcely come to this noble resolution when the two officers met Somers, who was returning from a "constitutional" walk to the scene of his mother's death. It occurred to them to enlist his co-operation in hostile measures, though they had not yet settled on any plan of action. They found him in a melancholy mood, for Julia's note had only had the effect of making him estimate her at her former value, and to feel more keenly the prospect of losing her. After they had addressed a few observations to him in a tone of encouragement, he said, "Ah, gentlemen, if we were not separated by a broad moral gulf, I would really crave your sympathy in this the time of my great trial. In two brief days what have I not experienced? Affections blighted—pride outraged—a mother found—a mother lost—vengeance stayed—crime baffled—it is all too much. And yet—no balm—no solace—nothing to allay the fever of despair."

The major replied, "It is unfortunate, most unfortunate, that the usages of society compel us to control the current of our feelings and observe a certain distance in our treatment of gentlemen born in the country of mixed parentage; but, I assure you, we are far from

cherishing dislikes, hostilities, and that sort of thing. The sympathy of the true soldier is ever with the unfortunate."

"By Jove, major," said Captain Hardwicke, "you are wonderfully sentimental. That last passage is worthy of a Victorian drama."

"Well, in plain language, Mr. Somers, we like you—feel for you—and are disposed to do our best to assist your views. The collector may be baffled yet."

"How mean you? Is there a gleam of hope?—a ray? Oh, mock me not with phantasies; raise not a fabric of expectation, baseless and unsubstantial."

"Why, what the deuce!" cried the major, stepping back, a little surprised at the vehemence of the Eurasian, "you're as hot as chillies, and as inflammable as hookah tobacco. All I say is, if you will put your affairs into our hands we will do our best to dissolve the unnatural contract between May and December. Will you give us your help to a certain extent should we find it necessary?"

Somers answered calmly, "If it involves no compromise of honour, and will not disturb Miss Stratford's peace—"

"It shall disturb nothing," rejoined the major, "but the abominable engagement. If not too late, she shall *juramb* the contemptible Toodleton."

Somers did not quite comprehend the word *juramb*.

"Not know what *jurambing* is? Ask Hardwicke there. He is vice-president of the *Juramb* Club—in other words, the club of Rejected Inamoratos. The term is pure Hindoo—literally meaning an answer of a disagreeable kind, a rejection. It is now incorporated into our Anglo-Indian discourse, and is found to be very expressive."

"I perceive now," said Somers, "you think that it may be possible to sever Miss Stratford from—from—"

"That spectral fragment of humanity. Montague Toodleton, Esq.? We do—we will."

They had loitered in their walk towards the mess-house, and were now overtaken by the baboo, who passed them rapidly, muttering imprecations in the vernacular.

"By George," said the major, "there goes the baboo, whom we saw the collector licking just now. He seems in a mighty fume. Let's ask him what the row was about. Ho, baboo!"

Hurrischunder turned round and salaamed.

"I say, baboo," continued Wildman, "what's the matter with the *burra sahib* (great man) that he should beat you as he did?"

The baboo was almost white with vexation. All the evil passions of the Hindoo's nature were visible in his countenance. He seemed glad of the opportunity of unburthening his mind.

"Toodleton Sahib he beat me 'cause I not lend him more money to make marriage with pretty lady. He owe to me too much. He is very bad gentleman—very hot temper. He owe money to treasurer—all Company's money gone from treasury. I know. I make expose him—"

"What, what, what?" exclaimed the major. "Don't get on in such a hurry. Let's hear all this more calmly. It is worthy of note. Come to my quarters after breakfast, and tell all you know. We will be your friends."

"Master is honourable gentleman. I tell all. I go my house to make wash body and eat breakfast, and then I come to master's house," and again salaaming, he continued his route.

"Now, my boy," said Wildman to Somers, "the game's our own. You shall be avenged—I shall be

avenged—the baboo shall be avenged. We'll see the sancy civilian in the mire yet, and if the girl has any pluck—and you have any pluck—you shall be man and wife."

The major's face glowed under the brilliant prospects his own generalship had, as he thought, mapped out. He considered the triumph already achieved. He was surprised to find, however, that Somers did not partake of his confidence or enthusiasm. The Eurasian had relapsed into melancholy.

"I thank you," he said, "for all your kind intentions, but I feel that it would not become me to interfere. Whatever may be the issue of this affair, Miss Stratford can never be other than a stranger to me. I shall go back to Calcutta to-morrow, and make arrangements for an immediate return to England. The half-caste is disclaimed in the land of his birth."

To this resolution, Somers steadfastly adhered. The next day saw him on his way to the Presidency.

CHAPTER X.

No village in England blessed with a barber, an active, disappointed old maid, and a meddling attorney deep in the science of "making business," can compete with an Indian up-country station in the rapid circulation and improvement of local gossip. The expansion of an idea, the enlargement of a fact, the construction of a vast edifice of scandal upon the slightest possible basis of truth, are carried in those localities to a point of perfection unattainable among less educated communities. A high degree of refinement has its influences upon the culture of the imagination; and thus it is that military officers and civilians, generally men of "polite attainments" and aristocratic inclinations, having very little to occupy their time, combine to magnify events which occur in their immediate vicinity. The mole-hill rapidly grows into a mountain under their enchanting touch, and so inveterate is the habit, and so acceptable the faculty of embellishment to the *gobes-nouches* of Mofussil society, that even when a "*ridiculus mus*" proves to be the true solution of the fables put in circulation, it brings no disgrace upon the inventor, for society owes it to itself not to throw stones, or to check a talent which may be fruitful of amusement and wonder at some later period.

As a consequence of this prevailing talent and its exciting application, added to the motive with which that "distinguished" officer, Major Wildman, was inspired, a scene took place at Muddlepore, to which the amplification of the affair of the *Teazles* and *Surfaces*, by *Candour*, *Crahtree*, and *Backbite*, in the "School for Scandal," was as nothing. Wildman took tiffin that day with McSniven, the adjutant of the detachment, and his "good lady." Mrs. McSniven had been the wife of a surgeon defunct, and though some years older than the adjutant, had condescended, after the decencies of mourning had been observed, to accept his hand, and as much of his heart as had been left after twelve years' infliction of drill and discipline upon some hundreds of sepoy.

"Well, have you heard the *gup* (gossip)?" was the major's interrogatory, after he had made some profound observations on the range of the thermometer.

"Oh, you mean about the half-caste who murdered his mother, and has fled," answered Mrs. McSniven, anxious to show that she was not altogether in the dark.

"No, not that, not that," rejoined the major; "it is doubtful about the murder. No, I mean the *gup* regarding the collector—a precious business!"

"What, has he been *juvanded*?"

"I don't know—but he certainly will be. He has half-murdered one of his keranucces, and so the fellow peached, and it seems there is a deficiency of three lacs of rupees in the treasury."

"*Bapprec hay!*" exclaimed the Scotch lady, adopting the tone and phrase of wonderment common to the Hindoos. "You don't mean it! Why, he always lived so meanly—never gave any but those dull, stupid, formal parties which we were obliged to attend."

"He has been making a purse—hoarding up his ill-gotten wealth to cut a figure in England. Talk of Warren Hastings and the nabobs of the last century! Toodleton, the *Bahadour*, would have cut them all out—but it's all *a p* with him."

At that moment the adjutant, perspiring from his labours in the orderly room, entered the dining apartment, intent upon increasing the amount of his caloric by the consumption of a curried fowl and a pint of Madeira.

"Well, major, you've heard the news, of course?" were the first words he uttered.

"Oh, yes, I've just been telling Mrs. McSniven—she hadn't heard it. I wonder what it will end in?"

"Why, the collector will be tried for murder, or manslaughter, at the least," rejoined the adjutant.

"What! is the baboo dead?"

"How can you ask? Hardwicke says that you and he saw the man *nearly* murdered—didn't you?"

"Yes, if you come to that; but if he should have survived the assault, Toodleton will be had up for embezzlement."

"Forgery, too, I hear," said the adjutant.

"Ah, very likely—one crime always leads to another. The collector is in a nice mess. I pity the *spin*."

The luncheon over, Mrs. McSniven, instead of retiring to her bed-room to indulge in one of those siestas, induced by hot curries, the climate, and Bass's pale ale, which form part of the day's business with most Anglo-Indian ladies, insisted upon her husband ordering the buggy to the door, and driving her to Mrs. Cardamum's to make a morning call. She was dying to communicate all she had heard, and if possible to gather an additional fact or two bearing on the event. The only thing which distressed the worthy woman was the certainty of the wedding, and its attendant breakfast, being put aside until Miss Stratford should accept of somebody else.

The self-denial of Mrs. Cardamum was not equal to that of Mrs. McSniven, for when the adjutant and his wife reached the dwelling of the *burra beebie*, they were greeted with a "not at home," which in the heat of the day in India, means "gone to sleep—don't wish to be bothered." As they returned, however, they passed Hurrischunder Ghose. The adjutant recognised in him one of the *employes* in the collectorate, and not knowing which of them had fallen beneath the murderous attack of the infuriated Toodleton, he pulled up, and spoke to Hurrischunder.

"I say, baboo, what's all this we hear? Collector made bad business, eh?—steal money and kill treasurer?"

Hurrischunder was overcome with stupid surprise. To none but the two officers and the confidential members of his own household, had he mentioned the morning's event. He, therefore, concluded that, after he had felt the collector's bamboo, that gentleman had really been punishing the treasurer, and appropriating the small sum that still remained for public purposes. Recovering himself, he answered with great self-possession that the

treasurer was "dam' rascal;" for the baboo saw that if the murder *had* been perpetrated, he might possibly succeed to the office if he did not destroy his chance by villifying the collector. From the ambiguity of his reply, the adjutant thought he had arrived at the truth, and, accordingly, when a few minutes later he and Mrs. McSniven met the collector in his carriage, they did not return the gracious bow of that functionary, for they had no idea of being on terms with a homicide.

Somers made a slow journey to the Presidency. Regarding this as his last visit to India, and feeling much interested in the country—having, moreover, no such motive for a rapid trip as had governed him on his way upwards—he made halts at all the towns, and often wandered away off the road where the stage bungalows stood, when he heard of any ruined temple or remarkable edifice. In this way he visited the remains of those splendid caravanserais, which, to this hour, attest the grandeur of the Mahomedan sovereigns. He saw vast tanks for the reception of rain-water, which demonstrated the piety of the dying rajah, who sought to propitiate Heaven by a parting thought for the poor and needy. In the cities of Gwah and Benares he beheld the evidences of the heathen blindness which closes the Hindoo's intellect against the tenets of Christianity, and binds him to the hideous idols which typify the attributes of Brahma, Vishnu, Parbutee, Doorgah, &c. The outskirts of the jungles presented to the admiring eye of the Eurasian, the noble banian tree, parent of a thousand stems, each in itself a tree of goodly stature; and when he contemplated the vast canopy formed by the intersecting leaves, providing shelter for thousands of travellers from the burning noon-day sun, he ceased to marvel at the devotees who placed rude statues of *Ganesha*, the sylvan deity, at the foot of the 'parent stem, and offered him the tribute of their worship.

When within one hundred miles of Calcutta, Somers entered one evening a stage bungalow, for the purpose of a few hours' rest, and having directed the khetmutghar to prepare him some supper—the eternal grilled fowl—he took up a Mofussil (up-country) newspaper, the *Jootbat Ukhbar*, which a recent traveller had left behind him. Lighting the taper which formed part of his travelling gear, he began to peruse the local intelligence, and to his surprise under the head of MUDDLEMPORE he read the following paragraph:—

"THE MUDDLEMPORE AFFAIR.

"The society of this station has lately been thrown into a state of excitement by the occurrence of a singular train of events, deeply affecting the character of more than one individual. We do not vouch for the rigid accuracy of the details, but we hold it our duty to place them before our kind and numerous readers exactly as we have received them. It seems that the collector of the district had become enamoured of the charms of a recent arrival, and having had the courage to make an offer of his hand was of course accepted. We say of course, because it would have been an impeachment of the good sense of the lady to suppose that she could have hesitated to accept an establishment and 50,000 rupees per annum, with the customary reversions of mortality. As the *happy day* arrived, however, a native officer of the collectorate, a man of great integrity, made the discovery that frauds to an enormous extent had been in course of perpetration for a series of years. The detection cost him dearly, for the enraged culprit drawing a sword, or some other weapon upon him, stabbed the poor wretch in

many places and he bled to death. In his dying moments he revealed the frauds. The collector, fearful that on their coming to the knowledge of government, he would at least lose his appointment, or be suspended while a commission of inquiry sat upon the defalcations, hastened his marriage with Miss Str-tf-rd, the belle aforesaid, but as they left the church Mr. T--dl-t-n was arrested by order of the judge of the district, and carried to the Zillah jail. He protested against the indelicacy of the proceeding, but the officers of justice, with whom he was no favourite, would listen to no proposals of accommodation. The unhappy bride was borne fainting to the residence of Mrs. C--d-m-m, and the miserable collector, an hour after his incarceration, committed suicide by cutting the carotid artery. Thus the lady was maid, wife, and widow, in the same day."

Then followed this paragraph:—

"We are glad to be able to state that, since the foregoing was written, it has been ascertained that the treasurer of the collectorate was not murdered as has been alleged, nor was he even assaulted. The story seems to have arisen out of a scene of violence in which the collector and a native clerk were the actors. Thus the wretched man has not to add the crime of murder to his other atrocities. The grief of the young widow is understood to be intense; less, it is rumoured, on account of the domestic calamity which befel her on the threshold of a career of matrimonial splendour, than because of the disappearance of an interesting half-caste cut-throat who had disturbed the placidity of Muddlepore existence by some extraordinary pranks terminating in the destruction, it is said, of a common ayah to whom the fellow was closely allied."

The mingled emotions with which Somers read this ribald description, in which truth and falsehood were strangely blended, may be imagined. The imputations cast upon himself, coming as they did at the end of the paragraph, raised his ire—he crushed the paper in his hands, paced the verandah, and struck his burning forehead with his fist. Had the luckless editor been at hand he would have torn him limb from limb. This paroxysm, however, soon gave place to other feelings. The lofty spirit of the youth recoiled from the indulgence in resentment, and turned generously to a consideration of Julia's condition. *She was free*; and it might be that there was some foundation for the statement that, in her grief she had thought of the half-caste who had evinced the force of his attachment by following her to India.

Night had fallen; a rude bed was made up on the cane-bottomed couch which forms part of the furniture of the bungalow, and Somers was about to resign himself to as much repose as he could expect to enjoy while his mind was thus disturbed, when he heard voices outside, announcing a new arrival. The language spoken by the khetmutghar to the traveller was English, for the nocturnal visitor was an Englishman ignorant of Hindostanee.

"I don't care a straw," said the European, in a voice which Somers thought he recognised. "No black fellow has any right to keep the bungalow to himself. Tell him to turn out, or I'll do it for you."

"Master," replied the khetmutghar, "suppose you go six coss (twelve miles) little further, then will find 'nother bungalow. Gentleman only come this evening time, sir."

"No, I won't," rejoined the Englishman, "I'll not stand it;" and in a moment he leaped out of his palankeen, and hammered at the door of the bungalow.



"I say, you sir, you must bundle out of this, and make room for a European. Government never intended the bungalow for people like you."

Somers impetuously rose from his couch, and flung open the door.

"Somers!" was the interjection of the visitor.

"Lionel Stratford!" cried Somers, "I am ashamed of you. You have inhaled the common prejudice with the atmosphere of the country. Pray take possession, and let the reviled *half-caste* go forth like a dog."

Lionel keenly felt the merited rebuke.

"For God's sake, forgive me, Somers; I had no idea it was you. They told me it was—in fact, I thought perhaps some common fellow had monopolized the house."

"You thought it was some one of a different complexion to your own, and in that persuasion you acted the tyrant Englishman. I gave you credit for nobler sentiments. Had you not seen enough of me in England to believe it possible that a man might be black without being vile? But I will leave you master of this asylum. Hi!—prepare my palankeen!"

Lionel, abashed, entreated his pardon. He would not for the world wound the feelings of his friend. He insisted upon Somers remaining, and he would go forward albeit his bearers were foot-weary.

Somers, accustomed to the "proud man's contumely," was mollified by the frank confession of his old friend, and before half-an-hour had elapsed they were upon their old terms of confidence. Lionel was on his way to Muddlumpore to return with Julia to Calcutta. He had been greatly shocked at the intelligence which had reached him, and he asked Somers whether *all* was true that he had heard.

Somers replied by putting the provincial paper into his hands, and asking how far his intelligence corresponded with what had been put forth in that respectable journal? About *one-half* was true! The collector was neither a murderer, nor a thief, nor a suicide. His affairs had become deranged; he had precipitated matrimony to give him possession of a wife he might have despaired of obtaining at a later period, and having been arrested for debt on his wedding-day, the circumstance had such a terrible effect upon a nervous temperament, a weak constitution, and a feeble mind, that it had produced total paralysis, followed by death in twenty-four hours. As to the imputation cast upon Somers, Lionel had heard of the whole affair from Julia by letter, and his friend's generosity and disinterestedness had only served to elevate him in his (Lionel's) estimation.

It would have argued a rare constancy of mind had Somers failed to entertain a passing hope that the calamity which had widowed Julia, might reopen his prospects of establishing an interest in her heart. Still he had self-command enough to say nothing on the subject to Lionel. If he cherished the expectation of a renewal of the intercourse, he felt that that was not the proper time, nor India the country, for the fulfilment of his views. The conversation, therefore, received a new direction, and Lionel saw fresh reason to admire the intelligence and reflective power which had converted Somers' journey downwards into a means of gathering fresh knowledge and new ideas.

An hour after midnight Lionel's head bearer announced that the time had arrived when the journey must be continued to enable them to reach the next great station before the heat of the following day should begin to be

oppressive. Somers accompanied his friend to the door, where stood two *musachies*, or torch-bearers, with links in their hands which cast a red glare over the assembled group of bearers. Lionel grasped his hand, and saying, "We shall meet again, I hope, before you quit for England," sprang into his palankeen, and was soon on his way to Muddlemore, the murmuring chorus of the bearers keeping time to their customary *amble*. Not long afterwards our hero himself continued his trip to the Presidency.

[To be continued.]

"SOLDIER FRED."—A MEMOIR.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

THE diligence of "our own correspondents," the researches of biographers, and the affection of surviving relatives, have supplied the public with many a record of the heroic bravery, and the noble self-sacrifice of those who have fallen victims to disease, or who have more nobly died in the campaign in the Crimea. No pen has yet recorded the strange and eventful career of "Soldier Fred." There is, however, a large circle of friends who have shared his hospitality, who have enjoyed his ready humour, who, under the most unfavourable circumstances, have witnessed the outbursts of his genial and convivial soul, and who would mourn his death with unfeigned sorrow. By far the larger number of the friends of "Soldier Fred" are to be found in the lowest ranks of society. They shiver beneath their scanty rags at the corners of our crowded streets; they importunately solicit alms of the passer-by; their homes are in the dreariest, darkest, and most desolate of abodes, where want, and vice, and misery, reign undisturbed, and where the professional mendicant rests after the labours of the day. Many a heart that throbs beneath the rags of the poor beggar would exult to know that "Soldier Fred" had met with a kind biographer; not a few will remember their old friend in these pages; and others, while recognizing in "Soldier Fred" a son and a brother, will not, we trust, have occasion to complain of any improper breach of confidence on our part.

A few years since "Soldier Fred" (for by this name we shall designate him throughout the whole of this biography) held an ensigncy in one of our crack cavalry corps, stationed at the time in a populous, thriving town in the north of England. While there he saw and loved, and bright eyes smiled approval, but the course of his true love ran not smoothly. There were rival suitors; there was pride of birth on one side, and desire for wealth beyond the means at command on the other; there was what Villikins would call "a stern parent," and there was the darkening shadow of "foreign service" for the young ensign. Amid all these intensely disagreeable circumstances, there were, however, many opportunities afforded for setting at defiance the vigilance of busy friends, and for enabling the lovers to meet for the pleasing interchange of their vows of love and constancy. At length there arrived that ruthless order from the Horse Guards, which so often cuts the worse than Gordian knot which binds up the affections of the fairer sex with the vows and protestations of so many of the gallant young officers of our army. Hitherto there was nothing in the career of the young ensign that fiction has not a thousand times depicted in language which has forced the tear from the young and gushing heart of the sentimental reader. We have, therefore, to enlarge upon this portion of our history; and for the same reason we pass over the months of anxious suspense, the breaking hearts, and the wailing

forms of the separated lovers. Our biography commences with the evening of the day, when after mess, the youthful ensign received, through the post, a newspaper, upon opening which he saw, in that which to some persons is the most interesting part of the paper, viz., the list of marriages, a paragraph marked with red ink, which at once attracted his notice. The scored passage announced the marriage a few days previously of Clara Seaton to the Hon. Edward O'Donnell. The paper fell from the hands of the gallant young officer, who immediately rose and left the room in a state which we will not attempt to describe; and it is scarcely necessary to explain to the reader that Clara Seaton was the name of the young lady to whom the officer was so tenderly attached, and the Hon. Edward O'Donnell that of one of his more successful rivals. An ineffectual attempt on the part of the disappointed ensign to commit suicide was fortunately discovered in time to prevent death ensuing; all that medical skill could do was called into requisition; the wound was healed, but the mind had given way under the blow, and the young officer passed from the hands of the surgeon to a private asylum for the insane. Nearly two years had passed away in the unconsciousness of apparently hopeless lunacy, when under the skillful and humane treatment of Dr. —, the lamp of reason again glimmered slightly in its socket, and he had ultimately the satisfaction of seeing his patient fully restored to reason and health. During his illness, the —th had been ordered to India, but through the intercession of friends, the ensign was allowed to retain his commission; and, unable to accompany his comrades on active service, was allowed to remain with the dépôt of his regiment. A variety of circumstances unnecessary to detail—among others, the failure of his principal friends, who were largely engaged in trade, debts contracted during his illness, and a distaste to the dullness of a dépôt service, induced the ensign to sell out. The greater part of the proceeds of the sale of his commission was applied, after the liquidation of his debts, to the service of his friends, and the small sum that remained soon disappeared while he was endeavouring to obtain a government post which had been promised to him. A change of ministry dashed the cup of hope from his lips, and want and penury looked with grim and ghastly visage into the wan and emaciated features of the young ensign. Everything which could be made available for raising money was soon parted with to obtain the necessities of life. The poor soldier sought to conceal his poverty and distress in one of those cheap lodging-houses which abound in the East-end of London. The cold and damp room, and the want of comforts which he experienced, threw him into a violent fever; the few articles of decent wearing apparel which he yet retained were secured by the landlord, and the poor victim was removed penniless and almost naked to a public hospital. From this attack he slowly recovered, and the kindness of a charitable institution clothed the soldier, and placed a few shillings at his disposal upon leaving the hospital.

Suffering from hunger and privation, without a home in which to rest his head, the ensign, a few days after his discharge from hospital, was walking along one of the streets leading to the most crowded thoroughfare in the city, when he saw a gentleman approaching, who, to judge of his appearance, had never yet known or felt how grievous a thing it was for the iron of poverty to enter into the human soul. Perhaps, thought the poor soldier—his manly soul revolting at the same time from the idea—this man has a heart that can feel for the wants and

woes of another, and perhaps, if he knew my distressing position, would be induced to afford me some temporary assistance. It was a long struggle between a noble feeling of pride and the gnawing pangs of hunger; the portly, well-to-do looking gentleman and the poverty-stricken man had met, while the conflict was still going on, and hunger had not conquered pride before the rich merchant had passed. Turning sharply round, the instinct of hunger led him, who so lately had indulged in all the luxuries of life, to become a suppliant for the means of obtaining a morsel of bread. He followed with rapid steps the course of the wealthy merchant, and raising his hand, touched the broad shoulders of the merchant for the purpose of arresting attention. The moment the hand of the famishing man had been laid upon the merchant, a deep and overpowering sense of his degradation crept over the soul of the poor soldier, and instantly withdrawing his hand, he turned his back upon the portly form which he had resolved to supplicate for relief, and ran with hasty steps from the scene of his first humiliating attempt to beg. Instantly a loud shout of "stop thief!" arrested his attention; he was pursued by several people, and among others by the burly merchant. Unconscious of having committed any offence, he checked his speed, and the next moment he felt the sharp gripe of the hand of a policeman upon his shoulder, and found himself confronted with the person of whom he had ineffectually attempted to solicit relief. "I charge him," said he, "with having picked my pocket."

"Of what?" said the policeman.

The wealthy citizen searched first the pockets of his outer coat, then of his inner coat; next unbuttoning his series of coats, he examined every other of the pockets which were so liberally and ingeniously distributed among his garments, but he missed nothing.

"I don't know," he replied, "that I have lost anything; but I will charge the thief with attempting to pick my pocket."

"Really, sir," said the astonished man, with an air of calmness and self-possession which contrasted strongly with the rash and intemperate tone of his calumniator, "I know not upon what grounds you seek in this public manner to associate me with so offensive an epithet as that which you have just employed."

"I saw you running away," replied the gentleman thus addressed, "and before that I felt your hand near my coat pockets."

"We saw him running too," replied some dozen persons who had, as is usually the case, speedily gathered round the excited group.

"It is quite true," said the calumniated man, "but—"

"There is no use arguing now," said the policeman, "this gentleman gives you in charge for attempting to pick his pocket, and you do not deny it—you must come along with me, and reserve your defence for the sessions."

"The sessions," muttered the merchant to himself, and instantly there arose in his mind visions of heavy fees to counsel and solicitor, delays and loss of time at the police-court, and numerous other disagreeable circumstances connected with public prosecutions in this country.

"After all," thought he, "I have lost nothing, and I really do not know what object I can gain by prosecuting the poor wretch, except it be for the 'public good.' But what have I to do with the 'public good'—the 'public' can surely look after its own 'good' without waste of time and money on my part."

These sage reflections were not without their weight upon the philosophic merchant, for addressing himself to the policeman, he said, "I think I shall not press the charge this time, as the thief did not succeed, and as there may be some difficulty in proving the felonious attempt."

"Oh, as to that," said the protector of the public peace, "there would not be so much difficulty."

"I don't think there was anybody who saw the attempt."

"That may be, or it may not," replied the policeman, unwilling to lose the chance of a case at the sessions and the gratuities of the prosecutor, "but very likely he is a known character, and evidence sometimes turns up when it is least expected."

This conversation was carried on in the hearing of the prisoner, and very naturally excited a considerable amount of interest on his part.

"Perhaps," said he, addressing himself to his prosecutor, "a few words from me may explain the whole circumstance, for notwithstanding the assumption of this guardian of the public morals, I can assure you I am not 'a known character' in the sense in which he applies that term. It is needless to occupy your time with statements of irrelevant matters, suffice it to say, that being in great distress, I was about for the first time in my life to supplicate for relief—I took the first step by attracting your notice, but lacked the courage to complete the task of remaining to solicit your charity."

"That's all very well," responded the policeman, "but that tale won't do here," accompanying his remarks with that peculiar sagacious glance common to this class of officials.

There was something, however, in the air and manner of the suspected man which appeared to convey to the mind of the merchant the idea of truth in the explanation he had just heard, and although unable to correctly appreciate the feelings which had dictated such a course of conduct, he thought that neither his duty to himself nor to society required that he should press the case farther.

"Mind," said he, addressing the prisoner, "I don't believe a word of what you have said; but, as you did not succeed in your criminal attempt, I shall not take any steps to punish you. I warn you, however, to be more careful for the future, and to abandon your present vicious course of life. Policeman, you may let him go this time."

The rich merchant went on his way to calculate the profits of his business and the success of his last speculation; the policeman with measured tread recommenced his rounds, sighing over a degenerate age which declines to prosecute; the crowd dispersed to their respective occupations and pursuits; and the poor victim of fortune was left to curse his unhappy lot, to sigh, and in all probability, to starve.

"I say, young chap," said a half-naked, miserable-looking wretch with a box of lucifers in his hand, who was hobbling along by the side of the released criminal, and who had overheard the conversation, "you got over that affair deuced lucky. That gift of the gab of yours is worth a jew's eye. Dash my wig, if you couldn't gammon old Nobley, I'm blowed if it isn't a notch for me, and I'll work it the next time I'm grabbed."

The past misfortunes of the young ensign had rendered him familiar with the meaning of much of the slang phraseology thus addressed to him, and repelled and calumniated by the representative of wealth and prosperity, he

resolved to listen to the compliments, and seek the advice of the wretched type of poverty and distress by his side. It is unnecessary to give the conversation which passed between the professional beggar and the unsuccessful novice in the art and mystery of the begging craft. Suffice it to say, that with a box of lucifer-matches in his hand, the fallen ensign made his first essay in vagrancy, and by nightfall saw his exertions rewarded by a sum of two shillings and three-pence, which he had received undisturbed by policeman or others from the charitable and humane. His instructor in the art of begging having himself "made a good day," most liberally declined to receive his promised share of the profits of his "prentice han'." The old professional undertook to introduce his *protégé*, in whom he undoubtedly felt a generous interest, to the good society at the "boozing-ken," which he in common with the rest of the "fraternity" patronised. This establishment was situated in one of the dirtiest of the narrow streets which abound in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel. The "common hall," as it is termed, or the "day room" of the beggars presented a strange aspect even to the novice who in his experience in low lodging-houses had seen much to outrage and shock the finer feelings of humanity. After having been duly introduced, and his claims to admission all but unanimously recognised—for his patron was a man of great influence—a portion of the results of his first day's begging was soon converted into a substantial beef-steak, a thick slice of bread, some potatoes, porter, and other requisites for a good and much needed meal. In the room there were not less than forty persons of both sexes and almost all ages. There was the member of the Spanish Legion, whose services were still unrequited by the ungrateful government for which he had fought and shed his blood; there were three men who were on the "sea lark" (begging-sailors); two decent-looking artisans with clean white shirts, and "their unfortunate companions in distress, and their dear young children who had done nothing to deserve it." In another part of the room stood a widow woman, who had been trying to get a bit of bread by the sale of "tattens and driz" (threads and tapes), and her companion who went the same rounds with her, with a white bandage round his head, and his arm in a sling; but the sling and the bandage were now conveniently laid aside, for he had recovered from "the fall which he met with while engaged in building the New Houses of Parliament." There were the shoeless, the ragged, the dirty, the clean, the lame, and even the blind; young and old, one and all in their varied characters suited to call forth sympathy, or to impose upon the charitable and humane. In one corner of the room was a huge brown pan technically called the "scrub pot," filled with pieces of bread, beef, mutton, and other broken victuals which the company had collected in the course of the day. Three or four children and an enormously large cat were gathered round the "pot" selecting some of the daintiest morsels for their own especial use; one child was engaged in tearing some scraps of meat off a rib-bone of beef, another had selected a lump of bread and cheese, a third was "polishing off" a leg of a fowl, a fourth was amusing himself with throwing at his companions or into the fire lumps of bread and pieces of meat, for "he would not eat such stuff as that." On a table at one side of the room six stalwart-looking beggars were playing cards; and close by them four others were engaged in a game called "shove ha'penny." A woman with a comfortable flannel under-gown, and

who had been out all the day on the "clean cudg," was employed in washing out the thin cotton dress which she wore over the warmer and more comfortable flannel garment. The employments of the other females present were varied—some were repairing the clothes of their "pals," some patching up their own, some were making fancy doyleys of different coloured worsted, one was knitting night-caps, another making doll's dresses, some frying-steaks or soles, or toasting bacon or herrings, before a huge fire sufficient to consume every particle of oxygen which could find its way into the ill-ventilated apartment. The card-players were quarrelling, a ballad-monger was practising a new ballad, several women were singing, all were talking except those who, like the new member, were more busily employed in eating and drinking. The confused noises, the fumes of tobacco, of onions, of gin, of the wash-tub, of broiled meat and fish, and the impure atmosphere, rendered the room all but intolerable.

Among this strange company the poor ensign soon became a favourite, and his education, his abilities, and his agreeable and obliging disposition, were constantly rendered available for promoting the interests and comforts of his colleagues. His early history and circumstances were studiously kept secret within his own bosom. Earlier and more pleasing associations connected with the army induced him to adopt the military profession in his new avocation; and dressed in a short red jacket and forage cap, he appeared to the public as one of the unremunerated members of the Spanish Legion. Many persons may remember having seen a distressed-looking object of this class, mutely soliciting their charity, and presenting in his appearance something of that noble bearing which never fails to excite notice and respect. The charitable responded to the soldier's appeal, and then passed on to other subjects of more immediate interest or concern; none knew that they had relieved the younger son of an honourable and a once wealthy family, whose name was destined to figure among the bravest of the brave officers at Alma and at Inkerman, and whose memory yet lives in the grateful hearts of his brother-mendicants as "Soldier Fred."

During the few years that "Soldier Fred" followed the begging profession, his excellent style of penmanship was of essential service to his colleagues; and the facility with which he could disguise his hand, or imitate the handwriting of others, obtained him a large amount of employment in drawing up begging petitions, or in writing letters to the friends of his colleagues. His first attempt in assisting those who "push the slum" (carry begging petitions), was considered a remarkably successful production, for just at that period a great amount of sympathy was felt for foreigners in distress. It will be read with interest at the present time:—

"The bearer of these lines, M. de —, is known to me as a nobleman from home; I, therefore, could not refrain from giving a testimony of his respectability and honourable connections. M. de — deserves the sympathy and respect of a British public, as he is a fugitive from his native country in consequence of a duel which he fought with an unprincipled political opponent. This act was made the unjust excuse for despoiling him of his property, and compelling him to leave his native country. I, therefore, most cordially recommend him to all the friends of humanity anxious to assist a most deserving and much injured foreign patriot.

"—"

The usual charge of a petition of this description, varies from one shilling to half-a-crown, its expense increasing according to the difficulty and length of the document, and the number of signatures it professes to bear. The visits paid by "Soldier Fred" to various parts of the country, the success which he met, his hair-breadth escapes from the clutches of the law, would occupy too great an extent of our space; it is enough to say that, with the solitary exception of having imposed upon the sympathies of the benevolent, no human being can mention a fact which can tarnish the moral reputation and high character of "Soldier Fred."

One evening, having glanced over the columns of a newspaper which contained no particular news, he commenced to look over the mournful list of deaths which the public journals usually contain, his attention was excited by the announcement of the death of "Emily Seaton, of Fairfield Hall, aged twenty-eight, after a long and painful illness, borne with exemplary and Christian patience."

"There must, surely, be some mistake," said "Soldier Fred," half audibly; "she has been married these seven years—and was not her marriage announced in the newspaper which I received at Bath."

After much anxious thought and deliberation, he resolved to ascertain for himself the value of this strange piece of intelligence. He took counsel with one of his female colleagues in whose prudence and ability he could place confidence. She was one of that class of persons who are so frequently to be met with, disposing of tapes and laces, and other small wares. "Soldier Fred" and his friend of the "tatten and driz" started off the same night to the neighbourhood of Fairfield Hall. He set himself to learn all he could on the subject from the tap-rooms of the various public-houses in the neighbourhood, and soon ascertained that the young lady had died but three days previously, and was to be buried on the following Monday. His companion speedily obtained from the gossiping propensities of the servants at the Hall, and above all from the companion of the deceased young lady, to whom she was anxious to sell some mourning jewellery suitable for the occasion, at a very low price, all the particulars connected with the young lady's death. She learned of her unchanged and undying love for a young officer—the cruel attempts which had been made to compel her to renounce and to forget him—the importunate entreaties of other suitors for her hand—the shameful trick which had been resorted to for the purpose of inducing the young officer to cease the correspondence, which was nothing less than the false announcement in the newspaper of the marriage of Clara Seaton to the Hon. Edward O'Donnell, which had been carefully underlined in red ink, and sent to the unsuspecting lover. She learned further, how fondly Emily had loved him to the last—how vainly she had sought to learn his fate after he had left the asylum of which he had been the distracted inmate—how she had charged her attendant to deliver to him if he should ever be found alive, the assurance of her constant love, and a token of her affection, in the shape of a lock of her hair, which she had herself cut off while on her death-bed. She learned, also, that the heart of the father had relented as he witnessed and mourned over the gradual and rapid decay of his beautiful daughter, and how willingly he would have consented to the union to which before he had objected upon such unworthy and improper grounds. Who can describe the emotions of "Soldier Fred" as he was thus made acquainted with the sad details? We

will not attempt the task, but prefer to hurry on to the conclusion of the eventful career of the subject of our brief memoir.

"Soldier Fred" took steps to make himself known to the family of the Seaton, whose previous mean, heartless conduct was endeavoured to be atoned for by a profusion of kindness, and by affectionate sympathy for his unavailing sorrow and irretrievable loss. The friends of "Soldier Fred" obtained for him a commission in a regiment ordered for active service in the East—he passed unscathed through the disease of Gallipoli and Varna, landed with his regiment in the Crimea, conquered with his company at Alma, and fell a victim in the deadly strife at Inkerman. And now, near where the black and sluggish waters of the Tchernaya lave the blood-stained valley of Inkerman, there sleeps in a hero's undistinguished grave all that remains of poor "Soldier Fred." Peace to his ashes! E. M. D.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A LEGAL ADVISER.

A New York newspaper relates the following circumstance, for the authenticity of which it vouches:—A cashier of a bank, not a hundred miles from Wall-street, found his funds 200,000 dollars short, at a time when his accounts were about to be examined. He consulted an attorney friend, who discovered that he had no property available to convert to cash to cover the deficit, and advised him to take 200,000 more; then, when the discovery took place, he would have something to negotiate with, and induce the directors to refrain from a public *exposé*. The cashier took the advice—and the money. The discovery occurred: he compromised with them for 100,000 dollars; and neither the stockholders nor the public knew anything of the matter. Resigning his situation, he lived, "respected by all who knew him," on his fortune, and died during the current year.

THE CRIMEA.

At least two-thirds of the Crimea consists of vast waterless plains of sandy soil, rising only a few feet above the level of the sea, and in many places impregnated with salt; but all along the south-eastern side of the peninsula, from Sebastopol to Mertch and Kaffa, there extends a chain of limestone mountains, the highest summit of which is the Chatir-Dagh, rising to somewhat more than five thousand feet in altitude. Beginning at Balaklava, nine miles east of Sebastopol, precipices fringe all this south-eastern coast; but at the foot of these limestone precipices extends a narrow strip of ground, seldom half-a-league in width, intervening between the hills and the shore, and resembling on a large scale the Under-cliff of the Isle of Wight. It is in this picturesque and delightful region that the Allied army has now established its base of operations. A luxuriant vegetation descends to the water's edge. Chestnut trees, mulberries, almonds, laurels, and cypresses grow along its whole extent. Numbers of rivulets of the clearest water pour down from the cliffs, which effectually keep off all cold and stormy winds. Thickly studded with villages, and adorned with the villas and palaces of the richest Russian nobles, this tract offers a most striking contrast to the remainder of the peninsula, or indeed to any other part of Russia.

EXPENSIVE IRREVERENCE.

A Devonshire paper states that the costs of the Rev. W. J. Alban, vicar of Mevagissy, incurred in prosecuting the fisherman, Thomas Dunn, for not taking off his hat at a funeral in the churchyard, have exceeded £200.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

THE following letter is from the sergeant who accompanied Lord Dunkellin with a fatigue party to the batteries on the morning when his lordship was taken prisoner. The same mishap befel the sergeant, but he, it appears, contrived to escape. The sergeant is a native of Welford, Northampton, and belongs to the first battalion of Coldstream Guards:—

My dear Father and Mother,—I received your most welcome letter on the 11th inst., and I can tell you that I thought you very long before you wrote, as our pleasures are so very few in this country, the greatest of which is to have a line from our native land, especially from those that are near and dear to us by the ties of nature. It is very dull and dreary at the best, but when deprived of this pleasure, it is sad indeed. I have nothing what we call extraordinary to tell you this time, but as I am much better than when I wrote last, and have a few minutes to spare, I thought I would try and send you a line, but it is rather uncertain whether I shall be able to finish it, as they are firing away at all quarters and I don't know what may be the result; but one fact I do know, and that is this, the fire is full of iron, and they are terribly hot, and must burn before long. We have crept too close to Sebastopol to be friends with the inhabitants in a very few hours. The moon is far advanced, and it is very dark at night, and we keep firing at one another all night with cannon, and small arms as well, but we always get the best of *Johnny Russ*, as we call them; but I can assure you that it is anything but pleasant work, for the Russian magazines abound with grape and canister-shot, and fire scarcely anything else, as we are so close, and they are both very destructive. Grape-shot is made with ten balls, as large as good-sized apples, and together. Canister is a tin about the size of a half-gallon measure, and filled with balls nearly the size of a walnut, and as soon as either of them are fired they burst, and a canister will sweep a piece of ground seven or eight yards wide; so a soldier on sentry under the fire of these guns, without any cover, must feel rather uneasy; and I can assure you it is often the case. We have been very fortunate as yet, and lost very few men, considering the many difficulties we have had to encounter; and I must give the Russians praise for the art and science they have displayed during the siege; but one thing they are short of, and that is, English hearts in their bosoms. They can't understand how it is that we won't retire when we are beat. The last battle we fought, viz., Inkerman, we were fairly beat till the French came up, but they could not drive us from the field; we stood and peppered away at them when they had twenty to one in front of us, which, if they had had any pluck, they must have drove us off, or killed us all. I never thought, before I was engaged, that I could treat the matter so lightly, for I am sure in the last fight I thought death was certain, yet I did not care a farthing; I kept cutting away as well as I could, and hardening others on. The worst I felt was, when I came home and found all my comrades missing, and did not know whether they were dead or wounded, but had to go amongst the dead and wounded in the dark to see who we could find. I was passing, with some more of my comrades, with as many of the wounded as we could get along, and there was one of our poor fellows lying on the ground beside some that were dead with both his thighs shot through, one of which was fractured very much. He did not even utter a groan, but simply said, "Sergeant, is there any chance for us to night?" I said, "We will come back and fetch you;" but the night was so dark that we could not find him, neither did anybody else, so he had to lay all the next day; but the poor fellow has since died of his wounds. I have one little thing to tell you that I meant to have mentioned last time, but I was neither very well nor in good spirits; that is, I dare say, if you have seen a *London paper*, you may have seen an account of one Lord Dunkellin being taken prisoner by the Russians, who is captain in my regiment, and I being the sergeant that was by his side when he was taken, I thought you might have seen my name published also, and perhaps the blame put partly on my back, as I was in front leading the party the said officer commanded. It happened on the morning of the 22nd of October. About four o'clock in the morning, we marched off with a fatigue party of forty-one men, to work at a battery near the walls of Sebastopol, and neither me nor the officer knew the way, and the consequence was we missed the turn into the battery, and went into the enemy's ranks in the dark. You may think the surprise I felt when I went up to a party standing by the side of the road, and asked them the way, and found I was in the hands of the enemy. The men were a short distance in the rear, and as soon as they heard them speak they ran in all directions, and left me and the officer to their mercy. I called to the men not to run, but to stand their ground, but no one stopped. One party took hold of the officer, and four or five others got round me, but did not lay hands on me. A thousand different thoughts crossed my mind in a moment; I thought first to try and take some arms from them, as I had not any, even a stick; but if I had the others would have either shot or bayoneted me. But I did not like the look of my friends, so I thought I would make a bolt at all hazards. But I expected to be shot dead every minute. I must come to a close, as it is raining very fast, and I have nothing but canvas to cover myself with. My paper has got so damp that my pen will hardly

mark, but you must take the will for the deed. As I have said before, I have no convenience for writing, but for the sake of my friends and dear old country, I am glad to do what I can. I expect Sebastopol will be a dreadful job whenever it takes place, for the harbour lies all along one side of the town, full of shipping, ready to shell us out as soon as we enter; at least, that is their intention, but they might be taken in a trifle. The only thing against us is the weather, it being dreadfully wet, and we can't get our guns up; our wharf or harbour is six or seven miles away, and we have not a horse on the ground worth five pounds, except officers' chargers. Hundreds of horses, as well as men, have died, and are still dying daily. Both man and horse have to work very hard, and live bad. I have put you a small flower in that I gathered the first day we landed on Nicholas' territories, called "everlasting love" by some, by others "everlasting daisy." I could have sent you a little trophy from the battle-field, but the postage would cost you so very much.

FROM A SOLDIER OF THE 8TH HUSSARS.

Camp before Sebastopol.

My dear Mother and Brother,—With very great pleasure I received your letter on yesterday morning; it has been here for the last eight or ten days, but being on duty at Sebastopol I did not receive it until I returned to the regiment. I am most happy to hear you are in good health and doing well. I enjoy very good health, thanks be to my Heavenly Father. I have had some very narrow escapes; but as I came off at Balaklava safe, although having my horse blown from under me, and at Inkerman, where a cannon-ball grazed my head and killed the horse to the rear of me, and many other hair-breadth escapes too numerous to mention, I begin to think I shall not be killed. I have every reason to be thankful to Almighty God for preserving me while so many of my comrades fall daily, either by sickness or the hands of the Russians. Indeed I have been a most fortunate fellow throughout: I have never had pain or ache since I left England. We are very badly off—almost naked. I have not had a change since the 2nd of September, which is now nearly three months, and our clothing is much the worst of the war; the sleeves and sides are out of our jackets, and backs and knees are out of our overalls; we have something in the name of shoes, but very bad ones, and as for a general appearance covered all over with mud—some patched with leather, others with untanned skins of horses round their legs for gaiters, to keep out the wet—we cut a pretty dash; you may call us the English Bash-Bazouks. It has been raining for the last month, so you may imagine what state the ground must be in, ploughed up with horses. The centre of many streets in Dublin, of a wet day, is far preferable to our bed, with a wet cloak to cover us. We see accounts in the paper of what England is doing for us, but the only way we can feel them and see them is by giving us an untimely grave. Men must have the constitutions of lions to stand such treatment. I must give you an account of how yesterday, the Sabbath, was kept by us. We rose at 5 a.m., fed our horses and saddled, got some biscuit and something in the name of coffee—we get it green, so I leave you to imagine how we can roast it and grind it without a mill; we then went five miles to Balaklava in the rain, loaded our horses with hay and oats, and walked back, up to our knees in mud, with bad shoes and torn clothes; we then fed our horses, and had a share of half-boiled pork with biscuit, and then set out again for Balaklava—some with no dinner, as it could not be cooked in the wet; we remained until dark there, and then set out again, after waiting for our turn for oats, but returned empty; had a repetition of the same breakfast the next morning, and so goes our week. I should like it soon to be over. Such is the state of things in the Crimea. Hoping you will write soon, I remain, yours affectionately,

FROM PRIVATE JAS. RUDIN, 8TH COMPANY, COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Thank God, I am quite recovered from the wound I got on the 5th of November, and am ready to go up to the seat of war again. I live in hopes to have another brush with those barbarous Russians. I hope I shall be at the taking of Sebastopol. If ever I do get into action again against the enemy, I shall adopt the same plan as they; I will spare one of them if he has got breath in him. There was plenty of our brave comrades who would have lived if they had not murdered them as they lay wounded on the field of slaughter. I had to stain my bayonet for the first time, for we had not time to load, as the enemy was so close upon us in overwhelming force; we drove them back at the charge of the bayonet. It was hard fighting for my regiment. We fired all our shot away, and then we commenced throwing big stones at them as fast as they got upon the trench; we either knocked them down or gave them the bayonet; it was glorious fighting—there was plenty of game. You could not miss your mark—many a barbarous brute I laid low. It's no use being down-hearted here, you must have a determined spirit, or else you cannot get through all things. The weather is very cold; a great many of our poor fellows have got frost-bitten. I think that Nicholas would be glad to come to terms this winter; but if he don't, he'll catch it next summer. England, France, Turkey, and Austria will surround him—will drive him up in a corner, then we shall have some glorious sport. I hope that my dear father and mother will not be down-hearted, because we are out here fighting for our country. I must now bid you farewell. Answer all my letters, and send me all the news you can; keep your spirits up. "*Johnny Bono*" is all the cry with these old Turks.

JAS. RUDIN.

FROM PRIVATE THOMAS WILLIAMS, 11TH HUSSARS (one of the few who escaped unhurt in the fatal charge at Balaklava).

Camp near Sebastopol, Jan. 7th, 1855.

Dear Father and Mother,—I trust you will forgive me for keeping so long silent, but if you knew how we have been harassed about since we landed, I am sure I should obtain your forgiveness. I thank the Lord most fervently for his merciful goodness towards me, in giving me health and strength, and carrying me through the many difficulties I have had, with my poor comrades, to encounter. I have been with the regiment in all the skirmishes we have had except Inkerman. I was then at the wounded horse-depot at Balaklava, with three of our wounded horses. We lost one poor fellow there of my troop, and a sergeant got his arm blown off; it was a well-aimed ball from the enemy's artillery. It first took the top of a horse's head clean off, took the rider's arm off, went through his rear rank man, and put the next man's shoulder out of joint. That's all the casualties in our regiment on the 5th, which, I think, was more than sufficient after the severe cutting-up we got at Balaklava. I cannot help telling you a little about that affair, although, of course, you have heard more flowery accounts than I can give of it. At that time we had to turn out every morning before daylight, and soon after daylight we would turn in and go on with the daily routine of business. On this fatal morning we were just about to turn in when we heard a report from the Turkish batteries. We looked round and saw flash after flash. Of course it caused a bit of a stir in our ranks; we were mounted in quick steps, and advanced. The shot and shell soon began to make themselves heard. Several passed through the ranks, but did us harm. Presently we saw Master Turko retreating; then shells came quicker; and at last we retired behind a hill, out of sight of the enemy. We stopped here perhaps a quarter or half an hour, and it was while we were stationed here that the heavies made their bold and daring charge, and drove the Russians back over the hills. Then we got the order to advance. I could see what would be the result of it, and so could all of us; but of course, as we had got the order, it was our duty to obey. I do not wish to boast too much; but I can safely say there was not a man in the light brigade that day but what did his duty to his Queen and country. It was a fearful sight to see men and horses falling on all sides. Thank God, I and my poor horse got through it without a scar, although I had two or three very narrow escapes. My sword scabbard had two or three very severe knocks; in fact, a ball caught it about the centre, and cut it very nearly in two. How my leg escaped seems to me a miracle; but thanks be to a kind Providence, I did escape, and hope, by God's assistance, once more to return to the bosom of my beloved family. If I should fall, you must console yourselves by the thought that I died in a just and honourable cause. But I do not despair; thank God, I am in good spirits as well as health. There has been a great fall of snow here, and it is rather unpleasant to find it comes through the tent, and is wetting our blankets nicely. It has been freezing this last day or two. I woke up this morning and felt rather cold about the mouth; I put my hand up to it, and found what little moustache and whiskers I have frozen—rather a pleasant sensation! what think you?

CAPTAIN SMITH AT BALAKLAVA.

[It is inexpressibly odd to see Capt. Smith of the 1st out with a pair of red Russian leather boots up to his middle, a cap probably made out of the tops of his holsters, and a white skin coat fastidiously embroidered all down the back with flowers of many-coloured silk, topped by a head-dress à la dandyman of London, strolling gravely through the mud of Balaklava, intent on the capture of a pot of jam or marmalade. Capt. Smith is much more like his late great namesake of the Adolph, when in times gone by he "made up" for a smuggler-burglar-ban-dit than the pride of the High-street of Portsmouth, or than the hero of the Phoenix-park, with golden whips like an angel, before the redness of whose presence little boys and young ladies trembled! All this would be rather tedious and laughable, were not poor Capt. Smith a famished wretch with bad chilblains approximating to frost-bites, a touch of the surry, and a severe rheumatism.—*The Times' Correspondent in the Crimea.*]

Brave Captain Smith to the war is gone,
To the knees in mud you'll find him;
His trusty sword he has giv'd on,
And his jam-pot slung behind him!

His cap is made of his holsters trim,
From his dead steed's saddle whence,
And a fan-tailed curtain surrounds the rim
Such as dandyman wear in London.

The leather boots that encase his thighs
Were chattel once of the Socian—
Though boots that are of such mighty size
Could be long, you'd think, to his man.

His white skin coat, with its gay sweet-peas,
Is the strangest by far of all clothes;
And the flag he serves couldn't court the breeze
Like his "regimental small-clothes."

Regarding "shells" as an empty sham,
With a front of fearless bravery,
He hies in quest of a pot of jam,
Or marmalade so savoury.

"Oh, England dear!" with emotion strong,
Said this spectre pale and mealy.
'Like Captain Smith in Miss Bailly's song,
'You have used me ungenerously.'

"A splendid home might have still been mine,
But I longed to wear your beard;
My heart's best blood I would now resign
To defend this righteous quarrel.

"I knew that danger was on my track,
And that death was hovering o'er me,
But I would not look on Balaklava back,
While the foe was still before me!

"On Alma's heights I in triumph trod,
While the Russians wildly wandered;
My blood has stained Balaklava's soil,
And at Inkerman was squandered.

"But see me now, what a 'Guy' I am,
For all this dauntless bravery!
I prowled in search of a pot of jam,
Or marmalade so savoury.

"I lie all night on the snow-stead green,
With never a hut above me,
And thank my God that I can't be seen
By the few at home who love me.

"'T would break their hearts to behold the trench
Where in mud and snow I languish,
And to know that but for the noble French
I had died of cold and anguish.

"The blood is blue in my frozen veins,
And the chilblains will undo me;
My bones are racked with rheumatic pains,
And a famished wretch you view me.

"The French perceive what a sight I am,
Despite my dauntless bravery;
To them I'll go for a pot of jam,
Or marmalade so savoury.

"Oh, England dear! 'tis, alas! too true,
That my face is pale and mealy,
And, like Captain Smith that Miss Bailly knew,
'You have used me ungenerously.'

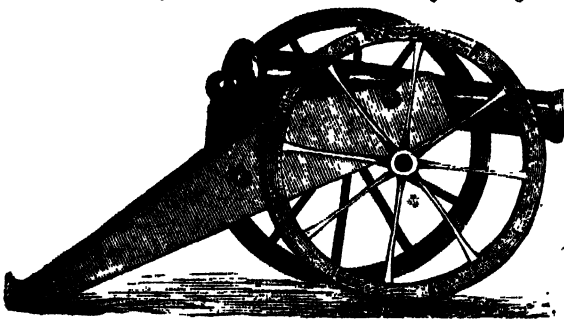
Cheer up, brave heart! and wait without dismay
The sure arrival of a happier day.
When, skill supplanting folly and misrule,
Thy rich deserts shall be repaid in full,
For England watches, not without a tear,
The griefs that track thee in thy bright career.
Not hers the fault that sorrow is thy lot;
She sees thy trials, and forgives them not.
To thee her fondest sympathy belongs;
She mourns thy sufferings and resents thy wrongs,
And for thy brow affectionately weaves
A glorious garland of fresh laurel leaves.

MELPOYN.

FORTIFICATION.—No. IV.

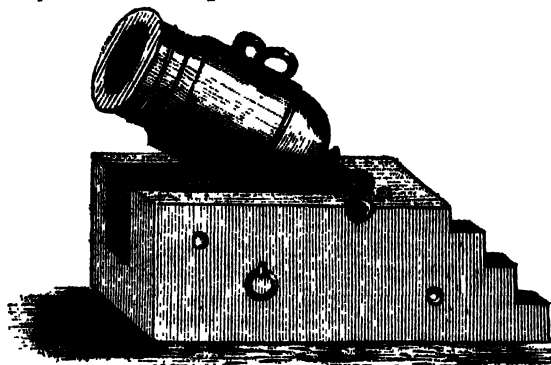
ARTILLERY, in its broadest signification, implies any description of missile and projectile. In the common acceptance of the term, it simply means every kind of ordnance, its purposes, and the manner in which it is served, and the extent and composition of that branch of an army to which it is committed.

Artillery is of two kinds—*field* and *siege*. The latter comprehends also the kind of cannon used in the protection of fortresses, and which are then called *garrison guns*.



[Cannon.]

Cannon are of several denominations : — Mortars, howitzers, and guns of various calibre, which are distinguished from each other by the weight of the balls they carry, and are called *pounders*.

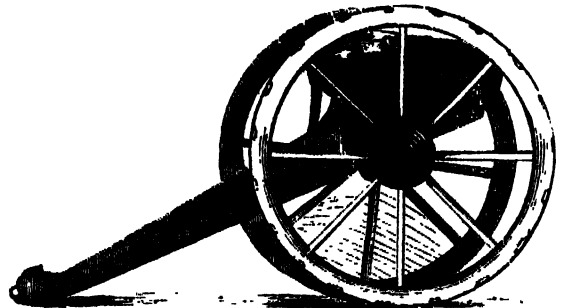


[Mortar.]

Mortars are short, thick projectiles, placed in a wooden bed with the muzzle upwards, at a considerable elevation. Within is a chamber adapted to contain a large charge of gunpowder, and on this is placed a shell. Mortars are of different dimensions—the largest have a diameter of thirteen inches, the smallest four inches and two-thirds. The chief purpose of these formidable pieces of ordnance is to set fire to an enemy's works, to overthrow his batteries and dismount his artillery, and to penetrate the roofs of his magazines, casemates, and principal buildings.

The distance a shell can be propelled from a mortar, and the force with which it proceeds, depend upon the quantity of powder which forms the charge, the elevation of the piece, its diameter, and the length of the *fuze*, which is placed in the shell. A *fuze* is a tube filled with a composition, which becomes ignited by the discharge of a mortar. Its length is determined by the distance the shell has to travel. If measured with great nicety, the fuze will continue to burn until the shell falls upon, or immediately above, the object at which it is directed; when the contact of the ignited composition with the powder, &c., which fills the shell, causes it

instantly to explode, scattering its pieces, or *splinters*, as they are termed, and thereby committing great havoc. The range of a mortar is from 2,000 to 3,000 yards.



[Howitzer.]

Howitzers are next in degree and consequence to the mortar. They resemble, in form, ordinary guns, excepting that they are much shorter and of greater calibre or diameter. The larger and thicker howitzers answer, in some respects, the purposes of mortars. Shells can be discharged from them at a lower angle than the mortar, and they are also very useful in *ricochet* firing. *Ricochet* implies the direction given to shot which causes them to rebound from place to place, as a pebble will do when cast almost horizontally on the surface of a pond.

The remainder of the artillery range from eight to sixty-eight pounders for siege operations and the defence of fortified towns, and from six to twenty-four pounders for service in the field. The six-pounders are gradually falling into desuetude, because it has been found that the feebleness of their fire and the shortness of their range is not compensated by the rapidity with which they can be transported from point to point in the heat of battle. The nine-pounder is now more generally employed. The range of guns depends upon their degree of elevation. At *point blank*, that is to say, when directed horizontally, few guns will carry beyond 400 yards, but at four degrees of elevation, a six-pounder will carry 1,200 yards, and a ten-inch howitzer, 2,410 yards. Fifty-six-pounders, fired at considerable elevation, will carry a shot from 4,000 to 5,000 yards.

The heavy artillery on the ramparts of fortified towns is supported on strong iron carriages, having four small wheels. The remainder have but two wheels in themselves, but when attached by the trail of the carriage to the waggon which contains the ammunition, the united objects acquire the form of a vehicle of four wheels. The front of the ammunition carriage is called the *limber*. To this the horses are attached which draw the gun, and the act of attaching it is, therefore, called *limbering-up*, and the reverse *unlimbering*. In the same manner all the light field-guns are transported.

The implements used in loading and unloading guns are *rammers* and *sponges*, at either end of a staff five or six feet in length. The object of the sponge, which is composed of wool, is to extinguish any spark of gunpowder that may perchance remain in the gun after it has been discharged. The action of sponging-out is accompanied by the stoppage of the vent or touch-hole, so that the air may be effectually excluded. Besides the rammer and sponge there is a *wadhook* wherewith to withdraw the wadding and cartridge when it is considered unnecessary to fire the piece—the hook being shaped like a corkscrew. *Handspikes* are used to move garrison guns from one position to another. A *linstock* is a staff

to which a slow match is attached, and at which the gunners light the *portfires*, with which the guns are discharged when not provided with a lock. A *portfire* is manufactured in the same manner as a fuze. Attached to the gun-carriage is a sharp cutter with which the burning portions of the fuze may be lopped off upon the order to "cease firing."

The missiles projected from guns and mortars are of various kinds. They are called respectively shells (already described); round (solid) shot of iron; grape shot—a number of small round balls bound together in a sort of bag; and canister shot, which consists of a number of bullets packed in a cylindrical iron case.

Rockets belong to the category of missiles, though they are not propelled from guns. A rocket consists of an iron case filled with a composition called *carcass*, the violent combustion of which produces a continued recoil against the atmosphere so powerful as to project the rocket to a great vertical or horizontal distance. To the rocket is attached a stick to guide its flight.

THE LATE CAPTAIN NOLAN.

A very tasteful white marble tablet has been executed by Mr. Gaffin, of Regent-street, to be placed in Maidstone Church, to the memory of the late Captain Nolan, who fell in the fatal charge of the Light Cavalry brigade, at Balaklava. The inscription runs as follows:—"In memory of Louis E. Nolan, captain in the 15th or King's Hussars, and A.D.C. to Major-General Airey, Quartermaster-General to the Forces in the Crimea. He fell at the head of the Light Cavalry brigade, in the charge at Balaklava, on the 25th of October, 1854, aged thirty-six years. General Sir G. Berkeley, K.C.B., on whose staff he served in India, General Airey, his brother officers and friends, have erected this tablet as a slight tribute of their esteem and affectionate regard for the memory of one of the most gallant, intelligent, and energetic officers in Her Majesty's service."

DARING OF A RUSSIAN SPY.

The Cossacks still muster strong round their old haunt near Balaklava. A singular incident occurred during the day of the reconnoissance, which has been much talked of since, as showing the daring and dexterity of our opponents. The Rifles and Highlanders had advanced considerably in front of their position, so as to bring them within a short distance of the Cossack picquets. While remaining here, an officer (apparently belonging to the Rifles) was observed to stroll from the line, pass the outposts, and walk in the direction of the Cossacks. At first he was supposed to be Lieutenant Thynne going out shooting, and under this idea the sentries called out to warn him that he was going in the direction of the enemy. But the officer took no notice beyond quickening his pace till he came up with the Cossacks, and after a short parley with them, mounted a horse and rode off. The Rifles remained perfectly astounded at such a barefaced act of desertion—the men swearing that it was an officer, and for that reason they had refrained from firing after him, and the officers asserting that it was one of the men. But when the regiment returned to camp, and there was a general muster to ascertain the individual who had acted so disgracefully, the astonishment was greater still, for not a man was missing. The truth was then evident to all, that the man was nothing less than a Russian spy, disguised as a Rifle officer. Such a one might easily escape detection among the Zouaves, or even the High-

landers and Marines, but that he should have passed unchallenged through the centre of the Rifles themselves seems quite beyond comprehension. The nerve, coolness, and confidence necessary for such a feat must be something extraordinary.

CHEERFULNESS *versus* SADNESS.

People who are always talking of their own petty grievances are never as welcome as those who conceal them and are cheerful. And besides the love which cheerfulness may gain us, it is a duty which we owe society; for suppose all, when meeting together, were to talk of nothing but their grievances!—would any one wish to remain there long? Certainly not; because no good could accrue; the bright and beautiful things of earth would no more be thought of; the all-wise Creator of them would no more be praised; and conversation, which is intended to elevate our thoughts, would tend to bind them here still more closely to the dull realities of life. One who has moved in society must have often remarked that sometimes one person is the life of a party; he seems to have a particular talent of pleasing; wherever he goes he carries cheerfulness with him. He does not engross all the conversation, but he draws out the opinions of all around him; his great secret is that of making every one feel happy. He talks to them, not of himself, but of topics he knows will interest them; and in doing so, he not only pleases them, but he pleases himself. Little troubles which perhaps before harassed him (for who has them not?) are now forgotten; while, if he had dwelt upon them, they would have magnified till they would have seemed a weight too heavy to bear. He has performed a duty to society by making those around him wiser, better, and happier; and in making others so, he has not failed in sharing the benefit. Why could not we all, as far as we are able, imitate so good an example, scatter a few flowers along the pathway of existence, which, though we miss them not, may cheer on his way some poor fellow-pilgrim whose load is heavier to bear than ours?

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

One evening during a recent excursion, says an American editor, we took our place at the supper table of a Cincinnati and Louisville packet. Supper and conversation had progressed some time before we were seated. An animated discourse was going on 'twixt an exceedingly sober-faced lady, no less than thirty years, on the subject of temperance. "Oh! exclaimed she, with horror depicted on her thin lips, "I do despise the whiskey-drinker." The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, seized her hand, and giving it a hearty shake, we thought tears were going to drop from his twinkling eyes. "Madam," said he, "I respect your sentiment, and the heart that dictated it. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey-drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see well-dressed, respectable, ay, virtuous-looking young men, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated may bring forth precious fruit in their maturity; I say, to see such young men step up to the bar of this boat, and without fear of observing eyes or the condemnation of enlightened opinion, brazenly ask for Old Bourbon, or Rye, or Monongahela whiskey, when in that bar they know there is the very best of Old Cognac brandy!"



OUR LETTER BOX.

The Conductors of the "Patriotic Fund Journal" have great satisfaction in announcing to the Public their intention to print, in the Eleventh number of the Journal, which will appear on the 24th inst., the receipt of the Royal Commissioners for the first payment on account of profits realised by the sale of the Journal.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL in complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, STRAND. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains Six Numbers in a handsome illustrated cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

CLERICALS.—The University of Cambridge was founded in the year 681; Aberdeen in 1494; St. Andrew's (Scotland) in 1411; Basel in 1458; Bologna in 1119; Cologne in 1389; Dublin in 1591; Edinburgh in 1582; Geneva in 1585; Glasgow in 1480; Göttingen in 1784; Halle in 1694; Heidelberg in 1246; Leipzig in 1409; Leyden in 1575; Lyons in 1830; and London in 1826. S. S. (Margate) The Allied fleets entered the Black Sea on the 5th of January, 1854.

A RAILWAY SECRETARY. In France the promoters of a railway are only bound to show that their intention is to make a railway from A to B, passing through certain stated places, and the particular plan of the line is determined by the Board of Public Works, after the company has obtained its Act. In the United States of America, special railway acts are done away with and general enactments substituted, by which, in compliance with certain conditions, any number of persons not less than twenty-five may be incorporated, and undertake the formation of a railway. The railway legislation of this country requires revision, and we believe a measure is now in preparation for simplifying and consolidating the existing statutes.

A LAW REFORMER writes to us to ask, "Why should a counsel attending a committee of the House of Commons or the House of Lords receive so much larger fees than a counsel in the common law courts?" The only good reason that we are aware of for paying larger fees is the magnitude of the interest at stake. The Parliamentary expenses of the Worcester and Hereford Railway, extending over only twenty-nine miles, amounted to £250,000, while the estimated cost of construction was only £500,000.

R. S. (Hasthead)—The bill for making better provision for the management of episcopal and capitular estates, brought in by the Marquis of Blandford, proposes that an agreement may be made between the ecclesiastical commissioners and bishops for the payment of the net income fixed by Parliament as the income of their sees. The bill also proposes that no palace of a bishop, or house of residence of any member of an ecclesiastical corporation, is to be let on lease. Should the bill be carried in the course of the present session, it is to come into force on the 1st of January, 1856.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Miss Nightingale was born at Florence, in 1820. FREDERICK (Tunbridge).—The battle of Buik's Hill was the severest engagement in which the British forces took part during the American war. After the battle, Earl Percy gave to the widow of every soldier in his regiment an immediate remuneration of seven dollars; he also paid their passage home, and ordered five guineas to be given to each of them on their landing in Britain.

SONGS OF THE WAR.—The present war, like all others, has created a poetry of its own. Several songs on the subject have already been published, and others are announced. The best which have come under our notice are, "Ye Warriors of England," the words by W. D. S. Alexander, composed by James Hine; "The Alma," written and composed by the same authors; and "Daughters of Christian England," written by the Rev. J. A. B. Moncell, and composed by Mr. Hine. These publications may be had of Jefferys, 21, Holborn-square.

T. W. (Great Malvern).—The battle of the Nile was fought on the 1st of August, 1798, and the following are the names of the British ships engaged:—Vanguard, Orion, Calliope, Bellephophon, Defence, Minotaur, Alexander, Zealous, Atalante, Collioth, Majestic, Swiftness, Thetis, Leander, and Mutine (sloop).

A SUBSCRIBER (Catherine's Hall, Cambridge) will probably get the information he requires on applying to Mr. Thomas, foreign advertising agent, Catherine-street, Strand.

MATHEW WATERALL.—Yes: to both your questions, but the translations would very much depend upon the nature of the matter translated.

J. T. (Nelson-square) will oblige us by forwarding the communication to which he refers.

S.—The 14th Regiment has arrived in safety at Scutari from Malta. The regiment is about 600 strong. We cannot state whether they were provided with suitable clothing for the Crimea, but it would seem not, as by the last accounts the men were still on board ship. An arrangement has been made at Balaklava by which rations of roasted coffee are served to some of the troops.

ANXIOUS.—Money, and consequently interest, has been too long the royal road to success in the profession to which you desire to belong. A better day is, however, dawning, when merit and long service must give place to patronage. The best course for you to adopt would be to join the service as a volunteer, if other considerations will admit of your so doing. Your age would prevent you from getting a commission in the usual manner.

A. CANTON (Canterbury).—An officer of the line at head-quarters of a militia corps, soliciting volunteers, is allowed 5s. per diem while absent from his regiment, and is to give each volunteer 1s. daily, with beer money, when attested, and, when finally accepted, £1 out of the £7 bounty. The militia sergeants receive 10s. for each volunteer to the line.

A GUARDSMAN.—We believe that the Government have lately despatched six additional purveyors' clerks to Scutari, but the number is not at all sufficient. When Wellington commanded 78,000 men in the Peninsula, he had twenty-one hospital purveyors and sixty clerks in actual employment; but for the whole of the British troops sent to the Crimea, only one hospital purveyor and three clerks were provided.

SUBSCRIBER.—You will find an account of the hospital at Scutari in No. 7 of this Journal. If your bookseller has not supplied you with the first monthly part, send one shilling in postage stamps to the publisher, and it will be sent to you.

PLEASURE (Stow-on-the-Wold).—According to the latest regulation by the Postmaster-General, the remitter of a money order will not be required, in future, to state his occupation, nor the payee to furnish any information on that point. Advices are henceforth to be stamped with the dated stamp of the paying office, instead of being signed as at present.

A. (Finsbury-square).—It is intended to increase the strength of the Royal Artillery at the seat of war by six field batteries, four batteries of the Horse Artillery, a detachment of the Rocket Brigade, and an extra siege train of guns of very large calibre. Lancasters and mortars are also to be despatched.

B. EDWARDS (Carmarthen).—It is a matter of some difficulty to ascertain what the term "the vindication of Scottish rights" really means. The council of the association have lately passed the following resolution:—"That, in the present state of the affairs of the country, and particularly the position of Great Britain in regard to foreign Powers, this council will best discharge their duty by recommending the members of the association to refrain from any public meetings or demonstrations, and by abstaining from urging upon the House of Commons the consideration of Scottish rights, until a more suitable period shall arrive for the discussion of domestic questions."

C. (Stanning Hill) will find a communication for him at our office.

J. H. (Regent's terrace, Commercial-road) is thanked for his exertions and kind wishes. His communication will have early attention.

K. G. (Folkestone). Our correspondent writes to us to say that when Sir De Lacy Evans was staying at Folkestone, on his return from the Crimea, Lord John Russell called upon him, but that the honourable and gallant gentleman declined to give the noble lord an interview. He also informs us that the Duke of Cambridge and Sir De Lacy Evans did not meet, although both were staying at the same hotel at Folkestone. It is impossible for us to throw any light upon the above, and our correspondent must draw his own conclusions. OLGA (Droghda, Liverpool) will receive an answer in our next.

A. J. W.—Your manuscript has been received.

C.—Many thanks. We shall be very glad of the sketch.

ANXIOUS.—We cannot tell the precise amount required for the outfit you may want; but any military outfitter will give you all particulars. You will find your other questions already answered.

D. E. (Dublin). Our correspondent states, "The mortality of this city is increasing at an alarming rate. The entire population amounts to about 260,000, and the number of deaths per week is nearly 400, making an average of about one-and-a-half in every 1,000 of the inhabitants, and exceeding by one-half the ordinary mortality at this season. The ratio of deaths during the past week, to the population, is also double that of London at the present time."

FAIR PLAY.—It is not true that the little port of Cherbourg, from which the French draw their supplies, is only three miles distant from their camp. On the contrary, it is nearly a mile further from their camp than the port and town of Balaklava is from ours.

J. BARD (Haverfordwest). We would not recommend you to place any reliance on the statements to which you refer as constantly emanating from an obscure newspaper which, of all others, has certainly the fewest facilities for gaining authentic information on the subject of the war policy of the Government.

BONE JOHNS.—The military forces of Russia have been divided into five independent armies, as follows:—The Baltic army, the army of the Danube, the army of the West (Poland), the army of the Crimea, and the Cossack army, Corps d'Armée. The sons of the Czar have again joined the army of the Crimea. The total losses in the Russian army is given at 111,132 men; of these (up to the last report of December 17, old style, before the departure of Prince Jaskiewitch from Warsaw for St. Petersburg) 29,204 were put down as killed; 55,504 wounded; 6,460 deserters, imprisoned, or missing; 16,186 dead from various diseases. The number of sick in the field ambulances actually exceeds two-thirds of the above figure.

C. WARECH (Chatham).—Each captain, on commissioning a large ship, is entitled to one appointment for a naval cadet—the Admiralty has the patronage of the others. No person is admitted into Her Majesty's service as midshipman. Cadet is the first appointment, and after two years' service, on passing an examination, they become midshipmen.

HOWFAIR (Devonport).—Sir Charles Napier is senior to Admiral Berkeley; he being a vice-admiral and the latter only a rear-admiral. The senior-admiral in the Black Sea is Sir Edmund Lyons.

C. ORLEY (Knaresborough). It is a curious circumstance that in the West India Islands the cholera rarely proves fatal to the white population. The epidemic is now raging at St. Kitt's. The papers state:—"Hundreds are swept off daily. Carpenters' assistants cannot be found to make coffins, and a report has just reached us that the people up there have gone back to the old Indian custom of burning their corpses. Two thousand deaths had taken place at the time the steamer passed. The people are falling down in the streets, and die and blister in the sun, and the atmosphere is thick with the death-odour which pollutes the whole island with its miasma-breath. It has just disappeared from Barbadoes, and tears fall over 63,466 newly-made graves."

TELEGRAPH (Westminster).—An individual is now negotiating for the exclusive right to lay a line over Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe Isles, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, for the term of one hundred years. With these and other rights which he proposes to himself to secure, the success of his plan to girdle the world with the electric telegraph no longer appears visionary or impracticable.

F. (Rainham).—We cannot answer your question about Mr. Carden, who lately attempted to abduct Miss Abington, but the local papers state that his health is rapidly sinking by confinement.

A. RECTOR (Hampshire).—A permanent camp is about to be established at Aldershot, in Hampshire. The Board of Ordnance have invited tenders to be sent in for the construction of wooden barracks for the accommodation of 20,000 men, with the due proportion of officers', stores, &c., the whole to be completed by the 15th of March next.

* * We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 11.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855.

[PRICE TWO PENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[FRENCH AND ENGLISH OFFICERS DINING IN THE CAMP.]

(COPY.)

Royal Commission of Patriotic Fund,

10A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1855.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.

Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen
pounds 15s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18 : 15 : 8.

J. H. LEBBOX, Hon. Secretary.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

In publishing the official acknowledgment of the Royal Commissioners for the receipt of a sum of money realised by the profits on the sale of the first six numbers of this periodical up to the 14th inst., the conductors of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL cannot refrain from expressing their grati-

fication that an enterprize to which they were attracted by no other than a benevolent motive, should already have become, in however small a degree, an instrument of good to their fellow-creatures. The rapidity with which this happy result has been attained inspires them with fresh hope, and will not fail to inspirit them to increased exertion. That they should have been enabled at so early a period of their career to reduce to anything like a practical result the theory, so to speak, on which this little journal was established, is to them a matter of peculiar felicitation; for they have good reason to know that the saying, "Success is an acorn, not a mushroom," is of nothing more true than of a new periodical. Let those who doubt it make the experiment. Mrs. Centlivre wrote an attack on Pope's "Homer" before Pope had as yet written one line of it. Just such, and so candid, is the spirit with which a young periodical may expect to be treated in the days of its struggling infancy. It is looked upon as an intruder, and people are prepared to think evil of it ere yet it has had the time, even supposing it to be animated with the intention, to do any. The owners of publications already long established in the favour of the public, will not be induced by love or money to publish its advertisements, to such petty details of persecution are they content to resort. They look upon it not as a colleague—not as a fellow-labourer in the great field of public instruction, but as an enemy, and the hand which they extend to it is clad in a gauntlet. The apprehension that the new journal may interfere with "vested interests"—as though the world were not large enough for us all—suggests all manner of unhandsome suspicions; and, however pure and disinterested the purpose of its projectors, "it shall not escape calumny." In fact, they find themselves very much in the position of the poor Laplander of whom Tom Moore tells us, that no sooner had he lighted his candle than myriads of insects thronged around the flame and endeavoured to extinguish it. Added to this, the public is constitutionally cold and cautious. However excellent your intentions or meritorious your performance, you must win their confidence by slow degrees. There is no such thing as leaping into it at a bound. But "the great soul of the world is just," and

"Your cold people are beyond all price,
When once you've broken their confounded ice."

"Long ere I love, but longer ere I leave," was the motto of Augustus; and it might with great propriety be applied to the British public. We are gratefully sensible of the kind support we have received from them, and we willingly admit that they are the best of all patrons, and indeed the only ones whose patronage is worth possessing. We will not affect to conceal our conviction that this undertaking has strong claims on their sympathy, and we doubt not that that sympathy will be accorded to it in a sense sufficiently generous to enable us to be of sensible and important service to the relatives of soldiers who, though

gallant as any that the world has ever seen, are yet doomed to struggle against such a combination of misfortunes as probably has never before befallen the army of any civilized nation. We thank our readers, therefore, for the support they have already granted us; and we confidently hope for such an extension of their kind offices as will enable us still further to enlarge the sphere of our usefulness. It was our object to furnish to the public, upon terms of reciprocal advantage, an easy, frequent, and inexpensive medium of contributing to the Patriotic Fund through the purchase of a publication "whose entire profits shall be devoted to that benevolent exchequer." If our subscribers will take a personal interest in the success of the Journal, and each procure another subscriber, we have little doubt but that in a short time we shall be enabled to give to our project a still larger and more ample development.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH OFFICERS DINING IN THE CAMP.

AN invitation to a dinner-party in the Crimea does not exactly convey that pleasurable sensation which one experiences on the receipt of a little scented billet from the wife of a friend, summoning you to be at his hospitable house in May-fair, at seven o'clock, two or three evenings hence. In the latter case, if you are not sure of agreeable society, you have at all events the certainty of finding a luxurious repast, and those elegant accessories which combine to make a dinner-party in London or Paris pass off with so much *éclat*. But an invitation to dinner in the Crimea is quite another affair. "Stop and take your dinner with us, old fellow," is the blunt and summary invitation one gets in the English camp, and in the French it is scarcely more ceremonious. Were it not that Mrs. Malaprop has laid it down that "comparisons don't become a young woman"—and I suppose the astute observation is equally applicable to a young man—I could enlarge upon the striking contrast which the French *ménage* presents to that of the English. In the first place, from some cause or other which I have not been able to ascertain, the tents are more dexterously "fixed," and the canvas is much thicker and warmer than ours. Moreover, our allies use double canvas, far better calculated to resist the wet and piercing cold; and in addition to the double folds, they stretch bread-bags, tarpaulins, and in fact everything they can lay their hands on, over the weather side of the tent. This makes it, of course, much warmer. Each tent is also provided with a little stove for cooking, which is never brought inside unless the weather be unusually severe. By the aid of this useful contrivance, and two or three copper kettles, an excellent meal can be served up, sufficient for eight or ten persons. The interior of the tent is made as snug as circumstances permit. Waterproof rugs and bread-bags are spread on the floor, and there are generally enough of sheep-skins and blankets (many of the latter of Yorkshire manufacture), to resist the keen wind that will find its way under the tent, no matter what precautions you take to the contrary. The French officers are also, for the most part, supplied with loose great-coats, or cloaks, lined throughout with fur. When the weather is not very cold, these seasonable garments are slung over the

shoulders, with the skirts fastened back so as not to interfere with the free action of the legs and arms. At night they form an admirable defence against the keen north winds which sweep with frozen wings the stormy promontory of the Euxine. But it is not only in the matter of defences against the weather that our allies have the advantage of us—they have a thousand little comforts beyond the reach of the English soldier. The means of cooking their food, is perhaps, the most important of those advantages. Every Frenchman is more or less skilled in cookery!—Give him a handful of rice, an ounce or two of meat, a loaf of bread, and a grain of salt and pepper, and he will make you a meal fit for an emperor. There appears to be no limit to his inventive faculties in this way. He sets about the preparation of his dinner impressed with the idea that he has an important business on hand which must be accomplished, and accomplished in the most successful manner that the means at command will admit of. In this respect he is quite as much a hero as when storming a battery or repelling a midnight sortie. The French, as a nation, estimate the importance to the soldier, as well as to the civilian, of an abundant and well-cooked meal. A soldier may, it is true, fight a battle on an empty stomach, as many of the English regiments did at Inkerman, and win it, too, but as a practice it is a dangerous one. The French take care that every man shall have at least one good meal in the four-and-twenty hours, to enable him to resist the attacks of cold and disease—enemies quite as destructive to the soldier as the most determined foe. The French have lately suffered in common with ourselves from a scarcity of fuel; but even in this respect chance has favoured them to some extent, there being more inflammable matter in the shape of deserted cottages, farm-buildings, brushwood, &c., contiguous to their camp than to ours. They have also had the village of Chersonese to fall back upon, the cabins of which have furnished some capital fuel. The French officers have each allotted to them by the commissariat department a stock of creature-comforts, by means of which they can be comparatively independent of supplies from the port in case of any temporary interruption of the transport service. This consists of preserved meats, dried fruits, sardines, biscuits, brandy, and cigars. All these are independent of the usual rations supplied to the troops. With these auxiliaries an impromptu dinner-party can be got up in a few minutes. The French officers are hospitable and courteous—they reciprocate tenfold any little kindness which it is in our power to extend to them. They are always merry and light-hearted, and among the episodes of camp-life few incidents are more likely to live in the memory than the pleasant little *réunions* at which the officers of both armies partake of each other's hospitality. The Emperor of the French, with that consideration which has made him so eminently popular with the army, has caused a supply of brandy and cigars to be forwarded to every officer in the Crimea. To these seasonable presents, in many instances, small cases of champagne, holding twelve bottles each, have been added, so that the essentials of a pleasant little dinner-party can always be depended upon, even in the most severe weather. When the thermometer indicates a very low state of the temperature, the cooking apparatus is removed to the inside of the tent; but when the weather is at all fine it is placed in the open air. The scene is then wild and picturesque in the extreme. The contiguity of the fortress and the incessant operations of the siege are not

allowed to interfere in the least with the gaiety of the moment. The clatter of metal plates and dishes, the popping of champagne corks, and the merry laugh of the party are heard at intervals between the boom of the cannon, the sharp cracking report of the shell, and the rattling fire of musketry in the front. Our allies are jovial fellows, and know how to enjoy themselves under every change of circumstances. Nothing seems to disturb their mental tranquillity. They have proved themselves to be as accomplished in the arts of peace as they are perfect in the science of war. During our brief association in arms, we have already seen much to win our admiration and inspire a generous feeling of rivalry; and if we can only impart to our military system some of their domestic economy in the camp, we shall not have invaded the Crimea in vain.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

BY A WEAZEL.

I AM the veritable weazel whose *popping* propensities—observe, I don't use the word with any vulgar reference to that respectable class of tradesmen who advance money on deposits—have been the subject of such incessant allusion during the last few years by itinerant melodists of all grades and classes. My praises are in the mouths of ragged children, in the metal pipes of organ-boys, and in the twinkling ankles of beautiful women, who, in festive scenes and halls of dazzling light, do not scruple to render to me, in the shape of a dance, that tribute of admiration which they would scarcely deem it consistent with the dignity of their sex to offer in the form of a song. Mine is a truant disposition—my nature is essentially excursive—and not Anson's Voyages Round the World, not McClure's invasion of the Arctic solitudes, not the travels of the great Ithacan himself, have attracted a larger measure of public attention than my peregrinations through the City-road, and my periodic dives into the "Eagle."

"Up and down the City-road,
In and out the 'Eagle'—"

You know the rest—or if you don't you ought to be ashamed of yourself; for, as I have myself most poetically observed in a tragedy which I mean to send to Mr. Wallack, of the Marylebone Theatre,

"Me not to know proclaims thyself unknown!"

But I owe it to my reputation with posterity to warn you against the farcical absurdity of supposing that my travels are limited to that particular road, or that I have no experience of any other house of entertainment than the one which is under the especial patronage of the king of birds. Bless your heart! I have been all over the world;—I have roamed from the earth's centre to the frozen pole; I have shivered with the Laplanders and panted with the Moors; and it may be that one day or another I shall oblige the town with the story of my adventures. I have been to Russia, too, and I propose in the following paper to take a rapid glance at the country of our most intimate enemy. If men may be permitted to take a *bird's-eye* view of any given object, I cannot understand upon what principle of consistency the privilege should be denied to a weazel, for surely, as logicians say, the major ought to include the minor, and be the consequences what they may, so it shall. Without further ceremony, therefore (any money rather

than cere-money), I will plunge into the heart of my subject, by informing you that on the night of the 11th of August, 1852, I set out upon my visit to the country of the czar. My valisse was crammed with eggs, borrowed for the occasion from all manner of fowls except the Cochín China—whom I despise—and my equipment was in all respects worthy of a creature holding so eminent a position in the thoughts and words of men as I have the happiness to occupy. Numbers of little boys (dirty), were assembled on the wharf to bid me good-bye. They took a farewell "sight" of me after their own peculiar fashion—half-haasal, half-digital—and as slow our ship her foamy track against the wind was cleaving, the air was resonant with shouts of "Pop goes the pumper!" It was deeply affecting. I stood upon the paddle-box, sucking an egg, as long as my admirers were in view, but when they had gone from my gaze like so many beautiful dreams, I ran down into my berth, and long before we had left the Channel I had repeated to myself a valedictory poem I had composed for the occasion, commencing "My native land, good-night!" Arrived in Russia, I found men and things somewhat different from what they are commonly represented. Assuming it to be true, that as I have stated in a delightful poem of my own, entitled "The Deserted Village," a bold peasantry is their country's pride (and, by the way, if once destroyed they can never be supplied), I mean to begin with talking of the *monjiks*, or peasants. My friend, Mr. Tom Carlyle, who, by-the-by, is indebted to me for some of his finest thoughts, has politely observed of Ignatius Loyola, that he was "a ferocious human pig," and the generality of people in this country seem to be of the opinion that the description might, with perfect propriety, be applied to the Russian serf—but this is a mistake—upon my honour as a weasel it is! The *monjik* is half a savage, there is no denying it, but he has, nevertheless, some good points about him. Happy is the peach that is sunned on both sides, and the Russian serf is certainly not such a favoured fruit. Here is the bright side of his character—he is good-humoured, courteous, hospitable (as all barbarians are), fearless to a fault, loyal to his heartless sovereign, and fanatically zealous where there is question of creed or country. On the other hand, he is addicted to drunkenness, disgusting in his ouths, cringing, servile, reckless of other men's lives as of his own, and with a "strong weakness," as I have heard an Irish weasel observe, towards cheating, lying, and thieving. But these last-named qualities are the attributes of bondsmen all the world over, and I told mankind so many years ago in a Greek poem, which I published under the title of "The Blind," and which will be found to contain this remarkable sentiment—

"The day that makes a man a slave takes half his worth away."

It should, moreover, be mentioned amongst the merits of the *monjik* that he is dexterous—very. He is fond of the chase, and, for the most part, a clever fisherman. It is to his credit, too, that he is not given to persecute weasels. Less noble creatures fall an easy prey to his ingenuity. I found him apt at catching cray-fish at the time of the spring-flood, and he has a remarkable talent for scenting out game—jockeying the quail, snaring the goshawk, entrapping larks and catching nightingales, by a most remarkable imitation of the joyous notes of their song. His talent is simple and scanty, and has nothing of that exquisite grace which the peasants of Spain and Italy so sedulously affect. It consists, for the most part,

of a smock-frock, loose trousers, shoes made of plaited birch-bark, and a coat of coarse camlet, called an *armiak*. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that his civilization chiefly manifests itself in a fondness for tea—when he can get it—and for cards, especially the game called *preference*, a passionate admiration of music, and a violent propensity to swear. This latter characteristic is strongly marked, and the slightest provocation will suffice to make him open his mouth and jerk out a peck of oaths. The Russian peasant delights in snuff, and usually carries with him a *taulinuku*, or snuff-box, made of birch-wood. The lid is a kind of stopper, with a bit of leather in the middle for raising it. But his tobaccoist has taken a hint from those of the fraternity in London who sell cabbage for Hayanna, and it is notorious to every-one except himself that the poor *monjik's* snuff contains a large quantity of ashes. A passion for music is of almost universal prevalence, but the gift of song is scarcely so frequent as in other countries. He that has it, however, is held in the highest estimation, and wherever he goes is hailed with "*molodetz! molodetz!*" ("capital fellow, capital fellow!") "He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!" as we say in England—when we're drunk. It speaks but little for the progress of true refinement in Russia, that women are still regarded with slight respect, and that there is no song more faithfully preserved amongst the peasantry than one which represents a mother-in-law as saying "What sort of a son are you? What sort of a family-man will you be who have a young wife and never give her a beating?" The *Monjik* is frugal, as—poor wretch!—he has need to be. In the country the father's boots are used by his wife and all the other members of the family, permission being first asked and received from him. Even in the capital towns of the districts one may often see, when it rains, a troop of young village-girls in holiday dress, each with a pair of boots in her hand or hanging on her shoulder. These are the family boots; they must not put them on when it is raining! Indeed, the self-denial which the *monjik* and all the members of his family exhibit, is most remarkable. They are excessively hardy; they would not make themselves comfortable even though they had the means of doing so; they would as soon thinking of holding an umbrella over a duck. To those who patronize the whisker and moustache movement in London it will be afflicting intelligence to learn that the beard is worn only by the lower classes in Russia, and that it is a common complaint amongst the serfs, "Every man who shaves is our master." The Russian peasants are fanatical in their attachment to their religion, but I question whether they are more superstitious, in the sense of believing in impossible things, than people of the same class of life in other and even more civilized countries. They have ideal beings corresponding to our fays and fairies, such for instance as *Roussalka*, the wood-fairy, and *Leechie*, the evil spirit of the forests, and there are few families that are not blest with a *domovoi-doukh*, or a familiar spirit of the household resembling the Scottish "brownie." Perhaps the most singular festival, if it may be so called, known to the Russians, is that at which they celebrate the memory of their deceased relations. It is called *Roditel'skida Sunday*. On that day you can see those who are marked for death, and all these people must die before the year's end! "You have only to go" said an old man to me, whom I met in the district of Tchenak, "and seat yourself on the steps in front of the church, and look, without moving an inch, straight before you.

If you do that you will see in solemn procession every body whose turn it will be to die before the year is out." Another strange notion to which they cling with wild tenacity is that to meet a dead body is a sure sign of bad luck; but this is a delusion that is not exclusively confined to Muscovy. For it and for many other fantasies yet more extravagant, we may look not in vain nearer home. I have travelled in districts both of Scotland and of Ireland, where people were potent in the conviction that if the first living thing that met the gaze of a man in setting out upon a journey were either a magpie or a red-haired woman, there was not a chance of good fortune for the traveller, and the best thing he could do was to turn his horse's head and go home. How far the colour of a lady's hair may affect the hue of a man's destiny is of course more than this weazel can undertake to say, but a magpie is an animal for whom I, as a weazel, have the profoundest respect, and it was not without effervescent indignation that I found myself amongst boobies who could class so respectable a creature amongst birds of ill-omen. And talking of funerals reminds me that in Russia those ceremonials are not disgraced by so much of the undertaker's dismal haberdashery as we are accustomed to witness in these western latitudes. In the country parts the funeral is at all times plain and touching in its simplicity. Upon the front of a *talega* drawn by one horse, which paces slowly along, is seated the priest; the sacristan by his side drives; behind the car four or five peasants, bare-headed, carry the corpse covered with a shroud of white linen, followed by the female relatives of the deceased; they sing a hymn which is very solemn and plaintive. The demeanour of the moujik is not courtly like that of some southern peasants, but it is ruggedly courteous, especially in his interviews with strangers. He can throw a cordiality into his tone and a sympathetic *empressment* into his manner which are not without their charm. In conversation, the peasants and domestic servants have a singular habit of giving a feminine termination to the names of men whom they like or wish to be agreeable to, but in speaking of another person no Russian, in whatever rank of life, ever thinks of giving to that other priority of allusion over himself. Thus he will say, "I and Koupriau went to Kursk"—never, Koupriau and I. This, if not very civil, has the merit of sincerity, for everybody knows that there never yet was a man who preferred Koupriau to himself. The Russian people are naturally disposed to dub every one with some *sobriquet*, and the man who has lived in twenty different places runs great risk of having twenty different nicknames; and the beauty of the thing is, that in nineteen cases out of twenty these appellations are given in mere caprice, and without the slightest regard to the justice or appropriateness of their application. Thus I knew a government official in Moscow who was known everywhere as *Morgatch*, or the winker, though I protest to you the man was not given to winking more than any of his fellow-sinners. I have known him to wink occasionally at a pretty girl, as who would not do the same thing were he in the same place?—but this is a practice which prevails to such extent, not in Russia only, but in all other countries, that to signalise a man by a special allusion to it is, to take a homely instance, like characterising any particular London cabman by the designation of "extortioner." One abominable habit to which the lower classes of the Russian people are outrageously addicted is that of spitting. In America I had thought I had seen the accomplishment carried to the greatest

perfection of which it was susceptible, for the Yankees scatter the wet seal of their republic right and left, and it is no uncommon thing for a gentleman who has spat across a lady to meet her look of reproach with, "I grazed you, I guess!" but in every depth there is a deeper still, and with all my Transatlantic experience I was not prepared for such spitting as for my sins I saw in Russia. Your Russ beats your Yankee all to nothing in this matter. It couldn't have been worse if the whole country had been salivated. Bless you! they're always spitting. It is the remnant of an old and obstinate superstition: it seems that in spitting, a person casts out the devil, who is always ready to take advantage of the forgetfulness of a poor fellow, and to leap down his throat! It were an error, however, to suppose that this preposterous notion is indigenous to Russia. You may find traces of it in many countries, and it probably dates as far back as the Gnostics who, believing that the air was full of evil spirits, were incessantly rejecting the devil by means of the salivatory glands. But the Russian moujik is so little of a free agent, either in act or speech, that it is not to be wondered at that he should indulge his lips liberally in the only exercise that is not likely to be made the subject of a ukase. Though not altogether in such abject bondage as formerly, he is still in dire subjection to the *birrus*. Of this I had many proofs during my residence in the country. Let me mention one:—It so happened that I was spending a few days at the house of Ivan Exémitch, a large landed proprietor, who lives about twenty versts from the village of Metcha, every stone of which, as well as the poor sticks of human beings who live there, is his absolute property. His tone of voice is soft and unctuous, his smile is sunshine, and he has a sweet, caressing way about him which seems to say that the circle may be squared or the longitude discovered, but that Ivan should utter one unkind word or do one unkind thing to any created being, is hopelessly impossible. Alas, my heart! I had not been long in his company before I perceived that his saccharine quality was sheer scoundrelism. Sugar indeed it was, but sugar of lead, not sugar of cane. Besides tea there were cutlets, eggs, butter, honey, Gruyère cheese, and some other dainties on the table. Two valets in white trousers, silently and with great activity anticipated our least wishes. We were seated on a divan of chintz. Ivan had on a very wide silk *charovar* (a waistcoat of black velvet), an elegant fez with a blue tassel, and yellow slippers *à la Chinois* without quarter pieces. He drank some tea, nibbled a bit of dry toast, smiled, looked at his nails, began to smoke, put a cushion under his elbow, and, in general, showed that he was in an excellent humour. Soon after he attacked the cutlets and cheese seriously, and after acquitting himself manfully in this respect, he poured out a glass of red wine, carried it to his lips, and frowned.

"How does it happen that the wine has not been heated?" he said, in a dry voice, to one of his valets. The man trembled, grew pale, and stood as if he were petrified, "I have asked you a question, my dear friend," resumed the young lord, with a studied calm, his large eyes turned full on the poor man, who twisted convulsively the napkin he had in his hand, and under the fascination of his master's serpent look was quite unable to articulate a syllable.

Ivan Exémitch dropped his head, and continued to look in a pensive way at the unfortunate culprit, but from beneath his eye-brows.

"Pardon me, my dear sir," he said, addressing me with an amiable smile, and laying his hand in a confidential way on my knees; and he looked again in silence at the valet. "Oh," he said at last, raising his eye-brows. He touched the button of a little spring-bell, and a stout, dark man, with a low forehead and streaky eyes, entered.

"See Fedor put to rights," said, but in still fewer words, Ivan Lixémitch, with perfect self-possession.

The little thick man bowed, and left the room.

"One of the little inconveniences of the country, my dear sir," said the bérin, smiling.

Sick at heart, I sank back in my seat, and made no reply. Ivan, who had reverted from cold wine to hot tea, carried his full cup to his lips, and had already enlarged his nostrils (an operation, without which, no true Russian can enjoy his tea), when he suddenly stopped short, listened attentively, shook his head, sipped about a tea-spoonful, and replacing the cup upon the table, uttered with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and as if involuntarily accompanying with his voice the words which reached us, "*Tcheunki! tcheunki! tcheunki! tcheunki!*"

"What is that?" I asked, with surprise.

"Nothing—only the fellow whom I ordered to be whipped!"

The soft, sweet, and natural expression of Ivan's voice would have been proof against the profoundest indignation; but the expression of my eye as I turned it upon his self-complacent face, evidently made him think that his act was not approved of, and I confirmed him in the impression by immediately afterwards leaving his society for the night. It so fell out that I could not avoid accompanying him the next day to the village, and then I had an opportunity of observing in what a servile relation the monjiks stand, or rather cringe, to the bérins. We made our entry into the village. We met several monjiks returning from the thrashing mill, lying bent up in the bottom of their empty carts, their legs in the air in one end, and their nose at the other, singing away with great glee, although every limb in their body was constantly shaken by the jolting of the cart; but the sight of our calash and the sterosta stopped their piping. They took off their winter caps (it is very sad to see the winter cap on the head during summer, although they then generally use it as a pillow), checked their horses, straightened themselves out, and sat stiff and upright on their seats, as if waiting for orders. Ivan condescended to smile to them, and wave his hand. All the village was astir as only a Russian village can be: the women, dressed in check aprons, flung their caps at the dogs, who wished likewise to show their devotion, although their efforts were very unsuccessful; a lame old man, with a beard reaching to his breast, walked up to a horse at the water-trough beside the well, and administered to him without any conceivable reason, a firm kick in the flank, going to rest himself against the gate after his exploit; the children, in long blouses, fled bawling to the cottages, flung themselves on the ground, and with heads well down, and heels kicking in the air, squeezed themselves under the door, taking great care not to let themselves be seen. Even the chickens rushed at a furious rate under the carriage gates. A brave cook, with a breast of brilliant black, outshining the most brilliant of satin waistcoats, and a red cap, proudly curved, occupied in a bold and determined manner the middle of the road as if to dispute the passage with us; but suddenly he took flight, and

bolted like the most cowardly chicken of the village. This scene will convey to the mind of the reader a more accurate idea of the true state of the case as between the monjik and the bérin than he could hope to imbibe from statements the most elaborate and arguments the most eloquent. The monjik is in chains; there can be no mistake about it, though very possibly his fetters may not be quite so many or so heavy as in those by-gone times when; if a lord entered a poor man's cottage, and said in French, *C'est bon*, there was nothing for it but to carry away the saints and veil the Virgin. He took possession on the spot. It now remains that we should say a few words about these so-called "patricians." The highest class of them are called *velmoj*—literally he who wishes, orders, and is powerful; a high and mighty Russian lord. The bérins are the great body of the landed proprietors. They lead a lazy life, and like lazy people in all ages and places of the world, delight to indulge in fantastic luxuries. Many and various are the things that seize their fancy. Some are fond of the pleasures of the table, or of wine, or of sporting; some have a taste for Kowisk nightingales, or for epileptic pigeons, or for Russian literature, or for Brandenburg surtouts, or for cards or billiards, or for evening parties, or for making tours through the country-towns, or for paper manufactories, or for beet-root sugar, or for staring, gaudily-painted pavilions in their parks or gardens, or for ten, or for building, or for hard drinking, or for the luxury of fat coachmen, with their waists up at their arm-pits—those magnificent and highly-prized coachmen, whose eyes almost leap out of their heads at every movement of their necks. It is impossible not to remark how plentiful these prodigious Jehus are in the streets of St. Petersburg. I remember that I met one of them in a *rubak*, or tavern, one night, and endeavoured to fall into conversation with him, but the attempt was hopeless. He was a good "whip," and was fond of *rubki*, but here his accomplishments ended. Such a booby I never in my life encountered. I do believe that though you were to grind his head in a mill, you could not find an idea in it. Gracious me! what a jackass he was to be sure! But I presume he couldn't help it.

Probably the most estimable class in Russia is that designated by the word *adacworotz*. The phrase, though signifying *freedman*, denotes the ambiguous class of small proprietors who, in Russia, are neither serfs, nor freedmen, nor military nobles, nor lords of the soil, and who existed before the *bourgeoisie* were created, or elevation to the rank of noble became usual. They are a clan very jealous of their rights, and from their secluded life, far from towns, their contempt of luxury, and mutual union, they have acquired the character of a sect more than of a class. They do not aspire to the rank of the *boetria* or *voievodia*, but they have more of those solid merits which Englishmen admire than any other community in the country. They are, however, of but small numerical importance, and I grieve to say that amongst them, as amongst the *velmoja*, the *monjiks*, and all other classes in Russia, I found great depravity of taste on the subject of women's feet. It will scarcely be credited, but it is nevertheless absolutely and indisputably true, as all travellers can attest, that huge, clumsy feet are universally regarded as a great beauty amongst the sex in Russia! The mere mention of this appalling fact has so overcome my feelings that the pen drops from my claws, and I am incapable of adding another word.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

FROM PRIVATE MAGRATH, 17TH LANCERS.

Our next day's march was to Balaklava, and there we remained about twenty days, and on the 25th of October about 40,000 of the enemy made their appearance, and the Turks that had charge of the batteries, on the Russians advancing, fired four shots and then ran away. They left twenty-one guns of ours in the entrenchments that we threw up and gave them charge of—a very bad day it was for us that we did so, as the enemy took them and fired our own guns on us. We had to retire, as the fire was coming so heavy, so that we got out of their range with very little loss; only two men and three horses killed. When the news went up to Lord Raglan, to the siege batteries at Sebastopol, he sent an order down by Captain Nolan (one of the bravest officers we had out here) to charge with the light cavalry. Lord Lucan said, "What am I to charge?" "There," said he "is the enemy, and there are the guns, and it is your duty to take them." And then our deadly work commenced. Poor Dick Dullard was next to me in the ranks. Lord Lucan gave orders to charge the guns in front of us; we thought that was all there were, but when we got within shot of them they opened fire from about fifty guns, thirteen of which were in front, and the remainder on the hills at each side, so that they had fine play at us. They completely blew men and horses to pieces before we knew where we were, but about fifty of us got up to their guns, and we cut the gunners all away. Then we were attacked by some of the cavalry, five of whom bore down on Dick Dullard and me. We killed four of them, and as Dick had his lance in the fifth, there came a shot from a twelve-pounder which swept the poor fellow's head off, so I had to make the best of my way out of that; and the next shot that was fired out of the same gun, as near as I can judge, blew away the hind quarters of my mare. Thus I was in a nice fix. I did not know which way to go, or the moment that I would be blown to pieces; but, fortunately I got a Russian's horse, mounted him, and joined about twenty of ours and the 13th Light Dragoons. There was a line of their cavalry in front of us, so we had to cut our way through them; in doing so we lost about eight men more, and then the brutes opened fire on us again and picked down a few more. The horse that I had was struck by a ball about the eyes, and it only left a small piece of his skull and ears; the lower part of his head was completely taken away; so I was left to my legs again, and made the best of my way off the field with shot and shell whistling about me, and just as I got out, a shell burst on my right and a splinter struck me in the heel. I was obliged to lie down, and crawl on my hands and knees out of the way. That and a lance wound were all that I got, and I thought myself very lucky. Out of our regiment there were only thirty-five that came back safe. I never went near the doctor, and was all right in a week, ready for the next fight. That was Inkerman; and a very hard battle Inkerman was. The few of us (17th Lancers) that were left had three men and an officer killed there. We are still rattling away at Sebastopol, but it is the strongest place in the world. You would be surprised to see the fortifications of that town. But we soon will have it now, and we must have rather a hard battle for it before we can get in; and that we are well satisfied with. We are getting used to fighting now, and do not much care what we are led at. You little know the hardships that we go through here; if you did you would often say, "God help the poor fellows." But never mind; it is a poor heart that never rejoices, and with the help of God I shall see Kilkenny once more; and if God spare me I shall wear a couple of medals on my breast.

FROM A SERGEANT IN THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS.

My dear Brother,—After my engagement at Alma and many hair-breadth escapes there and since, I am very happy to be able to bid you a happy new year. I hope you enjoyed yours; for myself I never put in a more miserable day, for it was snowing, and is so still, and we are perishing in these miserable tents. I think we will get our hats about the end of March, for everything is done in slow time with our authorities. To read the papers you would think we had every luxury, but we have scarce a shoe to put on our feet. We have got a pair of socks, a pair of drawers, and a flannel shirt, and that is all we have got as yet—by-the-by, I forgot; I got a pound of potatoes as I thought for a present, but to my astonishment I was charged ninepence for them, which I paid with a grudge. So much for an ever-grateful country. To tell you the truth, every man is in a miserable condition; but I suppose the medals and clasps that we are getting will put us in good humour with them again. I hope you will excuse this scrawl, as I am shaking with cold. We are still knocking at Sebastopol—they won't open; but they will be forced some of these days. We have to contend with a powerful enemy, but if we were only half taken care of, with the assistance of our gallant Celtic and truly Catholic ally—France—we could soon muzzle the bear.

FROM A CORPORAL OF THE 1ST BATAILION, RIFLE BRIGADE.

Camp before Sebastopol.

Dear Charles,—I was greatly pleased at receiving your kind and welcome letter. I should have written to you before this, to let you know how I knocked along, and God knows it's a difficult question

how we do exist in these hard times. I wrote to you previous to leaving England, and felt greatly hurt at your silence; however, I am thankful at hearing from you at last. I hardly know how to begin to give you an idea of our present sufferings, for either we do daily from the effect of cold. Even now, while I am writing, I am perishing with cold, sitting in the cold tent. God knows what we shall do if the Almighty deserts us now, in the trying time. We are up to our knees in snow, and you may depend we feel it, going into the trenches for twelve or fourteen hours; and, if it is your turn for the advanced trenches, you have not a chance of jumping about to keep yourself warm, for fear of a 32-pounder, or a rifle-ball from the skirmishers in their holes under their batteries, running after you with a stinging message to halt. I don't like grumbling, but this work is enough to try my patience. It would cut you to the heart to see the remains of our once fine regiment. We came out here about 1,000 strong, and we can hardly muster 100 men for duty. The men try to knock along, but their strength fails them. The other night it snowed terribly, and we found about every man we could muster at half-past four in the evening, our usual time of mounting in the trenches, and they had hardly marched off before news came that half of the party had fallen down quite helpless with pains, so that the sick at home were compelled to turn out and carry our poor comrades to camp. I am, thank God, hearty at present, but I have had my time of illness. I met with an accident coming from the advanced trenches the other night, and climbing over the main battery, I lost my footing, and down I went, but, thank God, I escaped with only a bruised ankle, and is my worst illness at present. We all thought of doing well by getting flannels and drawers, but they have made a mess of their gifts, for they have given us one pair of drawers to wear without a change, the same as the flannel, for, if I take them off to wash them I should catch a nice cold before I could get them dry. I have been near a fortnight getting a shirt dry. We are badly off for fuel here to cook ourselves a tin of coffee. We are compelled to trawl off with a pick-axe and a bag, and dig up the stumps and roots of the surrounding hills, and now the snow has covered even them. Everything out here is sold at an astonishing price—such as a loaf of bread, half-a-crown to three shillings; cheese, two shillings a pound; in fact, every eatable article is the same. I thought the soldiering at the Cape bad, but I have suffered more in one night's trench duty than I should have done at the Cape in a year. God send I was there, for I am heart-sick looking at Sebastopol in the face, and hearing the noise of the guns night and day. The French give them no peace night or day, for they are close under their guns. I was heart sorry to hear of my poor boy's illness, as well as the wife, and God knows they are always in my thoughts, and I cannot get a letter from her. I saved my day's ration of grog and took it with me in the trenches, and exactly at twelve at night I silently drank the old year out and the new one in, besides your healths. I am thankful for the paper. It's all the good that peace is to be made. God hear my prayer and make it tomorrow. The enemy cannot conjecture for a moment our style of stubborn proceedings. Our claps, with men of other regiments, who are in possession of the minié rifle, at times occupy the advanced trenches, where, with John Bull's impudence, we put our heads over the parapet facing the batteries, and whoever we see taking a walking pass about the town without leave, we halt them by despatching a 900-yard messenger after them. Dear Charley, they have charged our positions at night, and I am sorry to say they have done it with some success on some occasions, but bear in mind, old fellow, it was not our regiment that was on duty those times. The poor 50th Regiment was in the advance one night, and they (the Russians) made a general sortie on ours and the French trenches, and when they came to ours, I am heart sorry to say, they got over our parapets with little interruption, and bayoneted them as they lay wrapped up in their blankets—poor fellows! they thought they were too secure. But I could tell you of many accidents, but some other day will do; in fact, it would take a few sheets to put it on, but this must suffice for the present, because you have taken me by surprise, and I am heartily glad of it, you being a man I would write to from a wilderness, and God bless you both, and I wish I was as comfortable in a nice warm street, as I am uncomfortable in the open heights of Sebastopol. But I am grumbling, old fellow, again; but there's a good time coming. And now I must conclude, for I am very cold, and our tent is, like many of us, threadbare. All that makes me miserable more than my duty is the thought of my poor wife and child; but you have eased my mind greatly on that score, and I hope you will tell her to answer my letter. I cannot account for her silence. God bless you all.

FROM A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER IN THE 50TH REGIMENT.

Camp before Sebastopol.

I cannot refrain from letting you know the narrow escape I had the other night of being taken prisoner by the Cossacks, as I was returning from Balaklava with about ten pounds' worth of goods for the officers of the company. But, dear Sally, a good stout heart foiled them for this time. I must thank God for his protection, and for endowing me with such presence of mind. Balaklava is about seven or eight miles from Sebastopol, and as I was coming about half-way, being mounted on our captain's pony with six haversacks full of tea, sugar, wine, and several other little articles, I had my fusi! slung across my back, as every man must be armed here, even if he only wanted to go to the rear. So I was coming along, thinking of—but you need

not ask what, as you might know it was about yourself, and Nell, and poor little Jack—a horseman rides up to me, and lays hold of my fusil by the butt, and very quietly was going to take it off my shoulder when I asked him in plain English what he was going to do, but the devil a word could I understand from him but "prisoner bon Cossack," as he pronounced it. I thought at first he was a Frenchman until he mentioned Sebastopol, but it was time I looked out for myself; so as I was handing him my musket with as good a grace as possible, as he thought, the foolish fellow forgot that I had a bayonet at my other side, so as I handed him the fusil with one hand, I gave him the bayonet with the other, but most unexpectedly though, for I drove it to the socket into the boastful fellow's belly, and very quickly upset him, and rode away with his horse and long lance. I soon mounted his horse, which eased my own poor beast. All that I was sorry for was that I left him my bayonet.

FROM A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE 8TH HUMANS.

Camp before Sebastopol.

My dear Alfred,—I am sure you will be glad to know how I am getting on this cold season. Well, it is no use my beginning to tell only of some of the miseries and privations which we have to suffer here, I should be thought by you and Katey a grumbler, and I know you will see in the newspapers all our most important manoeuvres, and more speedily than I can communicate to you privately; but I will tell you this much, that we have plenty of cold, wet, and hunger, and hard work more than enough; for the ground is so muddy that an ordinary-sized man will sink up to his waist. My poor mare has often carried me through ground into which she has sunk every step up to her belly, and many a time have I folded my arms round her beautiful arched neck and caressed her beautiful face—nor am I the only one who has so idealised their dumb companion in a moment of excitement and thankfulness, having no other earthly being near us upon which to lavish our love and gratitude—often having been brought back safely to our comfortable tents, which we had left not knowing whether we might return again or not. I am sorry to say that the poor creatures keep on dying, but I am more sorry to tell you that it is the case with the men. We have large numbers brought every day from Sebastopol sick. But how can it be otherwise? It is impossible to describe the roads and the work: to get anything up is terrific. Sebastopol still holds out, and appears quite able to do so. When it will be taken I know not. I fear it is a problem not to be solved at present, no, not even by our illustrious and brave commander Lord Raglan, together with his gallant staff. It is supposed that we shall take it by storm. Oh! that we were ready to-day! This delay damps our spirits, we have so few comforts, and we appear to have done but little as yet, but we feel as though we wish to live a little longer to discharge that duty which brave men only feel they owe to their country. You knew Sergeant Macauley, I believe. I cannot help thinking of him, poor fellow, when he and so many of our brave men were sick and dying at Varna. He said, "Oh! would that we were all out of this place; for would it not be some satisfaction for our friends to know that we had died in the arms of victory, than to breathe out our last here, doing nothing to reflect honour upon our country?" He was a fine, brave, tall young fellow: his death grieved me more than I can tell. If you have an opportunity send this letter up to the ——— though they will have heard of his death long since. I heard Miss ——— was his partner at a quadrille when at home at Christmas, 1853. It is astonishing how his brother, poor boy, survived the shock, they were so tenderly united to each other. I saw him a few days since, and he appears to have regained that spirited cheerfulness which was ever prominent in his brother. He had his own horse and a Russian shot under him at our 25th Light Cavalry attack, and was carried out on a third unhurt. I am in a labyrinth sometimes to know how any one of us escaped. I saw in one of your papers sent out here the editor called us a "band of heroes," such compliments might be thought by some too high and exaggerated, or say that he overrated the gallant, but too fatal charge; yet I plead (though not for myself and the fortunate survivors) for the memory of those by whose lives it was so dearly bought—it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours and compliments to men who have devoted their lives in fighting in honour of their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last services efface all former demerits. It is quite a different thing for you to read and talk at home, in happy England, of the doings out here and what we have to suffer, but another thing to feel and know it personally. Yet as men we must—nor will not be induced to shrink from duty or danger through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows. And will not the bones of our friends and companions that are lying mouldering in this very ground provoke us to acts of vengeance? Can we not turn our heads and behold the sepulchres of our murdered heroes? Yes, but there are no inscriptions or columns that show their merit, but the memorial of them, better known than all inscriptions, will be deposited more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tombs. I must now stop or I shall ——— you, though I could go on, for I feel more than usually cross to ——— with every enemy of the Allies; but I must not forget to tell you how much we all admire and more than applaud the benevolence and philanthropy of our beloved countrymen. Let me hear from you soon. Send me newspapers, and accounts of my love. May it please ——— of our armies when I have done my duty here as a soldier, I hope to return again to old England.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Tu ne cede malle sed contra audientior ito!

[Through some accident not easily accounted for, fragments of the following poem have obtained circulation in various inaccurate forms. The author has seen them amalgamated with another composition of which, in all modesty he declares it, his pen is wholly incapable; sensible that the verses have not sufficient inherent merit to endure the ordeal of such strange treatment, he thinks it due to himself to publish them in the only complete and correct form in which they have as yet appeared.]

NEVER GIVE UP!—'Tis the secret of glory;
Nothing so true can philosophy preach:
Think of the names that are famous in story!
"Never give up!" is the lesson they teach.
How have men compass'd immortal achievements?
How have they moulded the world to their will?
'Tis that, 'mid sorrows and threats and bereavements,
"Never give up" was their principle still!

Britons, encamp'd in the stormy Crimea,
Oh! as ye tread the incarnadin'd field,
Fir'd with the soldier's heroic idea
How to inscribe and emblazon your shield,—
When, 'mid the heart-broken groans of the dying,
"Rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,"
Think what you'll feel when the enemy's flying—
"NEVER GIVE UP!" is the conqueror's word.

Whether we're soldiers or tranquil civilians,
Whether we want or in luxury sup,
Tarry in palaces or in pavilions,
Grief will assail us, but—Never give up!
Never give up! Though encompass'd with sorrow,
Shake not the yoke—'twill more bitterly gull.
Never give up! for there cometh a morrow
Fraught with delight to compensate for all!

Pilgrim of life! who, midst cruel privations,
Wearily, drearily roucest along,
Think of the lark, that, midst dark exhalations,
Cheers her companionless path with a song.
Oh, be a man! bear thy fate with serenity;
Look on the cynosure, not on the dust:
Life's a rough passage to realms of amenity;
Dark is the journey, but *travel we must*.

Never give up!—it can last but a season.
Shall we, because a cloud bursts on our way,
Basely surrender our manhood and reason,
Weeping for griefs that *must* end in a day?
What, though the tempest around us be raving?—
Soon we shall empty life's rancorous cup;
Soundly we'll sleep where the asphodel's waving.*
Thunder won't waken us—Never give up!

Never give up!—it were impious to dream of it;
Dark though thy fortunes be, never forget
That there's a kingdom—O rapture to deem of it!—
Bright and immortal, in store for thee yet.
Heaven's thy home and thy heritage pristine;
There, there is transport undim'd by a tear,
But till thou treadest its halls anathemate,
NEVER GIVE UP! be thy principle here.

MELBOYNE.

* By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel.

FORN.



THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOOQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER X.—(continued.)

Following his usual practice, Somers, at the dawn of day, left his palankeen in the road, and armed only with a thick stick to protect him from reptiles, beasts, or hostile men, rambled away amidst the groves and jungles in its vicinity.

He had walked, perhaps, for an hour, and might have been three miles from the road, when he was tempted to enter a coppice through an avenue as gracefully festooned by wild creepers as if the scientific hand of the Duke of Devonshire's head gardener had been applied to the regulation of the trailing. The rich emerald of the leaves, variegated here and there by the glorious crimson flowers of the cacti, and the pale yellow of the fragrant jasmīne, presented a sylvan scene peculiarly grateful to the eye, and pleasing to a congenial mind. At the end of the avenue was a little tomb of a Mahomedan saint, the whiteness of which contrasted strongly with the foliage by which it was surrounded. To this Somers directed his steps, but he had scarcely reached it before he heard, at no great distance from him, sounds as of people rushing through the jungle in hot retreat, and apparently making for the avenue as a well-known outlet. Voices rose above the stillness of the wood, corresponding in character with the "stop thief!" of an English mob in pursuit of a culprit. Presently a man—another—and a third, dashed passed the tomb. "Puckerow! puckerow!" ("seize! seize!") called out the voice of a horseman a few yards in their rear. Somers looked. It was an Englishman—evidently a man in authority—chasing

offenders. Somers felt he could do no wrong in assisting his purpose. He threw himself upon one of the fugitives, and the shock bore them both to the ground. The man tried to release a dagger; Somers grasped his hand and held him firmly. The stranger soon reached his prey, knocked one of them down, and leaped his horse upon the other. Meanwhile several other persons—police-officers armed with spears, swords, and shields—came up, some of them holding in their grasp sundry men costumed like the people who had been overtaken. The European gave some orders to his followers, and then addressing Somers, whom he mistook for some ordinary half-caste, called out, "I say, you fellow, what are you doing in this locality? Who are you?" He was answered that the service which had been rendered might have been recognised with more courtesy, but he (Somers) concluded that the person he saw adapted his manners to the wilderness of which he seemed to be an inhabitant. The sharpness and boldness of the reply convinced the first interrogator that he had mistaken his man—*complexion* had been the key to his rudeness; he repeated his inquiries in a more civil tone, and soon became convinced that he was conversing with a gentleman, albeit his hue favoured the common prejudices to the contrary.

The mounted European proved to be one of the officers of the police, employed by the government to capture Thugs. He had, on the previous evening, come upon the track of a party of these professional murderers, and determined to surprise them. Before, however, he could collect a sufficient number of *pykars*, *peons*, and *chuprassies*, as the *posse comitatus* in India is termed, the villains had scent of his intention, and proceeded to move away. Determined not to be balked of his object, he followed

them with the few men he could muster in an adjacent village, and leading the pursuit himself, had now succeeded in capturing all the offenders. Somers deemed it his duty to offer his services in securing the rascals, and this being readily accepted, a messenger was despatched to bring the palankeen to the tent of Mr. Offley (the detective), pitched on the opposite side of the jungle, until the Thugs could be disposed of.

Aware of the consequences of detection, the Thugs made desperate efforts to free themselves from the custody of the officers, but Offley, with great promptitude and resolution, removed their *cummurhunds* (girdles), and tied the fellows back to back, binding their feet with cords. He then placed them on the ground, watched by the constables, and sent off an express for the men whose services he had sought the previous night. The next step was to order breakfast and send for the *patel*, or head man, of the village, to gather evidence against the Thugs, who were, of course, to be removed to the nearest judicial station to be tried for their lives.

It is hardly necessary to tell the accomplished English reader that the Thugs are (or, we may now write, were) a race of assassins who, under the guise of travellers, would traverse India, ~~proceeding with purpose on the way~~ who had anything about them worth the taking, and while the whole party were seated partaking of a common meal, some of the Thugs would get behind their unsuspecting companions and suddenly strangle them with a *rombul*, or cloth. There is a capital account in the British Museum of a gang of these rascals engaged in their murderous work.

Offley entertained Somers with a good many anecdotes of the adventures which had befallen him in the course of his operations under the guidance of the famous Colonel Sleesman, and he mentioned that so vigorous had been the prosecution of the measures for extinguishing the Thugs that he doubted if there would be one left in the course of another year. They were soon joined by the *patel*—a staid old man with a white beard, who had, in his day, been a personage of some distinction in the service of a rajah in Western India. His ideas of the method of dealing with Thugs differed from those favoured by the English. He was for a more summary process, and he related several incidents illustrative of the *modus operandi* under his old master, the chief of Kolhapoor.

"Information," he said, "was one day brought that a large party of men, believed to be Thugs, had just arrived in one of his villages. The rajah forthwith despatched a party of horse, with orders to seize them. His instructions on the occasion were sufficiently brief, summary, and stern. 'You will proceed to the village of *Wargur* with all possible speed,' said his highness to the *risaldar*, 'you will there find a party of travellers, somewhat under forty persons, who arrived this morning from *Sarvor*. There is every reason to believe they are Thugs. You will seize them, search them, and every man on whom you may find the *phansigar* cord, you will hang to the banian tree fronting the gate of the village.'

"The *risaldar* departed. In a few hours he reached the village in question, and found the party as described, and consisting of thirty-two persons, in the *caravanserai*. He surrounded the building with his horse, and captured every man. He searched them in succession. On thirty-one he found the *phansigar* cord, and before another had passed, he hanged these thirty-one wretches, each by his own peculiar rope, to the tree in front of the gate. The other man, on whom no such implement was found,

proved to be a traveller, who had been late that morning decoyed into their company, and who would, no doubt, have been their next victim. He was, of course, released, and had good cause to bless his stars at his singularly fortunate escape."

"Now," said the old *patel*, whose eyes flashed brightly as he spoke, "that is what I call justice! There could be no possible doubt of the guilt of these men, for no one carries the *phansigar* cord, unless he is an approved Thug; and, as such, he is a villain, whose hand is against every man—an outlaw against whom every man's hand should be set. Thugs should be speared, sabred, or hanged, like mad dogs, or wolves, at any other ferocious beasts, whose existence is at variance with the well-being of our race. But this sort of summary justice is not in accordance with your system. Had you been ordered out to seize these acknowledged murderers, let me see how you would have acted. *Insulting*, you would, of course, have captured the fellows, and would have carried them before the nearest magistrate, seventy miles distant, as you will do with these men. They would then have been examined and committed for trial, and would have remained some months in prison. They would then have been tried before the criminal judge. The detailed proceedings, weighing half-a-bullock load, would have been forwarded to the *Sudder-adawlut* (seat of supreme justice) five hundred miles distant, and, at the expiration of a year from their capture and commitment, one man would, perhaps, have been hanged, by way of example; half-a-dozen more sent over the black water; and the remainder sentenced to a year's labour on the roads! Such would have been the result had these men been captured in your territories; but, believe me, your legal system, with its delays and uncertainty of result, is not suited to rascals like these."

The arrival of the expected reinforcements enabled Mr. Offley to send off the Thugs to the *chowkey* (station-house) of the village, there to be detained until a detachment of *sepoys* could be procured to escort them to the place where they would undergo their trial. The old *patel* at the same time took his departure. Somers passed the day in company with his new acquaintance, whom he found to be one of that enterprising class of Europeans, whom the proud, covenanted servants of the East India Company delight to characterise as "adventurers." He had gone to India as a mate of a ship—had quitted the ship and turned indigo-planter; failing in this speculation, he sought service in the police department, and had shown so much zeal and intelligence, that he was solicited by the superintendent of the police in the lower provinces to aid in exterminating the Thugs. His life for years had been passed in the plains and jungles—he had acquired an intimacy with the character and habits of the natives, and had a world of anecdotes to relate touching those persons and his own adventures in the field. The following illustrate his style of narrative, and sufficiently exemplify Indian scenes and events:—

"One day I was encamped upon the border of some extensive plantations, when I was called out of my tent by cries that made my blood curdle. I ran to the spot with a loaded pistol in my hand on the full cock, persuaded that a murder was taking place.—I found my groom stretched under a tree, struggling and groaning in the most hideous manner. Upon examination, however, his throat was found to be without a wound; but it was long before he could be shaken out of his fright, doubtless occasioned by a heavy supper. It is, indeed,

wonderful that any Hindoo can sleep quietly with the enormous load of heavy, half-raw cakes of coarse flour which they force into their stomachs. They make, it is true, but one meal, but that is fit for an elephant. A friend of mine in coming up the Ganges, gave his *dandies* (no relation to those of Bond-street) a large supply of rice and fish for a blow-out, and watched the effect from his boat. The rice was pretty equally divided into a number of lofty heaps, corresponding to the number of guests, and the quantity absorbed by each was terrific. In the course of time the last corner of each pile had followed the superstructure with one exception. The owner of this, whether from having previously lunched, or having received a Benjamin's portion, or having been curtailed by nature of the dimensions due to a Hindoo stomach, looked wistfully at the rice, spooned a little into his mouth, and made the most meritorious efforts to swallow a little more. Then he rose up, and shook himself, as you shake a shot-belt to make the contents settle; and again seating himself, poured in a little more. In spite, however, of all his efforts, a little heap still lay before him, when his ability, rather than his heart, had completely given way. His companions seeing his distress, and doubtless admiring his constancy, came to his assistance: one of them drew him back against his own knees, so that his paunch might lie in the most unconstrained posture, while a second, taking up the remaining rice, baled it into his mouth by little and little, and a third, kneeling beside, with his two thumbs upon the gullet, forced down into the rice basket each fresh supply as it found its way into the oesophagus—and by this means the remainder was at length consumed, and the conscience of the feaster completely cleared. Imagine the dreams concocted in such a haggis. The machine used for stuffing sausages has not yet found its way into India—when it does so, we shall see something like conviviality at a Hindoo banquet."

Somers perceiving that garrulity was Offley's characteristic, encouraged him to continue his tales:—

"On my arrival here this morning, I was informed of a most interesting incident, which yesterday occurred at a village about two miles eastward of this place. A tiger had, on the previous day, carried off a bullock from the village, and was, therefore, known to be in the neighbourhood. A man of Aher caste, Seuhag Singh by name, was passing on foot and alone from Banas Kerree, the village aforesaid, to a neighbouring village, Rye Kerree, when, on entering a thicket of date palm bushes, he came suddenly upon a tiger in his lair—escape would probably have been impossible, and the man, in adopting the boldest, took also the wisest measure that circumstances allowed. He threw his *tulwar* (scimitar), without which no man in this part of the country ever stirs ten paces from his own threshold, and without allowing the beast time to recover his surprise, attacked him vigorously. It is well known that the tiger thus assailed is taken at advantage. The upright figure of a man, so different from that of the animals he is used to prey upon, startles him, and the assumption of superiority over this monstrous figure increases his confusion. The terrible power and advantage of his spring is lost, and the whole order of nature is so reversed in the case, that it is probable a good and steady swordsman would, in most cases, prove the conqueror. It was so in this instance. The first blow of the Aher took effect upon the neck or crest of the tiger—the second across the face; he afterwards despatched the beast at his leisure by repeated blows, him-

self escaping with a scratch upon the foot—a remarkable instance of the efficacy of a true hand and steady heart, and one, the truth of which may be relied on.

"It is, however, by no means a solitary instance of the tiger or leopard being attacked by swordsmen. Four natives of Melasair, in the valley of the Narbudda, learning that a leopard was in a neighbouring field, sallied forth on foot with only their *tulwars*, fell upon him and hewed him to pieces. They themselves would have escaped without any wound, had they kept clear of one another, but in the *middle* one of them lost several fingers of his sword hand to his neighbour. The skin of the leopard was so hacked with sword-cuts as to be quite useless.

"The great weight of the *tulwar*, the extreme keenness of its edge, and the method of wielding it peculiar to the natives of this country, give it an advantage, in such encounters, over every other blade in the world—although in an encounter between men it is inferior, perhaps, to every other. All everything in the attack of a tiger must depend upon the first blow, it is expedient that this should be aimed at the part most obnoxious to injury from a sword-cut, and this probably is the face, which is also in general most accessible.

"A deep wound in this part, especially if it took place over the eye, would probably so disconcert the animal for the moment as to give time and opportunity for a second blow, either in the same part or across the crest—almost any good swordsman could disable a tiger by a single blow in the latter direction, supposing the position of the animal offered fair for its infliction. At the same time, it may safely be assumed that no man could check the advance of a tiger upon himself without the aid of firearms. Man is so contemptible an animal in comparison with the tiger, that a mouse might as well presume to contend with a cat when springing upon her prey, as a human being to stand the charge of a tiger."

Before evening had closed in, Somers made his way back to the high road to Calcutta, accompanied by Offley, who could not forbear expressing how pleased he had been to make the acquaintance of our hero.

"In fact," said he, "if you should make up your mind to stay in the country and get employment in the Mofussil, I think I could help you to a wife. There's old Neilman, the indigo-planter, has two daughters, good-looking girls enough—a little daubed with the tar-brush, indeed, but that of course you won't mind, for they're rather above the common run of *cheeches*. But after all's said and done, give me a half-caste girl before a *Europe-an* any day. What's a white skin, if she can't make a curry? And then my countrywomen are so plaguily exacting—they think you never can do enough for them. Now give a *cheechee* a silver tea-pot and a huggie, let her jaw with her ayah, and smoke the *pubbie bubble* half the day, and she'll give you no further trouble. I know a colonel's daughter also, who, eligible, but—"

Somers stopped him—

"Thank you—I've no idea of remaining in India. If I do, I'll remember your obliging offer, and look after the illegitimate—birds of a feather, you know," and he smiled bitterly.

Resuming his journey, Walter Somers, after a conflict with himself touching the best means of avenging European contempt for the half-caste, returned mentally to the assurance he had given Offley, that he had no idea of remaining in India. Why should he not remain?—Might he not be useful?—Had he not seen a sufficiency of

the state of the interior to be satisfied that there was wide scope for honourable ambition? Enough had not been done in the way of educating the people; there was a frightful deficiency of roads, and of means of irrigation; the vast resources of the most fertile country in the world had not been a quarter evolved, nor had means been taken to protect the land from the renewed effects of famine and drought. Everywhere during his perambulations Somers had been presented with evidence of the indifference of the small European oligarchies to the woe of the masses. He would seek office, and make a large philanthropy the basis of his exertions. Little did he know that there existed machinery to

"Repress his noble rage,
And freeze the genial current of his soul."

Arrived at Calcutta, Somers, beset by his new idea, did not await the return of his friend Lionel, but waited the next day upon the chief secretary to the government to communicate the result of his journey, and to seek employment in a magisterial, or any other honourable capacity in the interior.

The chief secretary had grown grey in the service of the East India Company. He was a great linguist, and a diligent compiler of histories. Always a satellite of governors-general, his ideas were of that serio-comic cast which pertains to Anglo-Indians, and which run in Brummagem-aristocratic directions. These worthy integers of a governing whole cannot persuade themselves that they are not of the magnates of the earth, and it is not until they come to England, and find how humbly their exclusive acquirements are rated by the intelligence, the rank, and the official consequence of people at home, that they begin to put on the ill-fitting garb of humility.

The chief secretary hesitated at first whether he should ask Somers to sit down. Walter discerned his embarrassment, and put an end to all doubt by seating himself uninvited. The secretary's bile mounted to his cheek. What was coming next?

Somers, *sans façon*, opened the business, and in a fervid, characteristic strain depicted the scenes he had witnessed, and expatiated on the neglect everywhere apparent.

"The Moslem," said he, "has left behind him some noble monuments of his rule! What—were the English expelled the country to-morrow—would be their bequest to India?"

The secretary was astounded at the half-caste's impertinence. His first impulse was to request him to leave the room, but the dignity of manner peculiar to Somers protected him from such an outrage; so, after a few common-place remarks on the moral influence of British rule, evident in the march of the Hindoo mind, and so forth, the *burra sahib* asked Somers if he had merely called to favour him with a speech which would make a capital leader for the *Bengal Hurkaru*?

"No, sir," replied Somers; "what I said was merely preliminary to an offer I now make the government to render any service in my power in an official capacity in the interior."

"Oh, I see," said the secretary, "you want to be made a deputy collector, or an assistant police superintendent. Sorry, sir, there are no vacancies."

Somers explained that he had a higher class of appointment in view.

At the date of our story the Ganges canal had not been opened, neither had the line of railway been laid down.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!—he, he, he!" The functionary was highly amused. "Why, you don't mean—ha, ha!—that the government should give you a civil situation?"

"I do—of course I do. In no other way could I be useful."

"Ha, ha, ha!—oh, dear! Where have you come from?—what are you dreaming of? You must know as well as I do that such persons as you are not eligible. You are not covenanted—you haven't been to Haileybury. Do you understand Bengalee, Hindostanee, Persian? Then look at yourself—you forget—you are not an European."

"I thought that the last Act for the government of India threw open the public service to all men without distinction of class or colour."

"A fiction—a Parliamentary theory, practically smashed. We have not connived at any such folly here. Lord Broughton did, indeed, nominate Rammohun Roy's son to a writership, but the directors wouldn't have the young gentleman at any price. No, no, no—you seem a sharp sort of person enough, and if you can bring me any recommendations as to your character and conduct, and can write a good hand, we may do something for you. But don't—ho, ho!—don't run away with all those grand notions of Mahomedan government, and what not!"

Saying which, he rose—a movement which Somers was not slow to interpret into a hint for his own departure.

The feelings of the Eurasian were powerfully affected by the interview. The noblest aspirations, convertible by wise and judicious treatment into valuable actions, had been extinguished by official formality and a practice founded on prejudice. It was enough to convert a loyal subject into a traitor—to scare public virtue, and pervert humanity. No offence of habit or of manner, no laxity of morals, no deficiency of mental power, no lack of education, had rendered Somers a species of outcast—repelled by woman, repudiated by position, and barely tolerated by white vulgarity. No! the only bar to his acceptance in society and his public employment was the hue of his skin!

He was stung to the quick. Like the savage Gloucester, who hated mankind because mankind despised him, he had nothing to do but "descant on his own deformity." Oh, how he abhorred the authors of his existence!—how, in his agony, he cursed his parents, Horace Somers and the wicked Pagarin.

At Spence's Hotel, where Somers had taken up his quarters pending the departure of the next mail for England, resided also a young officer, named Crosswell, who was on leave of absence from his regiment for a short time. He found that he was forgotten by the governor-general, to whom he had been introduced by letters from England, as long as he remained in the interior, and he had determined, therefore, to show himself, and remind his lordship that he was still a candidate for staff preferment. It is remarkable that few men in the Company's service regard their regiment as their home. They have scarcely joined the corps before they begin to direct their thoughts to the staff, and consider themselves very ill-used men if they are not transferred to that eligible branch of the service soon after their arrival in the country. Crosswell had lingered in hope for five years, and as he was one of the innocent brood who believe that letters of introduction from people in authority in England are imperative upon officials abroad, he was surprised and hurt that he was still suffered to remain on

the abell. He was the more feverishly anxious about employment of a lucrative kind, because he had perpetrated matrimony at an early period of his career, and his wife had given him two pledges of her fondness.

The governor-general had given Crosswell a very cool reception—he had hundreds of applications which he was at a loss to comply with—he would make a note of Crosswell's name, but he could not promise him a staff berth. The disappointment stung Crosswell deeply—the more especially as he had entered into pecuniary obliga-

tions which he felt it would be impossible to meet unless he had a considerable addition to his income. Dejection had seized him—he was uncertain what to do—he had not even hope to sustain him. His leave had not expired—he was not anxious to face his family or his regimental associates—he lingered at Calcutta.

Between this desponding youth and Somers a sympathy sprung up. Each told the other his tale of sorrow—both came to the conclusion that death was preferable to a life of woe. [To be continued.]



[EXTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE HOLY PLACES.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the beginning of May, 1850, that the cloud, then "no bigger than a man's hand," which now darkens Europe, rose above the Holy Land. For many centuries the scene of the sufferings and death of the Saviour had not been the subject of any diplomatic negotiation or warlike demonstration. It was believed that as civilization advanced, and Christianity became not only a name but a reality, all the nations of the world would combine to shield from desecration that particular spot of earth around which the affections and the sympathies of the whole human race should be centred. A deep religious interest in Jerusalem has, at the same time, been gaining strength for two thousand years, and the Cabinets of the most powerful nations of the world have always studied with anxiety politics whose interests centre in the Holy City.

The petty quarrels between the members of the Greek and Latin religious orders with respect to the "Holy Places," have, however, served to keep alive what is now familiarly known as the "Eastern question." As early as 1844 a "secret and confidential correspondence" took place on this subject between the British government and that

of the Emperor of Russia. It appears that during the emperor's visit to England in 1844, the Eastern question became the subject of a conversation between his majesty and the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Aberdeen, all of whom were members of the then administration. No particular difficulty had at that time arisen or seemed impending. The communication made by the emperor was accordingly nothing more than an explanation of the general principles of policy to which he professed his anxiety to adhere. After the emperor's return to Russia, the subject of this communication on his part was embodied in a memorandum, which was transmitted to Lord Aberdeen, then minister for foreign affairs. The main propositions of this memorandum were as follows:—That the maintenance of the Porte in its existing independence, and its existing extent of territory, is a great object of European policy: that in order to this maintenance the several powers should abstain from making demands upon it conceived in a selfish interest, or from assuming towards it an attitude of exclusive dictation: that in the event of the Porte giving to any one of the powers just cause of complaint, that power should be aided by the rest in its endeavours to have such cause removed, so that all occasion of conflict should be avoided: that all the European powers should urge on the Porte the duty of conciliating its Christian subjects, and should, at the same time, use all their influence with those subjects to keep them to their allegiance: that in the event of any unforeseen calamity befalling the Turkish Empire, Russia and England should agree together as to the course to be pursued: and lastly, the memorandum suggested that it would be wise to provide against such an event by anticipation, and to come, in respect of it, to some previous agreement. No such agreement, however, was come to in consequence of this memorandum. It

remained simply as a declaration and explanation of the ideas entertained by the Emperor of Russia on a subject of great interest to Europe. It was communicated to the French government, and was transferred as a sort of legacy to each British secretary of state for foreign affairs, and in its time passed through the hands of Lord Palmerston, of Lord Granville, of Lord Malmesbury, of Lord John Russell, and of Lord Clarendon. It appears, however, to have been treated by all those distinguished personages as a document containing a declaration of very excellent principles, to which it would be most satisfactory that the Emperor of Russia should continue his adherence, but which called for no action or decision whatever on the part of the English government. It is obvious that until some event happened, or some dispute arose, which was likely to disturb the relations of Turkey with one or more of the European powers, this must have continued to be the view taken of the Russian memorandum. And when any such dispute should arise, the only practical use of the memorandum would be to remind Russia of her own principles, and to help her to put them into practice. It was not until nearly six years after the visit of the Emperor of Russia to England in 1844, that any such event or dispute occurred. The cloud then rose in the Eastern horizon.

On the 20th of May, 1850, Sir Stratford Canning, British Ambassador at Constantinople, (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), wrote to Lord Palmerston as follows:—"A question likely to be attended with much discussion and excitement, is on the point of being raised between the conflicting interests of the Latin and Greek churches in this country. The immediate point of difference is the right of possession to certain portions of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Greeks are accused of having usurped property which belongs of right to the Roman Catholics, and of having purposely allowed the chapels, and particularly the monuments of Godfrey de Bouillon and of Guy de Lusignan to go into decay. The French Legation at this court considers itself entitled by treaty—the treaty, I believe, of 1740—to take the lead in vindicating the alleged rights of the Latin Church. The French consul at Jerusalem, M. Botta, will assist the cause; and General Anplick, who has received instructions from Paris, and to whom I am indebted for a conversational certificate on this subject, has applied for a conference, with the probable intention of bringing his case at once under the notice of the Turkish government. It appears that the Pope has been moved to exert his influence in furtherance of the views adopted by France; and that all the Catholic powers will be engaged by his holiness to co-operate for the same purpose. General Anplick has assured me that the matter in dispute is a mere question of property, and of express treaty stipulation. But it is difficult to separate any such question from political considerations; and a struggle of general influence, especially if Russia, as may be expected, should interfere in behalf of the Greek church, will probably grow out of the impending discussion."

Lord Palmerston replied to this communication on the 7th of June, requesting that Sir Stratford Canning would "watch and report to Her Majesty's government the progress of the subject, which he considered likely to arise between the Latin and Greek churches in the Turkish dominions, but which at present seem taking shape in the context."

The principal sanctuaries at Jerusalem possessed exclusively by the members of the Latin church in 1740,

were the Holy Sepulchre (engraved in our illustration) that is to say, the grand cupola, called the London Cupola, and the small cupola situated under the larger one, and covering the tomb itself; the entire court which surrounds the tomb, and the circular space between the pillars of the dome and the wall, now occupied by the chambers built by the Greeks after the fire; the stone of Unction and the court which surrounds it, as far as the door of the church, and the chamber now occupied by the Greeks; the southern half of Calvary, that on which our Saviour was crucified; the four interior arches which compose Adam's Chapel, in front of which are the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and of Baudouin destroyed in 1811; as well as five other royal tombs situated at the foot of the wall of the Greek choir; the chamber at the side of Adam's Chapel.

They also possessed outside Jerusalem the exclusive right to several of the Holy Places, the most important of which were the cemetery of Mount Sion, the tomb of the Holy Virgin, with the altars of St. Joseph, St. Joachim, and St. Anne. The keys of the church were in the hands of the Latins, who had the exclusive custody of them. Other nations, nevertheless, had each an altar in the church, but they could not perform service at them without the permission of the Latins, and the tomb of the Holy Virgin itself was exclusively reserved for the latter; the grotto of Gethsemane, with the olive trees and the adjoining grounds; the grand church of Bethlehem, altogether, excepting the baptistery; the grotto of the Manger, and the two staircases which lead to it. The Latin monks alone possessed the three keys, one of the door of the church, and the other two for each of the side doors of the grotto. Masters of the church, they could freely enter and there perform all the ceremonies of their religion at the high altar of the church, as well as at the two altars situated in the grotto, that of the Nativity and that of the Manger. A silver star, bearing a Latin inscription, was fastened on the marble, on the spot where our Saviour was born. A piece of tapestry bearing the arms of the Holy Land, and belonging to the Latins, covered the walls of the grotto. The Latin monks possessed besides at Bethlehem the square before the church, the entire cemetery, and the buildings known as those of the "old mill."

The Latins were afterwards excluded from some of their sanctuaries and possessions in Jerusalem, and of those outside the city they lost the entire church which encloses the tomb of the Holy Virgin, and the garden by the side of it; the grand church of Bethlehem altogether; the two staircases which lead to the grotto, and the altar of the Nativity in that grotto. The silver star had been carried off, and there no longer remains anything but a few tatters of the tapestry belonging to the Latin monks; the half of the two gardens of the convent at Bethlehem; the place and the store known as that of the "old mill;" the grotto of the Shepherds, and the surrounding grounds. Of the sanctuaries which belonged exclusively to the Latins, other nations now participate in the Holy Sepulchre, and the court which surrounds it under the great cupola, the stone of Unction, and the grotto of the Manger at Bethlehem. The Greeks and the Armenians perform their services there at the altar of the Nativity, and the Latins at the altar of the Manger. France, the earliest of the Christian nations to enter into diplomatic relations with the Turk, demanded their restoration, according to the strict letter of those privileges, to the Latin church, which had been accorded to her by ancient custom, and which the Greek schismatical authorities had in part usurped. The French minister at Constantinople imme-

diately communicated with the grand vizier and the minister for foreign affairs, and represented that the Greek (Russian) church had unjustly appropriated certain portions of the Holy Places which belonged to the Latins. The Austrian *chargé d'affaires* received instructions from his government to support the Latin view of the question. The Portuguese, Spanish, and Belgian ministers, though abstaining from any hostile expression of the views of their respective governments, were naturally solicitous for the success of the Latin cause. Aali Pasha, in reply to the *procès verbal* of the French minister at the court of the sultan, admitted that the treaty of 1740 between France and Turkey had not undergone any alteration or modification, and that it must be regarded as still in force. His excellency, however, observed, that as Christians of all denominations had an interest in the Christian Holy Places which were in Jerusalem, each party was in possession of several ancient firmans and titles. "Such being the case," continued Aali Pasha, "the Sublime Porte cannot of course pronounce upon this question until a mixed commission shall have previously seen and attentively considered the firmans and other authentic and valid documents which have been granted either before or after the above-mentioned treaty; and there is no doubt but that the French government, which has already given so many proofs of its love for equity and justice, will appreciate and accept this well-founded excuse." The French minister then gave in a formal protest to that part of the Turkish communication which included in the proposed inquiry such firmans and other public documents as might have been promulgated subsequently to the treaty concluded between France and Turkey in the year 1740. He was of opinion that they could not be admitted as objects of discussion without invalidating the principle maintained by his government, which was that no firman of a date posterior to the treaty could be pleaded in bar of the treaty's execution.

The treaties between Russia and the Porte, upon which the former power founds her right of a Greek protectorate, are the treaty of Constantinople, of 1720, the treaty of Belgrade of 1789, and the treaty of Kainardji of 1774. By the treaty of Constantinople, it is lawful for the merchants of both nations to travel and to trade in perfect safety between one state and the other. Russians are also permitted to perform pilgrimages to Jerusalem and other Holy Places without being subjected, either at Jerusalem or elsewhere, to the payment of any tribute, *karatch* or *pekasch*, or to pecuniary demands on account of their passports. Russian ecclesiastics who may remain in the territory of the Porte shall not be molested. By the treaty of Belgrade, it shall be lawful both for Russian ecclesiastics and for the laity freely to visit both the city of Jerusalem and other places worthy of being visited, and no payment or tribute shall be required from them. No wrong or violence shall be done to any Russian ecclesiastics who may remain on the territory under Ottoman dominion. By the treaty of Kainardji, the Porte promises to protect the Christian religion and its churches; and the ministers of Russia shall be allowed to make representations in favour of the new (Greek) church. By the fourteenth article of the latter treaty, the court of Russia is permitted, besides the chapel built in the minister's house, to build in the quarter of Galata, in the street named Bay-oglan, a public church of the Greek rite, which shall always be under the protection of the Russian minister, and secure from all vexation and extortion.

[To be continued.]

THE CRIMP.

OR, HOW THEY MADE SOLDIERS IN THE GOOD OLD TIME.

In the good old days, when George III. was king, I came to London. I had the same object in view that thousands have had before me, namely, to find in the great metropolis that which had been fruitlessly sought elsewhere—employment. I had received a respectable education at the grammar-school of our town. Whether my father had emptied his purse into my head or not, I don't know: one thing is certain, there was not a coin to sweat by when my patrimony went to his long home; so, like the hero of many a nursery story, "Jack set out to seek his fortune."

Hey for London! I entered it by the great North road, and the slender funds which kind friends had provided me with were well nigh exhausted when I paid my reckoning at the "Belle Sauvage" Inn at Ludgate-hill, and sat in the old coffee-room—it is a printing-office now—wondering which would be the best step to take on the road to fame and fortune. When a man is circumstanced as I was then, the difficulties of his position are far more apparent than the means of avoiding them. It requires no great skill to detect the obstacles which block up the path—no wonderful amount of ingenuity to estimate their strength; the grand difficulty is how to surmount them, and with me, as with many a man before or since, this was a soletan query. So there I sat in the old coffee-room, watching a dunfer-headed blue-bottle, who ought to have died off long since, for it was late in the autumn, buzzing up against the windows, flitting all over the ceiling, resting here, resting there, and then with a lazy sort of buzz—possibly a complaint on the degeneracy of the times—going back again to the windows to take a peep into the dingy yard; and as I watched him, my thoughts wandered as idly as himself, resting here, and resting there, and hovering about with no apparent object. How many castles I built in that coffee-room! Never was architect so busy as I. I made my fortune over and over and over again. I obtained a situation, grew in favour with the partners, was confidential clerk, partner, sole representative of the firm; my name was good on "Change for any sum you like to mention; I was the modern Cressus—a man made of money. I went into the army, sought "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;" I was rapidly promoted, I performed prodigies of valour, I led on a charge, I headed a forlorn hope, I was mentioned in the *Gazette*, I was a staff officer, a general, I was thanked by a British House of Parliament. I went into the navy and played the same game there; so successfully, that I might have hoisted a besom-taken of having swept the seas. I entered one of our houses of court, was deep in law books, made a maiden speech as junior counsel which forced the seniors to admit my merit; I rose—of course I did, I got a silk gown, and not contented with the simple bench, reclined at ease upon the woolpack. Oh, they were brave castles! Never, perhaps, did serial builder erect so many, and finish them with so much completeness, since the Barber's brother of immortal memory pondered over the way of glass.

There I sat, like the contemplative knight described by Ingoldsby, "a-thinking, a-thinking, a-thinking," and I might have sat there till the yawning waiter had assigned me to the mother-kub, had not a gentlemanly-headed man the evening paper, saying, as he carefully smoothed his hat: "Glorious news, sir, glorious news! Johnny Crapaud does not quite see the strength of Bull, sir; he will find it

out by-and-by," and then muttering some patriotic sentiment about three Frenchmen being only equal to one Englishman, and the ultimate triumph of the British colours over everybody and everything, he took his departure.

It would have been glorious news to me to hear that a vacancy having occurred in some thriving firm, I was eligible—the partners, like nature, abhorring a vacuum—to fill that vacancy, at a salary a long way below a thousand a-year. But the glorious news of which the stock-battered individual spoke was of another sort, namely, a great victory over our "natural enemies" on the other side of the channel. I took the paper; I suppose I read the story of the battle—a very different thing, by the way, from the stories of such events which appear in our daily papers now. I do not recollect much about the battle. I do remember the advertisements: one especially caught my attention. This advertisement intimated that a respectable young man about twenty-one years of age, was wanted as dock clerk at a shipping agent's office somewhere in Crutched-friars. Application was to be made per letter, directed to Alpha at a given address.

"Waiter, pen, ink, and paper."

"Yes, sir—directly, sir."

He did not bring them directly, but he brought them presently, and down I sat, determined to indite such an epistle as should make Alpha only too anxious to close with me at once; lest, haply, Beta, Omicron, or Omega should snap me up before his very eyes. I felt it to be an awkward thing to dwell on my own perfections, to sketch a commercial portrait of myself, and to puff off my abilities like the stock lot of a mock auctioneer. But this letter was finished at last. I was a young man, aged about twenty-one, there was no mistake about that. I had never been engaged in business at all; and, with a perfectly unbiassed mind, could take kindly to the shipping agency or anything else. As to reference with regard to character, I had testimonials from three or four of the greatest people in our town: as to personal reference I had none to offer, except I sent to old Dowgate, of Craven-street, Strand, which I had determined not to do. I did not want him to know that I had come to London until I had provided for myself, and then I had planned a little surprise both for him and Arabella—but what was Arabella to me?

Well, I sent the note; and I slept that night at the "Belle Sauvage." I went over the old premises two or three months ago, and found the old room turned into a sort of book-store or warehouse. It was on the second floor, and looked into the yard of the Fleet prison.

In the course of the next day I received an answer to my note. "Alpha" intimated that his friend—that was himself, of course—would be glad of an interview in Crutched-friars (number named), at seven o'clock that evening. It was then four. I had three hours to wait, and a weary three hours they were. It seemed to me as if old Time had fallen asleep—as if the hands on the dial were always stopping to rest—as if the pendulum took a strange delight in swaying to and fro more solemnly than usual—as if seven were a fabled hour that would never come. At six I started. It was growing dark in the streets, darker than it ever is now, for wretched little oil lamps were the only illuminators, and feeble candles were in the dark shops. Very dismal looked the City. There was a slight drizzling shower, which made the pavements glistening, and everything cold and clammy. Under these circumstances I took me a good while to reach my destination.

Now Crutched-friars at the best of times, is not the most cheerful spot that a man with a vivid imagination might possibly conceive, and its appearance on the occasion of which I speak, was not improved by the darkness of the night, and the blinking little lamps which made that darkness visible: however, I found the house I wanted, and knocked at the door.

"Could I see Alpha?"

"Come in."

In I went; up a flight of stairs, through a dusky office smelling of tarpaulin, down two steps into a little back room. Before a blazing fire sat a tall, muscular man. He rose when I entered, and offered me a chair. I don't think I shall ever forget him. He was about six feet in height, but scarcely looked so tall, owing to a swinging gait which he had; and being broad in the shoulders and full made altogether, he made one think of a strong rather than a tall man. His face was deeply bronzed, and this contrasted strangely with the whiteness of his eyebrows and moustache; he had, moreover, when he pleased, that peculiar horse-shoe frown said to be enjoyed in common by Scott's "Redgauntlet," and Mahomet the Prophet.

"You are the young man who replied to Alpha's advertisement?" he said.

"I am, sir, at your service."

"Good."

"I ventured," I went on to say, scarcely knowing what I said, and stumbling at every word—"I ventured to think that a liberal education might entitle me to a hearing, and—and—and, I therefore took the liberty of replying."

"If replies were not wanted no advertisement would have appeared," he remarked.

"Precisely so," I answered, feeling about as comfortable as if I had been on the tight rope or the slack wire.

"Come," said he, "what can you do?"

This was a puzzler. I was a capital hand at cricket, could ride better than most of my old companions, could bring down a brace of partridges right and left; could sing a good song, play on the violin, and go through a cotillon or Sir Roger de Coverley in commendable fashion—but, of course, none of these would be required of a dock clerk. My friend, after a minute's pause, continued:

"I am not Alpha, and I think it will be better to introduce you to him at once. The other party will enlighten you as to the duties of the situation. Come with me."

I thanked him, and rose, turning towards the door by which I had entered.

"Not that way," he said, "we can go out at the back."

So saying he led the way out at an opposite door, down another flight of stairs, and out into a lane, to which Crutched-friars was a place of Oriental splendour. After walking for about five minutes, he pushed open the door of a public-house, passed hastily through the bar and the tap-room which faced us, into a snug parlour, where a couple of gentlemen sat smoking.

They were the most affable and obliging employers, I think, I ever met. I was at home with them directly. They stirred the fire into a brave blaze, made me draw near, mixed a tumbler of stiff grog, handed me a case of cigars, and began to gossip in the lightest and pleasantest manner possible. They talked of the situation, and from all that I could learn it seemed most desirable. The duties were certainly not heavy, and the remuneration handsome. We got very merry. They told me I was just the sort

of man they wanted, at which they laughed, and I laughed too. They asked me if I had any objection to travel, as I might, perhaps, be wanted to do so, and I said, "none at all—none in the least!" at which they all laughed again, more pleasantly than before. After a good while my two new friends retired, but I was pressed to take a parting glass with my friend of the horse-shoe frown, and a pleasant *tête-à-tête* we had as well as I can remember. I told him all my early history, and even darkly hinted—wretch that I was—about a sly liking for a lady in town, her name beginning with A. At last, however, my friend arose, and putting on a very different expression from that which he had previously worn, said in a harsh and surly tone:

"Well, now to business. Strip!"

"Strip," I repeated, in a tone of surprise.

"Ay, and be quick about it; we have had palaver enough for one bout; come, off with your togs!"

"Togs," I repeated incredulously.

He stamped his foot impatiently.

"I have no time to trifle, sir," he said, in a voice of thunder, "by George! sir, if you don't strip it will be the worse for you!"

"Why should I strip?" I said, now fairly alarmed, "do you seek to murder me?"

"No, fool," he answered, with a gruff laugh, "but, by George! that may be the end of it, if you're not quick."

"What does all this mean?" I asked, making for the door, which I found securely fastened.

"It means," he said, "that you have this night enlisted into His Majesty's service, to serve in one of our infantry regiments; and that before you can be attested, you must undergo surgical inspection. I am the surgeon, sir. Strip!"

I cannot correctly remember what followed. I stormed and fumed, but it was all in vain. A couple of stout fellows assisted my friend, and soon rendered me powerless; and after a short time I was carried out into a small yard, and secured in a sort of lock-up house at the further end, and there left to chew the cud of sweet and bitter—chiefly bitter—fancy; to feel that, unknown to myself, I had actually been made to finger His Majesty's coin—that I had been made a brute, preparatory to being made a soldier.

I fretted and stormed through the night, but all in vain, and the grey light of the morning stole at last into my prison-house. After a short time I heard the steady tramp of soldiers; the bolts were withdrawn, the key turned, the door opened, and I found myself face to face with half-a-dozen of His Majesty's Guards; their bayonets glittering in the light, and speaking most unmistakably the language of force. I endeavoured in vain to persuade these men to let me off. I might as well have talked to the stones; they would not even permit me the free use of my hands, and while one marched before, another followed in my rear; and so, as it were in double custody, I was marched out by a side gate towards the Tower.

It was early morning. Here and there an early shop-keeper was taking down his shutters, or a workman crept lazily to his daily toil. The streets were well nigh empty, and my heart died within me at the cruel prospect which lay before. At last I made a resolution, proposed it, seconded it, carried it unanimously in my own breast. I determined to put it into execution at the first opportunity. I had resolved to escape. As we turned the corner of a street, a butcher's shop, the door of which was just opened, caught my attention. I literally sprang forward, crossed

the street at a bound, rushed into the shop, surprised the butcher's man—who was leisurely scraping a block, and whistling still more leisurely—by seizing a cleaver as well as I could with my pinioned hands. Then, dashing into the passage, which led towards a sunny bit of garden-ground at the back, cleared the half-floor, and stood at bay.

"Steady, master, steady," a voice said, close beside me, "close the door, Jem!"

Jem had been too quick for him, and had closed it already. The soldiers were knocking outside, and demanding the new recruit, but they knocked to little purpose. When I turned towards my deliverer—for my deliverer he certainly was—I saw a sturdy, red-faced, conventional butcher, just such a butcher as a sign-board painter would depict, or a low-comedy man represent upon the stage.

"A close shave, master," he said, with a great laugh, "them crimps is always on the fly—was they a-going to make a sojer of yer?"

"They were indeed," I said, "and never more shamefully was the trick conducted."

"'Tis an old trick, master," he replied, "when sojers are wanted these here fellows are up to every manner o' move. If Bony only knew how we got our sojers and sailors—for they serve the salt fish just the same—he'd be down upon us afore we could say Jack Robinson, and hoist his eagle on St. James's."

Thoughts of my own personal safety began to perplex me, and I begged the butcher to assist me. He readily promised, telling me I must make first-rate speed, or the "sojers" would be down upon me yet. After a moment's reflection, however, he thought the better course would be for me to adjourn to his neighbour's house. I did so over the garden wall, and the soldiers being admitted; searched in vain. So, in the course of the day—after reflecting a good deal—I had a note despatched to Mr. Dowgate, of Craven-street, Strand, and within two hours after, old Dowgate came himself to fetch me, and when I reached his house, I found Arabella so terrified for my safety, that it would have been almost worth while to get cramped once a week, in order to feel the pleasurable sensation of being so well cared for. Through old Dowgate's influence I obtained an employment, and after a little while, that which old Martin Luther calls "one of the best blessings of heaven," namely, a good wife; and ever since—

But Arabella—Arabella in spectacles—refuses to let me go on. So I can simply say, that it is a happy thing for us those crimping days are over—a happy thing for the nation engaged in warfare with the Czar, for do we not all know that "one volunteer is worth two press'd-men."

J. T.

MODERN ANTIQUES.

The Tribunal of Correctional Police at Paris has been dealing with an ingenious act of fraud; so ingenious as to have taken in a noted *savant*, M. Barrois. This gentleman had purchased for the large sum of 5,000 francs, an "Assyrian obelisk, in a fine state of preservation, discovered in some excavations at Babylon." The obelisk had, it was proved, been manufactured very recently in Paris, and had fairly cost 2,000 francs in the "getting up." The best of the joke was that M. Barrois' own book on Assyrian antiquities has served as the chief guide to correctness in points of detail. The name of the artistic imposter is Dropay. He was tapped to the amount of 500 francs fine, in addition to the 5,000 francs which he had to restore to M. Barrois.



OUR LETTER BOX.

This Publisher will feel obliged of persons requiring the back numbers of the *Patriotic Fund Journal* to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGALLY WRITTEN AND REPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, Strand. THE FIRST MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains six numbers in a handsome illustrated cover, price One Shilling. The succeeding Parts will contain Four Numbers, price Ninepence. They can be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

A. C. (Wigan).—All soldiers now proceeding to the Crimea are furnished with hampers to cover up the ears and neck completely; a pair of thick boots, worn outside the trousers, and reaching up to the knees (these are made of leather of its natural brown colour); an India-rubber waterproof coat, besides a quantity of underclothing, such as a couple of flannel shirts, and two pairs of worsted gloves.

ARMY NOTES (Fenchurch-street).—The lectures on "Turkey and the Turks" are given every Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, at the Turkish Museum, and the admission fee is half-a-crown. The lecturer is a gentleman who has resided in the East, and the entertainment is of an intellectual and amusing character.

—The best prescription that we know of for chapped hands is the following:—one ounce of camphor, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, and two ounces of almond oil. They should be well mixed together, and afterwards melted over a slow fire.

T. L. (Taunton, Somerset).—The total amount paid during the present war for naval stores, their conveyance, prisoners of war, and packet service, up to the 1st of December, has been £3,557,634.

LEAZURES (Cambridge).—The third Sunday in Lent is that which the Bishop of London has suggested for offering up, in all the churches in his diocese, prayer and intercession for the safety and success of the soldiers and sailors now serving in our armies and fleets, and for the restoration of peace. The Bishop of London states, in the circular to his clergy, that they are not "at liberty to depart from the prescribed order of (Divine Prayer;" but they may, by previous notice, direct the thoughts of their parishioners to this special object.

UN AMANT DE LA MUSIQUE (Orchard-terrace, Southampton).—The sentiment of the words of the song to which you refer originated with the Chevalier (Chateaufort)—a gentleman whose name is honourably associated with modern French literature. The song was written for the *Patriotic Fund Journal*, and afterwards remodelled and translated into English.

J. M. H. (Oxford-street) is thanked for his suggestions. Arrangements have already been made to direct attention to some of the interesting subjects to which he refers.

A MUSEUM.—We know of no reason why the library of the British Museum—an institution for the maintenance of which the public pay about £20,000 a year—should be closed at four o'clock in the afternoon. Neither do we know of any reason why the other departments should be closed three days in the week, to the disadvantage and inconvenience of the public. An inquiry, by a select committee of the House of Commons, into the management of the institution, would, no doubt, have the effect of making this magnificent receptacle of art more useful to the public and more worthy of the country.

MATTER OF FACT (Woolwich).—The Peace Conference at Vienna have not yet commenced, and are not likely to do so for some time to come, as none of the representatives of the three powers—England, France, and Turkey—have yet received the necessary instructions or powers from their governments.

A MEDICAL DEPARTMENT states that the governors of St. Bartholomew's hospital have placed forty medical and forty surgical beds at the free disposal of government for the use of the sick and wounded from the Crimea. The authorities of St. Thomas's have also offered hospital accommodation to the government. These hospitals are, we believe, the wealthiest institutions of the kind in the metropolis.

H. H. (Blechnard).—There is only one colonial bishopric vacant at present—that of Sierra Leone. The late bishop expired at sea on the 23rd of December, when the vessel was within two days' distance of the colony. His lordship was in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and, when attacked with the fever, was returning from a visitation to the churches of Yoruba.

MECHANICS (West-street).—The calculating machine to which you refer is, we believe, the invention of M. Schott, of Stockholm, who has been eighteen years at work upon it. The machine not only calculates sums with four differences up to seven figures, but, at the same time, prints the results on tables up to eight figures.

AN ENGINEER (Vauxhall).—The new gas-works now completed at Manchester have cost £400,000. The length of the main is between 170 and 180 miles, and the number of meters fixed is about 10,000. The production of gas is 600,000,000 feet. The price is 4s. to 5s. per 1,000 feet, and the profits, which are applied for public purposes, are between £35,000 and £40,000 per annum.

ENVOY.—In Holland all classes, irrespective of rank, are liable to the conscription. Prince William Albert, second son of the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands and of Prince Albert of Prussia, is among the young men subject this year to the conscription.

A TRADER (Greenwich-street).—A trader is not obliged to insure his stock against loss by fire, but it is not generally known that the court will not give a certificate of the first-class where a bankrupt has neglected such a duty to his creditors as to insure his stock.

A MUSICIAN'S CLERK.—We believe that the gentleman who is announced as the secretary to the new Bank of London, is the same gentleman who for many years filled the office of first clerk to the Chamberlain of the City of London.

—We cannot inform you, precisely, where Fanny Lind (Goldsmith) is at present, but she gave a concert a few days ago at Hamburg.

G. ADAMS (Annerley).—The quantity of hops upon which duty is paid in England varies from 40,000,000 lbs. to 50,000,000 lbs. per annum. Of optical, 5,000,000 lbs. are annually bought up for manufacture, and as a source of revenue, by the East India Company. Little more than 100,000 lbs. are required for the use of this country, but it is estimated that 20,000,000 lbs. are annually required for the total consumption of mankind, and that they represent a value of £30,000,000 in money.

A BARRACK (Fulham).—The church at the Foundling Hospital is open twice every Sunday; the hours of Divine service being eleven and three o'clock. Strangers are not admitted without the payment of a small fee, but any silver coin will suffice.

HENRY J. (Croydon).—Tobacco is the predominant narcotic, and the first subject of the vegetable kingdom in its power of service to man. A quantity equal to 4,000,000,000 lbs. is, year by year, dispersed through the earth from or within the latitudes of its growth, but its principal consumption lies within those latitudes. Five-and-a-half millions of acres are set apart for its cultivation, and, at an average selling price of 2d. per lb., £37,000,000 would be demanded as its annual purchase-money.

G. (Liverpool).—Sixteen thousand English and fifteen thousand French have joined the British army before Sebastopol since the battle of Inkermann.

AN ENIGMATIC.—Mrs. Chisholm is at length about to receive some recognition of her great public services. The legislative council for the colony of Victoria, on the 31st of October last, adopted the following resolution:—"That an address be presented to his excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, praying his excellency will be pleased to place on the estimates, for the ensuing year, the sum of £5,000 as a testimonial to Mrs. Chisholm, expressive of the recognition by the government and people of the important services rendered by her in the cause of emigration; conditional on the sum of £2,500 being raised by private subscription."

LOCOMOTIVE (Dorby).—It was in the year 1825 that Stephenson superintended the old tramway of the Stockton and Darlington line, upon which a year later he ran the first locomotive. On the other side of the Atlantic the Trunk Railway, in Massachusetts, was opened in 1827. It was only three miles in length, and was used for the transit of granite from the ledges to tide-water. In 1832, 11,565 miles of railway were in operation in the United States.

A SUBSCRIBER (Longborough).—The army, at the census of 1851, consisted of 142,870 officers and men, of whom 66,494 were stationed in the United Kingdom, 2,948 on passage out or home, and 73,428 abroad in the colonies and in the East Indies. The annual mortality of men in civil life at home, of the corresponding age, is at the rate of 9 in 1000, but the mortality of the troops at home probably exceeds 15 per 1000; and the mortality of the troops abroad, and chiefly in the tropical climates, is such that the mortality of the whole army is said to be at the rate of 30 in 1000 in time of peace.

J. C. M. (Canterbury-street, Liverpool).—The numbers you require have been forwarded per post.

J. CLIFFORD (North Shields).—It is true that the Crimea is fifteen degrees less northerly than Moscow, and that it is the same meridian as Dijon, Lyons, or even North Wales. What of that? Do the people of those places lie, half-naked, for a night, on the respective hills in their neighbourhoods? But it is not thus your argument is to be met. How can you regulate the laws of temperature? Philadelphia, for instance, is eleven hundred miles south of the meridian of Edinburgh; yet the Schuylkill and Delaware, between which the city is situated, are often frozen narrow-roads for forty days in a year. Who has ever seen the navigation of the Rhone, the Frith of Forth, or the Clyde, altogether blocked up?

J. D. (Boston).—Sir Colin Campbell governed the colony of Caylen from 1841 to 1847, when he was succeeded by Lord Torrington, whose conduct some time since caused such a commotion in Parliament.

T. HARRIS.—By the new post-office regulations, newspapers for India must be sent in single covers. Papers used Southampton are delivered free of postage at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; but if forwarded to the interior of the Presidencies, they are charged for—single papers, one anna; double papers, two annas; and so on, irrespective of distance. The shape of the paper, whether folded into four, two, or eight leaves, is not taken into account, as the charge is by weight. Six tolas, nearly three ounces, are allowed to a single paper, twelve to a double, and so on. If printed in Europe; three and a half tolas single, six tolas double, if the papers are printed in India.

Now Mr. Macdonald.—The much-talked-of 40th Regiment has all but ceased to exist. The regiment landed in the Crimea 550 strong, and it now only musters, including officers and servants, about 40 men. The 63rd Regiment had, by the latest accounts, only seven men able to carry arms, two of whom were scarcely fit for duty!

A GUNNER.—The largest mortar yet used at the siege of Sebastopol are of thirteen-inch bore. They can throw an iron shell of 940 lbs. weight 4,000 yards, and are quite sufficient for the destruction of the strongest house.

W. H. E. (Brompton-row).—Our correspondent asks us "Whether England had any right to declare war against Russia?" This is a subject on which there is, of course, some diversity of opinion, and it would be impossible for us to enter upon any discussion of it without invading one of the rules which we laid down for our guidance in the columns of the *Patriotic Fund Journal*—namely, not to raise questions of a political character.

M. F.—The publication to which you refer is printed at Boston, in the United States, and is conducted by a committee of ladies. We have not seen a copy, but we have no doubt the periodical is worthy of the Yankee Athens.

FREDERIC (Southampton).—It is not true that the forces of the King of Sardinia are to form any portion of the foreign troops (or "photomaniacs") to be employed by Great Britain against Russia. The Piedmontese contingent is to consist of 20,000 men, 12,000 of whom will embark on the 25th inst., and the 8,000 others are to follow the same. They will form part of the army under Lord Raglan. The expense of conveying them to the scene of war will be defrayed by the Western Powers; but, from the moment of their landing in the Crimea, they will be at the disposal of Sardinia. A loan of 50,000,000 francs, in three per cents, is guaranteed by England.

T. SCOTT.—The Dutch were the first to introduce tea into England, in the year 1660. It was then sold at 9s. per lb. The tea duty was reduced in 1665 to 2s. 1d. per lb., and, in 1680, the government realized, at that scale, £5,571,641.

GEORGE FRANCE.—The first steam-engine ever made in this country was invented by a person named Savery, in 1698. It was used for raising water, and afterwards invented as a motive power. Savery's first patent was dated 1709, and the first experiment of propelling a vessel by steam on the Thames was made in the year 1801.

—We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

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[THE VIVANDIÈRE IN THE FRENCH CAMP.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE VIVANDIÈRE.

THE untravelling Cockney who has never been further than Woolwich or Chobham, can know nothing of the VIVANDIÈRE. The British army has no such good fairy. It would be well for them if they had. The *Vivandière* holds a position in the French army which the

Petit Corporal himself might have envied. She is the darling of the regiment, or, as she is affectionately termed, *la fille du régiment*. She has a kind word for everybody, and something in her store of comforts to suit every complaint. If you are cold, she will speedily give you a little glass of delicious *eau de vie*. If you are hungry, she will give you a morsel of bread, a handful of dried fruit, or some of the preserved meat or fish which you see in the

little tin case in her pannier. If you are neither hungry nor thirsty, she has always a stock of appetising confectionery, the very look of which will make your mouth water; and as for her cigars, they are beyond all praise. Everyone has a pleasant word for the little *Vivandière*; and it is scarcely necessary to say that she is not slow to return the compliment. The dress of the *Vivandière* is picturesque and becoming. She wears a tight-fitting jacket of blue, crimson, or green cloth, with a short petticoat of the same material falling in full folds a little below the knee, wide trousers *à la Turc*, without the band round the ankle, worsted stockings and high-heeled boots. The head-gear, however, is the pride of the *Vivandière*. It is generally a small round hat with a low crown and wide leaf, one side turned up with a loop and surmounted with a couple of feathers. This is put on in the jauntiest manner possible, and if the *Vivandière* be very young and very pretty, the effect of the *ensemble* is quite bewitching. She is generally mounted on a strong little horse that seems as proud as its mistress, and is as docile as a dog. The *Vivandières* attach themselves to certain regiments. They are for the most part the daughters of soldiers, and have been as it were nursed in the camp. They ride their ponies in manly fashion, and are capital horsewomen. When the regiment is turned out for review, the *Vivandière* takes no small pains to make her appearance as attractive as possible. She arrays herself in her holiday suit. Her crimson jacket fits her without a crease. Her boots (the tiniest little boots in the world) are made of shiny leather, and adorned with spurs that often do good service on the march; while her *batterie de cuisine* is arranged with a neatness and economy of space which challenges the admiration of all beholders. But it is not only in the camp and at the review that the *Vivandière* has a mission to fulfil. It is when the regiment is on the march, or after a battle, that her good offices can be duly appreciated. She cheers the spirits of the soldiers by her merry laugh, kind word, and prompt assistance; and many a poor fellow sinking with the heat and fatigue of the march has to thank the ever-ready *Vivandière* for an invigorating draught, an encouraging expression, or the materials for a hasty meal. During the battle, the *Vivandière* is ordered to the rear. She is not allowed to approach the immediate scene of action; but, as the wounded are brought into the camp, she is ready to afford them every assistance in her power. Her little stock of refreshing stimulants is produced, and in a moment the cup is at the lip of the exhausted soldier, while she pours into his ear the tenderest expressions of pity and consolation. The *Vivandière* is also brave as a lion. If the army has to retreat, she is calm and self-possessed. The daughter of a French soldier, she knows not fear. Nothing alarms her except the apprehension that the demand upon her *ménage* may exceed the supply. During the Peninsular war, many anecdotes are told of the heroism and presence of mind of the *Vivandière*. At the battle of Rolla, a *Vivandière* attached to one of the imperial regiments, concealed herself in a wood where many of the wounded French officers and soldiers had dragged themselves, and not only attended upon them, but, at the peril of her life, rode several times a distance of nearly two miles to replenish her stock of brandy. During these *escapades*, she was repeatedly fired at by the English and Portuguese troops, who, in the distance, mistook her for a soldier, and endeavoured to stop her with a bullet. This girl, whose devotion was reported in influential quarters, subsequently married a lieutenant of Chasseurs,

and was some years afterwards the mistress of a splendid establishment in Paris. The *Vivandière* obtains her supplies when and where she can, and retails them at a very small profit. The French soldier has not, of course, more spare cash than the soldier of other countries, but in France a great many little comforts may be purchased for a few sous, and the *Vivandière* manages so well, that she can generally replenish her stock with little delay. She has, moreover, a recognised position in the regiment, and one would as soon think of dispensing with her services as with those of the drummer. We are indebted to our gallant allies for many practical suggestions for improving the condition of our soldiers: let us hope that the merry little *Vivandière* may soon make her appearance in the British camp.

FOREST LIFE IN RUSSIA.

A TRUE STORY.—BY IVAN TOURGHENEFF.

I AM by birth a Russian and reside at Moscow. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that I make that city my head-quarters; for, in point of fact, my residences are many and various, and my life is nomadic. Not blessed with a wife, I find my consolation alternately in a book and a gun. I read to acquire languages, and I shoot to acquire birds—so birds and words may be said to be the most frequent objects of my thought. Through them I obtain information on various subjects, for I learn history while in pursuit of languages, and I get a knowledge of men, manners, and scenery, while I am looking for plover and curlew. When wandering through various regions of my own country I have had occasion to observe the working of our social system, and to deplore its evils. The scandal and reproach of Russia is the condition of her *monjiks*, or peasants, as the English would term them. They are in bitter bondage, not only to the *barins*, but also, and often in a greater degree, to their agents and stewards. These latter are, for the most part, inexorable tyrants. The fortunes of the *monjiks* are absolutely in their hands, and it is rare to find amongst them a man of generous feeling. I remember, however, to have once met a *bourgmistër*, as the stewards are called, who was not wholly inaccessible to pity, though his manner was sullen and sulky beyond all my experience of men. He was what they call a *beréub*—a silent, morose person, who lives apart from the rest of the world. I will tell you how I came to know him. I had been travelling in the district of Orel, and I returned from shooting in the evening alone in my *bégozadrockka*.* I had still eight versts to travel; my mare went at a long, steady, rapid pace over the dusty road, snuffing up the air from time to time, and shaking her ears. My dog, tired as he was, trotted after me as if he were attached to the car—so regularly did he follow, preserving the distance of half a pace from the wheels. A storm was gathering in the air. A huge storm-cloud of a light violet colour drew up slowly from behind the forest above me, and mingled with the long grey clouds; the hazels waved to and fro, and shivered and rustled with a sighing sound without any appearance of wind. The heat, which was suffocating, suddenly changed to a moist freshness, while the darkness increased. I struck the flank of my mare with the reins. I came down from the car in a ravine which intersected the road, crossed the dry bed of the gorge, which was overgrown with *gigars*, climbed the steep slope before me, and entered the wood. The road wound here between

* A light car, consisting simply of a seat between two wheels.

close thickets of hazel, and it was already quite dark. I advanced, but with great difficulty; my slender carriage struck against the old roots of oaks and limes stretching out at intervals from marshy pools, and was almost broken to pieces by the sudden plunges we were constantly making into deep ruts, and my horse was soon covered with foam. All at once a strong wind struck the heights, the trees groaned, large drops of rain sounded heavily among the leaves, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, the hurricane was let loose. Torrents of rain fell from the clouds at once. I rushed under a tree; there crouching down, my face wrapped up in a cloak, I armed myself with patience to wait for the end of the storm, when suddenly, by the glare of a lightning flash, I saw in the road the tall figure of a man, whose movements I followed with attention. The figure seemed to grow in size as it approached my light vehicle.

"Who is there?" cried a sonorous voice.

"Who are *you*?" I answered.

"I am the keeper of the forest."

I mentioned my name; he said, "Ah! I know. You are returning home?"

"Yes, I wish to do so. This is a hurricane, brother."

"It really is."

A pale flash lighted up the figure of the forester from head to foot. A short, quick thunder-clap followed the lightning instantaneously. The rain lashed the air with redoubled violence.

"It will not be over in a hurry," said the forester.

"What must I do?"

"Suppose you come to my house," he replied, in a rough tone.

"With pleasure."

"Get up, then."

He advanced to the head of the horse, seized the bridle, and pulled her out of the slough. We set off. I clung to the cushion, which undulated on the seat like a canoe on a tossing sea. I was vexed to see my poor Diana labouring through the mire, sometimes sliding into it, sometimes sinking deeper from her struggles to extricate herself, but never mistaking or disobeying my commands. The forester, seated nearer the shafts, bent sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, and seemed in the dark night like a troubled phantom. We proceeded in this way for some time; at last my guide stopped, and said in a tranquil tone of voice, "Here we are arrived, *birin*." A window-shutter creaked upon its hinges, and several dogs were barking with all their might. I raised my head, and by the glare of a flash of lightning, I saw a little cabin in the middle of a clearing, surrounded by piles of wood, heaped up crosswise. Through a little window a feeble light was visible. The forester led the horse up to the steps, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?—who is there?" cried the voice of a child; the patter of naked feet reached my ears; the door was opened, and a little girl of twelve years of age, her chemise tightened to her shape by woollen bands, and holding a lantern in her hand, appeared on the threshold.

"Show the gentleman in," said my guide to her; "I shall go and put up the horse and *drochka*."

The girl looked at me, and turning, led the way; I followed her.

The keeper's cottage contained but a single chamber, which was full of smoke, low, unfurnished, and without any roof but the beams. A ragged *armik*, or camelot cloak, hung on the black wall. On a seat lay a single-barrelled

gun; in a corner a heap of rags; two large pots stood near the fire-place. On the table stood a piece of iron, bearing a *loutchin*,* which was burning dimly, and almost expiring. In the middle of the room hung a cradle, suspended from the extremity of a long pole, the other end of which was fixed in the wall of the house. The little girl extinguished the light in her lantern, and seating herself upon a low stool, with one hand rocked the cradle, and with the other replaced the burnt-out loutchin. I observed all this with a sad heart: it is not a pleasant thing to go at night into the hut of a peasant. The baby in the cradle breathed quickly and painfully.

"You are alone here," said I to the girl.

"Alone," she replied, hardly opening her mouth:

"You are the daughter of the forester?"

"His daughter, yes," she murmured.

The door creaked, and the keeper entered, bending his tall form. He took up the lantern which the girl had laid on the ground, lighted a match, and shaking his curled locks, said, "You are not accustomed to the light of our loutchins." I looked at my host; it had seldom been my fortune to see a man so well-formed—tall, with broad shoulders, an immense chest, and of perfect proportions. Through the rents in the sleeves of his patched shirt were visible his powerful muscles; his black waving beard covered half of his face; his features were masculine and austere; from beneath long and shaggy eyebrows shot piercing glances from his small watchful eyes. He set his arms akimbo, and stood erect before me. I thanked him for giving me shelter, and asked him his name.

"My name is Foma; people nickname me the Biréouk."

"Ah! it is you who are called the Biréouk."

I looked at him with redoubled curiosity. Rumor and other individuals had often told me stories about the forester Biréouk, who was dreaded by all the peasants of the country. To believe them, there had never existed so active a man; it was impossible to steal the least faggot or the smallest armful of dead wood; whatever hour of the day or night it might be, he fell upon you silently, suddenly, like the snow. And it was useless to try to bribe or to deceive him; wine, money, prayers, cunning—nothing succeeded. Traps had been twenty times laid for his life; he laughed at them all. These were the common stories of the peasants.

"It is you who are called Biréouk," I repeated. "Ah, brother, I have heard you often spoken of; they say that you have not your equal in oppressing poor people."

"I do my duty," he replied, in a very serious tone; "I wish to gain honestly the bread my master gives me." He drew from his belt a long-bladed hatchet, seated himself on the floor, and began to cut loutchins.

"You have no wife," I said.

"No," answered he, and proceeded busily with his work.

"She is dead?"

"No—yes, if you like; she is dead."

I was silent; he raised his eyes and looked at me; then added, with a bitter smile, "She ran away with a merchant who was travelling through the country."

The infant awoke, and began to cry; the little girl, who was instinctively hiding her confusion with her hands, rose and looked into the cradle. "Here," said the Biréouk, "give it that;" and he handed her a small cup of milk. "She left me—I care not—but she abandoned that poor little child," he resumed, in a low voice, pointing to the cradle. He rose and went to the door, stopped, and then returned to his seat. "Ah!

* A *loutchin* is a piece of fir or pine wood, used to light a chamber.

bárin, you would not like our bread, and it happens just now, and indeed almost always, that we have nothing else in the house."

"I am not hungry."

"I baked some bread five days ago; it is all I can offer you. It is useless putting on the *samovars*—I have no tea. Well, I shall go and see how your mare is."

He went out and shut the door after him. I again cast my eyes over the apartment; it appeared to me still more sombre than before. The pungent odour of smoke pained my nostrils and throat. The girl never changed her position, and kept her eyes fixed on the floor; now and then she rocked the cradle; then she would modestly pull her chemise over her shoulders; her naked feet hanging without motion.

"What is your name," I asked.

"Oulita," she replied, her saddened countenance becoming still more depressed.

The forester re-entered the room, and seated himself on the bench.

"The hurricane is passing off," said he, after a moment's silence; "if you command me, I shall accompany you to the edge of the wood."

I rose. The forester took his gun, and examined the priming.

"Why take your gun?" said I.

"Down there, on the side of the ravine of Kobouyl, somebody is cutting wood," he said, in reply rather to my severe look than to my question.

"As if you could hear them from this distance!"

"From the yard I can hear a good deal farther."

We went out together. The rain had ceased. In the distance we could still see enormous clouds crowding together. Long flashes of lightning illuminated the horizon, but right above us the sky was of a dark blue, and some stars were visible between the rifts of the driving rain-clouds. The outlines of the trees, agitated by the wind, began to be distinguishable. We listened. The forester took off his cap, and leaned forward. "You see," said he, pointing to the west, "what a night they have chosen." I had as yet heard nothing but the rustling of the foliage. "Very well, that will do," added he, going up to my horse, and bringing the drozhka to me, "I shall make them smart for it."

"Leave my horse here," I said; "I would like to go with you to the ravine. Allow me to follow you."

"Good; we shall lay hold of them in a trice, and when we return, I shall accompany you. Come along."

We set out; he walked along rapidly, and I followed him at a short distance. I could not comprehend how he shaped his course so directly. He stopped now and then, but it was only to discover the exact point from whence sounded the stroke of the hatchet. "Listen, listen! ah, you hear it now?"

"No; where is it?"

The Biréouk shrugged his shoulders. We descended the side of a ravine; there the wind seemed to be somewhat lulled, and I heard distinctly the sound of measured strokes. The Biréouk looked at me, and shook his head without speaking. We continued our course among long fern and wet thistles; a prolonged dull sound echoed through the glen. "The tree is down," said the Biréouk. Meanwhile the sky continued to clear, but in the wood we could hardly see three paces before us. We at last reached the end of the ravine. He stooped down, and holding his gun above his head, disappeared, creeping among the bushes. I listened with eagerness. I heard

at no great distance the sound of sharp, light strokes against the branches as if they were being stripped from the tree. I heard the rumbling of wheels and the snort of a horse. "Staud!" shouted all of a sudden a voice of thunder. Another voice, but in a mournful tone, replied; the sounds became confused; they were struggling. "You are mad, old fool, you are mad!" cried the Biréouk; "you shall not escape me." I rushed towards the place, stumbling at every step, and reached with great difficulty the stump of the fallen tree. The forester had thrown the peasant against the tree; he kept him under, and was binding the poor fellow's hands crossed behind his back with his belt. This done, he rose and set the thief on his legs. The poor wretch was soaked with the rain, his clothes hung in tatters, and his beard was dirty and disordered. A lank, miserable horse, half-covered with a piece of matting, stood not far off. The forester spoke not a word; the peasant was also silent, only now and then shaking his head and sighing.

"Let him go," I whispered to the forester. "I shall pay the price of the tree."

No answer. The Biréouk led the horse with his left hand, and with his right held fast the thief.

"Come on, ragamuffin," said the forester, roughly.

"And the hatchet, the hatchet!" muttered the peasant.

"Well," said the Biréouk, "there is no need for losing the hatchet," and he picked it up.

We set out; I brought up the rear. The rain began again to fall, and very soon there was a soaking shower. It cost us infinite trouble to regain the hut. The Biréouk left the horse in the middle of the yard, and shut the gate; he then tied up his dogs, led the prisoner into the house, untied his hands, and set him down in a corner. The little girl, who had fallen asleep near the fire, started out of her dream, and stared at us in silent terror. I took a seat on the bench.

"Ha, what a terrible change!" said the Biréouk; "you must wait. Would you not like to lie down a little?"

"Thank you."

"I shall shut him up in the garret, out of your sight," pointing to the peasant, "but—"

"Leave him there—don't touch him."

The peasant looked at me from beneath his brows. I resolved to do all I could to release the poor wretch. He remained perfectly still. By the light of the lantern I could notice his pale, withered face, his yellow, hanging eyebrows, his restless look, and his spare limbs. The girl lay down on the floor, not far from the man. The Biréouk seated himself at the table, his head between his hands. A cricket chirped in a corner, the rain beat heavily on the roof, and the light of the dawning day was falling into the room. We all sat silent.

"Foma Kouzmitch!" said the peasant, in a hollow and broken voice, "Foma Kouzmitch!"

"What?"

"Let me go," (no answer), "let me go; hunger—you know hunger—let me go."

"I know you," answered the Biréouk, roughly, "what will you do when you are free?—steal, steal, nothing but steal."

"Let me go," repeated the peasant, "you know—ah, the overseer—ruined, lost—ah, let me go!"

"Ruined!—nobody has a right to steal."

"Let me go, Foma Kouzmitch; don't kill us; you—ah! we are dying—ah! ah!"

The Biréouk turned away. The peasant shivered and writhed as if he had a severe attack of fever; his head shook, and his breathing was difficult.

"Let me go," he repeated, with a stupid despair, "for God's sake, release me. I shall pray—yes, hunger—you know—ah! dying of hunger, I swear to God, hunger. My children crying for food—it is hard to die in that way—you don't know, you—"

"Don't steal—never steal, I tell you."

"My horse," continued the peasant, "my horse; I have only that in the world—ah! think, Foma!—let me go!"

"I tell you I won't—I cannot; I am a serf like yourself—I am answerable for you; the tree has been felled. I hope they won't ruin you for it, though."

"Let me go—want—Foma Kouzmitch! want, hunger—ah! let me go."

"I know you."

"Ah! release me."

"Am I bound to listen to you, and to answer you? Hold your tongue! if you don't—you know I never joke—don't you see there is a bârin here."

The poor fellow let his head sink on his breast. The Bircouk yawned, crossed his hands on the table, and laid his head on them. The rain continued to fall, and I still waited. Suddenly the peasant raised himself up, his eyes glowed fiercely, his colour had returned:—

"Very well—oppress, strangle, choke me. Good!" he vociferated, with trembling lips, "good! hangman, wolf; take my life, take it!"—(the forester half-raised his head)—"Well! come, Asiatic,* blood-thirsty wretch, I call you!"

"Are you drunk, that you insult me in that way?" said the forester, astonished, "have you lost your senses?"

"Drunk! I have been drinking at your cost, I suppose; drunk! ah, blood-thirsty! ah, raging beast! blood-drinker!"

"Ah, you want me to rise, do you?"

"Well, what of it? It is the same to me if I must die. You will take my horse. I know, and without my horse I am ruined. Come, strike me—put an end to me; it is but dying, of hunger or blows it is the same; let us all perish—wife, children, I—I first—but you, you, you—ah, you will have to answer for this."

The Bircouk rose. I watched him attentively.

"Strike me, strangle me," repeated the peasant, in a tone of the deepest despair, "strike me; come, strike me!"

The little girl started up, and stared at the wretch with a wild, wandering look.

"Be silent!" cried the terrible voice of the forester, advancing towards him.

"Come, come, Foma," cried I to the keeper, "let him alone; don't strike him; he will be silent."

"I shall not hold my tongue; let me burst—ah! ferocious beast, wolf! And you think you will come off safe, you?—wait a little, it will not be long; you will be strangled, just wait—soon, soon!"

The Bircouk seized the peasant violently by the shoulders. I rushed to help the poor fellow.

"Don't stir!" cried the forester to me.

I would not have cared for his threats, for I had resolved to save him at any risk; but, to my great astonishment, in a moment he had twisted his belt round the wrists of the man, knocked his cap over his eyes, opened the door, and thrust him by the shoulders out of the house.

"To the devil with you and your horse!" he cried to him, "but don't fall another time into my hands."

He came back into the room, and went up to look at the two children.

"Excellent, Bircouk!" I ended by saying to him, "you

* A great insult among the Russians.

have astonished and delighted me; I see that you are a fine fellow."

"No more of that, bârin," he said, in a tone of deep sadness, "only be good enough to say nothing about it. The best thing I can do for you, is to go along with you—you won't have patience to wait till the rain is over."

We heard the rumbling of the cart wheels and the creaking of the gate.

"There, he is gone," murmured Foma, "he had better not return."

Half an hour after, the Bircouk bade me adieu at the edge of the forest.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a theatre in Calcutta at the time of which we treat—it was called the *Sans Souci*, for no one knew care while within its walls excepting the luckless manager. He had proceeded with the erection of the building under the impression that the public would subscribe money to defray the cost. The subscription began well—as much as seventeen hundred pounds was raised! Suddenly the news reached Calcutta of the destruction of the British army and eight thousand followers, in the frozen passes of the mountains which separate Afghanistan from the Punjab. Many thousands of widows and orphans were rendered destitute; a public subscription was proposed for their benefit. The appeal was nobly responded to—in fact, it was a "Patriotic Fund" upon a lesser scale than the fund now raising in the United Kingdom. The subscriptions to this fund diverted public attention from the dramatic object, and so the manager had to bear the whole charge of the edifice;—as a consequence, he sank under an accumulated debt of eight thousand pounds. The theatre was then sold, and has now become a college for the Jesuits, whose performances are of a different character to those of the Theatians. Whether as innocent and instructive, it is not necessary to inquire.

Before the manager was compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances to give way, the attractions of the theatre were considerable. The actors were amateurs of a very superior order to those who inflict their jejune endeavours upon English audiences. The female characters were sustained by young women who had been trained to the task, and were well paid. Large prices of admission were paid by the Calcutta public, and as the pieces were got up with great care, and sometimes even with splendour, the audiences were very numerous. Many anecdotes are on record of the liberties which the actors, depending upon their position in society, took with the spectators; but in a general way, there was usually an air of propriety cast over the whole of the operations.

The manager resided in a house adjoining the theatre. Being of a hospitable turn, he gave suppers after the performances, and many of those who had formed part of the audience, were invited to partake of the "feast of wit," which it was erroneously supposed exhausted players were prepared to serve up. Crosswell, having been a Mofussil performer, had introduced himself to the metropolitan manager, and was a welcome guest at the *petits soupers*. He was, moreover, always requested to bring with him any friend he might wish to introduce. Somers was invited—he was too desperate not to seize upon any opportunity of snatching an hour from painful thought. He accordingly accompanied Crosswell one evening;—the

performance was "Macbeth;" a gentleman, with a vulgar face and thick calves, was doing the *Thane of Cawdor*, *Glamis*, and so forth. Crosswell had the *entrée des coulisses*—he had become, in fact, a distinguished *pilier*. There were no ballet-girls, nor promenaders, nor fascinating *supers* on ten shillings a-week, to dazzle the imaginations of youth. The only attraction was the *Lady Macbeth* of the evening, who had come from the "Theatre Royal, Sydney," to seek an engagement, and had obtained one through the agency of Crosswell, who had accidentally made her acquaintance. Crosswell was anxious about her—he went behind the scenes to give her encouragement and brandy-and-water, and Somers accompanied him. Had the manager needed phantom kings, or ghosts of murdered *Banquos*, he would have been at no loss for personators, for Somers and Crosswell were highly qualified by their rueful countenances.

As the lugubrious duo approached the green-room, they heard the prompter, who was also stage-manager, anathematizing one of the singing witches:—

"Why, you fool, you! haven't you chalked your face? You don't suppose I'm going to let a Scotch witch appear with a nigger's mug? Go down to Bill Rogers, and ask him to make you a good many shades lighter!" And then aloud to himself, as the unfortunate witch moved away, "Hang these half-castes, they're always forgetting that the audience can't stand their mahogany phizzes."

Almost immediately afterwards, a young man, who was a degree or two removed from the intense coffee hue, came up in full Highland garb, and with a face coloured with care to give him a candle-light Scotch complexion.

"Well, Mr. Palmer," said he, "shall I do for the 'cream-faced loon'—I've laid it pretty thick?"

"Oh," replied the stage-manager, "you're an elegant article now. Have you been stealing any of the lobster-sauce from the supper-salad next door? How you must chuckle when *Macbeth* exclaims, 'The devil damn the black,' for his satanic highness has already performed the service for you."

"I can't help my colour, Mr. Palmer," replied the poor fellow; "it's no crime to be black."

"Don't you tell me that—it's as great a crime here as poverty is in England, I'd rather be a Jew than a black fellow, any day. Hallo! look at your hands—you've got the fleshings for your wrists only down to your wrists. Be off to the lobster-sauce again, and don't let people think that Seyton and the 'Officer' were brown kids!"

He laughed in a tone of complacency that he should have perpetrated so capital a joke.

"I see," said Somers, "that even down to a Calcutta prompter, the prejudice against colour is inveterate. How my gall rises at all this gratuitous insult! It meets me at every turn."

The performance now commenced; the friends sat in a stage-box. *Macbeth* murdered, and was remorseful *secundum artem*; *Macduff* made people laugh by his inarticulate allusion to all his "little chickens and their dam!" (he was supposed to refer to chickens and *dam*!); *Banquo's* ghost had a cough; the *Witches*, with some exceptions, sang out of time, and *Hamlet's* Castle was represented by a scene which had done duty for Blue Beard's Palace in a previous year. *Lady Macbeth* was successful—she was a fine woman and an intelligent actress. Crosswell watched her acting with great anxiety—she had evidently raised an interest in his heart.

When the curtain fell, the manager invited a few of his friends, as usual, to the "banquet," promising them,

in his jocosely way, something more substantial than the property food placed before *Macbeth's* guests. Crosswell excused himself on the plea of indisposition; Somers went over alone.

The champagne had circulated—everybody but Somers was in good spirits—even the manager had, for the moment, forgotten his manifold troubles, when suddenly a domestic entered, and delivered the host a note. He read it with an air of astonishment and dismay—he could hardly credit his senses. It ran thus:—

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that Mr. Crosswell, who was at your theatre this evening, has just committed suicide at the Bengal Club.

"Your obedient servant,

"J. McCANN,

"Deputy Superintendent of Police."

A thunderbolt falling in the midst of the table could not have produced greater consternation than the perusal, aloud, of this most distressing announcement. Suicide?—Why?—When?—What could it mean? Everybody was astounded; Somers was completely petrified. The manager instantly ordered his carriage; the party broke up, and Somers accompanied the manager to the club. There a frightful scene presented itself:—in a bathing-room annexed to the bed-chamber of the deceased, sat the lifeless body of Crosswell, nearly erect, in an easy chair. The left arm, resting on the arm of the chair, supported the head—the upper part of which had been completely blown off, the brains covering the wall:—the right hand hung by the dead man's side, and on the ground below the hand, was the pistol with which the act of self-destruction had been committed. Always particularly observant of the gentlemanlike, the unfortunate man had put on his dressing-gown, and removed his cravat, and his selection of the bathing-room demonstrated his regard for the decencies of life—he would not soil the sitting-room! Upon the table in the sitting-room lay three packets, which accounted for the fact of the manager having been sent for by the superintendent of police. One of them was addressed to the manager; a second to the medical man whom Crosswell had had occasion to consult, and a third to the coroner. In the first, the motives for the sad deed were given; in the second, the fee due to Dr. — was enclosed; in the third, the coroner was entreated to direct the jury of the inquest to return a verdict of *felix de se*. "I know," wrote the unhappy man, "that it is popularly considered a sort of charity to assign all such crimes as the one I am about to commit to *temporary insanity*; but, in my case, besides being a falsehood, it would be a wrong to my poor children. Mr. Palmer (naming the manager), and Mr. Somers, of whom I have seen much of late, will bear full testimony to the perfect sanity of all my acts. If, in the face of their evidence, a verdict of insanity is returned, my poor children will be exposed to the risk of having every unusual act of their lives set down to the account of hereditary lunacy. Men will avoid my daughter for fear of transmitting to their posterity the greatest earthly calamity; and the progress of my son in life will be obstructed, from the dread which people entertain of trusting a person addicted to aberrations of intellect. I, therefore, hope that what is regarded as the more opprobrious verdict of deliberate self-slaughter will be returned."

The motives for the crime, against which the Almighty has "set his canon," appeared to be the pecuniary embarrassment of the suicide, from which he now saw no

means of extrication, and the attachment which he had conceived for the actress to the detriment of his domestic happiness. These had caused a depression of spirits which he could not overcome, and had rendered life a burthen.

Before mid-day the coroner had assembled a jury. The circumstances were all gone into with great care, and the verdict returned was the very opposite of that desired by the deceased. The old fallacy that the very act of self-destruction denoted madness, supplied the coroner with the usual material for the exposition of "crown's quest law;" and the jury, who did not consider that they had any right to an opinion of their own in the presence of so weighty an authority, came to a conclusion corresponding with the charge. The body was removed, and before the sun had set, every vestige of the ill-starred Crosswell had disappeared from the face of the earth. Even his suite of apartments was occupied the next day, with no other marks of their having been recently tenanted by a "temporary" madman, than the sprinkling of a little chloride of lime. The affair made a deep impression on the public mind. The "serious" part of the community found in the event an argument against the demoralising consequences of amateur theatricals; the more thoughtless deemed it needless folly, as the insolvent court was open to the embarrassed man. But upon Somers the act of self-destruction operated with great force, and proved the means of saving his own hand. Whither had the soul of the guilty Crosswell fled? He had shuffled off earthly care, but had he got rid of the great accountability? Was he not at that moment, perhaps, at the bar of Heaven, vainly pleading human weakness as the only excuse for taking the life an all-bountiful God had given? Somers shuddered as he meditated on these things, and returned from the hasty funeral of his poor, erring acquaintance, with the conviction, that

" 'Tis better to bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!"

A few days now elapsed, and Somers, satisfied that the longer he remained in India the more likely was he to become disgusted with an existence already unendurable, took his passage by the "Red Sea" steamer, and returned to England, where he had been taught to feel that a few shades of difference in the skin of an individual had little or no effect in determining his treatment at the hands of the humane and rational.

[To be continued.]

FORTIFICATION.—No. V.

HAVING described a fortress and its various means of defence, we come to the operations in connection with a regular siege.

It is considered by experienced military men an indispensable condition of the success of siege operations that the place to be attacked should, in the first instance, be regularly invested, or surrounded, in order to prevent the garrison from receiving reinforcements and supplies. To the omission of this preliminary may be ascribed, in a great measure, the failure of the Allied French and English armies before Sebastopol. The fortress being only enclosed on the southern side, continual opportunities have presented themselves to the garrison for recruiting its strength, and for moving away the sick and wounded, and whatever might encumber the defence.

If a fortress stands, as it often does, on the bank of a river, that river must be crossed by a portion of the besieging force at some safe distance, and outworks

established on the opposite bank with the double purpose of commanding the side so exposed, and of keeping away reinforcements.

The main body of the army having arrived in front of the fortress, the first step taken by the engineers is to excavate a trench or ditch to the depth of three feet along the whole line of the fortress, at a distance of about 600 yards. As fast as the earth is thrown up from the ditch, it is placed in gabions, which are at once erected in front of the ditch, thus forming a *cover*, or protection, to the soldiers, while the sappers proceed to establish the batteries. This first operation is termed the *flying sap*, whence the title given to the workmen of sappers. Bodies of infantry are at once ordered into the *trenches* thus constructed for the purpose of protecting the sappers in their labours against the sallies, or *sorties*, of the garrison; while at the extremity of the trenches which, when completed, form the *first parallel*, parties of cavalry are stationed under the cover of embankments of earth, termed *epaulements*, with the view of cutting off the sorties, or preventing the escape of the garrison.

A *reconnaissance* is now made by the commanding engineer with the object of determining what portion of the fortress it may be desirable to assail in the first instance. The salient angles of the bastions and ravelins are usually the choice localities, because the fire directed against them not merely destroys the angular part of the walls, but *enfilades* the whole of the covered way.

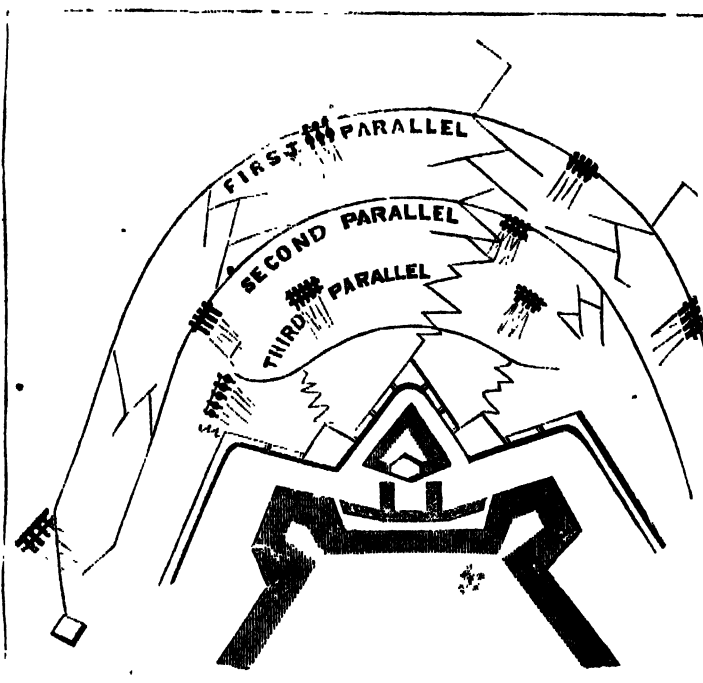
Three or four batteries are established in the first instance, and the fire is opened from them in order to keep the garrison fully employed while measures are taken for approaching a fresh line of trenches 200 yards nearer to the fortress. These approaches consist of trenches directed obliquely towards the salients—the oblique, or *zig-zag* form of advance screening them in a great measure from the fire of the garrison guns.

Behind the second parallel more batteries are established, and in these as many heavy guns and mortars are placed as can be brought to bear upon the fortifications. Shells are now projected with great rapidity that they may overthrow the guns on the embrasures, effect breaches in the upper portion of the parapets, burn the store-houses, and blow up the magazines. The latter, however, are usually contained in bomb-proof or casemated buildings, and are not easily assailable.

At this stage of the operations, the sorties of the garrison, made through the sally-ports and across the draw-bridges, become more numerous. The pickets, or advanced parties of the infantry of the besiegers, are the first to receive them. The shots they deliver answer as signals to the troops in the trenches, who are instantly upon the alert to repel the sorties, which they do by volleys of musketry in the first instance, and then by determined bayonet charges, pursuing the garrison detachments under the very walls.

It is at this period also that the riflemen of the besiegers move down to within one hundred yards of the walls of the fortress, seeking every kind of cover, or digging pits five feet deep, in which they ensconce themselves, their heads and shoulders protected by sand-bags. From these points they continually fire at the artillerymen of the garrison engaged in serving the garrison guns.

Scarcely has the second parallel been established before the approaches are made towards the third parallel, which is usually formed within one hundred yards of the main ditch. New batteries are constructed forthwith, without disturbing those which continue to play from the other parallels.



The nearer the enemy approaches, the more determined become the efforts of the besieged to interrupt the operations. The sorties are directed against the batteries, and every endeavour is made to spike the guns of the assailants. *Spikes* are pieces of steel of the form of nails, four inches in length, having spring barbs at the end or in the middle. The soldiers are supplied with these, and when they rush upon a battery they drive them into the vent or touch-hole of the guns, giving the flat end a smart tap with the butt of their musket the better to force them down. The barb expanding when it has entered the vent, no power can extract the spike until the vent has been drilled, an operation which engages time, and seriously injures the gun.

The fire of the guns from the third parallel now become very fierce, and the infantry are more fully occupied, as they have got within range of the bastions. Advancing by sap to the salients of the glacis, the engineers ply shot and shell adown the covered way, and raise parapets for the infantry; and while these operations are going on, they commence excavations (galleries), leading from the glacis into the ditch. If the garrison does not counterbalance these proceedings by mining the besiegers at this point, the descent into the ditch is effected, the ditch is crossed, and the sappers immediately begin to excavate the lower part of the *escarp* of the ditch, placing mines in the excavations for the purpose of blowing up the bastions.

All these operations, however, are not conducted free from molestation and obstruction. Every description of artificial defence is resorted to by the garrison. Military pits are sunk on the glacis; palisades and stockades are placed in various parts of the ditch; red-hot shots are discharged from the ramparts; gallant sallies are made by large bodies of determined men, and shells are incessantly thrown into the batteries. An exterior army has probably by this time arrived to molest the besiegers, and raise the siege; and battles upon a grand scale often take place within a short distance of the fortress. The probability of this latter contingency often makes it

obligatory upon a besieging army to have a field force ready to meet emergencies. Lord Beresford was compelled to abandon the siege of Badajoz, in 1811, by the appearance of a large relieving force at Albuera, which he went forth to meet. Lord Wellington retreated from before Burgos, which he had unavailingly attacked for a month, because Marshal Soult was advancing to the relief of the place. And we know that during the siege of Sebastopol, the exterior army, under Prince Gortschakoff and General Liprandi, has made two or three vigorous, though happily unsuccessful, efforts to drive the Allies from Sebastopol.

Supposing the besiegers to have succeeded in effecting large breaches in the walls of the fortress by mining, or by the fire of the great guns, or by both processes, no time is lost in preparing to take the place by assault. With the humane object, however, of sparing the lives of the men on both sides, it is customary to send a flag of truce into the fortress, calling upon the commandant to surrender. Should he, still confident in his powers of resistance, or in obedience to the orders of the government he serves, refuse to capitulate, the attack takes place, generally at night. A detachment of gallant men, called by the French, "*Les Enfants Perdus*," (the Lost Children), and by the English, the "*Forlorn Hope*"—either term sufficiently indicating the desperate nature of their duty—lead the way. They descend into the ditch by scaling ladders, under a terrible fire, carry their ladders across the ditch, place them against the escarp, ascend, confront the garrison at the breach, whose *chevaux de frise*, abattis, &c., oppose their way, and driving everything before them, compel a surrender, and plant the flag of their nation on the highest walls. If their way is stopped by a heavy gate or barrier, a bag of powder is placed against the obstruction, and being ignited by a train laid at no great distance, it is blown down, and the troops rush in.

Such is the method which for two or three hundred years has been pursued in attacking and capturing a fortress.



[THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE HOLY PLACES.

CHAPTER II.

THE Russian envoy at Constantinople, who had watched the progress of negotiations between the sultan and the government of France with the utmost anxiety, was displeased that the sultan should have offered to submit the matter in dispute to a mixed commission without having first communicated with the Emperor of Russia, and endeavoured to persuade him to delay submitting the matter until the emperor's opinion had been received. Aali Pasha having declined to comply with a request which, to say the least of it, was unreasonable, the Russian envoy rejoined, that "he thought it his duty to tell him frankly that any further step foreign to the *status quo* of the Holy Places, would exceedingly annoy the emperor, in which case he (the envoy) would find himself compelled to abandon the confidential ground upon which he had acted up to that moment, and officially protest against the Porte." He further added, that he "very clearly saw the Porte's intention to accept the protectorate of France in this affair." Sir Stratford Canning saw at once that the object which the Porte had in view in referring the investigation of the Jerusalem question to a special council of state, composed of members of the Uleimah, was to gain time, and to avoid an embarrassing decision, with the least possible amount of offence to the adverse claimants. It is clear that at this time the Porte did not entertain any immediate apprehension of coercive measures from any side.

M. de Lavallette, the envoy of the French republic, on the part of France, expressed to the sultan his regret at the policy of delay, which his ministers had recommended

him to adopt, and hinted that the Porte was acting at the dictation of Russia. He at the same time assured the sultan that he was authorised to deal with the question of the disputed sanctuaries in such a manner as he might judge the dignity of France to require. "It was evident" (to use the words of Sir Stratford Canning) "that his aim was to make a strong impression on the fears of the Porte, and to obtain the appointment of an early period at which a final and, of course, a satisfactory answer should be given to him." Sir Stratford Canning, without entering into the merits of the case, endeavoured, in particular, to dissuade the French envoy from taking any step which might suddenly and, perhaps, irrevocably convert a quiet diplomatic discussion into a breach of those friendly relations which it was so desirable to maintain between France and Turkey, and which could hardly be put to hazard for a question involving little more than a religious sentiment, and the application of a treaty permitted to lie more or less in abeyance for a century, without causing general surprise, and not impossibly some additional entanglement in the then present situation of Europe.

The ministers of the sultan subsequently endeavoured to make it appear that the question had narrowed itself to this—that the sanctuaries claimed exclusively by the Latins were only two, namely, the Church of Bethlehem and the Tomb of the Virgin, and that the firman and title-deeds on which the French grounded their claim, accorded to the Latins the right of possessing two keys of the church, and a joint occupation of the church and the tomb.

It may now be desirable to digress for a moment, and glance at the number and strength of the religious bodies which now constitute the population of "the beautiful city of Zion." First in antiquity, if not in interest, stands the remnant of Israel which still clings with tenacious faith to the covenant made with Abraham nearly four thousand years ago. The Jews are also the most numerous body in Jerusalem, and their total number is estimated at about 11,000. The Sephardi, or Spanish community numbers 6,000 to 7,000, and includes the descendants of those Jews expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella in the fifteenth century, many of whom found a refuge

in Jerusalem among the Moslems. The Morocco and other Oriental Jews also belong to this division. The Christians, that is the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians, cluster round their respective convents. The Armenians are perhaps the most wealthy. Their convent on Mount Zion has been enlarged, and is now capable of accommodating 8,000 pilgrims. It is like a little fortified town, and the patriarchal palace is one of the most commanding objects in the view of Jerusalem. The number of resident Armenians is small, though the number of pilgrims amounts to several thousands annually. The Copts are a very small body, residing in the convent which they possess, attached to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Catholics are not numerous, but their new church and patriarchal residences are among the most modern buildings in Jerusalem, and justify the reputation for industrious industry which the members of this body possess throughout Syria. But by far the largest native community is that of the Orthodox Greeks, under the care of their patriarch, metropolitan and other bishops. The patriarch and bishops have the superintendence of the various convents and of the subordinate clergy, the care of their congregations, including aid and advice in almost all their temporal concerns, the inspection of the college-schools, the providing spiritually and temporarily for the wants of 4,000 or 5,000 pilgrims, and the visiting of the convents of the Cross, St. Ann, Bethlehem, &c. The Russian community, under the archimandrite Porpyrice, has gradually formed itself into a distinct but not entirely separate body. Its numbers are small, but increasing. The hereditary rivals of the Greeks in Jerusalem and the adjacent sanctuaries present no mean front in the Holy City. The Latin patriarch appears at the head of an active and intelligent class of Arab-Christians, who have had hitherto much more idea of European civilization than their Greek and Armenian countrymen. Until 1848, the Franciscan and Carmelite monks were the only representatives in Palestine of the Latin Church, but a large number of Italian and French secular clergy, and Sisters of Charity, are now resident in Jerusalem, and the hospital-college and schools under their care have added much to the weight of Latin influence. In the Roman Catholic circle of Jerusalem, must be included the officers of the French consulate under M. Botta, whose Nineveh discoveries have made him a European reputation; also the officers of the Austrian consulate under Count Pizzamano. The Protestant community under the care of the Anglican bishop may be described under two heads, the Prussian and the English, each having its minister and distinct congregation. In a commercial point of view Jerusalem presents a contrast to the majority of cities in the Turkish empire, for while others are sinking into ruin and decay, it is rapidly springing up into new life. European manners and European wants are rapidly bringing in their train civilization and industry. Good hotels may now be found for all travellers. There are shops where all kinds of European goods find a ready sale, and carpenters, watch-makers, blacksmiths, glaziers, tinmen, dyers, laundresses, shoemakers, &c., exercise their various callings. The daily markets are supplied abundantly with mutton, poultry, eggs, fruit and vegetables. The troops in Jerusalem are about three hundred, sometimes more. Besides these, there are about two hundred irregular Arab cavalry at the disposal of the pasha, and are in fact the only troops over which he has the control. Their services are various, and include the catching of thieves,

going on messages, escorting persons of rank, levying taxes from refractory villages, &c. The neighbouring seaport town of Jaffa has doubled its number of inhabitants within the last seven years, and now boasts a population of 17,000 souls. The first English vessel ever seen there was the "John Obbold," chartered in 1847 to bring out the roof of the English church, and carpenters to put it up. The climate of Jerusalem is on the whole good, and it would be one of the finest in the world were common attention paid to the cleanliness of the streets and houses. During the spring and autumn months agues and fevers prevail, being engendered by the exhalations from the cisterns and rubbish accumulated in the city. But the mountain breezes rarely fail by day or night to waft from the garden of Gethsemane the delicious odours of that hallowed spot.

It may appear strange that Russia, which takes so positive and decided a part in Oriental politics, and whose interest in the sanctuaries at Jerusalem has now disturbed the peace of the world—whose army annually devotes one day's pay to the support of the establishments at Jerusalem, and whose sailors make pilgrimages from one hallowed spot to another, should have no consul in Jerusalem. Hitherto, however, it has not been necessary that Russia should maintain a consular establishment in the Holy City. The influence of her consul-general at Beyroun, and of her vice-consul and agents at Jaffa, supported by the powerful Greek patriarchates and convents at Jerusalem, was quite sufficient for the protection and advancement of Russian interests. The present position of Russia with the great powers of Europe has not caused her in the least to diminish her interest in Jerusalem. The most recent travellers unite in describing Russian influence as gradually increasing. The Emperor of Russia is the head of the Greek church, and as such is considered by the members of that community as next to the Divine Being. During a period of several years, the Greek convent has been gradually extended over one-fourth of Jerusalem by the purchase of houses, which have been connected with the convent by means of arches thrown over the intervening streets. Of late, not only the houses immediately contiguous, but buildings and plots of ground in every part of the city have been bought up by a Greek ecclesiastic, who being a native of Turkey, can legally purchase. The convent cannot legally purchase land, but it is allowed in law to become the possessor of property left to it by will on the death of the purchaser. The archimandrite Nikephoros has enormous revenues at his disposal, and there can be no doubt that the source from whence they are derived is St. Petersburg. Every kind of property in the East is supposed to consist of twenty-four parts, or carats;—all things animate or inanimate, whether a horse, a house, a field, or a diamond, are considered to be divisible into twenty-four carats, and may be owned by one person or by several. Each person in the latter case is considered possessor of one, two, three, four, or more carats, according to circumstances, and these descend to his heirs, so that the horse, house, field, or diamond, may at length have forty or fifty proprietors each owning carats, half or quarter carats, or less, and so on; and without the consent of all the owners the property cannot be let or sold. The part-proprietors have always the first choice and refusal should the property be sold. The archimandrite Nikephoros is known to be the purchaser of half-carats, quarter-carats, or whole carats of every ruined shop, house, or plot of ground to be bought within the walls of

Jerusalem. This ecclesiastic is also the possessor of immense tracts within the walls of the city as far as Bethlehem and other parts of Palestine. Until very lately no part of these great possessions was cultivated; but within the last five years many thousand mulberry and olive trees have been planted in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. The most unpromising hills, apparently mere masses of rock; have been cleared with the aid of gunpowder, the rich soil exposed, walls built, terraces formed, vines planted, and small annual crops raised between the trees. Silk factories and houses are being built. Large numbers of the Moslem and Christian Arab peasantry are employed in building, ploughing, and planting; and the payment of their services is made in Russian coin. The advance which Jerusalem has made in the last thirteen years is mainly owing to the interest which Russia takes in all that relates to the Greek Church. Thirteen years ago, destitute and barbarous, with a plague-stricken and decreasing population, dead to trade, politics, or enterprise of any kind, Jerusalem was still the Holy City. Turkish pashas have since been sent "to protect the interests of the Christians." England and Prussia have founded an Anglican bishopric; Austria defends the Roman Catholic institutions; France appears as "Protector of Christianity in the East," and the Emperor of All the Russias is head of the most ancient Gentile church in Jerusalem, Asia, or the world; while around the Holy Places whence the glory has departed, still lingers the Jewish people—their sole support that quenchless faith in the Divine promise which eighteen centuries of suffering have not been able to eradicate.

But to return to our narrative of the diplomatic negotiations which preceded the outbreak of hostilities. The council of the sultan having considered the claims preferred by the French envoy, M. de Lavalette, offered to concede to the Latins the right of officiating in the shrine of the Virgin, near Jerusalem, together with the keys to the church of the Nativity. The Russian envoy took alarm at this concession, and intimated that his government would expect an equivalent in the shape of an admission to the right of officiating on certain occasions in the mosque of Mount Olivet. The decision of the council received the sultan's confirmation, but in a few days afterwards the Russian envoy, whose opinions appeared to have undergone considerable change, sought an interview with Aali Pasha (the Turkish minister for foreign affairs) and, to quote the words of the despatch, "expressed himself with unusual vehemence and no small degree of irritation against the proposed arrangement." Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, writing to Earl Granville, under date of the 18th of February, thus alludes to the subject:—"I should conjecture from what has reached me that M. de Titoff (the Russian envoy) had not expected the Porte to commit itself to the French minister before the sentiments of his court were ascertained. His disappointment in that respect may have gathered some additional annoyance from the satisfaction of the French party, and also from indications of a contrary feeling among the Greeks. To judge from present appearances, the French President will accept the concessions made to him, keeping open a door for the remainder of his claims, but practically abstaining for the present, perhaps even for a long time to come, from any further prosecution of them. The latitude thus given to France is naturally distasteful to Russia, who to prevent its occurrence had constantly insisted on the *status quo*."

The official note of the Porte to the French envoy

containing the decision to which the council of the sultan had arrived, was dated the 9th of February, or the 18th Rebiul Akhir, 1268, in the Turkish calendar. As this document is perhaps one of the most interesting state-papers connected with the present war, we present it entire. It bears the signature of Aali Pasha.

"The Sublime Porte has considered with the utmost care and with the most serious attention, the question which the French government has raised relative to certain Holy Places situated both within and without the city of Jerusalem.

"The Sublime Porte, whilst carefully maintaining her treaties with friendly powers inviolate, naturally endeavours also to preserve in their full integrity the rights and the concessions which former sultans have granted to the subjects of the empire; and it is thus that, as the result of balancing these two essential points one with the other, the tomb which is in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it is called, the Hadjir el Moughitesil (the stone upon which the body of our Lord was washed and embalmed), and the arches, are at the present day visited without any obstacle, and that the two gardens attached to the Frank convent are, as it has been long arranged, under the superintendence of both parties. But not the smallest indication can be found in the firmans of such things as a locality within the circuit of the Hadjir el Moughitesil, of a locality called Tahomol-atique, or of the magazines which are stated to be there, and consequently, there is no ground for dispute thereupon.

"The grotto of the Holy Manger is at present a place visited by the various Christian nations; and it has been ordained from a very early period that a key of the north gate of the great church at Bethlehem, a key of the south gate of that church, and a key of the gate of the grotto above-mentioned, should be in the custody of the Latin priests also. In case then these keys are not in the possession of the Latins, a key of each of these three gates must be given them, in order that they may have them as of old.

"As regards the question of the tomb of the Blessed Mary, the impossibility of forming any judgment, in this respect, from the investigations which have hitherto taken place, has become clear and manifest. Nevertheless, a multitude of Ottoman subjects, who profess the Catholic religion, must not be deprived of the power of performing their devotions in a spot like that, which is considered by all Christians as a holy and venerable place; and the Sublime Porte has, in consequence, decided that the Latin priests and the Ottoman subjects of the Catholic religion shall also have the power of performing the ceremonies of their religion, at stated times, in the Holy Sepulchre, in the same manner as those who profess the Greek, Armenian, Syriac, and Copt religions perform theirs at the present time in that place; but upon condition that no change shall be made either in the administration, or in the existing state of things, and I hasten to bring the foregoing to the knowledge of your excellency, in obedience to the orders of his imperial majesty.

"It is superfluous to observe to your excellency, who is endowed with sagacity, that the Sublime Porte entertains the confident hope that the French government will appreciate and accept a decision which is the result of the desire of the Sublime Porte to strengthen its friendly relations with France, and of all the attention required by this important question."

On the 5th of March, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe wrote to the Earl Granville to say, that "the long-pending affair

of the Syrian sanctuaries might be at last considered as finally, though not formally settled. On the 19th of the same month, the noble lord again wrote to the Earl of Malmesbury (who had succeeded Earl Granville at the Foreign Office): "once more, and it may be hoped for the last time, I have the honour to announce, the termination of the long-pending question of the Syrian sanctuaries."

The imperial firman announcing the decision of the council in reference to the settlement of the dispute, was addressed to the governor, the *cadi*, and members of the council of Jerusalem, with an injunction to attend scrupulously to the execution of its contents, and to have it duly registered in the records of the *mehkeni*, or court of justice. The firman set out that the places in dispute between the Greeks and Latins, were "the great cupola of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the little cupola, which is above the spot called the tomb of Jesus—on whom may the blessing of God rest!—and which is in the church before-mentioned; the Hadjir el Moughtesil, Golgotha, which is also within the enclosure of the church of the Holy Sepulchre; the arches of the Holy Mary; the great church which is in the village of Bethlehem, as well as the grotto, which is the true spot where Jesus—may the blessing of God be upon him!—was born, and which is situated below that church; and the tomb of the blessed Mary—whom may God bless." It afterwards went on to say, that the Latins had no right to claim exclusive possession either of the cupola, or of the Hadjir el Moughtesil, or of Golgotha, or of the arches of the Holy Manger, and that all these places must be left in their present state. The arrangement of former times, by which a key of the gates of the great church at Bethlehem, and of the Holy Manger, was given to each of the Greek, Latin, and Armenian nations, was directed to be continued. The firman also upheld and confirmed the permission which the Roman Catholic Christians possessed from the earliest times, to exercise their worship (although not exclusively) at the tomb of the Virgin. The firman recognised and confirmed the rights of the Greeks to worship at the oratory at Jerusalem, called Conbet el Messad, which was situated on Mount Olivet. The Greeks had only been allowed up to this time to perform their devotions *outside* this oratory, and the sultan, in order to make peace with Russia, wished to grant them leave to worship *inside*. Upon this point we quote the firman:—"Now this oratory is a Mahometan temple, and it consequently does not belong exclusively to any Christian sect; and I do not consider it right that the subjects of my empire who profess the Greek faith, should be deprived of the power of worshipping in the interior of the above-named oratory. The Greeks shall, therefore, not be prevented from exercising their worship in the interior of the Conbet el Messad (the cupola of the Ascension) on condition that they make no alteration in the present condition of that oratory, and that there shall be a Mahometan porter at the door, as heretofore."

Notwithstanding the evident desire of the Porte, as evinced in the firman, to avoid giving offence to France or Russia, the representatives of both those powers expressed themselves dissatisfied with the decision to which the sultan and his ministers had arrived. M. de Lavalette declared that "in substance it denied the right of the Latins—that is France—to the Holy Places," while the Russian envoy stated firmly, "his government was prepared to uphold provisions which they considered to be only such as the Greeks were justly entitled to; that the emperor was always ready to make allowance for the interests and feelings of others, but that, unquestionably,

upon a subject to which he attached so much importance, his majesty was little disposed to permit his rights to be encroached upon."

Meantime, the sultan despatched Afif Bey to Jerusalem as a commissioner to superintend the execution of the arrangements made by the Porte with regard to the Holy Places. Afif Bey arrived on the 18th of September. On the 21st of October, M. Basily, the Russian consul-general, with M. Marabutti, the vice-consul, and Prince Garari, an attaché of the Russian embassy also arrived. They were received with extraordinary honours. Refreshments awaited them at three different stations between Jaffa and Jerusalem. The Greek patriarch went out to meet them, and they entered the city with an escort of one hundred irregular cavalry, drums beating, and muskets fired for joy. M. Botta, the French consul, and Count Pizzamano, the Austrian consul, had arrived at Jaffa, from Beyrout, in the same steamer with M. Basily. On Sunday, the 24th instant, M. Basily and the vice-consul left Jerusalem in great disappointment. The interval of the month had been employed in the following manner:—After the Corban Beirani festivals were over, and ceremonial visits fully exchanged, the commissioner, Afif Bey, with a suite of the local *effendis*, met the three patriarchs, Greek, Latin, and Armenian, in the church of the Resurrection, just in front of the Holy Sepulchre itself, and under the great dome. There they were regaled with sherbets, confectionery, and pipes, at the expense of the three convents, who vied with each other in making luxurious display on the occasion. M. Botta was the only consular person present. Afif Bey made an oration upon the desire of his majesty the sultan to gratify all classes of his subjects, and his particular concern for the dilapidated state of the great dome above them, which his majesty offered to repair at his own expense. The bey then introduced to notice the architect sent for the task, and invited the three communities to appoint a person each to assist him in the work. Up to that time, the only topics of business discussed by the parties commissioned on all sides, had been the repair of the dome, and such matters of detail. But M. Basily, with the Greek patriarch (arrived not long before), and the Russian archimandrite, were becoming impatient for the business which had brought them here, namely, the public reading of a firman, which was to give to their interest the whole of the Christian sanctuaries of Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Afif Bey then invited all the parties concerned to meet him in the church of the Virgin, near Gethsemane. There he read an order of the sultan for permitting the Latins to celebrate mass once a-year, but requiring the altar and its ornaments to remain undisturbed. No sooner were these words uttered than the Latins, who had come to receive their triumph over the Orientals, broke out into loud exclamations of the impossibility of celebrating mass upon a schismatic slab of marble, with a covering of silk and gold, instead of plain linen—among schismatic vases, and before a crucifix which has the feet separated, instead of one nailed over the other. There, however, were the words of the firman, and so that proceeding ended in nothing. M. Basily afterwards called on the commissioner at his house, and insisted upon the great firman being read. The latter inquired, "What firman?" "That which you yourself drew up, and wrote with your own hand, as second secretary in Constantinople, declaring that the Latin claims to the sanctuaries are null and void." The bey explained that he had no directions to read it, that he had no copy of it with him, and could not go beyond his

special instructions. Thereupon M. Basily sent off Prince Garari to Jaffa, to convey these tidings to Constantinople in any Arab vessel that could be found. At Jaffa the latter stayed six days, detained by contrary winds. M. Basily then went to the Pasha of Jerusalem, and demanded to have a special council assembled, with himself and the Greek patriarch in attendance, to receive a final declaration whether the important firman had been sent here or not. At that meeting Hafiz Pasha made a smooth speech on the well known benevolence of his majesty towards all classes of his subjects. And so ended, for the present, the business upon which so much excitement had been raised.

[To be continued.]

HALET OGLU.

A FRAGMENT FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"You express your wonder, Effendum," said a Turk to me one day, "that I can live here in Algiers while the French keep possession of it." And then, taking two or three strong puffs at his pipe, he added, "We are alone; and, Christian, the bond of bread and salt is between us, and my speech will not be repeated by you."

"Certainly not," I replied, holding up my right hand.

"An Englishman always speaks the truth," rejoined the Turk, "and I rely on your word as on the word of a *mollah*." And for a few moments he resumed his pipe.

The terminator of delights and the separator of companions has now removed Halet Oglou from the troubles of this life, and I may, therefore, without any injurious infringement of my promise, relate the story he told me, on the beach of Algiers, an hour before we re-entered that city after an excursion in company in its immediate neighbourhood.

"Effendum," commenced Halet, "the English ships of war once attacked yonder city, because we Osmanlees had slaves there. The Koran permitted us to have such; and, if report be true, the English themselves had, at the very same time, thousands of black slaves in the islands they possess in the New World."

"They had, Halet," was my answer. "In the West Indies, I admit it, but—"

"Effendum," he resumed, "there is not much difference in the English taking black slaves from Africa, and the Osmanlees getting white ones from Europe."

I thought of all the horrors of the "middle passage," and of the Crusades, and of the Knights of Malta—of my western education, and my Oriental experience; and knowing much of the mind and temper of my companion, Halet Oglou, I remained silent.

Knocking the ashes from his long *tehibouque*, and refilling it, occupied but a few moments, and then the Turk continued, "Before your English ships attacked this city," said he, "you had also attacked Stamboul."

"We passed through the Dardanelles," I observed; "but our admiral, Duckworth, did not fire on the capital."

"We will talk no more of that," said he; "but it was in the very year your admiral appeared off Stamboul that I left it. Algiers has since been my home."

"Why did you leave?" I inquired.

"I was a Janissary, and I am!" replied he, emphatically.

Again he puffed away, and very rapidly, till a little flame twinkled from the *toolch* of his *tehibouque*. I saw that my friend's brain was occupied with the olden time.

"I am an old man now," continued Halet, "but my *techorbaji* knew that, young as I then was, when Sultan

Selim tried to mould our holy corps into the drill and dress of the Franks, I was the first in the 60th *orta* to reverse our *kazan*. And knowing I had thus become a marked man, and that Selim had still many friends, our *techorbaji* managed to conceal me on board a brig bound to Tunis, whence, in safety, I ultimately reached Algiers."

Here then sat by my side one of those redoubtable Janissaries who, in 1807, had been concerned in the extraordinary revolution at Constantinople, when Selim III. was deposed and imprisoned in the Seraglio, and the plotting Mustapha IV. girded, in his stead, with the belt and sword of the Prophet.

"*Meshallah!*" suddenly exclaimed Halet, "if a Padishah happened to die when his tyranny was resisted—when his innovations on the ancient customs ordained by the Koran were not swallowed down with delight—*Bah!* the Padishah was to be declared always in the right, and we, the sons of Hajji Bekdash in the wrong. But we eat no dirt in the case of Selim the Sonless."

"He was assassinated," said I.

"After I left Stamboul—yes," observed Halet. "The Kizar Agha struck the blow, and Bairakdar, the Pasha of Rustehouk, afterwards hanged him up for it at the gate of the Seraglio. It was his *kismet*."

"You were present then," I remarked, "during the revolt against Selim III."

"*Fevret!* yes, yes," exclaimed Halet. In a minute or two he continued: "Half-way between Stamboul and Bouyouk-dere, on the Bosphorus, stands Levend-Shiftlik, where about six or seven years before Sultan Selim was dethroned, I remember many English officers and soldiers and their wives were stationed, in the very barracks where the Padishah was even then drilling some of our Stamboulis in the Frank fashion, hoping, I suppose, to make them as active as the grasshoppers with which Levend-Shiftlik abounds. *Bismillah!* if mere turning and twisting were required in a soldier, our *Mevlaves*, our dancing Dervishes, should all be Seraskiers."

I did not interrupt the narrator, but motioned him to proceed.

"Sultan Selim," he resumed, "at last, and very suddenly, ordered one day that all the Janissaries in the fourteen fortresses of the Bosphorus should adopt the uniform of the *Nizam Djedid*, and be disciplined like the Franks."

"Did you then reverse your *kazan*?" I inquired.

"*Yohk, yohk!* no, no," said Halet, "we held a meeting first—a meeting of delegates to discuss the question whether we ought, or ought not, to conform to the new order of things."

"And you immediately rose in arms."

"*Yarash! yarash!* not so fast; we held a second meeting first, and there asked Hasecki Halil Agha, one of our commandants, whether he would support the sultan in his innovations, or remain true to us, his brother Janissaries."

"How did he decide?"

"Against us," answered Halet, "and so we fired at him and killed him."

"Did he not resist?"

"He tried to escape, and even succeeded in dashing into the Bosphorus, and in swimming away some distance; but faithful bullets in the air are faster than a faithless chief in the water. We fired at him again, and he sank—food for the sharks of the Sea of Marmora, whither the current soon carried his carcase."

"What next?"

"We then drove all the new soldiers—all of the *Nizami Djedid*—out of the forts in which they were stationed, and shut them up at Levend-Shiftlik. Then proceeding to Fener Kalessey—the European lighthouse on the Bosphorus—we killed another innovator, Mahamoud Bey, but we spared Inche Bey because he had boldly told Sultan Selim, a few days before, he would not assist him in abolishing Janissary privileges. We then took possession of the fortresses on the Bosphorus, and held a third meeting. This took place at Boyouk-dere, and nearly every Janissary in the capital was present."

"It must have been no easy task," I observed, "to assemble so many at so short a notice."

"*Bismillah!*" exclaimed Halet, "nothing more easy: not only could we pass the ward at prayers five times a day, but, as each mosque has a *maezzin*, so had we our criers in every quarter of the city, to summon all good and faithful sons of Hajji Bektash to any point of rendezvous upon any extraordinary occasion."

"And where was the third meeting held?" I inquired.

"At Bouyouk-dere," he replied. "I have already said so."

"Did not the government attempt to prevent the meeting?"

"The Divan met," said Halet, "and many of our own officers came out to us with mellifluous messages from the Porte, but the sight of their own comrades warmed their hearts, and they forgot Sultan Selim in the holy recollection of Hajji Bektash."

"Hajji Bektash," I observed, "was, if I err not, the founder of the Janissaries."

"No," answered Halet, "but he blessed our corps when it was first formed by Sultan Urkhan—may Paradise be ever his portion!"

"It was then you reversed your *kazan*," interrupted I, "when you met at Bouyouk-dere?"

"Not even then," replied Halet; "at Bouyouk-dere we but swore, as we stepped over a naked scimitar, never to separate till we had destroyed our enemies, and while engaged in the contest to respect all private property, and not to molest the citizens, no matter what religion they might profess."

"Then the Christians," said I, "were not injured in the struggle?"

"Neither Christian nor Jew," he replied; "our quarrel was with our own government alone."

"Did any Janissary break his oath?" said I, anxiously.

"But one," answered Halet, "he was thirsty; the march from the Great Valley to Stamboul was fatiguing, and he snatched a handful of plums without paying for them, and—"

"What?"

"Oaths must not be broken by Muslims, and so I cut off his head."

"And your comrades attacked you?"

"No!" ejaculated Halet, proudly, "they applauded the deed, and my *achorbaji*, my commander, complimented me on doing my duty."

"The inhabitants," I remarked, "were then not at all injured?"

"None," said Halet. "And at last we reached Top-hana. You know Stamboul?"

"I do," I replied.

"You will then remember," continued Halet, "that Top-hana, where our cannon are founded and stored, stands on the left bank of the Golden Horn, immediately

opposite what you Franks call the Seraglio, the sultan's palace."

I bowed assent.

"Well, we reached Top-hana. And here the Topji-Bashi joined our cause, and better than that, we secured possession of the great guns. This was just before night-fall."

"What a night of anxiety for the sultan, thought I, but I said nothing."

"I need not tell you all that passed," resumed Halet, "but during the night our own Agha and Declebi Effendi visited Top-hana, and assured us that all Stamboul was, as well as they themselves, in our favour. So the next morning we had a fourth meeting, and this was held at Top-hana and it was there I reversed our *kazan*. The act was sudden, but shouts of '*Tchok Yasha!*' rent the air, and from that instant the revolution had begun in reality."

Here then was confirmed to me a Janissary custom of which I had often read and heard. It appears that not only on such occasions as the above was the reversing of a camp-kettle a signal of revolt, but that even in the second court of the Seraglio, in the very presence of a sultan, such a signal had frequently been given and acted upon, sometimes with results in favour of the sultan, and sometimes against him, according to the strength and loyalty, or treachery, of his more immediate officers.

The morning of the 28th of May, 1807, at last arrived, and what occurred on that date Halet did not pause long to inform me.

"Seeing," said the Turk, "that our lions were not to be played with like lambs, Selim III. began to give way. He issued a *hatti-scheriff*, abolishing his projected innovations, and maintaining our ancient rights and privileges."

"And you accepted the offer?"

"No," said Halet, "we tore the *hatti-scheriff*, and sent it back to the Padishah. We had gone too far to trust in his extorted promises."

"And so his troops attacked you?"

"No," replied Halet, "what troops had he who could stand against the Janissaries when once roused into full rebellion?"

"You were certainly brave troops."

"Ay! had you seen us assembled on the large square before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, which is called the *At-Meidan*, you would have witnessed battalions far superior to these Franks here in Algiers, who, at last, think so little of their own tight uniforms that they have now formed a corps of Zouaves, and these at a little distance might be mistaken for real Osmanlioes." And here Halet, thinking, I presume, he had proved the superiority of the Oriental costume beyond my power of contradiction, treated himself to another pipe.

He had been talking more than was his wont, and a short time elapsed before he resumed conversation.

"On that day," said he, "we determined to act according to the letter of the Koran. And so, the mufti was persuaded to come among us on the *At-Meidan*. You might not understand the conference. I shall only say, that the mufti found the holy law gave us power to put the innovators to death. And we, accordingly, executed twelve of them."

"Twelve!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, twelve," said Halet, "yet I could have spared them all except the Bostanji Bashi and the Reis-Effendi: I am still glad they fell."

A cloud of thought passed across the handsome features of Halet Oglon, and another pause ensued. At last he thus continued:—

"We Janissaries now determined to depose Selim. The mufti could not deny that in several instances the law was against the sultan. No son had been born to him for sixteen years. The Janissary corps had been reduced in unjust service against patriotic pashas. And so we demanded Mustapha IV. for our monarch."

"And where was Mustapha IV. at the time?" I inquired.

"In Stamboul, in the *Serai*, guarded within the walls as the heir to the throne ever is, but he had received permission to go to mosque, and as he rode forth from the gates of the *Serai*, there stood before him, for I witnessed the scene myself, our own agha, and the mufti, and the koul-kiaya, and the two cadi-askers, and about three thousand of us Janissaries, all armed with muskets. Three times we saluted Mustapha as our sovereign."

"And Selim?"

"Was secured and kept close prisoner. We did not then take his life. And in two days all was again tranquil."

"But you fled, Halet, and came down to Tunis. So you told me."

"The memory of the offence is correct," replied the Turk. "It is true that we had put Mustapha on the throne, and poured into the imperial treasury the fortunes of the innovators we had so necessarily slain. But Selim, although a prisoner, was alive, and had many friends; and a dervish warned our *tchorbaji* that Africa would be a more healthy place for me than Eyonb, on the Golden Horn. Ah! those dervishes know everything."

"I have found them of service myself," said I.

"They are holy men," continued the Turk. "Some of our *orta* laughed at their advice, and in the following year, when Mustapha and Selim were slain, and Mahmoud II. was girded with the sword of the Prophet, my comrades found that they had much better have listened to the dervishes than to one another. The bow-string and the Bosphorus was their end."

"From which Tunis and Algiers have fortunately saved my friend Halet," said I, gaily.

"It is written," was his only reply.

"And now, Halet," I added, "let us remount and proceed."

That very night Halet Oglon was accidentally shot by a French sentry, who, ordered to fire at a fishing-boat to make her heave-to, just pulled the trigger as Halet, emerging from a lane, crossed his line of fire. And so died Halet Oglon. It was indeed written!

Not long afterwards I happened to revisit Constantinople, and one day, when passing over the *Meljidieh*, the lower of the two wooden bridges which now span the Golden Horn, the harbour of the Turkish capital, it occurred to me to visit the *Et-Maidan*, the meat-market square, where the Janissary barracks stood, and where Halet Oglon had spent some of his early days. As it was and still is forbidden to talk of the Janissaries in Constantinople, I did not venture to make any public inquiries about that corps. Having, however, strolled about the neighbourhood of the *Et-Maidan*, I at length entered a *kehadjis* to refresh exhausted nature, and there I unexpectedly encountered an Armenian friend who, I knew, could give me the information I was seeking.

After demolishing a plate of *kebabs*, with a due allowance of mustard and cress, over an improvement to

the savoury dish in question, we hired two hacks on the *At-Maidan*, or hippodrome (too often confounded by travellers with the *Et-Maidan*), and rode out of the city, keeping on our left the ancient walls that fell under the assault of Mohammed II., and advancing slowly towards the shore of the Sea of Marmora. This is one of the finest rides in the world, and Lord Byron in one of his letters describes it as "beautiful," and then adds, "Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted by two hundred and eighteen towers, and on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds—the loveliest spots on earth—full of enormous cypresses. I never," continues the noble poet, "beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn."

It was in riding leisurely along this enchanting road that I learned from my friend the Armenian a good deal about the Janissaries I failed elsewhere in obtaining. We all know that the corps was originally formed by Sultan Urehan of Christian captives, and consecrated by Hajji Bektash. Gibbon enters fully into that part of the subject in his "Decline and Fall," but many are still unaware that the Bektashee dervishes formed, as they did, part of the 99th *orta*, or regiment, or even that they belonged to the body at all.

It appears that during the four hundred years of their existence as a body, the Janissaries—their real name is *Yeny-Tchery*—have numbered at one time no less than 80,000 men, divided into 201 *ortas*, and each *orta* again subdivided into *odas*, or lodges, or, yet more literally, rooms.* The 99th *orta* was certainly "a lodge," for this regiment, as I have just noticed, consisted of *Bektashees*, who are generally believed to have been Freemasons, or *Farnasouns*.

The *Yeny-Tchery Agasy* was the commander-in-chief of the whole corps, and Hussein Pasha, who died governor of Widlin, on the Danube, in 1849, leaving a fortune of nearly a million sterling, was the last to fill the office, which was only abolished in 1826, by Sultan Mahmoud II.—Hussein actually aiding in the destruction of his old comrades. I learned, also, that each reigning sultan was also compelled to enlist as a *nefer*, or "full private," in the *birinci orta*, or first regiment of Janissaries, which was commanded by the *kool-kiayassy*, part of whose duty was to act as the official medium of communication between the sovereign and "his faithful Janissaries" when they had any demand or complaint to be made. The *kool-kiayassy* had also certain duties of police to perform, with others touching the economy of the corps, and he was also the legal "constable of the tower" in which the heir to the throne and the other princes were, according to Turkish custom, confined, as a means of precaution against their rebellion and premature attainment of the crown.

The *tchorbaji* was equivalent to a colonel. The name is derived from *tchorba*, soup, and implies that this officer would watch over his men, and see they daily had their full rations of soup and *pilaf*.

These rations were daily prepared in the great barracks of the *Et-Maidan* in Stamboul, on the right bank of the Golden Horn, and thence carried in procession to the several guard-houses of the city. Two *nefers* carried the copper caldron or kettle, known as the *kazan*, between them, slung on a pole, resting on their shoulders. A

* From the Turkish word, *oda*, a room or chamber, we derive *oda lik*, a female slave. *Ochlidgie* is incorrect.

sub-officer, the *saka*, followed them with a bread-basket, and armed with a whip to punish any one delaying the advance of the *kazan*, which was preceded by another officer, called the *oustu*, who bore a very large silver ladle, and this instrument, on reaching a guard-house, he hurled at the sentinel, who was expected dexterously to catch it, and to announce the good tidings to the guard within that dinner was about to be served.

These *kazans*, or kettles, were regarded by the Janissaries with veneration, or at least with feelings very similar to those entertained by Franks for their regimental colours. To lose a *kazan* in war was a disgrace, and the officers were cashiered when such an event occurred.

The *kazan* was also eagerly watched by the sultan when, as already mentioned, rations were, at stated intervals, distributed to the Janissaries in the second court of the seraglio.

When the *seyirdim*, or runner, stood fast on the signal being given to rush forward for rations, it was a sign that the *orta* were dissatisfied; and if the *kazan* were turned upside down, it was a signal of revolt—and such revolts sometimes led at once to the deposition of a sultan. But if the *seyirdim* rushed eagerly forward for the rations, it was a certain indication that nothing was wrong; that, in fact, the whole *orta* was content. It was the custom for the *seyirdims* to stand every morning in a line, and then, starting together, each accompanied by the chief cook of the regiment, to run a race to the spot where the food to be received was deposited; and this was done in order to carry out the words of the Koran: "We are to earn our bread by the sweat of our brows—as well as by our own prowess." Mohammed II. was the first to present these *kazans* to the Janissaries, and at a period prior to his capture of Constantinople. The braziers who manufactured them boasted that King David, the father of Solomon, was the patron they had selected over their trade. Nothing less than a royal patron would suit these Turkish descendants of Tubal Cain. Each *orta* had also a *byrak-dar*, or standard-bearer, and these colours, half-red and half-yellow, were, during a halt, always set up before the tent of the senior officer of the *orta*. In each *orta* there were eight, and sometimes nine officers, the *tchorbagi* being the first, and the *oda-bashi* the second. This *oda-bashi* could inflict punishment with his own hands to the extent of thirty-nine blows—an amount referred to by St. Paul as the allotted number of stripes in his day, and which he himself five times received at the hands of the Jews.

Such are a few of the points I gleaned from my friend, the Armenian, relative to the turbulent "sons of Hajji-Bektash," almost exterminated by Sultan Mahmoud, just twenty-nine years ago. Such was the corps to which Halet Oglou belonged in the reign of Sultan Selim, less than fifty years ago, and such was, and is the corps, disbanded, certainly, and dispersed, but as some say, *still secretly meeting in small bodies* in many parts of the Turkish empire, and yet hoping to reassemble in Stamboul, though their beards are now white, and the teeth that eat the bread and salt of Mustapha IV. are well ground to the gums in bitter gnashing against the many Frank innovations which Mahmoud and Abd-ul-Medjid his successors have further added to those few in the time of Selim that led Halet Oglou to reverse the soup-kettle of his *orta*, and resulted, in less than twelve months, in the violent death of two sultans, and in leaving to reign over the Turkish nation the *only remaining member* of the whole imperial family. MAHMOUD II.

was the very last of his race. Reigning, however, from 1808 to 1839, he, in due time, had several children—his eldest, ABD-UL-MEDJID, is now on the throne, and his second, Abd-ul-Azis, is—A STATE PRISONER IN THE SERAGLIO!*

EUPATORIA.

EUPATORIA, the capital of one of the four districts into which the Crimea is divided, will soon, in all probability, be the scene of some of the most important military operations in which France, England, and Turkey are destined to take a part. It is inhabited by farmers and shepherds, who possess an immense number of oxen and sheep, and fertile lands, part of which only are cultivated. The population, which is 9,000 souls in ordinary times, amounts now to 35,000—a great number of inhabitants of the country ravaged by the Russians, having sought refuge within its walls, under the protection of the Allied Powers. This population, almost entirely composed of Carait Jews and Tartars, lives by agriculture, one branch of which, that of lambskins, commonly called lambs of Astrakhan, notwithstanding their origin, is well known throughout Europe. The country around is flat, with here and there some tumuli of gentle elevation, and hillocks, which form a sort of enclosure round the town, and on the summits of which are stationed the videttes of the Turkish cavalry. Twelve or fifteen hundred yards further are the Russian scouts, who observe them, and often exchange shots with them. During the day the Tartars advance as far as that line, and leave their oxen, sheep, dromedaries, and camels to graze in the fields until sunset, when they return somewhat hastily to the town, from fear of the Cossacks, who are continually watching them. Eupatoria is to-day a military point of the highest importance for the Allies. From that place, now well-fortified, they can operate on the rear of the enemy, and proceed, in three different directions, towards Simpheropol, which is sixty kilometres distant therefrom; to Bakhsheseraï, at a distance of sixty-eight kilometres; or to Perekop, from which it is only separated by 10½ kilometres. These three points contain all the magazines and reserves of the Russian army. Although protected of late by extensive works of defence, they are, nevertheless, vulnerable, and may be seriously menaced. Since the occupation of Eupatoria, the Russians have maintained in the neighbourhood a division of cavalry, composed of two regiments of dragoons, four regiments of lancers, and a corps of 1,000 or 1,200 Cossacks, with thirty-two field-guns. This division is under the command of General Hizba, who has his headquarters at Oraz, ten kilometres distant from Eupatoria. This force has made several attacks against the small garrison of Eupatoria, which were always repulsed. The Russians destroyed the crops, rooted up the trees, burnt the villages, and sacked all the houses, for a distance of nearly fifty kilometres round the place. The whole country was given up to plunder and devastation. On the 16th of September, 1854, Commander Osment took possession of Eupatoria in the name of the French government, with two companies of the 39th regiment of the line; having installed in it Tartar authorities, instead of Russian authorities, who had fled, he retired to head-quarters with his troops. On the 19th, however, he returned to Eupatoria, to occupy it for the Allies, with two companies of marines, and was appointed governor of the place. On the following days the town was protected against a surprise by

* This is custom only.—He is very kindly treated by the Padischah.

an *enceinte continue*, and by barricades and military posts stationed at the gates, which were left open. Immense wheat stores found in the town were sequestered, a mounted Tartar militia was organized to act as scouts outside the walls, and a foot militia was formed for service in the interior. On the 10th of October an immense number of Tartars, running away from the Russians, entered Eupatoria, and placed themselves under the protection of the French garrison. On the following day the immigration continued; 25,000 persons, bringing with them upwards of 100,000 sheep and 20,000 oxen, entered the place. At one o'clock, p.m., a Russian regiment of cavalry made a reconnaissance, but a few shells thrown in among them forced them to retreat. On the 12th, four regiments of cavalry, with four pieces of artillery, attacked Eupatoria, and were energetically repulsed by the small garrison. On the 10th and on the following days, several batteries were erected, and a number of guns mounted on the ramparts. The Russians then blockaded the town, stationed vidette: and military posts within two kilometres of the place, occupied the neighbouring villages, and established their headquarters at Oraz, where they still remain. A few days afterwards they burnt the village of Beynac, near the sea, where the poorer classes of Tartar population were in the habit of supplying themselves with grain, wood, and straw. The Russians then attempted to carry off the cattle which were grazing beyond the range of the guns of the ramparts. The garrison, 1,200 strong, consisting of 330 French, 380 English, and 500 Turks or Egyptians, sallied out and drove them back with loss. On the 3rd of November, the Russians renewed the attempt, but were again repulsed by the French commander, at the head of a detachment of infantry and some mounted Tartars. The cattle seized upon by the enemy were recaptured. On that day a portion of the wheat found in the town at the time of its occupation, was distributed among the Tartars. On the 7th, a new attack of the Russians was similarly repulsed by Commander Osmont, although the assailants advanced under the protection of 2,000 Russian infantry and four pieces of cannon. The French had seven wounded. The commander's horse was killed under him. The loss of the Russians was greater than that of the French. On the 11th November, during the frightful hurricane which occasioned so many disasters in the Black Sea, but particularly in the Bay of Eupatoria, a body of 7,000 Russian troops, with fourteen pieces of artillery, attacked the place, but were beaten back in the utmost confusion, after a sharp engagement, which lasted upwards of an hour.

IMPROMPTU MARRIAGES IN AUSTRALIA.

"I fully believe half the marriages at Sydney are contracted on the spur of the moment, or that all that is sacred in the matrimonial tie has been annulled before the ceremony takes place. It is useless to mince the matter—the marriage law in this colony is a mere farce. A digger, rich with gold, which he does not know what to do with, comes down the country; he meets a girl who suits his fancy—not his judgment or his taste; he takes her into a public-house—acquaintanceship is formed. The account of his possessions inflates the vanity of the girl, and, without any preliminary courtship—that great protection to morality which English etiquette has provided—the parties are married after a day's intercourse, and again, probably, after a month's society, are parted for ever."—*Correspondent of Daily Paper.*

THE CHOLERA FIEND.

BY J. DE JEAN.

BEHOLD! the fell angel of pestilence furl'd
His wing o'er the gay, unreflecting world,
And a shudder like agony struck through the frame
And spirit of man when he utter'd his name;
For no strength could fell him—no speed could fly—
No skill could baffle—no bolts defy!
His mission was writ on his morbid brow—
To slay! to slay!—but no man knew how.
No flag save the pall did he deign to wave,
Yet his lightest footfall hollow'd a grave.
Deep midnight and noon were the same to him;
He march'd, he encamp'd, as it were by whim;
Now bending aside from the dens of the poor,
To smite the rich on the marble floor!
Now seizing the beggar before he could dine!
Now catching the reveller after his wine!
Now weeding the workshop in alley and lane!
Now scaling the fortress and thinning its train!
Now sparing the sickly sons of the town,
Yet striking the stalwart rustics down!
Now setting the homes of one kith and kin
Apart from their neighbours to massacre in!
Now falling on hamlet and city at once,
And the hearth that escap'd him escaped by chance!
Anon he swept off with the speed of the wind,
With horror before him, and havoc behind,
And aged or young he forbore not to strike,
But through blossom and bough he went crashing alike!
Anon he tarried from day to day,
And wander'd through crowds he refus'd to slay;
At eve lay hid in some byway or lawn,
Yet was leagues away ere the grey of the dawn;
And waters of bitterness sprung without stint;
In palace or prison his foot's deep print!
Oh! he might be trac'd by the homes bereft,
To the spot where he lighted to that he left.
He enter'd the church with the bridal train,
And tore the fresh bridal bond in twain!
He boarded the ship on the ocean foam,
And it came unmann'd to its harbour-home!
The steed return'd with a slacken'd rein,
And the rider ne'er stood in the stirrup again!
The pilgrim's prayer was'd faint and more faint,
'Till a corse encumber'd the shrine of the saint.
As a frosty breeze to the buds of spring—
A blight to mankind was that angel's wing;
To a blackened mass, to a shrivell'd scroll,
It blasted the body—it withered the soul.
The captive clung to his dungeon gloom,
Lest stepping forth free, he step into his tomb—
The soldier who nobly had rescued—or died—
His comrade in battle, now slunk from his side.
In highways and byways was death—but the wail
Of man or of woman scarce rippled the gale!
For if no overmastering fear had spread
A reckless indifference for the dead,
Yet love itself would have shrunk estranged
From features and forms so blackened and changed.
No vigil, no pomp, no funeral crowd!—
With cere-cloth for both a coffin and shroud,
The dead were laid in their ghastly hair;
And the living prayed with a secret prayer,
That even in the clay they should not sleep
With hideous remains that defied them to weep.
Still one cold gleam of comfort shone—
The rich—the poor—had not fallen alone,
As onward the angel of pestilence passed—
A dark, dark fiend from the first to the last!



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND,

16A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1855.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen pounds
18s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18 : 15 : 8.

J. H. LEFROY, Hon. Secretary.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, STRAND.

THE SECOND MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains Five Numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price 1s. 6d. To be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

A. A. (Peterborough).—The country meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society for the present year will be held at Carlisle, that city having subscribed £1,100 towards defraying the expenses.

AN ARTIST. Mr. Ralph Wormum has been appointed to the post of secretary to the National Gallery, at a salary of £800 a-year. The salary was formerly £150, but the person receiving it had scarcely anything to do and no responsibility.

E. C. (Roxton).—The commander-in-chief of the East India Company's forces in the Bombay Establishment is Major-General Sir Henry Somerset. AN EXCHANGER (Leeds).—Writing on the subject of the poor clergy of the Established Church, says, "That the yearly incomes of 10,000 parochial clergymen do not exceed £200, that the yearly incomes of 7,000 are under £150, and of 600 under £50; and that of these ill-paid clergymen many were incumbents of newly-created districts, discovered from well-endowed parishes as to work an labour, but to which has been attached no portion of those endowments originally given for the spiritual advantage of the whole of such parishes." The same correspondent states, "the gross total payments made to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners since the 21st of April, 1853, on account of any suspended stalls in the cathedral and collegiate churches of England and Wales amounted to £50,103.

* * * There are in London 2,500 bakers, 1,700 butchers, 3,000 grocers and 100 dealers, 990 dairy keepers, 400 fishmongers, 1,500 greengrocers and fruiterers (in all 10,700 tradesmen) employed in selling food for that immense community. The number of publicans in the metropolis is stated to be 11,000, or 30 more than all the above trades put together.

A CONSTITUTED SUGGESTER.—Has our thanks. His contribution is by no means deficient in merit, but we cannot promise its early insertion.

CHURCH. A correspondent at Leamington writes as follows:—"In the first week in June there will be a grand meeting of chess players at Leamington, at which Lord Lytton is to act as president. Many matches between players of celebrity, and between London and provincial clubs, will come off, and the whole affair will no doubt excite much interest. The Leamington committee offer handsome prizes to winners in the several contests. It is likely that a match will be arranged to come off on this occasion between the Worcester Chess Club and one of the Birmingham clubs. The Count de Brühl, once famous as the principal antagonist of the celebrated Philidor, died on the 6th inst. at his residence, Chiswick, Essex, in the 87th year of his age."

ETIQUETTE.—The word "cortury," derived from *cortoise*, courteousness—that is, behaviour like that of a Court—shows that it was primarily the reverence paid to a monarch. Falling upon the knee, or upon one knee, is a form still gone through at court at every presentation, which suggests that the cortury is an abridgement of kneeling. As the word has been contracted from *cortoise* into cortury, so the motion has been contracted from a placing of the knee on the floor to a lowering of the knee towards the floor.

THE EMPEROR (York).—The Emperor of the French is forty-six years of age; the Emperor of Austria, twenty-four; the Sultan, thirty-one; the King of Bavaria, forty-three; the King of Naples, forty-four; the Queen of Spain, twenty-four; the King Regent of Portugal, forty; the King of Denmark, forty-six; the King of Greece, forty. The Queen of England is now thirty-six. The Emperor Nicholas, the King of Prussia, the King of Sweden, the King of the Belgians, and the Pope, are the only sovereigns living who were born in the eighteenth century.

A public meeting has been held in New Orleans to get up a subscription for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Russian soldiers killed in the present war. It was headed "Russian Patriotic Fund."

A STAFF-SERGEANT.—The City of Dublin Militia is stationed in the "Linen Hall" Barracks. It is, we believe, a rifle regiment. If you will write to the adjutant of the regiment you will no doubt get the information you require.

C. P. (Newport).—The Monastery of St. George is perched upon the highest point of the coast of Chersonesus, about three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea. It is now inhabited by about twenty monks of the Greek Church, and is placed under the protection of the Allied armies. It is within the diocese of the Bishop of Odessa.

A TRIO.—Railway shares, stocks, &c., are at par when they sell for their nominal value; above par when they sell for more; and below par when they sell for less.

W. (Harwich).—It is not considered military etiquette to give important commands to officers, no matter how distinguished, who are, or have been, in the service of the East India Company. We cannot define the reason—we simply state a fact.

J. BLAND (Bristol).—The total strength of Austria, without the gendarmes, the naval forces, and the depôts, is 650,000 men, of which five-sevenths may be employed against Russia, while the two remaining sevenths would suffice to maintain tranquillity in Italy, and keep within bounds any Russian or Panslavonic outbreak in Servia or Montenegro. Russia, at the outside, cannot oppose more than 250,000 men to the Austrians in Galicia, the Bukovina, and the Danubian Principalities, as she is obliged at the same time to wage war in Asia and the Crimea, and has to protect Odessa, Finland, and the Baltic provinces.

W. FINDLAY (Edinburgh).—The communication by electric telegraph in India is now complete between the three presidencies of Bombay, Bengal, and Madras, the North-west provinces, and Lahore. The lines between Bombay and Madras were joined by moonlight near Belkann, on the night of the 31st December, and the communication between the two presidencies completed on the first day of the year. The lengthening of the electric wire from the North-eastern States of America, to Cape Canso, the nearest point to Europe, is due to the scientific suggestions of the Bishop of Newfoundland.

Mr. Lever, the author of "Harry Lorrequer," is a native of Dublin and the son of a builder in that city.

MERLIN (Monmouth).—By the latest accounts, the subscriptions to the Patriotic Fund in Calcutta amounted to 70,000, in Madras to 30,000, and in Bombay to nearly 65,000 rupees; these being only the amounts subscribed from the several presidencies. The contributions from the Mofussil will doubtless swell the numbers materially.

C. DAVENTRY (Finniskillen).—Inform us that Major George Ashley Maude, R. H. A., who so gallantly distinguished himself at the battles of the Alma and Balaclava, has arrived in that town. An address from the inhabitants of the county Fermanagh is about to be presented to the gallant major.

JEAN (Southampton).—If stage coaches have expired in England they are about to be revived elsewhere. Amongst the cargo on board the "Solent," which lately left Southampton with the Brazilian and Lisbon mails, was one of the old mail coaches, now almost extinct on English roads. This coach was sent to Lisbon as a model for the mail coaches about to be introduced into Portugal.

A. M. (Cambridge).—Count Melchior de Polignac, formerly governor of the Chateau de Fontainebleau, is dead. He was the last surviving brother of Prince Polignac, the well-known minister of Charles X., who was deposed by the Three Days of July, 1830.

A VETERAN.—Since the commencement of hostilities with Russia the French army is calculated to have lost the services, by wounds, sickness, and death, of 60,000 men.

AN INVALID (Slimmonth).—The communication with Madeira has been interrupted of late in consequence of the Government requiring some of the packets for the conveyance of troops. The climate of the island is a perpetual spring. The thermometer never falls in the shade lower than 61, but often rises to 74. The city of Funchal, the principal town in the island, is now crowded with visitors, and the scale of charges at the boarding houses has risen very much. No decent accommodation can be had under three pounds a-week, and the hire of an ox-cart, the cheapest conveyance to be had, is two shillings and three pence per hour. All these drawbacks should be taken into consideration before resolving to make a sojourn in the island.

J. R. T.—Your verses have been received.

AN INQUIRY (Parliament-street).—The rumour that Lord Raglan is about to be recalled is not correct. The recall of Lord Raglan and the appointment of an officer to proceed to the Crimea to direct the staff, would seem to argue that the Government do not at present contemplate the recall of the Commander-in-Chief.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "a walking man," informs us that, "the lady who walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours was Mrs. Dunne; she walked a thousand half-miles in a thousand half-hours, and a thousand quarter-miles in a thousand quarter-hours."

H. HOBBS. No amount has been paid to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund on account of the "Royal Standard Patriotic Ball, held at the Freemasons' Tavern on January 15th." The proceeds may, however, have been included in some local fund, and paid to the Commissioners under some other title.

JOHN PAUL (Liverpool).—If Paul Jones had flourished in the present day he would unquestionably stand a fair chance of being tried for piracy on the high seas; but regard being had to the times in which he lived, it can scarcely be maintained that he was a pirate in the sense in which that term is now used.

E. D. (West Dorset).—Lord St. Leonards is the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Royal Patriotic Fund Commissioners.

AN OFFICER'S WIDOW (Cheltenham).—The widows and children of officers, dying during the present war, can make claim for an allowance out of the Patriotic Fund, and their title to assistance will be recognised; but it will be necessary for them to show that they have no adequate means of subsistence without applying to the Fund.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.—The number of widows at present dependent upon the Patriotic Fund is about six hundred and thirty. There are about seven hundred children also for whom provision will be made, including education.

J. CRUTCH (Saffron Walden).—Mr. Pitt was twice prime minister. He succeeded the Duke of Portland in 1783, and remained in office till March, 1801, when he retired in favour of Mr. Addington (afterwards Lord Sidmouth), but again became First Lord of the Treasury in 1804. Lord Grenville succeeded him in 1806.

G. (Gatham). The 18th, 54th, 68th, and 93rd Regiments, now in Gibraltar, are ordered to the Crimea. They will be replaced by militia regiments. Another company of the 5th battalion, and one of the 7th battalion of Royal Artillery, have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark for the Crimea for siege-gun service.

A SOLDIER. The highest military order of merit which the Sultan can confer is that of the *Meghite*. This distinction has lately been conferred upon Lieutenant Ballard, of the Bombay Engineers, who assisted in the defence of Silistra. He was with the gallant Captain Butler when he breathed his last, during Major Saunth's absence with despatches to his Highness Omar Pasha. Lieutenant Ballard was subsequently engaged in the battle of Gurgevo, and is now at Eupatoria with the Turkish army, being attached to the staff of General Caion, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

J. HOBBS (Wandsworth-road). Vauxhall Gardens were formerly the property of Jane Vaux. The establishment was first opened as a place of public amusement in 1730. The best season ever known at Vauxhall was the summer of 1823, when the number who paid for admission was 33,297, and the receipts amounted to £59,490.

* * * We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



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DURING THE WAR.

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[A WORKING-PARTY IN THE TRENCHES.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE "gentlemen of England" who "live at home at ease," or whose greatest physical privation may be traced to being compelled occasionally to walk from Westminster to St. John's Wood, consequent upon a cab "strike," or some other interruption of equal importance, can have little idea of a night in the trenches in front of Sebastopol. The manner in which fatigue-parties are selected for this duty is as follows. A certain number of men from each

regiment is draughted off for duty in the trenches. If the regiment be strong (and a Crimean regiment is considered pretty strong at 800 men), about eighty men are told off for work in the trenches. The period of duty, even in moderate weather, is severe, being twenty-four hours without interruption. The men take supplies of whatever rations they can get, generally cold boiled pork and biscuit, with an allowance of rum and water. Each man is provided with a shovel and pickaxe in addition to his musket and bayonet. When arrived in the trenches,

a portion of the party act alternately as guards for the protection of the others, who at once commence work. The portion of work allotted to each man is marked off, and he is expected to finish it within the given time. In the trenches before Sebastopol, however, it has been found impossible for the men to perform the usual amount of labour, the state of the weather and the nature of the ground presenting obstacles against which it is vain to struggle. In many cases the cold was found to be so intense, accompanied by a cutting wind, that pierced every kind of clothing and reached the marrow of the bones, that the men could hold their spades no longer, and were forced to retire to the wall of the trench, there to shiver for hours, till relieved by the next party. Those who have suffered from extreme cold in the Crimea state that a strong desire to sleep, even with the certainty of a Russian sortie, was one of the greatest dangers with which the soldiers in the trenches had to contend. On every account it is absolutely necessary to combat this feeling when the weather is extremely cold, as in Russia it is a common thing to find sentries, waggons, and other persons who pass much of their time in the open air, frozen to death in their sleep. Many of the letters which the soldiers in the Crimea have written to their friends contain graphic descriptions of the sufferings of the men in the trenches. A soldier in the 95th Regiment, which suffered so terribly at Alma, and afterwards at Inkerman, thus describes a night in the trenches:—"We were marched to the trenches at four o'clock, amid a shower of rain and sleet, which soon wet us to the skin. I had nothing but my great coat, worn out and ragged as it was, to cover me, and my boots were so worn, that the water came in at every step I took. Added to this, the trench was knee-deep in mud; but there was no help for it, and go we must. Some of our poor fellows worked for several hours, but the weather afterwards got so cold, that human nature could stand it no longer, and they were obliged to leave their spades and pickaxes, and seek the shelter of the trench. Here I stood for several hours, with the rain and the snow beating upon me, my feet in a pool of water and broken ice, and my rifle resting against the wall beside me; but I was so cold that I do not think I could have reached out my hand to seize it if I had seen a dozen Russians within a yard of me. I had the greatest difficulty, notwithstanding my uncomfortable position, to keep myself awake. We remained in the trenches twenty-four hours without being relieved." When the frosty weather set in, although the ground got very hard, the work in the trenches was not so severe. The men were in better spirits, and in some few instances they had got their warm clothing. It is necessary that the working-parties should proceed with considerable caution, as, if a head shows above the wall, the Russian riflemen, a swarm of whom are stationed in the ruined buildings in front of the Quarantine harbour, immediately fire at the object. The advanced trenches of the Allies are now brought so near the walls of Sebastopol that the old ruse of holding up a soldier's cap on the top of a bayonet a few inches above the wall of the trench is detected, and will not produce a single shot. The enemy of late have principally endeavoured to annoy the men in the trenches by watching their opportunity and sending a round shot or a shell in the direction of the place where they suspect a group of men to be at work. Some of these shells are so well aimed that considerable mischief is done. The casualties in the trenches since the beginning of the siege have not on the whole been as numerous as might have been

expected, regard being had to the extended nature of the works and the perseverance of the enemy. The mud and the rain are the worst foes which the men have as yet to contend with, as it has been found by experience that exposure in the trenches has invalidated them in greater numbers than any other description of service in which they are engaged. According to the latest accounts from the Crimea, a supply of warm clothing had been served to every man in the army. The clothing, with the exception of the boots, was reported as excellent. The latter, however, were so wretchedly made, that a few days in the trenches wore them out, the soles coming away entire from the upper-leathers. These are called, with what reason we know not, "ammunition boots." There is every reason to believe that in a very few days the slow but certain progress made in the trenches will give place to the rapid movements consequent upon the assault of the fortress—an operation which both armies are eager to commence.

WHAT GREAT MEN SAY OF ONE ANOTHER.

"Thoughts, sweet as roses, in a thicket found,
And pure as dew upon their crimson leaves."

WORDSWORTH.

The laurel of immortality is, after all, in the gift of the unlettered million. They it is who assign to every man the measure of his renown, and award to each the precise position in the Temple of Fame to which his merits entitle him. It is well that it should be so—for if the world's magnates were allowed to write each other's epitaphs, tombstones would tell anything rather than a flattering tale. Your great men have spoken all manner of unhandsome things one of the other; and if it were but possible to collect in one volume all that they have said in each other's defamation, it would be as strange a book as ever fell from the printing press. This inter-needine hostility amongst the great is not a thing of yesterday. It has been so in all ages, and it will, probably, so continue till "the last syllable of recorded time." In days of yore, Homer had his Zoilus, Philip his Demades, Caesar his Catullus, and the Gods themselves their Momus. Scaliger called Lucian the "Corbarn of the Muses," and Lactantius and Theodoret denounced Socrates as "a fool!" But this is going too far into the shadowy realms of antiquity. Let us come nearer home, and see whether we cannot cull a choice bouquet from the mutual compliments of men who have lived within the range of modern history.

Bishop Warburton was, undoubtedly, a man of bold, fertile, and vigorous genius. His powers of application were marvellous; and, like a true Hannibal, there was no mountain of toil that he could not soften and disintegrate with the vinegar of his perseverance. But he was haughty, passionate, and vindictive;—prejudice had narrowed his extensive views, acrimony had soured his temper, and party spirit had repressed his imagination. His fame is associated most intimately in the estimation of posterity with his "Divine Legation"—a masterly work, through every page of which his genius shines (to use the words of an eloquent critic) "like the rich sunshine of an Italian landscape." His object was to trace the mission of Moses to a divine origin, and thus, of course, to vindicate the elementary principles of the great Christian system. It was a noble task; and had he displayed a Christian spirit while engaged in it, our admiration would have been complete. But, alas! he did not. He was insolent, overbearing, and despotic; and presented to the world as humiliating

a spectacle as can be well imagined—that of a man who, while professing to act as the champion of Christianity, was prepared, upon any or no provocation, to assail his fellow-creatures with a ferocity of invective that would have disgraced a Pagan. Mallet called him the “most impudent man living,” (which he never could have been during Mallet’s life-time); and Churchill has denounced his arrogance in lines that burn like vitriol even to this day :—

“He is so proud that, should he meet
The Twelve Apostles in the street,
He’d turn his nose up at them all,
And shove St. Peter from the wall.”*

Bishop Lowth was a profound and elegant scholar, and the most exquisitely discriminative of critics. He had no unkind feeling towards any human being, but in his “Prellections” he advanced a doctrine respecting the Book of Job, which Warburton considered as aimed at his own peculiar opinions. In vain did Lowth disclaim any such application. Warburton’s wrath was unappeasable; and mark how he speaks of that critic, who, perhaps, of all then living, had the most sensitive literary palate. “Lowth,” he says, “can’t distinguish partridge from horse-flesh! I shall hang him and his fellows as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity to stink and blacken in the wind!” Lowth was as gentle as he was gifted, but this was a little too much for his philosophy, so he took up his pen, and in a manly and spirited letter, denounced Warburton as “a quack in commentatorship, and a mountebank in criticism!” Like Cato to Carthage, the Bishop of Gloucester returned to the charge, and poisoned his pen with such verdigris as this: “Though your teeth are short, what you want in teeth, you have in venom; and know, as all other creatures do, where your strength lies.” And so the battle waxed fiercer and fiercer: Lowth protesting with earnest dignity against the treatment he was receiving, and Warburton repelling his protestations with mordacious contempt and intolerant insolence. And so he treated all who presumed to differ with him on any point, however trivial. The “Divine Legation,” concluded, he applied himself to an edition of Shakespeare, which remains to our time an astonishing monument of perverted ingenuity and abused erudition. Plain words are subtilised to the most remote conceits, and the simplest and most natural allusions of the great dramatist are made the vehicles of the most unheard-of allegories. Such a work, of course, provoked criticism, and Dr. Johnson, amongst others, ventured to express disapproval, but the bishop pooh-pooled all objections, and consigned to infamy all objectors. “Of this Johnson,” he said, contemptuously, in writing to Dr. Hurd, “you and I, I believe, think alike.” Dr. Grey’s preface to “Hudibras”—a clever and scholarly production—he described as “an execrable heap of nonsense!” Rousseau he stigmatised as a “madman”—qualifying the phrase, however, by the strange prefix, “scraphic;” and Hyde he dismissed as a fellow who was “at the head of a rabble of lying Orientalists.” But the most fiery phial of his indignation was reserved for the learned and pious Dr. Stubbing, whom he politely designated as one

“Ungrateful to the generous man he grew by,
A brazen, brainless, bloodless, bankrupt booby!”

Pope and Warburton were intimate friends, and it is to be feared that the poet’s temper gained nothing in sweetness from the connection. Cumberland has said,

* The reader who is familiar with Churchill’s poems will not fail to observe, and we trust to approve, that we have omitted the irreverent allusion in the last line, and so removed the objection which a pious mind cannot fail to conceive against the verses as they stand in the original.

that “an author must not be thin-skinned, but shelled like a rhinoceros!”—a fine sentiment, truly, for one whose exquisite sensitiveness, as portrayed by Sheridan in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, now constitutes his chief claim to immortality. Pope had certainly but little of the rhinoceros about him: he always had as many quarrels on his hands as, with all his fertility of invective, he could conveniently manage. And, indeed, it must be admitted that he received no ordinary provocation. Even Warburton, who was afterwards his constant associate, ridiculed him at first for the poverty (!) of his genius, and “every hound,” says the elder Disraeli, “yelped in the halloo against his ‘Homer.’” The proximity of men of genius seems to produce a familiarity which excites to hatred or contempt; while he who is affected with disordered passions imagines that he is urging his own claims to genius by denying those of others. Lord Hervey, of Ickleworth, has been celebrated by Middleton as one who was remarkable for his good sense, his rigid temperance, his sterling patriotism, and his consummate politeness. But Pope fell foul of him—probably for no better reason than that he was a supporter of Sir Robert Walpole—and oh! what a portrait of him has he transmitted to posterity! Never was there distilled such venom from the English language as in drawing the character of *Sporus*. It is the concentrated essence of sublimated spite :—

“Let *Sporus* tremble! What! that thing of silk—
Sporus, that more white curds of asses’ milk:
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings—
This painted child of dirt that stinks and sings!”

But it is unnecessary to quote the whole passage, for no doubt it is burnt with a pen of caustic into the memory of the reader. Colley Cibber was another writer of that day whose shadow had the misfortune to cross the path of Pope, who accordingly denounced him as a creature “with less human genius than God gives an ape!” This was a savage sarcasm, but it had one defect—it wasn’t true! Cibber was a man of brilliant talents, and we cannot but admire the calm dignity of his manly reply :—“Sir,—Satire without truth recoils upon its author, and must at other times render him suspected of prejudice, even when he may be just.” Had he said everything with equal temper, he would have deserved our utmost sympathy, but his philosophy was not proof to such sore temptations, and he grew at last as vituperative as his assailant. We may imagine how the poet must have writhed in his arm-chair when his old and faithful servant, John Searl, entered the breakfast-room at Twickenham, and handed him a letter from Cibber, commencing thus :—“Everybody tells me that for a twelve-month together I have made you feel as uneasy as a rat in a hot kettle.” But Pope was the quarry of mightier hunters than Colley Cibber. Addison was the most illustrious of his enemies, and Pope has held him up to posterity as one who could

“Damn with saint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.”

Alike reserved, to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend.”

All that is mean, unmanly, and contemptible is comprised in such a character; and for our part, we had rather be *Sporus* than *Atticus*. Addison was the aggressor, for he had talked of the “Homer” as “an ill-executed thing;” and he had calumniated Pope to Lady Stuart Wortley Montague. But it sometimes happened

that the poet gave the first offence. He certainly did so in the case of Leonard Walsted. Walsted was a man of elegant manners, fine fancy, and patrician family, and it is probable that his most familiar beverage was claret or tokay. But he wrote a poem, "Aganippe," which Pope "misliked;" and mark how he invokes him:—"Flow, Walsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer!" Towards the close of his life defamers crowded round the bard, and the cry was still they come! The great Mr. Dennis denounced his "Rape of the Lock" as "a mass of clotted nonsense;" Mallet being asked if anything new had happened, replied that he had "looked over a thing called an 'Essay on Man,' but discovering an utter want of skill and knowledge in the author, he had thrown it aside;" and to fill to overflowing the cup of his bitterness, the contemptible little bookseller, Mr. Curll, had the effrontery to assert at the bar of the House of Lords, that though Mr. Pope had "a knack of versifying," he (Mr. Curll) thought himself "more than a match for him in prose." It would have been well had Pope's quarrels ended with his life—but, alas! it was not so. His foes dishonoured him even in his grave; and there is nothing in the history of literature more melancholy or more humiliating than Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous quarrel with the man who had celebrated him in immortal verse, as his "guide, philosopher, and friend." It seems as though genius, which awakens the admiration of men in the aggregate, had in it something that evokes in an inveterate degree the hostility of the individual man. Of this we have—to quote one case from a multitude—a striking illustration in the torrent of abuse that was poured upon the scholars and philosophers who founded the Royal Society. Charles II. laughed in their faces even when he handed them their charter; and their telescopes and optical instruments were ridiculed as engines of Popery. The Mudfog Association was not more unmercifully quizzed. Stubbs denounced it as an "Hospital of Fools;" and, admitting that he was no great scholar himself, addressed its members as St. Francis saluted his only companions in the wilderness—"Salvete fratres asini!"—"Salvete fratres lupi!" ("Good morning to you, brother jackasses!—Good morning to you, brother wolves!") At a later period a still more implacable enemy arose, in the person of Sir John Hill, who, having been rejected because of his waspish temper by all the learned societies in succession, ridiculed them all with equal asperity. "The Antiquarians were 'medal-scrappers' and 'antidiluvian knife-grinders;' the Conchologists were 'cockle-shell merchants;' the Naturalists were 'pedlars of prickles-backs and cockchafers.'" Hill was a man of great and varied talents—there is no denying it—and of miraculous industry. His "Vegetable System," extending to twenty-six folios, and containing sixteen thousand plates, representing twenty-six thousand different figures from nature, is in itself a pyramid of his industry—yet it does not comprise one twentieth part of his labours. He wrote travels and histories, romances, sermons, pamphlets, plays and poems—in fact he put his pen to every kind of writing, though it is not quite so certain that he beautified all he touched. His temper was intolerable; his vanity egregious, and in every fellow-creature he seems to have found an enemy. "Friendship passed him like a ship at sea." He flung his glove in the teeth of the world, and the world, as is its custom, walked upon him. Posterity has done justice to his great attainments, but how was he treated by his contemporaries? Fielding, punning on his name, called him "a phlegmy dunghill;" and Smart, whom he had called an

"ass," devoted a long poem to him—the "Hilliad"—in which he denounced him as

"A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
The insolvent tenant of encumbered space!"

Garrick's happy lines on his double faculty of physician and play-wright are well known:—

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is—
His farce is a physic, his physic a farce is!"

Some other wit, whom he had stigmatised as "a wooden-headed booby," assailed him in a similar manner:—

"The worst that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes."

Nor did it end here. Malice, like echo, caught up the perishing strain, and the last epigram was the best of the three:—

"No! let the order be reversed,
Or else unlash his crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."

—A neat epigram, and *sanglant* as any in the language. The famous controversy between Boyle and Bentley about *Æsop's Fables* and the *Epistles of Phalaris*, illustrates very remarkably the willingness of great men to defame one another. To hear them talk you would really imagine that instead of being scholars and gentlemen they were idiots and cut-throats. We find Boyle calling Bentley "a dunce and a jackass," while Bentley compares Boyle, with his new readings, to "a bungling tinker mending old kettles." Then came the conflict between Bentley and Bishop Hare respecting the metre of Terence—a dispute that gave rise to the severe rebuke of Sir Isaac Newton, that "two dignified divines, instead of minding their duties, had fallen out about a play-book." Yet Newton was no such philosopher when there was question of his own feelings, for so intolerant was he of criticism that Whiston assures us that the reason why he did not publish his commentary on the "Chronology" during the life-time of Sir Isaac was, that "I knew his temper so well that I should have expected it would have killed him!" And so perhaps it would, if it had been written in the ferocious strain in which great men are wont to speak of one another. Was ever anything like it? Parnassus is your true Billingsgate. Parker, Bishop of Oxford, described Marvell, the friend and associate of Milton, as "a vagabond, ragged, hungry poetaster, beaten at every tavern—a drunken merry-andrew." Milton himself, did not come off much better, for Waller the poet sneers at him as a "blind old schoolmaster," whose "Paradise Lost" had no merit, "unless its extraordinary length be accounted as such." And Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, had such an antipathy to him that he ordered his name to be erased from Phillips' epitaph, "as a pollution to a Christian church." Davenant was hunted into his grave by the wits of his time. Burnet called Dryden "a monster of immodesty and impurity." Anthony Wood described the great John Locke as a man "who could only distinguish himself by prating and being troublesome." Luther called Henry VIII. "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basilisk, a lying buffoon dressed in a king's robes, a mad fool with a frothy mouth;" and even said to him, "you lie, you stupid and sacrilegious king." Madame de Staël said of the famous Hobbes, that he was "a slave and an atheist." Bishop Fell described the same philosopher as "that most vain and waspish animal of Malmesbury;" and Dr. Wallis could afford him no more complimentary designation than that of a man who was "always writing what was answered before he had written." Lord

Chesterfield called Dr. Samuel Johnson a "hottentot." Dr. Adam Smith called the same Dr. Samuel Johnson a "brute." Dr. Samuel Johnson replied that Dr. Adam Smith was "a liar;" and Dr. Adam Smith rejoined by tracing Dr. Samuel Johnson's genealogy to Hecuba—as the Queen of Troy is known to us *subsequently* to her transformation! And these are the idols of posterity—the heirs of immortality—the lamps, the stars, the magnets of our lives! Smollett paid a delicate compliment to Admiral Knowles:—"He is an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity!" Swift talks of Walpole as "a contemptible boor," and hints with unmistakeable distinctness that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward. Voltaire, in his Letters from England, testifies to the prevalence of a similar opinion:—"So violent did I find parties in London that I was assured by several that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward, and Mr. Pope a fool!" Some sweet compliments passed between Dennis and Sir Richard Steele. After taunting him with the atrocious offence of being an Irishman, he tells him that he is marked "like Cain," and that his Hibernian origin is "stamped upon his face, his writings, his actions, his passions, and, above all, his vanity." Steele replied, that his assailant had an "ugly vinegar face," and "duck-legs made for carrying burdens," and that "he never let the sun into his garret for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him!" Macklin called Garrick a "sheer impostor;" and Quin, who could not endure that such a wrong should be done even to a rival, retorted, that "villain" was written on every feature of Macklin's face. George III. had the meanest possible opinion of Chatham and Temple, and did not hesitate to express his aversion. "I cannot get rid of the scoundrels," he exclaimed, "and I do not consider myself a king while I am in their hands!" Very touching and affectionate was what Queen Caroline said of her own child, the Prince of Wales. "I regard him," observed this exemplary mother, "as the greatest ass, the greatest liar, the greatest *cannille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it." Poor wretch! he did not long encumber the earth, for he took an eternal adieu of it in 1751. Chesterfield would not allow that Fox had "the least notion of, or regard for, the public good." Posterity is not altogether of the same opinion, but one great man must have his fling at another. Sir William Temple sneered at Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood as "a thing which sense can hardly allow." Lord Bacon rejected Galileo's discoveries with scorn. Dr. Keurick said of Goldsmith's "Traveller" that it was a "flimsy poem;" and of the "Deserted Village," that it had "neither fancy, dignity, genius, nor fire." The same spirit has survived to modern times. Mr. Ruskin describes the pictures of Claude Lorraine as "nonentities and abortions;" and Mr. Carlyle politely assures us that Ignatius Loyola was "a ferocious human pig!" Mr. Thackeray, who has an amiable weakness for digging people out of their graves and hanging them in chains, and who should have few frailties of his own, so merciless is he to those of his fellow-creatures, whether they be alive or dead, describes Pope as "a pert, prurient little bard," and Swift as "a wretched worn-out scamp—a poor stricken wretch." Nor is he more gracious to John Wilkes. Dr. Alexander Chalmers assures us that Mr. Wilkes was "a gentleman of elegant manners, of fine taste, and of pleasing conversation." Mr. Thackeray describes him as a "blasphemous, cock-eyed demagogue!"

Dr. Gilbert Stuart hallooed Dr. Henry through the world as "an ass and an idiot" (what would your great men do when talking of one another but for that word "ass?") and Southey cannot afford to designate Napoleon otherwise than as the "bloody Corsican." Nor was the French Caesar more just, for he sneered at Wellington as "a sepoy-captain." Byron called Landor a "gauder;" Southey, "an incarnate lie;" Wordsworth, "a footman;" and Shakespeare himself, "a humbug." But in this last instance he did but steal the thunder of Voltaire, who described our matchless dramatist as "a buffoon and a barbarian!" But the most scathing thing that one human being ever said to another was probably what Henry Grattan said to Henry Flood in the course of a parliamentary debate. Flood had inadvertently alluded to Grattan as his "honourable friend." Grattan sprang upon his legs, and exclaimed, "Whom does the honourable gentleman call his friend?—Not me, surely. I'd spit on him in a desert!"

Such is the tone in which great men have spoken of one another, and well indeed may we exclaim with amazement, *Tantæ ne animis celestibus ire?*—"Can heavenly minds such high resentment show?"

MELOPOYN.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER XII.

NEARLY a twelvemonth had elapsed since Lionel Stratford had first left England. The months had passed with the rapidity which always marks the flight of time when varying events occur to occupy attention, and leave no minutes for calculation. Here to-day and gone to-morrow! You have not got over the Christmas festivities ere, with a hop, skip, and a jump, they all come back again to greet you as of yore, with jocund grin, holly, mistletoe, waits, and mince pies.

Lionel, the richer by some ten thousand pounds, the result of a fortunate speculation in opium, was again in his native country, sauntering down Regent-street on a bright spring morning, when he was suddenly accosted by Flicker, whom we introduced to the reader in an early chapter. Flicker, always dramatic, hailed him with a line from the almost exploded "Venice Preserved," "How fares the honest partner of my heart?" Again in 'fields and pastures' old? I saw your arrival at Southampton announced in the papers this morning, with a whole crowd of bilious Indians, and have been in a fever ever since. Let's look at you. A little more gamboge about the gills, and a touch of bronze upon the brow—nothing more. Liver all right?—Escaped the cholera?"

"As you see me," replied Lionel, shaking Flicker by the hand; "in capital health, and none the worse for being to the windward of debt. And you? How many newspapers and magazines have you started—or got others to start for you? How many plays have you written, and what was the success of the novel?"

"The novel," rejoined Flicker, "remains in manuscript; the booksellers have declared that it is of too rare a merit to be made common by printing and publishing. One of them suggested a decorative *illumination*, but I am thinking of a *bonfire*. The magazines absorb the ideas of small coteries at three shillings a page, and the newspapers sink light literature and go upon politics, for which I have no fancy. The drama is a better field—a decided case of 'unprecedented success' last night—a perfect conflagration of public delight."

Lionel suggested that his friend was probably indebted to our continental neighbours: "From the French, I suppose?"

"No—from the English—the 'pure well undefiled,' found the plot in an old periodical, and the *dramatis personæ* in private society. My sister sat for the heroine, and I've done my own governor as the irascible father."

"Then," said Lionel, taking his arm and leading him on his own route, "I suppose I may congratulate you on being fairly upon your legs."

"For a time," answered the dramatist, "I realise the Spanish proverb, and scatter with the left hand the fruits of the right. The manager's liberality will find me in two Blackwall dinners, six opera stalls, a trip to Richmond, a pic-nic to Norwood, the Derby day, a box of Havannahs, and a complete personal equipment. I have made the calculations to a nicety—balance in hand two shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny on the first of September next."

"Improvident Flicker! When will you acquire prudence habits, and contemplate the possible rainy day?"

Flicker was rather amused at this, coming as it did from one who only a few months previously had rivalled him in a noble disregard of the future. He concluded—and indeed said—that Stratford's visit to the East had qualified him to become one of the Magi. Lionel handsomely retorted, that if it had qualified him to render Flicker a single service, the visit would not have been made in vain.

"I'll take you at your word," exclaimed Flicker; "you remember the East Indian you committed to my charge?"

"You mean poor Somers."

"Poor!—hang him! I had not even the chance of holding him in the traces. He bolted soon after you went away."

"He did; we met him again abroad."

"And I wish you had kept him there, for—would you believe it?—the fellow has come back to rob me of a wife and all the luxuries of pecuniary independence. Everything promised that I should be married to the most charming creature that had ever passed the grand climacteric, with a thousand a-year to atone for the absence of youth, when in drops Master Somers to destroy the symmetry of my nasal protuberance. He marries the exquisite Fitzsirling in a week or two."

Stratford was much astonished at this intimation.

"Are you jesting," he asked, "or is this sober fact?"

"Sober and serious," rejoined Flicker. "I have called philosophy and cigars to my aid, and am vainly trying to get over it. As a proof of my magnanimity, I am actually going to a party this evening at the house of my fair, inconstant. I wish you'd come—"

"But my cousin is with me."

"What! the fair Julia?—unmarried? Bring her to the old girl's. You'll meet some pleasant people, rub off your India rust, and gather the gossip of the day. You must be in want of a supply of the 'small change' of society by this time."

"Ay," observed Stratford: "but to compensate for that I can now talk of India."

"And be voted a bore. Let me advise you to sink your Oriental lore. Nabobs are obsolete. Your modern man from the East has little to give and nothing to lend, so society resents his surprising intimacy with curry and rice by yawning over his anecdotes and sleeping over his face."

Lionel assured him that his advice should be taken.

"But what," he asked, "is the service you wish me to render you?"

"Egad, I had nearly forgotten it! Step in between your friend and my quondam innamorata. Tell him, you know he don't really care about marrying her. Say, that I am broken-hearted by his unsatisfactory triumph. In short, say what you like."

Lionel told him that he looked upon it as a service of danger with so fiery a fellow as Somers; but as circumstances favoured the project, he would do his best. Loosening his arm from Flickers', he stopped and asked at what hour they were to meet.

"At eight. My *ci-devant* patronises early habits. I shall never be allowed a latch key, that's certain; but, better to be locked in a comfortable parlour, with a fire before you, and an 'aunt wife' at your side to help out the bottle of port, than immured within the walls of the Bench! *Au revoir!*"

They parted. A few words will explain the sudden reappearance of Stratford in England. After the death of the collector, scandal became so very busy with Julia's fame that it was deemed expedient that she should leave the station. None of the men in the Mofussil seemed disposed to trust themselves with a girl whom, as they thought, was ready to accept any offer. In the lofty language of *Furbos*, they each exclaimed,

"Let him who can

Fancy the maid who fancies any man."

But, independently of this circumstance, Julia's eyes had become so opened to the crime of surrendering the hand unaccompanied by the heart, that she but little needed suggestions from Lionel that it were better to return with him to Calcutta than continue where she would only be a subject of vulgar conversation, or the instrument of the manoeuvres of Mrs. Cardamum. They accordingly returned to Calcutta immediately—Julia going into mourning as a mark of respect for the memory of the gentleman who would have paid her the high compliment of making her his wife.

The effect of the excitement, the journey, and the troublesome dictates of a heart not altogether dead to better emotions, brought on an attack of fever, and so reduced Julia that the medical man advised an immediate return to England. Lionel's partner was indisposed to part with him so soon. The happy arrival, however, of the opium clippers from China, with intelligence that the shipments of the season had resulted in enormous profits, enabled Lionel to retire from the firm, and he gladly offered to escort his cousin to her paternal home.

Lionel's return to England was singularly coeval with that of the wild beast hunter, Polito. He had taken a fancy to the little man whom he had seen at Muddempore, and it was in nowise diminished by the fact of Susan having become his wife, and a close attendant upon the still delicate Julia. On his return home, Lionel prepared Julia to accompany him to Miss Fitzsirling's, without hinting at the possibility of her meeting with Somers. He then threw himself into an arm-chair in the back drawing-room, and gave way to a course of meditation on the singular scenes of the past, and the possible future. He was soon, however, disturbed by voices on the landing-place. Polito was giving audience to a personage he had employed to proclaim the results of his own private speculation *pro bono publico*.

"Trust me, master," said an unfamiliar voice, the thicker for an evident attachment to *aqua vitae*—"trust me, I'll paste all over the hoppelion Posen, and there

shan't be a dead wall nor a hoarding which doesn't speak of your exhibition. I'll watch while their stickers are at work, and the moment their backs are turned, up goes my placard."

"That will do," replied Polito; "then consider yourself engaged, from early to-morrow morning. Begin the posting at Marrobone, work down to Regent-street, then over Westminster-bridge, round back by Blackfriars: come up here and do all Oxford-street and Holborn, then into Cheapside, Londenhall-street, and Whitechapel, up towards Hackney and Clap'm, and so home to Bayswater, and you'll have earned your two shillings."

"I rayerth think I shall. It's hard lines; but what's a cove to do when he's in reduced circumstances."

As the speaker descended, he was met by Susan, who, toiling up-stairs, and catching a glimpse of Polito, ejaculated, unaware that she was overheard, "Oh, Poly, such a to-do down at the docks!"

"What!" rejoined Polito, in jocular mood, "has the black bear seized the Custom-house officers?"

"No—worse than that—the Custom's officers have seized the bear; and the rhinoceros and two buffaloes are confiscated because they are contraryband."

"Why—what?—speak English, do."

"So I do. That's just what they told me at the docks; and the plain fact of it all is that we're swindled out of the hanyails."

Polito was in agonies:—"Why—what for? What have they gone and done?"

"Nothing," answered Susan, "and you've done nothing neither that ought to have been done. You ought to have made your manifestations, and paid your humble duty to the Crown."

"Well, I can do that yet; it ain't too late. I'd have done it before, if I'd known it was usual."

"Ah, it's too late now! You're posted as a smuggler."

"I a smuggler! I look like one, don't I? I wonder what Will Watch would say to such a cove. Well, the idea is new. I'll get up a Guernsey frock, and wear a black belt and pistols."

Susan was more practical:—"You'd better get up a petition, or we shall be ruined, and all our roasting in the Ingees go for nothing."

"Egad, you're right!" replied Polito, awake to the nature and the extent of the loss he was likely to sustain; "the thing looks serious. I'll tell you what I'll do—when Mr. Stratford comes in, I'll ask him to speak to the Queen for me, or write a petition."

"I'm here, Polito—what can I do for you?" cried Stratford, finding he was to be appealed to.

"Oh, Mr. Stratford, I'm glad you're come back. I didn't know you were in. Never mind my affairs now. My old master, Mr. Somers, has been here;—he heard that we had come home, and he asked a power of questions about you and Susan's missus. He wants you to write him a note, just to tell him when he may see you. I never saw a gentleman so altered."

"I shall probably meet him this evening. In the meanwhile, come in, and let me draw up your petition to the Commissioners of Customs."

[To be continued.]

THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

As the tourist ascends from Sherwood Forest, leaves Bolsover, Hardwick, and Newstead behind him, and passes the picturesque ruins of Wingfield Manor, he comes, in the space of a dozen miles or so, upon the steep "cliffs,"

and "tors," and "carra," of Criche; and then suddenly opens before him one of the most beautiful scenes in all the Peak of Derbyshire, the streamlet vale of Holloway and the wooded slopes of Lea, backed by the heights of Matlock and Wirksworth, and touched and dashed all over with some of the most pleasing features of rural and industrial life. Nearly in the centre of this scene, and adding much to its romantic interest, is a verdant knoll, or rather platform, occupied by an old English mansion, with its terraces and lawns, sheltered from the north and east by a lofty, cragged, and wooded upland, almost worthy the name of a mountain, the grey hamlet of Holloway—or, as the natives call it, Ho'way—scattered not ungracefully upon its side and crowning its summit. The gleaming and arrowy Derwent, the Cromford Canal, and the Ambergate and Buxton Railway form far-winding and almost parallel lines below to the south and west; and, whether freshened by the spring-tide green, flushed with the bloom of summer, or the still mellow tints of autumn, or sparkling in an unsullied mantle of hard frost, as I have often seen it on a bright winter's day, it is a prospect that, once photographed on the soul, might, without a single historical association, remain "a joy for ever." It is not, however, without its histories. Yonder, on the top of Ribber—once High Burgh—the ancient Britons and the Romans, probably also the Saxons, had in turn their warlike encampments, commanding on one side the Peak, and on the other the Plain, far almost as the eye could reach: near at hand, if not visible, as we have already hinted, is Wingfield Manor, where in later times dwelt in confinement Mary Queen of Scots; and equally near is Dethick, the home of young Anthony Babington, who was beheaded for trying to set her at liberty. In the folds of the valley beneath, just out of sound as out of sight, are the once famous factories of the Arkwrights and the Strutt, the revolutions of whose wheels revolutionised the character of the whole district, without interfering with its natural beauty; and facing us is Alderwasley of the Hurts, which has already, in one of its martial sou's, furnished a victim to the war now raging in the Crimea; while at the entrance to a small subsidiary vale, dwells earnest John Smudley and his amiable lady, who spend a large income in building schools and chapels for the people far and near—all significant foot-prints in the path of time. The native scene of my mother, who in her girlhood had been a shepherdess in these mountain regions, it was ever to me a wild delight to rest on the heights, and gaze on so lovely an amphitheatre—its blendings of life and character with nature's primeval grandeur; its patrician and rustic homes, that seemed to be growing out of the very bosom of the landscape, and sending up their blue columns of smoke into the still bright heaven; its waving woods and winding waters; its lawn-like meadows and grazing flocks and herds; its peaceful traffic and useful toil. But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, on that central knoll, henceforth classic for ever—the English home of Florence Nightingale, whose name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music, or dancing, or poetry, and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets around Lea Hurst, but at length found a place requiring more attention and energy in continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the

office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentlewomen, and now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sebastopol. What a contrast to the quiet pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fire-side memories and its rural delights! They who love not war must still sorrow deeply over the fate of its victims; and to such, even now, amid all the din of arms, the beautiful and beneficent name of Florence Nightingale cometh sweetly as "flute-notes in a storm." And in after-ages, when humanity mourns—as mourn it will—over the blotches and scars which battle and fire shall have left on the face of this else fair world, like a stream of sunlight through the cloud with which the present strife will shade the historic page of civilization, will shine down upon it, brighter and brighter, the memory of the heroic maiden of Lea Hurst, till all nations shall have learned to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God," and covetousness, war, and tyranny shall be no more.—*Dr. S. T. Hall.*

RELICS OF RUSSIAN BATTLE-FIELDS.

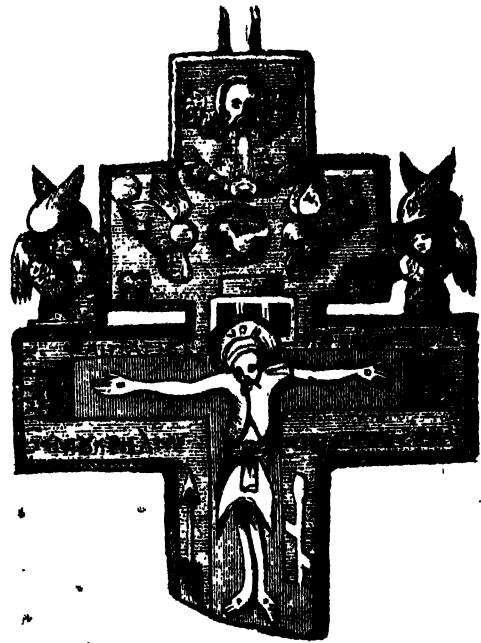


MAJOR WALKER, who was present at the battle of the Alma, slept on the field, and afterwards took a gallant part in the memorable action of Inkerman, has lately returned home on leave. He has brought from the Crimea two relics, of which we engrave exact representations. One

was picked up on the field of Alma, the day after the battle, close to a heap of eighteen Russians, of whom fourteen were dead and the others very badly wounded. One of the relics is a little bag roughly stitched on the outside, in which was a metal amulet of a patron saint. The amulet, which appeared to have been cleaned until the features of the figure were almost obliterated, but with the nimbus round the head still perfect, had been suspended round the neck of the wearer by a piece of tape, attached to which was a small cross of boxwood. The bag contained a manuscript book of prayers, with a suggestive title-page, composed of crosses, rudely drawn in pen and ink. A similar example of graphic art concludes the book. At the last page the date 1854 can be discerned. Some fond heart, it may be, prepared the bag for the treasured volume and the charmed amulet; and, in the faith and hope that the sacred words and the holy relic would be a spell against the hostile sword of the barbarian invader, bade the warrior go forth to glory. The soldier went forth, and on the heights of Alma earned the glory that awaited him. His book and charmed amulet, however, availed him not as on the field of battle he was gathered with the unknown dead.

The other relic to which we have referred, was obtained at Inkerman, and its principal feature is a rude representation of the Crucifixion. On each of the arms of the cross are cherubims, illustrative of the passage in Isaiah, "Each one had six wings, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." Cherubims with trumpets, the Russian eagle,

and a venerable form emerging from clouds, surmount the whole. A border surrounds the arms of the cross, on which a legend is inscribed in characters too worn to be deciphered. The relic is evidently one of great antiquity, and the workmanship far from despicable.



WEEP NO MORE FOR ME!

SHE laid her head upon his arm,
And still'd her throbbing heart,
To hear the words of sad farewell,
That told her they must part.
He spake—his voice was low but calm:—
"Thou wouldst not have me stay;
My country's voice, my sovereign's cause,
Have summoned me away.
But 'midst the darkest scenes of war,
My thoughts will turn to thee;
And though we may not meet on earth,
Thou must not weep for me.
My Annie, dry those bitter tears,
And weep no more for me!"

She leans her head upon her hand,
Her tears are falling fast
Upon the words his hand has traced—
The fondest, and the last.
Her eyes are on the page, her thoughts
To Sentari are fled,
She envies those who watched beside
His lowly pallet bed.
But still his parting words she hears:
"My thoughts are yet with thee,
And though we meet no more on earth,
Thou must not weep for me.
My Annie, dry these bitter tears,
And weep no more for me!"

Her slender form is drooping now,
Her eyes are sunk and dim,
She hears fond voices speaking round;
She only thinks of him.
Of him—the deadly battle strife—
His weary hours of pain—
His lowly grave—his parting words:
"We may not meet again,
But an angel voice is whispering,
"Thou must not weep for me,
For 'midst the bowers of Paradise,
Our meeting now shall be.
My Annie, dry those bitter tears,
And weep no more for me!"

at by our studious friend. The results of his very laborious inquiry have been placed in our hands, but we will not give our readers all the dry details which go to make up an enormous bill of very nearly ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS of money. During the ten years which included the war with France, and which ceased for a short time with the Peace of Amiens in 1802, the army expenditure was one hundred and fifty-six millions; for the navy, one hundred and eight millions, and for the ordnance, twenty-one millions, or a grand total for the *matériel* of war of two hundred and eighty-six millions. Then there were loans which were never repaid, and subsidies to foreign states, which absorbed more than fifteen millions. Among these recipients of our revenue stand—Austria, for nearly five millions; Russia, one million and a half; Prussia, a million and a quarter; the remainder being divided among Portugal and the minor states of the German confederation. Then there were grants for special services to Earl St. Vincent and Sir Charles Grey of nearly one hundred thousand pounds, and to Admiral Mitchell for his capture of Dutch ships of nearly two hundred thousand pounds, and a variety of other matters which appeared deserving of special reward by the nation. That ten years' war cost very nearly THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE MILLIONS, being at the rate of about thirty-five millions a-year, or nearly double the total expenditure of the nation in 1792, before hostilities commenced.

The peace which was patched up at Amiens was disturbed almost before the ink which had embodied the terms of the treaty was dried upon the parchment, and the next year the nation was called to arm itself in a more extensive manner than it had ever done before. That war was brought to a termination at the general peace in 1816, and the reader will be anxious to learn the result of the researches of Mr. Bluebook in the deep mines of parliamentary papers, &c. with respect to the "leetle bill" for this second war. He puts down the following items for the principal materials of the war—army, three hundred and fifty-eight millions; navy, two hundred and thirty-three millions; ordnance, sixty millions (we omit the trifling sum of hundreds of thousands); and the grand total of these three items of the war is SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE MILLIONS.

Next we have the account under the heads of "subsidies" and "foreign loans," amounting for the fourteen years' war to the modest sum of thirty millions. These were the times when we had such universal compassion for oppression and injustice in all parts of the world, that according to the witty Sidney Smith, "If Switzerland was threatened, away went a treasury clerk with a hundred thousand pounds for that country; large bags of money were kept constantly under sailing orders; upon the slightest demonstration towards Naples down went Sir William Hamilton upon his knees, and begged for the love of St. Januarius they would help us off with a little money." Among those countries which we were successful in inducing to accept our pecuniary assistance, not less than the aid of our military and naval prowess, there figures Portugal to the tune of over seven millions; Spain, upwards of four millions; Russia, nearly four millions; Sweden, more than three millions; Austria, about two and a half millions; Sicily, nearly the same sum; Prussia, for about an equal amount. Even his sable majesty of Morocco condescended to accept a very considerable sum; while Hanover and the minor German states had not so far forgotten the advantage of previous subsidies as to refuse them upon this occasion. But not only threatened foreign

states, but distressed foreigners and refugees of other nations were solicited to become recipients of our charitable effusions and the overflowings of our wealth. The loyalists and sufferers of America were rewarded and succoured by a sum of two and a half millions; while the suffering clergy and laity of France, the emigrants from Toulon and Corsica, the sufferers of St. Domingo, and the Dutch emigrants, received aid to the amount of nearly three millions during the progress of the war. The nation testified its admiration of its naval and military heroes by erecting public monuments to their memory at a cost of about thirty thousand pounds. A sum of more than five and a half millions was thus expended in charity and to the memory of the illustrious brave.

But beyond all this there were various rewards and grants for special services, amounting in the aggregate to nearly four millions. Let us glance at a few of the items:—Lord Hood and his officers and men for services at Toulon, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; Earl Nelson for an establishment suitable to his new dignity, one hundred and twenty-four thousand pounds; his funeral expenses about fifteen thousand pounds; officers and men for the battle of Trafalgar nearly three hundred thousand pounds; Marquis and Duke of Wellington, in various sums, about six hundred thousand pounds; officers and men at the battle of Waterloo, eight hundred thousand pounds; officers and men under Sir Samuel Auchmuty for capture of Java, one hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds; officers and men under Lord Keith, nearly one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; suffering inhabitants of Russia and Germany three hundred thousand pounds; and among a number of smaller items is one of seven hundred pounds for printing-presses for Portugal, so that although our arms carried desolation over the country, we endeavoured at the same time to diffuse the blessings of knowledge over that nation which, while we protected, we ravaged and desolated.

Adding up these items, we are furnished with the total amount as the bill for the last war of SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR MILLIONS. In a note, however, at the foot, Mr. Bluebook calls attention to the fact that he has omitted from the account a very large number of items which ought to have been included, and which have become chargeable to John Bull since the cessation of hostilities, among which he instances the celebration of peace, the Russo-Dutch loan, pensions to officers and men; and he also states that he has not included in the account the increased sums which were chargeable to the country for bounties in corn and the exorbitant charges of raising money, or the interest on the increased debt. The average war expenditure, therefore, as shown by the vouchers in his possession, during the last of the two wars, was equal to nearly fifty millions a-year, or the entire average annual expenditure of the ten years ending 1840. For the two wars, Mr. Bluebook estimates the entire expenditure at NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN MILLIONS of money.

Our ingenious friend, however, found some difficulty, as will also our readers, no doubt, in realising in his own mind the idea of such vast sums, and he set his calculating mind to work to endeavour to find out some mode by which these immense expenditures could be brought more distinctly within the range of his own mind, and the results of his labours on the subject will perhaps help our readers to a solution of the difficulty. Mr. Bluebook found that if the sum of one thousand millions were placed in sovereigns in a single line in such a

manner that the edge of each would touch, the golden line would extend a distance of thirteen thousand eight hundred miles, and that if the same coins were piled upon each other till they expressed the amount of this expenditure, it would form a column of gold, the topmost sovereign of which would be one thousand miles from the surface of the earth. But if this towering slender column of gold were broken up into smaller ones of about the same height as the Monument, there would be a sufficient number of sovereigns to raise twenty-six thousand columns of over two hundred feet in height. In his imagination our friend placed these columns in a row, each column touching the other, and by the assistance of his devoted friend, Cocker, he found himself gazing upon a golden wall of nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, and rather more than two hundred feet in height. He further supposed the glittering wall to have fallen down, and the whole number of coins to have spread themselves singly over the level surface of the ground, and as each sovereign lay contiguous to its neighbour, his eye rested upon a golden field of more than a hundred and fifty square acres in extent. Somewhat wearied with his calculations and his ardent inquiries after knowledge, he fell into a short sleep in his easy chair, and his mind still occupied with the stupendous subject which had for so long a period engrossed his almost undivided attention, he dreamed that he saw arriving from distant parts long trains of carts and waggons which were to be employed in carting away the auriferous treasures which lay scattered upon the surface of the hundred and fifty acres of land. He awoke from his trance, weighed the golden harvest, and found that the labour of more than nine thousand horses, each drawing one ton-weight of the gold, would be required to remove the precious burden, and that the entire weight of the gold would considerably exceed that of the united weight of the "Royal Albert" and the "Duke of Wellington," the largest ships in the world, with all their guns and engines and coals and crews and twelve months' provisions.

Mr. Bluebook thought of the immense amount of benefit which would be conferred upon the people by a distribution of this enormous sum of money among them, for he found that to every inhabitant of the United Kingdom, man, woman, and child, he could afford to give a sum of fifty pounds as his or her portion of the magnificent treasure. But in order to distribute this thousand millions, of money he discovered that if he were to commence the task of counting out to each his allotted share, and to take only the barest time for food and rest, and dying leave the task to his descendants, his great-grandson would have still left the work of distribution uncompleted when the church bells rang out the last day of the old year of 2000.

This enormous war expenditure, although it has been once paid, has again, however, to be repaid. Our fathers were prodigal in their expenditure, and the pleasure which they felt in its disbursement was not accompanied by any great self-sacrifice on their part, and they felt no compunction in encumbering the estates which they knew they must soon in the ordinary course of nature yield up to their children. Our fathers left us an estate, the most extensive in the world, and with it a vast amount of power and influence for good or for evil over the destinies of our neighbours. But they left this noble estate encumbered with a debt of eight hundred millions. We have been in possession of it for forty years, and during this time we have, by economy, by our

peaceful and industrious habits, by our thrift and commercial enterprise, succeeded in paying off about forty-five millions of the debt thus entailed upon us. If we continue at this rate we shall in about three hundred and twenty years succeed in cancelling so much of the debt as was contracted during the twenty-four years of war which formed the subject of Mr. Bluebook's investigation.

The national savings of fifteen years of peace, effected out of a revenue almost double that of the ordinary income of the country, at the commencement of the present century, will only suffice to pay off the annual debt incurred in the prosecution of war during the twenty-four years which elapsed from the commencement of hostilities in 1792, to the close of the war in 1816. So that in the event of no war occurring, and no plague, pestilence, famine, or any other great national calamities, retarding the progress of the nation, our great-great-grandchildren to the tenth generation from us will be able at the close of the year 2175, to lay their hands upon their hearts, and with a feeling of honourable pride, congratulate themselves upon the national fulfilment of that wise and beneficent command, "Owe no man anything."

While we are thankful to Mr. Bluebook for the labour he has bestowed upon this subject, we leave the results of his inquiries into the dusty realms of long buried truth, without note or comment, to the attentive consideration of the readers of our Journal.

POPULAR TALES OF SERVIA.

THE Principalities are just now come into fashion. Two years since a pupil at the best "classical academy" would have been entitled to a prize for pointing out Wallachia or Servia on the map—and now, five great European powers are bidding for the protectorate of those very provinces. The manners, customs, religion, wealth, and military genius of their inhabitants, are become matters of general interest. Any information touching the movements or personal predilections of the Hospodars is worth the expensive honour of a telegraphic despatch. Direct communications are opened between those chiefs and the cabinets of St. James's and the Tuileries; and Prince Stirbey has expanded into a "personage." At this moment, therefore, the appearance of a work in which is collected a mass of the literary productions of one of these Principalities, and especially of that branch of literature which best reflects the habits and genius of the people—namely, their popular tales—is especially well timed. Such a work has recently been published in Berlin and Paris, from the pen of Wuk Stephanovitch Karadschitch.

Not that the author dreamed of the Eastern Question, or of the attention which it would attract towards Servia, when laboriously composing his book. M. W. S. Karadschitch is an enthusiast on the subject of Servian literature. Himself a native of the Principality, though living in Vienna—for the reason, doubtless, that enthusiasts, like poets and prophets, receive most honour out of their own country—he has devoted his life to rescuing from oblivion all the songs and romances, the traces and relics of literary genius, which Servia can produce. In those days, when the Servians become civilized, they will no doubt erect him a statue, or celebrate *his* in his honour, as the Greeks did to Homer, or the Provençals to Clemence Isaire. Meanwhile Wuk Stephanovitch obtains appreciation chiefly in Germany, and his specimens of Servian authorship have hitherto appeared only in the German language. Some years since he published

a collection of Servian poetry, principally consisting of ballads and chansons, which are said to have delighted Goethe, and obtained much admiration among Goethe's countrymen. This work was followed up by a volume of "Servian Popular Tales." One or two of these stories seem sufficiently curious and characteristic to be worth presenting to English readers. In their spirit, we may observe, the generality of the tales are essentially Oriental. There are, however, sufficient local characteristics to warrant the conclusion that nothing more than the idea has been borrowed from a foreign source. In all their details the legends are "racy of the soil" of Servia.

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

Once upon a time there lived a shepherd, who for many years had served his master with zeal and fidelity. He was one day keeping watch over the sheep, who were feeding near a wood, when he heard a loud hissing from among the trees. Anxious to know what the sound meant, he entered the forest, and made his way to the spot whence it proceeded. Here he found that the dry leaves and twigs had caught fire, and formed a circle of flames round a large serpent, who kept hissing violently from terror. The shepherd waited to see what the reptile would do, as the fire crept nearer it every moment. Presently the serpent saw him, and called to him—"In the name of God, shepherd, save me from this fire!" Then the shepherd held out his long crook across the flames, when the serpent nimbly coiled itself about the staff, and thence got upon the hand and arm of the shepherd, climbing at length to his neck, round which it wound itself like a collar. "Alas!" said the shepherd, "have I saved you to my own destruction?" "Fear nothing," answered the serpent, "but carry me to my father, who is the king of the serpents." The shepherd wished to excuse himself on the ground that he could not leave his sheep untended; but the serpent replied, "Be not anxious about thy flock, no harm shall happen to them, only walk as fast as you can." So the shepherd went on walking through the wood until they came to a gate formed of lizards, interlaced one with another. The serpent hissed, and the lizards separated, leaving the passage open. Then said the serpent, "When we come to the castle, my father will offer you anything you may desire—gold or jewels, or whatever precious thing the earth contains, but accept none of them; ask him only for power to understand the language of animals—he will refuse at first, but in the end will grant you that favour."

While they were talking, they arrived at the castle, where they found the king of the serpents sitting on his throne, weeping bitterly. On seeing them, he exclaimed, "In God's name, my son, where have you been?" Then the serpent told him how he had been surrounded by the fire, and how the shepherd had saved him. Whereupon the king turned to the shepherd and said, "What shall I give you for saving my child?" "Teach me the language of animals," replied the shepherd, "I want nothing else." The king said to him, "What good will that do thee?—besides, the gift is perilous, for if I enable thee to understand the language of animals, and thou tellest any one of it, thou wilt die upon the spot. Choose, therefore, anything else, and thou shalt have it freely." But the shepherd replied, "If you do not please to teach me the tongue of animals, then adieu, and Heaven be with you—I will have no other recompense," and he made pretence to depart. Then the king called him back, saying, "Stop, and come hither, since thou art so bent upon it

—open thy mouth." So the shepherd drew near, and opened his mouth; whereupon the king breathed into it, and said, "Now breathe into my mouth!" The shepherd did as he was bid, and then the king of the serpents breathed into his mouth a second time, repeating his command afterwards. When they had thus breathed into each other's mouth three times a-piece, the king said, "Now thou understandest the language of animals. Go, therefore, and may God protect you and keep you from harm, for if ever thou betrayest the secret, or speakest one word of this to any one whatsoever, that very moment thou wilt die without remission."

So the shepherd departed, and as he went he found that he comprehended everything which was said by the birds or the beasts, or the grasshoppers that chirruped in the fields. When he got back to his flock he found them all safe and sound. Then he lay down on the ground, being tired, intending to sleep. But he had hardly stretched himself when two crows came and perched upon the tree over his head, and began talking in their language. Says one, "This shepherd would not be sleeping down there so lazily if he only knew that beneath the very spot where the black ram is lying, there is a chest full of gold and silver!" When the shepherd heard this, which he understood perfectly, he rose and went to his master, and they both came back with a waggon, and dug at the spot which the shepherd pointed out, and there they found the chest, and carried away the treasure lying therein. The master was an honest man, and left all to the shepherd, saying, "My son, this treasure is thine, since God has given it thee."

So the shepherd took the treasure, and being married, lived thereafter happy and prosperous. He soon became the richest man, not only of his own village but of the whole country: there was none to compare with him for wealth. He had herds, and flocks of sheep, and cattle, and horses, and every flock had its keeper; and he had besides large estates and abundant riches of other sorts. One day, on Christmas-eve, he said to his wife, "Get ready wine and *eau-de-vie*, and everything else that is fitting, and we will go down to the farm and make a feast for the herdsmen." His wife did what he commanded, and made abundant preparations. On the morrow, when they were at the farm, its master said to his men, "My friends, gather together, eat, drink, and enjoy yourselves. I will watch over the flock to-night in your stead." He did as he had said, and kept watch over the sheep. When midnight came he heard the wolves howling and the dogs barking; and the wolves said, in their tongue, "Let us come in and kill some sheep, and you shall have a full share in the meat." Then the dogs answered, "Come by all means, for we should like a good feast to-night." But among the dogs there was an old mastiff, who had but two teeth left in his jaws, and he said, "So long as I have two teeth remaining, you shall do no wrong to my master." The master heard and understood all this; and in the morning he ordered his servants to kill all the dogs except the old mastiff. The men wondered and said, "Master, it is a great pity." But he replied only, "What I have ordered is right."

Afterwards he got ready to return home with his wife, and they rode away, he upon a horse and his wife upon a mare. While they were on the way it happened that the husband went forward quickly, while his wife lingered behind. Then the horse on which the man rode turned and called to the mare, "Come quicker; why do you

lag?" The mare answered, "It is easy for you to talk who have only one person to carry—for my part I carry triple. I have our mistress and with her a babe of great promise, and my own foal besides." Hearing this conversation, the husband turned round and laughed. His wife perceived his laughter and whipped on the mare, and when she got up to her husband she asked him what he was laughing at. "Nothing particular," he replied, "merely a fancy which crossed my brain." The woman was not content with this answer, and when she pressed him further, he said, "Let me alone, wife, what does it matter? Faith! I don't know myself what I was laughing at." But the more he refused the more she insisted on knowing the cause of his laughter. At length he said to her, "Know then that if I reveal to you the reason of my laughing, I should die on the spot." Yet even this did not stop her curiosity, and she plagued him worse than ever to tell her the secret.

Presently they got home. When he had alighted from his horse, the husband commanded his servants to get ready a bier, and when it was prepared, he said to his wife, "Now behold, I am going to place myself on this bier, and then I will tell thee what made me laugh, and as soon as I have told it I shall be a dead man." So he lay down on the bier; and as he was looking round him for the last time, he saw the old mastiff, who had followed him all the way from the farm, crouched at his feet and shedding tears. Then he called to his wife to bring a piece of bread for the mastiff. His wife accordingly threw some bread to the dog, who would not even look at it; but a cock belonging to the house came and picked up the crumbs. Said the mastiff to the cock, "Miserable glutton, can you eat when you see that our master is dying?" The cock replied, "Let him die if he is such a fool. I have a hundred wives, I call them together whenever I find the smallest grain of corn, and when they are come I eat it myself. If any one then dares to grumble I chastise her with my beak—but he, who has but one wife, has not the spirit to bring her to reason." When the master heard this he jumped up quickly from the bier, and takes a cudgel, and calls his wife into a chamber, saying, "Now you shall learn what you are so anxious to know." Then he reasoned with her with great thracks of the cudgel, exclaiming at every stroke, "That's it, my wife, that's just it." In this fashion he satisfied her, and she never afterwards wished to know what he was laughing at.

The following tale contains an allegory evincing a much higher range of the imaginative faculty than is exhibited in the foregoing story. It is, however, deeply tinged with Oriental fatalism, and apologues of similar design have already been presented to European readers, translated from the Arab or Persian originals.

DESTINY.

A long while ago two brothers were living together in the same house. One was industrious and looked after the work; the other was lazy and did nothing but eat and drink. Their crops were always magnificent, and they had abundance of oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, bees, and other possessions.

The elder, who was the industrious one, said to himself one day, "Why should I go on working for my brother? We had better separate. I shall then labour only for myself, and he may do what he pleases." So he went and said to his brother, "It is not fair that I should be always busy when you think of nothing but eating and

drinking. I have accordingly resolved that we shall separate and live apart henceforth." The other tried to dissuade him, saying, "Brother, do not so. We are very well as we are. Everything we have is in your hands, and is quite as much yours as mine; and you know I never interfere with your proceedings." But the elder one persisted, and his brother was obliged to consent. So the property was divided, and each took his share. The indolent brother then hired herdsmen and shepherds, and appointed one to keep his horses, and another his cattle, and another his sheep, and another his goats, and another his bees, and he said to them all, "I trust my possessions to you, and may God watch over you." And then he continued to live at home, never taking any more trouble about anything than he had done before.

The elder brother, meanwhile, persevered in his life of labour. He attended to his own flocks and herds, keeping his eye on everything. Nevertheless, from day to day, matters perpetually went worse with him. On every side there was some misfortune or loss, until at length he became so poor that he had not even a pair of *opancas* (coarse Servian shoes) and was obliged to go barefoot. Then he thought to himself, I will go to my brother and see how matters fare with him. On the way he passed through a meadow where there was a flock of sheep feeding. There was no shepherd with them, only a beautiful young girl, sitting on the grass and spinning a golden thread.

After he had saluted the girl, saying, "God be with you!" he asked her to whom the sheep belonged, and she said, "To him to whom I belong myself." "And who art thou?" he inquired. "I am thy brother's Fortune," she replied. Then he grew angry and envious, and exclaimed, "And I too, have not I got a Fortune?" She answered, "Yes; but it is a long way off." "Can I not find it?" he inquired; to which she responded, "Surely, if thou wilt search."

Then he went on to his brother, who when he saw him was moved with compassion, and said, weeping, "Where have you been this long while?" And perceiving that he was in rags and barefooted, he gave him a pair of *opancas* and money. After resting a few days with his brother, the poor fellow departed homewards; but as soon as he got into his house, he filled a bag with bread, took a staff in his hand, and went forth to search for his Fortune. Having travelled some time, he came to a wood, where he saw an ugly old woman, fast asleep under a bush. He struck the ground with his staff, but she did not move, so in order to wake her he put a snake upon her back. Then she half-opened her eyes, and seeing him, said, "Thank God that I fell asleep. If I had been awake thou wouldst never have got those *opancas*." He said, "Who then art thou, to prevent my having a pair of *opancas*?" She replied, "I am thy Fortune." Whereupon he beat his breast, crying out, "May God exterminate thee! Who gave thee this power over me?" The old woman said, "It was Destiny." "And where is Destiny?" he asked, to which he received for reply, "Go and search." And the old woman vanished.

Forthwith he set out to search for Destiny; and after he had journeyed a long, a very long way, he came to another wood, where he found a hermit, of whom he inquired whether he could tell him how to meet with Destiny. The hermit told him, "Go up that mountain, and thou wilt see his castle at the top. But when thou art with Destiny thou must never dare to speak to him. Do everything thou seest him do, and wait until he questions thee." The traveller thanked the hermit, and

went up the mountain. When he got to the castle of Destiny he saw fine things. It was like a royal palace, splendid inside and out, and with crowds of valets and attendants passing to and fro. As for Destiny, he found him seated alone before a table richly spread, eating his supper. When the stranger saw this, he sat down at the table and began to sup also. After supper, Destiny went to bed and the other did the same. About midnight there came a terrible sound which seemed to fill the castle, and in the midst of the sound, a voice cried, "Destiny, Destiny! such and such souls have come into the world to-day, give them what seems good to thee." Then Destiny arose, and opened a golden coffer, and scattered shining ducats about the chamber, saying, "What I am to-day such shall ye be all your lives."

When day broke the fine castle had disappeared, and in its stead there was an ordinary-looking house, but with everything very comfortable about it. In the evening Destiny ate supper and his guest did likewise; and afterwards they both went to bed, no word having been spoken. At midnight, the same terrible sounds were heard, and the voice crying, "Destiny, Destiny! such and such souls have seen the light to-day, give them what seems good to thee." Then Destiny got up, and opened a silver box in which were pieces of silver money mingled with a few gold coins. And Destiny strewed the pieces about the room, saying as before, "What I am to-day ye shall be all your lives."

Next day this house also had vanished, and in its stead was another much smaller and meaner. At night the same things happened as before, and so it went on for several days and nights, the dwelling becoming always worse and worse, until at last it was only a wretched hovel. Destiny that day took a spade and began to dig in the ground. His guest did the same, and they worked hard together until the evening. When it grew dark they went in, and Destiny took a morsel of black bread, and breaking it in two, gave half to his companion. This was all their supper, after eating which they went to bed. At midnight when the terrible sound was heard, the voice repeating the same words as usual, Destiny arose, and scattered flint-stones about the chamber, and with the stones some few pieces of copper money. And he said as before, "What I am to-day ye shall be all your lives."

When morning came the hovel was gone, and in its place stood a magnificent palace as on the first day. Then for the first time Destiny spoke to his guest and asked him, "What hast thou come here for?" So he related his story, and said that he had come to know why Destiny had given him so bad a Fortune. Destiny replied, "Thou hast seen how on the first night I sowed the ducats, and also all that happened afterwards. Whatever I am in the night in which a man is born into the world, such must he remain to the end. Thou wast born on a night of poverty, and wilt remain poor all thy life. Thy brother, on the contrary, came into the world on a lucky night, and he will be always prosperous. But seeing that thou hast taken so many pains to find me, I will tell thee how thou mayst help thyself. Thy brother has a daughter named Meliza, who is as fortunate as himself; marry her, and thou shalt share her Fortune; but beware and acknowledge always that everything thou hast comes from thy wife."

The guest thanked Destiny very heartily, and went his way. And when he got back to his own country, he went to his brother, and said, "Brother, give me Meliza for a wife. You see that without her I shall be

alone in the world." His brother said, "It is well—Meliza is thine." Then they were married, and the husband took his wife home to his house. And after that everything went prosperously with him; insomuch that he became exceeding rich. But he was careful to say always, "All this is Meliza's."

One day he went into the fields to look at his corn, which was so fine that never had there been seen before so rich a crop. As he looked, a traveller passed by, and asked, "Whose wheat is this?" to which he answered, without thinking, "It is mine." He had hardly spoken the words when the corn caught fire, and the whole field was wrapped in flames. Then he ran quickly after the traveller, and cried out, "Stop, friend! the wheat is not mine—it belongs to Meliza, my brother's daughter." The fire was then extinguished immediately, and after that the good man lived happily all his life long—thanks to Meliza.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—PAYMENTS TO WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

WE have had several applications with reference to the scale of weekly relief which the widows and orphans of non-commissioned officers and privates are entitled to receive from the funds in the hands of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. We are authorised to append the provisional scale of payments now in force; but we may observe, at the same time, that the scale is under the consideration of the commissioners with a view to the stipends being increased. This increase must, however, be necessarily small; regard being had to the claims which may yet be made upon the Fund. The income of the commissioners from the proceeds of the invested stock now standing in their names, amounts to £30,000 per annum; but it is estimated that, should the war continue, the charges upon the Fund will exceed £43,000, thus leaving a deficit of £13,000 to be provided.—The following is a copy of the rules laid down by the commissioners:

No widow or orphan will be entitled to provision of any kind from the Patriotic Fund, until the application has been examined and approved by the Finance Committee, and a notification of such approval sent to the staff-officer or other person by whom the payment is to be made.

The widow, or guardian of the orphan, will receive a similar notification, which must be produced to the staff-officer, &c., on the first application to him.

In each case, the widow's name, age, number of children, address, rate of allowance per week, and other necessary particulars, will be sent to the staff-officer, &c.

The general scale of weekly allowance, as approved by the Finance Committee, is annexed for the information and guidance of the staff-officer, &c.; but, as the scale must necessarily be influenced by a variety of peculiar circumstances, that committee are at liberty to deviate from it, in cases calling for the exercise of their discretion.

The widow's allowance to cease on second marriage, unless continued by an express order of the committee; but, during any subsequent widowhood, she is to be at liberty to be replaced on the Fund. The allowance to the children is also to cease on their being placed in an asylum or school, or removed in any other way from the mother's charge.

No widow is to continue to receive a pension if she shall, in the opinion of the committee, by profligate conduct, dishonour the memory of her husband.

PROVISIONAL SCALE OF WEEKLY RELIEF.

ARMY AND ROYAL MARINES.	Corresponding Rank Royal Navy.	If with a Family, upon the following Scale.															
		Widow.	1 Child.	2 Children.	3 Children.	4 Children.	5 Children.	6 Children.	7 Children.	8 Children.	9 Children.	10 Children.	11 Children.	12 Children.	13 Children.	14 Children.	15 Children.
Staff N.C. Officer	1st Lt.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Sergeant	2nd Lt.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Colour Sergeant	3rd Lt.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Corporal or Bombardier	4th Lt.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Drummer, Trumpeter or Private	5th Lt.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17

An additional 6d. a week for each infirm person in the family.

* As per Price Proclamation.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND,

16A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1855.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen pounds
15s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18 : 15 : 8.

J. H. LEFROY, Hon. Secretary.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the *Patriotic Fund Journal* to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, Strand. THE SECOND MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains Five Numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price Elevenpence. To be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

B. P. (Quebec).—Your communication has been received, and the Publisher will attend to your instructions. We shall be glad to hear that you are making the Journal known in the Far West.

H. H. is thanked for his good wishes and practical assistance. The sum which the Contributors of the Journal have as yet been able to pay to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund is no doubt small, but, as our correspondent remarks, "it was a large sum for the commencement of a new work." If the public wish to see the payments larger and more frequent, they have it in their power to see their wishes accomplished. We will give our correspondent an answer to his question in our next number.

GERTRUDE J.—To obtain a divorce is a tedious and costly proceeding. The law of divorce is admitted upon all hands to be in a most defective state, and it is to be hoped that, before many years pass away, some of our law-reformers will have the intrepidity and ingenuity to grapple with it. The cost of a divorce at present is from £200 to £300.

A. MURCHISON (St. John's-wood).—The English have in battery before Sebastopol, according to the latest intelligence, 54 large guns, and 52 were to be added, before the bombardment commenced. The French have about 120 guns and mortars in readiness. We do not know the names of all the vessels now blockading Sebastopol.

SONGS OF THE WAR.—Since our last reference to this subject, one or two other publications of a similar class have been brought under our notice. They include "The Battle Prayer," dedicated "to those whose friends are in the British army," and written and composed by the Rev. N. S. Godfrey; "The Heroes of Alma," by Charles Jefferys; and "The Soldier's Dream," composed by Stephen Glover. These songs—all of which are calculated to become eminently popular—are published by Mr. Jefferys, 21, Holborn-square.

P. C. (Newhaven).—The art of lithography is of comparatively recent date, having been discovered in the year 1800, by Alois Senefelder, an actor at one of the theatres at Munich, in which city he obtained the exclusive privilege of practicing it. It was not, however, until after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century that it was successfully introduced into this country.

J. DABERT (Exeter).—The following was the numerical state of the British forces in the Crimea on the 1st of January:—sergeants, 2,191; drummers, 556; rank and file, 38,045. Total, 40,792. Of this number there are at the present time, sick and wounded:—sergeants, 565; drummers, 107; rank and file, 12,747. Total, 13,419.

G. K. (Lincoln's-inn).—The Reform Bill was first read in the House of Commons in 1831. The House divided on the second reading, on the 17th of December, when there were for the bill, 324, and against, 103. The bill was read a third time, and passed, on the 22nd of March following; the numbers being for, 356, and against, 289. On this occasion 356 members voted. The bill was read a first time in the House of Lords on the 26th of March, when the numbers were for, 184, and against, 176.

A. CLORUSSEN (St. Martin's-lane).—We cannot state whether there is any truth in the report that Government is giving large contracts for soldiers' clothing in Switzerland. The statement is, to say the least, singular, at a moment when 50,000 persons are said to be unemployed in the metropolis alone.

MURCHISON (Paisley).—Payments in America are generally made by the month, even to operatives. The largest mill in the world is at Lawrence, in the state of Massachusetts, where 2,000 hands are regularly employed. It makes more than the finest kind of goods. The floor surface of this immense structure is sixteen acres; the largest mill in England is eleven-and-half acres. There are now in operation 40,000 cotton spindles and 10,000 worsted spindles, and these are to be increased to 80,000 and 20,000 respectively. There are 1,500 looms in operation, to be increased to 2,400. These, with 2,000 hands, produce 300,000 pieces of cloth per annum—one-half de laines. The weekly consumption of cotton is 10,000 pounds—say 1,600,000 pounds per annum—and 600,000 pounds of wool. The wages paid in the establishment amount to £2,500 per week.

J.—We can by no means undertake to give you advice on the subject of early marriage. We can, however, refer you to the opinion of one whose authority will probably have much greater weight—the poet Southey—who attributed much of his happiness to his early marriage. When little more than one-and-twenty he married, under what the world calls "disagreeable circumstances"—"but," to use his own words, "from that hour to this, I have had reason to bless the day. The main source of disquietude was thus at once cut off, and I had done with hope and cheer on the most agitating and important affairs of life, and my heart was at rest."

A. AUGER (Teignmouth).—The Russia trade has, as yet, suffered no loss by the war with England and France. The value of Russian produce which evaded the blockade last year is estimated at £10,000,000; the ordinary value of her exportations to England being £11,000,000. The whole of this sum was paid in money. If we had not been at war with the Czar, about one-third would have been taken in British manufactures.

CANCER.—A correspondent who writes under this signature states, that in his village, which is situated in the Principality, the post-master receives 1,000 letters per month, 4,000 newspapers and periodicals, and pays and sends about £500 in money orders. The salary which he receives for this service amounts to 33d. per day! The same correspondent also states, that a letter addressed to the nearest market town, ten miles distant, is carried two hundred miles before it reaches its owner! Our correspondent had better lay a statement of the facts before Lord Canning, the postmaster-general.

ALACRITY.—Mr. Charles Keen was, we believe, born at Waterford, of which city his mother was a native. Miss O'Neill appeared, for the last time on the stage in the character of "Juliet."

—The Emperor of Russia has formally declared war against Sardinia, and has recalled the representatives of his government from the court of Turin. This new phase in the history of the war may tend to complicate matters still more, as the Czar (if he can spare it) will march an army into the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel.

PHILES.—We have heard that Sir Henry Bishop has declared that the lady to whom you refer has the finest voice in Europe; but we confess we should like to have something more than hearsay evidence of the fact.

A. (Stamford).—You will find all the information you require on referring to the rules issued by the Patriotic Fund Commissioners, and published in this number of the Journal.

F. SHORTER (Worcester).—The recruiting officer of the district, or the vicar of the parish in which you reside, must sign the form, and return it to the Commissioner, before your claim for relief can be allowed.

C. (Matlock).—Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times* in the Crimea, is the son of a Dublin jeweller.

A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN.—The next general attack of the Allied army on Sebastopol will be a combined movement, in which the ships will attack the Forts Constantine and Alexander as before. If the place be not reduced sufficient to admit of the assault after four days' bombardment, the Allies will be placed at great disadvantage, as their heavy guns will be all unfit for service. The English lines alone will fire away 420 tons of shot in twelve hours, and the French lines nearly 800 tons, so it is easy to calculate the amount required for an incessant bombardment of fifty or sixty hours. The English have already about 1,400 tons of shot and shell at camp, and when about 600 tons more are added, it is believed that the bombardment will commence.

TRENDS (Stamford-hill).—The late Sir William Gell was to Poupell what Mr. Layard has been to Nimveh, with this exception, that the former literally died in harness, having been struck down by a disease engendered by excessive fatigue, while the honourable member for Eylesbury is as lively and excited in the House of Commons as he is represented to have been among the Assyrian antiquities. Lady Blessington, writing to Dr. Madden, thus alludes to the death of Sir William Gell, "How much more frequently we think of a friend we have lost than when he lived. Is not this a curious fact in all our natures, that we ought to begin to know the value of friends when they are lost to us for ever? It ought to teach us to turn with increased tenderness to those that remain. I always feel that my affection for living friends is cultivated by the reflection that they for many years away. If we were only half as kind to the living as we are to the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and from how much pain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, 'the all-atoning grave,' has closed over them."

E. CLARKE (Hythe).—The church property in Pledham is very considerable, and, in 1851, an annual tax of four per cent, was imposed upon it, which produces a large sum for the service of the parish.

O. HOWARTH.—The French and English expedition to the Crimea left Varna on the 4th of September. The battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th of the same month. The French were on the right of the English (not the left), and the Turks on the right of the French. The Allied armies first beheld Sebastopol on the 23rd of September.

W. (Edinburgh).—Henry Sheridan received £1,000 for the play of *Pizarro*. He obtained the sum of £1,500 for some of his dramatic works, which were more original than those of Sheridan. The *Review* for *Quentin* (though an admirable comedy) is by no means original. There were no such salaries given at the London Theatres in Garrick's time as those which John Kemble, Charles Young, Edmund Keen, Macready, Pope, Johnson, Miss O'Neill, Miss Kelly, Miss Lynde, and Mrs. Glover subsequently received. When David Garrick played at the Goodman's-fields Theatre, the whole amount of the nightly receipts was not above £180. In 1815, the nightly receipts of Drury-lane were £600.

THE LAND TRANSPORT SERVICE.—A correspondent writing from Portsmouth states, that he and forty-five other persons who had volunteered as drivers to the new Land Transport Service were put on board a vessel at Liverpool with very inadequate accommodation. If our correspondent's statement is not exaggerated, his complaint calls for inquiry. He says:—"We were put down in a hatchway, which was kept open to us for two days and two nights, drizzling coal oil through it. Myself with several others took ill with cramps, &c., from the effects of these hardships. There was no doctor to attend us; we complained to the Superintendent, and when we put in here he got a doctor to see us. I heard after that the Superintendent got blame for reporting the matter. We were confined to this ship like so many convicts, without a penny in our pockets. The Superintendent has been kind to us, and brought us some and other little necessaries that we wanted out of his own money, as he says; we will have to pay it back to him again. The authorities loaded the ship so that she began to sink, and her water pipes, and sank 15 feet beyond her depth. The captain left her, and refused to go in her, and so did other persons who were going by her. Were it not for respect for Mr. —, who commands us, we would turn out to a man and come home from the treatment we are getting."

G. N. (Cambridge-village).—Is thanked. His verses are extremely smooth, but we believe him capable of better things. Let him try again.

A. SANDERS (Brixton).—The oldest tree on record is the cypress of Somme, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants. But an ancient chronicle at Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 42. It is 125 feet high, and 30 feet in circumference, at one end from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid felling this tree.

P. We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

FUND JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.



THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND DURING THE WAR.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[CARRYING SICK SOLDIERS FROM THE CAMP.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMBULANCE VOLANTE.

THERE is perhaps no feature in the system of the French army which has excited more admiration of late than the completeness of all their arrangements for the care and treatment of the sick and wounded. During the severe weather with which our troops had to contend a

few weeks since in the camp before Sebastopol, nothing so much evoked the commiseration of the public at home as the sufferings which our sick and wounded soldiers endured in their mode of conveyance from the camp to the temporary hospital at Balaklava, and from thence on boardship. We had no *ambulance corps* for the easy and rapid transport of the men. Eye-witnesses state that soldiers sick, frost-bitten, and wounded, were conveyed on

horseback over a desolate waste of eight miles of snow, with no suitable covering, and many of them in so weak and emaciated a condition as to require the help of two or three comrades to hold them on their horses. It is true that in a few cases the men were slung in baskets on bath-horses, and thus brought down to the ships, but many of them died in the transit, and the cold was so terrible that those who survived the journey were dangerously frost-bitten, and for the most part expired before the arrival of the ships at Scutari. This glaring defect in our military system naturally suggests some inquiry into the manner in which our allies have gained so manifest a superiority over us, and indeed over all the other great powers of Europe. If our rulers in these matters had condescended to read history they might, perhaps, have gained a lesson which would have in some degree mitigated the horrors of war, and at the same time served humanity by contributing to the preservation of the defenders of our country. The *ambulance volante* now, and for many years in use in the French army, was introduced, or rather invented, by the Baron Larrey, a medical officer of the royal navy of France, who entered the service in 1787. Larrey embarked in the corvette "Vigilante" in May, 1788, and sailed upon a cruise to Newfoundland. As surgeon-major it was his duty to superintend the provision of medicines and medical and surgical appliances, to examine the store of medical comforts, and to have everything belonging to his department in the ship conveniently arranged and stowed. He returned to France in October of the same year, having suffered so much from seasickness that he obtained his discharge, and repaired to Paris to witness the surgical practice consequent upon the first storms of the Revolution. In a short time afterwards war was declared, and having been appointed surgeon-major of hospitals, he joined the head-quarters of Marshal Luckner at Strasburg on the 1st of April, 1792, and was soon after placed in surgical charge of Kellerman's division. The first few weeks were devoted to preparations for the campaign. Dressings for the wounded were made ready, and a society for the discussion of all points of military surgery was formed in the camp behind the lines of Wissemburg. The assault of Spiers by General Costin, who had succeeded to the command of the army, produced a list of wounded amounting to three hundred and sixty, and then Larrey first became sensible to the inconveniences attending the position of the field hospitals, which were fixed by the military regulations at a league from the army. Under that arrangement the wounded lay upon the field until they could be collected into some convenient spot after the battle. This seldom could be accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, often not for thirty-six hours or more, and consequently the greater number of the wounded perished for want of assistance. Spiers was taken on the 20th of September, 1792, and in sixty years afterwards a similar inconvenience was suffered by the wounded soldiers of the British army at the battle of Alma. There was, however, a marked difference in the consequences of the occurrences. The sufferings of the comparatively small number of men wounded in the assault upon Spiers, suggested to Larrey the idea of organising field hospitals which should afford present help even when the battle was raging. The heart-rending miseries of nearly two thousand British soldiers suggested no idea to the British medical authorities that has produced anything practical. The repetition of these miseries at Inkerman has led only to the appointment of

a commission; and, in all probability, the thousands who may be wounded at the assault before Sebastopol will fare no better than their predecessors in the matter of medical aid and comforts. But Larrey had one great advantage on his side. Red tape and official jealousy were not in the way to check him. His genius was not impeded by official routine, nor was he in the least subject to that fear of exciting the vengeance of his departmental superiors, by stepping a little beyond the line of their comprehension, which has worked such woe to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of Balaklava and Scutari. When Larrey found that, owing to a sudden movement of the army, they were compelled to abandon the wounded who fell at Limburg to the mercy of the enemy, he at once propounded his idea to the general-in-chief and to the commissary-general, who at once accepted it. A rudimentary field hospital, or *ambulance volante*, was accordingly organised. The institution made a great sensation among the soldiers, who were already persuaded that they would be assisted as soon as wounded, and that the means were at hand for carrying them off the field. The first trial of the new system was made upon the occasion of a rapid movement of the advanced guard under General Houehard through a defile in the mountains near Königstien, where thirty wounded men were carried off, after having had their wounds dressed on the spot where they fell. It may be necessary here to state that Larrey was not the head of the department, or principal medical officer, when he was permitted to introduce this great innovation. The *ambulance volante* as it was organised in the army of Italy in 1797, formed a legion containing about three hundred and forty officers, sub-officers, and men, distributed into three divisions. Each division had a surgeon-major commanding, two assistant surgeon-majors, twelve sub-assistant surgeon-majors (two of whom acted as apothecaries), a lieutenant-provider of the division, a sergeant-major of cavalry, two corporals, a trumpeter (bearer of the surgical instruments), twelve mounted hospital men, three corporals, and twenty-five infantry hospital men—a force which when well-armed was sufficient in case of need to protect the wounded from any sudden surprise of the enemy. To each division were attached twelve light and four heavy carriages, manned by a conductor-in-chief, two corporals (one being a farrier), a trumpeter, and twenty drivers. Each of these divisions was in fact a corps complete within itself. The medical officers were mounted, and all officers and men were suitably dressed and armed with light swords. The hospitals and participants of the officers were furnished with the most necessary surgical appliances, and the men, mounted and dismounted, carried knapsacks containing reserve supplies of surgical munitions. The legion was under the command of the surgeon-in-chief of the army; its administration was conducted by a board composed of the medical and administrative officers of the three divisions; and the hospitals and convalescences were regulated by a special code of instructions. Its duty was to take up the wounded from the field, after having given them immediate surgical assistance, and to carry them to the hospitals of the first line. The sub-lieutenants of the ambulance and the infantry hospital-men were also charged with the duty of burying the dead, and the former were authorised to require such levies of the inhabitants as might be necessary for that purpose. The carriages were two-wheeled and four-wheeled, and by their form and weight they were adapted to the varieties

of the country. They could follow the most rapid movements of the advanced guard, and divide when requisite, so that a single medical officer, with an orderly conveying all necessaries, and attended by a carriage, could repair to any spot where assistance was required. But Larrey was not content with using a mere machine, even when he had brought it to a state which he considered perfect. When the army was engaged among mountains of difficult access, bat-horses or mules with panniers were substituted for carriages. In the Egyptian campaign the difficulties of the desert were met and overcome by the employment of camels bearing cradles for the wounded, slung across their backs. The value of this feature in the ambulance was proved by an incident of the battle of Eylau. On that occasion a panic was created by a sudden movement of the enemy in the direction of the ambulance. Larrey at the moment was amputating a leg, but he called upon his assistants to rally around him and protect the wounded at the risk of their lives. The medical officers of the corps, with M. Pelchet their chief, drawing their swords, closed round the ambulance, and the intrepidity of their front most probably saved their own lives and those of the wounded. But Larrey was not only great in the field but also in the camp. No sooner had the army gone into cantonments than a low fever broke out among them, which, however, made no great progress, because the medical staff knew how to attack the principal causes. They caused the cantonments to be extended so as to relieve over-crowding, and huts were built for the advanced guards. The bread of the soldiers was improved, and potatoes, vinegar, brandy, and beer, were served out daily. The Baron Larrey was next appointed surgeon-in-chief of the army of Corsica, and was ordered to repair immediately to Toulon, where he presented himself to the chiefs of the army, among whom was General Bonaparte, commandant of the artillery. The English cruisers, however, prevented him from attempting to reach his destination, and he joined the head-quarters of the army of Eastern Spain, which was then on the eve of assaulting the Spanish lines of Figueras. The Spaniards had fortified themselves in a strong position. They fought like furies, and two redoubts which they blew up at the moment when the French soldiers were entering them, produced a *tableau* than which it was impossible to imagine anything more frightful and more horrible. General Dugommier, who commanded the French army, was struck by a shell and deprived of life in an instant; seven hundred men were wounded, and of these about a third were injured very severely. They were all operated upon and dressed within the first twelve hours. The fortress which Vauban declared to be the strongest in the world, fell before the impetuous assault of the French; and when the conquerors entered it, they found it admirably provided with every necessary, including medical stores and comforts. The bandages found in the hospitals were like cambric, and the lint was as fine as *byssus*, the silk of which the mantles of the Roman emperors were formerly made. It was made up in little packets, tied with favours of different colours by the Queen of Spain and the ladies of her court.

The whole of the winter of 1795-6 was occupied in the siege of Rome, in the course of which the troops suffered very severely from cold—many sentinels, both French and Spanish, being frozen to death on their posts. It was a sort of prototype of Sebastopol, but at length when the town was reduced to a heap of ashes and the

ditch filled with the dead, the garrison evacuated the place in the night, and with the exception of a hundred men, escaped by sea. Peace was soon after concluded, but this state of matters did not diminish Bonaparte's determination to be prepared for a change, and he directed Larrey to turn all his attention to perfecting the ambulance corps for the army of Italy. While the hospital carriages were in course of being made, Larrey and the commissary-general made a tour of inspection throughout all the stations of the army, organising general and field hospitals, and examining the younger medical officers in the various details of their profession. In the great hospital at Padua he established a school of surgery for his officers, and opened others in Milan, Cremona, and Udine. He also organised at Venice the medical department of the expedition to Corfu. Larrey next set sail from Toulon on the 19th of May, 1798, with the general-in-chief, Bonaparte, and the physician and surgeon-in-chief. The object of this expedition was the invasion of Egypt. The manner in which this armament was prepared, embarked, and carried to its destination, conveys a lesson of instruction, if not of reproof, to our own time and undertakings. We have been lately told that the despatch of twenty-seven thousand men from the ports of England, and their concentration on the shores of the Crimea, by a movement of four distinct stages, occupying a period of seven months, was a military operation unequalled in the annals of the world. But the army which embarked at Toulon on the 19th of May, 1798, consisted of thirty thousand picked soldiers. On his way Bonaparte captured Malta after a siege of eight days, and the army disembarked at Alexandria on the 30th of June, thus completing the operation of transit in six weeks. Prior to the departure of the expedition a decree of the commission of armament was issued, authorising the medical officers in chief to procure assistance, and all the means necessary for their respective services. Larrey immediately wrote to the schools of medicine of Montpellier and Toulouse, to request them to send a number of surgeons, well-instructed, courageous, and capable of bearing painful and tedious campaigns. One hundred and eight surgeons, the most distinguished of the medical schools, responded to this invitation. This number was wholly exclusive of the regimental medical officers. Medicine chests, flexible litters, and medical stores of all sorts, were put on board ship, and one medical officer was appointed to every hundred men on board the transports. The assault of Alexandria immediately after the landing of the army tested the value of these preparations. On the 6th of July, Bonaparte began his march upon Cairo. Struck with the rays of a burning sun, marching all on foot over a sand more burning still, traversing immense and arid plains where they barely found a few pools of muddy water, the most vigorous soldiers, devoured by thirst and overcome by heat, sank under the weight of their arms. They were, also, continually harassed by swarms of Arabs, among the first of whose victims was a surgeon of the ambulance. Amidst these troubles Bonaparte was kicked by an Arab horse in the right leg, and for some days suffered great pain. Arrived at Cairo, Larrey lost no time in organising a sort of head-quarters for his department. The climate and the abuses of the Mamelukes provided patients in abundance, many of whom had limbs cut clean off by those terrible weapons. The people of Cairo also revolted against the French occupation, and in the combat that ensued General Dupuy was mortally wounded by a thrust from a lance. Larrey

rushed through a host of assailants to save him, dealing terrible blows right and left, but was compelled to desist. On returning to his hospital he found the bleeding bodies of two of his assistants stretched across the threshold where they had fallen in the act of protecting the hospital. They had caused the asylum of the sick to be respected, but it was at the cost of their lives. Larrey accompanied Bonaparte throughout the campaign of Syria. His ambulance carriages were no longer available amid the unprecedented difficulties of the war. He, therefore, procured a hundred wicker-work cradles, which he had suspended in pairs, by means of elastic straps, one on either side of the humps of fifty camels; in each of these baskets a wounded man could lie at full length. He himself mounted a dromedary, and rode hither and thither over the desert to whatever spot was most encumbered with the sick and wounded. During the siege of St. Jean d'Acre the chief engineer, Sanson, Eugène Beauharnois (Napoleon's stepson), Lannes, and Arrighi, narrowly escaped. The latter when in the breaching battery had his carotid artery divided by a ball, and was only saved by the promptitude of a gunner, who thrust his fingers into the wound, and kept them there till Larrey arrived and secured the bleeding vessel in the midst of a storm of bullets and grape shot. At length, after thirteen successive assaults the army was compelled to raise the siege and retreat upon Egypt, carrying off all the wounded. For this purpose Bonaparte gave up his own horse and marched on foot with the army. Larrey followed Bonaparte to the Pyramids, on the topmost stone of the highest of which he wrote his name. He was subsequently engaged in the first battle of Aboukir, when he evinced his aptitude in accommodating means to ends by substituting hospital boats for carriages or camels, and in them conveying the crowd of wounded men without any accident to Alexandria. These boats were provided with flexible litters, wine, vinegar, and brandy, so as to form a reserve magazine of medical stores. Larrey was present at the second battle of Aboukir, fought on the 21st of March, 1801, when thirteen hundred soldiers and six generals were wounded. On his return to France he was appointed by the First Consul surgeon-in-chief of the consular guard, and invested with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He remained at Paris until the emperor put himself at the head of the Grand Army to avenge the violation of the treaty of Amiens, when he accompanied the army, and witnessed the surrender of Ulm and the famous battle of Austerlitz.

It was a declared opinion of Larrey which he always endeavoured to carry out in practice, that in order to afford important operations a fair chance of success, they should be performed within the first twenty-four hours after the shock of the wound that renders them necessary. It was his custom to place the field hospitals as near as possible to the line of battle, and to form head-quarters to which all the wounded requiring operations should be brought to be operated upon by the surgeon-in-chief or under his immediate observation. The hostilities which Bonaparte commenced against Russia in 1806, opened a new field for the genius and energy of the Baron Larrey. The march from Moscow to Pultusk and back to Warsaw, accomplished by the Imperial Guard in nineteen days, was one of extreme difficulty. In many parts the men marched through thick mud, reaching to their waists and to the bellies of their horses; yet the field hospital kept its place, and the light spring waggons on two wheels were found to work better than four-wheel carriages or

even bat-horses. In February, 1807, there was about three feet of snow on the ground, and the thermometer was six to seven degrees below zero, when the army left Warsaw. At the battle of Eylau, fought on the 7th of December, he was the only inspector-general present, and his account of the work he had to perform is truly terrible. The army bivouacked on the night of the 6th, the thermometer that night having fallen to thirteen or fourteen degrees below zero. The field hospitals were in open barns, from the roofs of which the straw had been taken for the use of the horses. The wounded men were laid upon the refuse of this straw covered with snow. The cold was so extreme that the instruments often fell from the hands of the assistants. Larrey and his assistants were engaged all night operating upon the most pressing cases. His services were called for from all sides with the most pressing entreaties, and the moans of the soldiers were succeeded by a calm as he attended upon each in turn. The wounded men heaped upon him the most thrilling demonstrations of their gratitude, and as they were relieved from personal suffering, they prayed for the preservation of the emperor and the success of his arms. All the severe wounds of the guards and most of those of the soldiers of the army were dressed within the first twelve hours, and then only had the medical officers a moment of rest. They passed the night on the frozen snow, around the bivouac fires, and it is stated that they could scarcely refrain from tears as they recounted the terrible scenes of human suffering they had witnessed. The battle of Friedland was the next brilliant success of the French arms, the Russians having left six thousand dead upon the field. On the peace of Tilsit, Larrey lost no time in examining the enemy's camp, where to his surprise he found Calmucks armed with bows and arrows. None of the French troops were, however, wounded by this species of weapon, a fact which Larrey mentions in his memoir with a sort of amiable regret. After the battle of Wagram, Larrey invented an excellent soup made of horse-flesh, *seasoned with gunpowder*, which was found to be of great service in recruiting the strength of the wounded. Napoleon was so much pleased with the skill which Larrey exhibited in the treatment of wounds caused by cannon, that he made him a baron of the empire, and conferred on him a pension of five thousand francs per annum. But the Russian campaign of 1812 was that in which Larrey was compelled to depend almost entirely upon his own resources. After the battle of Witpuk, the surgeons were obliged to use their shirts for the dressing of the wounded. At Smolensko, where the Grand Army had 1,200 killed and 6,000 wounded, it was necessary to use the records found in the archives for dressings: the paper was employed for bandages, the parchment for splints, and the down of the birch-tree served as lint. The sick were laid upon beds made of heaps of paper. At length the Russians made a stand at the Moskwa, and Larrey was directed to prepare for a general action. Obligated to provide for the care of ten thousand sick and wounded at Smolensko, he had left almost all his surgeons there, and the hospital waggons were still in the rear. He was not, however, the man to despair, and accordingly he requested that there might be placed at his disposal all the regimental surgeons, excepting the surgeon-major and two assistants for each corps of infantry, and the surgeon-major and one assistant for each regiment of cavalry. This measure gave him a staff of forty-five surgeons. After a march of thirty-six hours, the French army came within eight

of the Russians, and the terrible battle of Borodino was begun. The engagement lasted for fifteen hours, during which time more than two thousand pieces of artillery were at once engaged. The wounded of the Grand Army amounted to nine thousand five hundred men, and the Russian loss was estimated at more than twenty thousand. Owing to the deficiency of superior medical officers, Larrey himself was obliged to perform about two hundred amputations in the first twenty-four hours, and that in despite of a bitter northerly blast which rendered it very difficult to keep the torches lighted during the night. Space will not permit us to follow the fortunes of the Baron Larrey through the disastrous retreat from Moscow, the horrors of which he was fortunate enough to survive. On the return of the emperor from Elba, he received the appointment of first surgeon to the Grand Army, with a request from Napoleon that he would serve near his person and direct the field hospitals of the Guard. He was present at the battle of Waterloo, and was assiduous in his attentions to the wounded. He performed many operations on the field, and continued his labours until the English cavalry charged up to the hospital, and the daylight failed. He then made the best of his way by a cross road to the frontier, but the retreat of his party was cut off by a body of Prussian lancers. The baron was at the moment at the head of his little company, and endeavoured to force a passage sword in hand. Having fired both his pistols at the horsemen who stopped him, he made a lane through which his companions passed at full gallop, but his horse, wounded by a ball, fell, and at the same moment he received a double sabre-cut on the head and left shoulder, which brought him to the ground. The Prussians left him to follow his companions, and shortly afterwards, having recovered from his faint, he mounted his horse which had also regained its feet, and riding through some corn-fields found himself near to the banks of the Sambre at break of day. There he again encountered the Prussians, and all bravery being useless he surrendered. In spite of his submission he was disarmed and stripped. The officers took from him his purse, forty Napoleons, his arms, rings, and watch, and divided them. The baron who was about the height of the emperor and wore a grey great coat was mistaken for him, and the Prussian commander in a moment of rage ordered him to be shot. There was fortunately no bandage at hand to cover his eyes, and the surgeon who was directed to apply a piece of sticking-plaster for that purpose recognised in the prisoner his former teacher at Berlin. The proceedings were thereupon suspended, and the baron was released and sent to Blücher. The grim old marshal received him kindly, asked him to breakfast, and having presented him with twelve gold Fredericks, sent him to Louvain, where he was treated in the kindest manner by Blücher's son, who when himself a prisoner and grievously wounded, had been tended by Larrey. After passing through various vicissitudes, Louis Philippe conferred upon him the decoration of July, and he obtained the appointment of surgeon-in-chief to the Hôtel des Invalides. The Emperor Napoleon never forgot him, and at St. Helena had repeated conversations with Dr. Arnot on the extraordinary energy and genius which the baron had shown when serving with the armies of France. "If," said Napoleon, "the army should ever raise a column of gratitude they should erect it to Larrey." These sentiments Napoleon vouched in his last will by a bequest to the baron of one hundred thousand francs. In 1894 the baron again visited Italy, and having made some visits to various

medical establishments in France, again took the field, joining the army in Africa, where he was received with enthusiastic shouts by every one from the humblest soldier to the highest officer in the service. This was the baron's last campaign. On his return from it he died at Lyons in 1842, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. It is impossible to read the principal incidents in the life of the Baron Larrey without being struck with admiration by the genius of the man who had performed for the army of France so great and signal a service as the invention and organisation of the *ambulance volante*.

THE CRIME OF COLOUR.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS FITZSTIRLING was a singular compound. Although upwards of forty years of age, she still possessed many attractions. A beauty in her youth, boasting fine classical features, a deep-set grey eye, dark eyebrows exquisitely arched, a profusion of golden hair, an arm and hand of wonderful symmetry, and an ankle without a parallel in England, her fond mother (whose sole companion she had been in her widowed years) impressed her with the idea that there was little occasion to furnish her upper story. Man, thought the doating parent, had only to behold her child, and then fall down and worship. All such *matériel* for intellectual companionship as a knowledge of history, geography, botany, languages, or any of the simple rudiments of the simplest sciences, had, therefore, been eschewed. For drawing, the girl had no taste, and nature had not endowed her with vocal powers. Her reading was restricted: she did not care for travels, because they took off the edge of curiosity—one day she might travel herself; autobiography she regarded as egotistical impertinence; theology was dry; and as for metaphysics—what could they possibly mean?—at any rate they were not fit for women. Yet, with all this lamentable amount of deficiency, Fanny Fitzstirling was much admired and sought. She had rare musical capabilities. Her touch was tender and expressive; she combined precision with brilliancy of execution, poetry with science. And then, her disposition being of the sweetest, her female friends found in her a ready coadjutor in all their *soirées* and *thés dansantes*. No one thought a ball complete if Fanny was absent—no one cared for an "at home" with a little music, if Miss Fitzstirling was not there to help out the programme with a bit from "Nufsky," and a *morceau* from the "Semiramide." As she had no application, her *répertoire* was always meagre, but people never seemed tired of hearing her "*Pluie des Perles*" and a favourite waltz of Mozart's, which she generally performed three times a-week.

The dazzling qualities of Fanny Fitzstirling had procured her many suitors, and she even went so far as to like some of them well enough; but she never could get the length of harbouring an atom of love for a single one of the despairing lot. She had had a lover belonging to the army, who pleased her for a time, but he was deficient of independence of character. He understood good poetry, but perpetrated bad verses—adored locks of hair, and wrote from sponging-houses to borrow money. She would have none of him. A handsome youth of Italian origin, who wore lustreous moustaches, played the guitar, and sang to Fanny's delicious accompaniment, made some progress in her esteem, and had he

not excited her jealousy by his more than suspicious attentions in another quarter, would probably have carried her off. Flicker stepped in while this affair was pending, and having exposed the Italian's worthlessness, was accepted in his stead. Still the fastidious Fanny could not quite make up her mind, and while she was debating with her own heart as to the propriety of seeking the protection and companionship of a husband younger than herself, Somers was introduced to her, heralded by the romantic story of his woes. She at once conceived a regard for, and interest in him; and as his fortune placed him above the suspicion of desiring her hand for the sake of the purse which it bore, she had begun to entertain serious intentions of changing her name.

Since the death of her mother, Miss Fitzstirling had lived alone, passing her time pleasantly enough amidst a tolerably extensive circle of friends and acquaintances. In the "season," balls were frequent at her residence, and she always had a considerable number of young men at her bidding, to act as masters of ceremonies, side-de-camps, chaperons, and so forth. Flicker's acquaintance had begun at one of these parties, and he had become a most devoted follower, gradually promoting himself to the rank of a lover.

The day on which Lionel and Flicker met had been fixed upon for a *soirée dansante* upon a grand scale. Miss Fitzstirling proposed to introduce Somers to all her "set." In the morning a familiar friend paid her a visit—it was Flicker's married sister, Mrs. Warburton. She thought that she might be able to effect a diversion in his favour by speaking of the astonishing reception which the public had vouchsafed to his dramatic production.

"What do the papers say?" inquired Miss Fitzstirling. "They are all favourable," replied Mrs. Warburton; "but not a bit more so than the piece deserved."

"Have you faith, then," asked the maiden lady, "in the opinions of the press?"

"Oh, yes! Warburton says whatever criticism may once have been, it has now assumed a very proper character. The critics are encouraged to place a higher value upon personal independence than was their wont; and if they are not rigidly impartial, or unscrupulously censorious, it is because they feel that severity may prematurely crush writers of promise."

"I think," resumed Miss Fitzstirling, "they sometimes aim at mystification, especially when they try to be elaborate on musical topics. I know one who continually raves about 'rich renderings,' 'judicious interpretations,' an 'affluence of *floriture*,' and a 'dazzling' exaggeration of cadenzas—perfectly incomprehensible phraseology."

"It is easily accounted for," rejoined Mrs. Warburton. "Critics have to write so much that they have exhausted the old vocabulary, and so are obliged to create an entire new store of expletives."

"Well, I hope," said Miss Fitzstirling, "that Flicker's dramas will have a long run. I must—that is, we must have a box, and see it when we return to town."

"We!" Mrs. Warburton stared. "And so you really and truly are going to change your condition—and have absolutely turned off my poor brother for an East Indian whom you have only known a month or two?"

Miss Fitzstirling explained:

"What would you have me do? When I first became acquainted with the poor youth, he came to me in such a pitiable state of mind, that I could not, as a Christian, you know, refuse him my sympathy; and so one thing following upon another, he at length entreated me to put an

end to his misery by marrying him. While he continued single, he said, he never could cease to think of the girl in India who had jilted him—and as long as he thought of her, he should know no peace of mind."

"Then you have allowed compassion for one to have mastery over love for another? I'm sure you liked Charles!"

"Yes, liked him, certainly—better, perhaps, than the man I am about to call husband—but Charles Flicker is so volatile, so unsteady, and makes light of marriage, because it's respectable—what he calls *stou*."

"And when," inquired Mrs. Warburton, "is to be the happy day?"

On that point Miss Fitzstirling refused to be communicative. For aught she knew, circumstances might arise to prevent the marriage altogether. She did not know but that she might be tempted to play the generous fool, and take Flicker after all! The evening would resolve the matter.

The suite of rooms in which Miss Fitzstirling received her friends was handsome and extensive. There were three rooms on the floor furnished elaborately, and decorated *à la Watteau*. The company were received in the front drawing-room, and danced in the second and third. Somers was one of the earliest guests, because the most privileged. Considering the occasion, his hostess expected to find him gayer than usual, but the news of Julia's return had had the opposite effect. The portals of hope were, as he imagined, again opened to him; and though pride, self-respect, and honour rebelled against the great temptation, all-powerful passion seemed to press him onwards. After communing with himself, however, he came to the resolution, as he entered the house, to hasten his projected marriage; and then quit the land which held his first, last idol, and in the devotion of his good-natured wife, forget Julia's contumacious and his own wrongs. His gloomy air did not forsake him for all his resolutions; and when he encountered the fair Fitzstirling, she bantered him on his appearance, and begged him to borrow a smile or two from her—she had no idea of his being other than joyous like herself. What should *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* do together?—It would be a most unnatural compact. He uttered a few apologetic words, and other guests arriving, she disposed of Somers with Mrs. Warburton, and soon saw him deeply engaged in a polka with her.

Flicker came late;—the hostess was pleased to see him, but when he introduced Lionel and Julia, she shrunk back with affright. Her first impulse was to ask them to withdraw—then she took Flicker aside to reprove him for his want of caution—then she manoeuvred to prevent their going into the ball-room. Pleading an urgent reason, she begged of them to remain for a few minutes and have some coffee, while she rushed into the inner room to get hold of Somers and persuade him to go. None of her schemes succeeded. When she had got among the dancers, Somers was whirling round the room with a gushing young thing, who believed that nothing on earth was so delicious as to wait; others detained Miss Fitzstirling with their gossip for some minutes. At length Flicker and Stradford, who deemed her absence rather rude, quitted the drawing-room, and penetrated the *salle de danse*, leaving Julia the sole occupant of an ottoman. A second or two afterwards, Somers, heated and distraught, having transferred his partner to another bean, entered the room.

"There's discord in the music—there's madness in the

dance!" he soliloquised. "Each fleeting figure seems but to recul the form which once entranced me!"

He sat down at a table covered with books and scrap-books, and suddenly found himself *vis-à-vis* with the object of his thoughts.

"Angels protect me! Ju—Miss Stratford!"

Julia was overcome. Her health was far from perfectly restored, the fever had wasted her, and there was upon her cheek a suspicious flush, which instantly gave way to ashy paleness.

Recovering himself, and struck with her altered appearance, Somers, whose first impulse was to rush out of the house, rose, and in a gentle and grave tone, asked:

"Miss Stratford, to what unhappy—to what unlooked-for accident do I owe this meeting?"

"I know not," she replied. "It is, indeed, as unexpected on my part as your own. But do not agitate me—I am incapable of entering upon any subject of serious interest. Give me your hand, at least. Let us be friends, at any rate!"

He grasped the hand; it had become thin—wasted—was dry and hot. His feelings were much excited. He could not continue the interview. Seeing Miss Fitzstirling emerging from a group, as the dancing ceased for a time, he hastily quitted the apartment, saying, as he looked again at Julia:

"I will write—may I?—I will!"

The portals of hope appeared once more to open themselves to the sanguine Somers. He did not retire to rest for some hours, but consumed the greater part of the night in committing his thoughts to paper for transmission to Julia; and by noon the next day, he was the bearer of his own letter, iterating the expressions of his love, and pronouncing a fervid amnesty for the past. Inquiring of Julia, he was informed that she was very ill, and that medical men were in attendance. He could not see her.

Some days elapsed—his inquiries were frequent. Lionel he saw occasionally, and the accounts he received of the progress of the invalid were anything but satisfactory. At length, after a fortnight passed in suspense and misery, he was informed that Julia wished to see him. He flew to the house—all was silent. He was desired by a lady—a cousin of Julia's, who had been in attendance upon her—to move quietly and gently up stairs. He was ushered, to his surprise, into the bed-room: Julia—the shadow of her former self—was sitting up, supported by pillows. He approached her, and the very sight of the invalid unlocked his emotions. He gave loose to a flood of bitter tears. When he had recovered, Julia offered her hand—he grasped it—an expression of pain led him to relax his hold a little. She spoke:

"I have sent for you—I feel I am dying—a few days—a few hours, perhaps, only are given me;—I wished to speak to you; I am no stranger to your kind feelings towards me. You may possibly have cherished a hope that had I recovered, you might—you might—"

"Have called you mine, Julia!"

"Yes, I fancied so, and I have thought that my approaching death would cause you grief if you remained under that impression: it has been, therefore, an effort of duty to call you here to say that, though I always would have valued your friendship, I could not—no—I could not have called you husband. Lionel knows my feelings—he knew I was not indifferent to your affection; but—but—I cannot say more—my strength fails me. Don't think ill of me—farewell!"

She sank back exhausted. Gradually she fell into a slumber.

Stupified—beyond measure mortified—the stricken Somers stood for many minutes incapable of speech. A whisper from the attendant warned him to depart. He suffered himself mechanically to be led out of the room; then, summoning up his resolution, he rushed down stairs, and opening the door himself, sprang wildly into the street.

Two days afterwards Julia Stratford died. Somers never heard of the event, for a devouring fever seized him on the day of the interview, and he remained delirious for a considerable time. He recovered his health in time, but the mind had sunk under the weight of afflictions which he had endured for more than a year.

* If the reader should be led to the village of Wadmansthorpe in one of the Midland counties, his attention will be drawn to a pretty red-brick house of the Elizabethan-Gothic style. It is a private asylum, superintended by the worthy Dr. Collins. There are only three inmates—persons of property—one of them will be recognised by his complexion;—he never smiles, he rarely speaks—his only occupation is to utter the word "Julia," and to inscribe upon the walls and on every piece of paper that comes in his way—"THE CRIME OF COLOUR."

THE LATE AND THE PRESENT CZAR.

THE late Czar Nicholas, who died on the second of the present month, was in his fifty-ninth year. In stature he was about six feet two inches, and had a tendency to corpulency, which, it is stated, he endeavoured to conceal as much as possible by tight-lacing. His shoulders and chest were broad and full, his limbs well made, and his hands and feet small and finely formed. The emperor had a Grecian profile, a high but receding forehead, eyes finely lined, clear, large, and blue; the mouth delicately cut, with good teeth and a prominent chin; the face large, and his whole air military. In looking more closely at him, his countenance was said to be deceptive, inasmuch as the eyes and mouth had a different expression, the former being indeed always fierce and inflexible, even though the latter smiled. His eyes were said to search out every one, while none could confront them. As a young man the czar was cold and stern, and dignified, even with his youthful companions; and, to the last, he was unbending in his public or domestic intercourse, excepting to the empress, to whom he was sincerely attached. The one overwhelming feature of the czar's character was ambition. To be a great Russian emperor, and to make Russia the chief empire in the world, seemed to have been his aim from the moment he mounted the throne, even if it were not the dream of his life from a still earlier period. The partition of Poland, his amenities to Austria, the assistance he rendered that state during the civil war in Hungary, were all so many present self-denials to smooth the way for the future conquest of the land on which he had set his heart—Turkey. If little may be said in favour of the character of the czar, either as "a great king or a great gentleman," all travellers unite in describing the amiability and goodness of heart of the czarina. She is represented as having been devotedly attached to her husband and family, and her long illness even is said to have been greatly occasioned by the mental anxiety she underwent at the period of the czar's accession to the throne, ever since which she has

been subject to a severe nervous affection. The Czarovitch Alexander, the new emperor, is reported to be amiable and popular. The Marquis de Custine represents his countenance as expressive of goodness, and observes that he has "truly the grace of a prince." A more recent traveller reports—"The heir to the throne inherits his father's majestic person, and somewhat of the regularity of his face, but with the utter absence of the emperor's unsympathising grandeur. On the contrary, the son has a face of much sentiment and feeling; the lips full, the eyelids pensive; more of kindness than of character in his expression." He is thirty-seven years of age, and has married the sister of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, a family which, like that of Wurtemberg, has frequently formed alliances with the Romanoffs, the Holstein Gottorps, and the Hohenzollerns of Prussia. The prince held until lately the command-in-chief of the reserve of the guards in Warsaw. The Grand Duke Constantine, born in 1827, is the second son of the late czar. He was named probably by his father, as was his uncle the Viceroy of Poland by the Empress Catherine, with a view to his sitting on the throne of Constantinople. He is said to be more ambitious, more designing, and more tyrannical than his elder brother; his character being violent, like that of his uncle Constantine, and cold and politic, like that of his father. In short, he seems, far more than his elder brother, the legitimate successor of the half-barbarian Peter, the insane Paul, and the vehement Nicholas. He married, in 1844, Alexandra, daughter of the Prince Altenburg. His present appointment is high admiral of Russia.—The third son of the late czar, the Grand Duke Michael, is more like his father in person and character than either of his elder brothers—being handsome, wary, cold, and tyrannical. He was born in 1831.—The fourth son, the Grand Duke Nicholas, is a year younger than Michael. These two princes are appointed to command in the armies of the south. They were publicly blessed by the czar on the 23rd of October, at a review of the Imperial Guard, when the emperor, his sons, and the whole 30,000 guards knelt to implore the blessing of the Almighty.—The czar's eldest daughter, Maria, a very beautiful woman, was married, in 1839, to Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg, who died in 1852. It is said that the duke during his lifetime did not enjoy the splendid prison in which by his marriage he had incarcerated himself, nor did he willingly submit to the domestic tyranny of his father-in-law. This produced many disagreements, and he was continually under arrest for persisting in the freedom of appearing in his royal wife's boudoir in his dressing-gown, for smoking in her presence, or for buttoning his military coat otherwise than according to the emperor's regulations. So that not even the mutual affection between him and his wife prevented him from congratulating the Duke de Bordeaux, when a proposition for his marrying another of the daughters of Russia was broken off, that he had "escaped the cage in which he himself was enclosed."—Olga, the second daughter of the emperor, born in 1822, is said to be the most beautiful of this strikingly handsome family. She has suffered much from ill-health, and is still very delicate. She married, in 1846, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, and visited this country two years ago.—The fourth daughter, Alexandra, born in 1824, was married to Prince Frederic of Hesse. She died in 1851, to the intense grief of her parents. She was the youngest and best beloved of all the emperor's children.—All the emperor's brothers are now dead. That the Emperor Alexander was the most amiable, the most

benevolent, the most civilised—in a word, the most Christian—there is little doubt.—The Grand Duke Constantine, when viceroy in Poland, exercised the greatest cruelties towards the unhappy Poles. He died of the cholera, in 1831.—The Grand Duke Michael, who was born during the brief reign of his father, Paul, had in consequence the largest private fortune of any of his family. He is said to have resembled the Emperor Alexander in his disposition more than either of his other brothers. To his bravery the late czar very much owed the successful termination of the conspiracy which attended the commencement of his reign. He married Helen, Princess of Wurtemberg, and died in 1849, leaving a widow and three daughters, but no sons. These daughters were brought up by their mother in great retirement; the eldest, Catherine, married, in 1851, George, Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz; and the second, Elizabeth Michaelowna, married Adolph of Warsaw. We find thus, that by means of royal marriages the czar has connected himself with almost all the principal reigning families in the continent of Europe. His sister is widow of the late William II. of Holland, and he was himself brother-in-law to the King of Prussia.

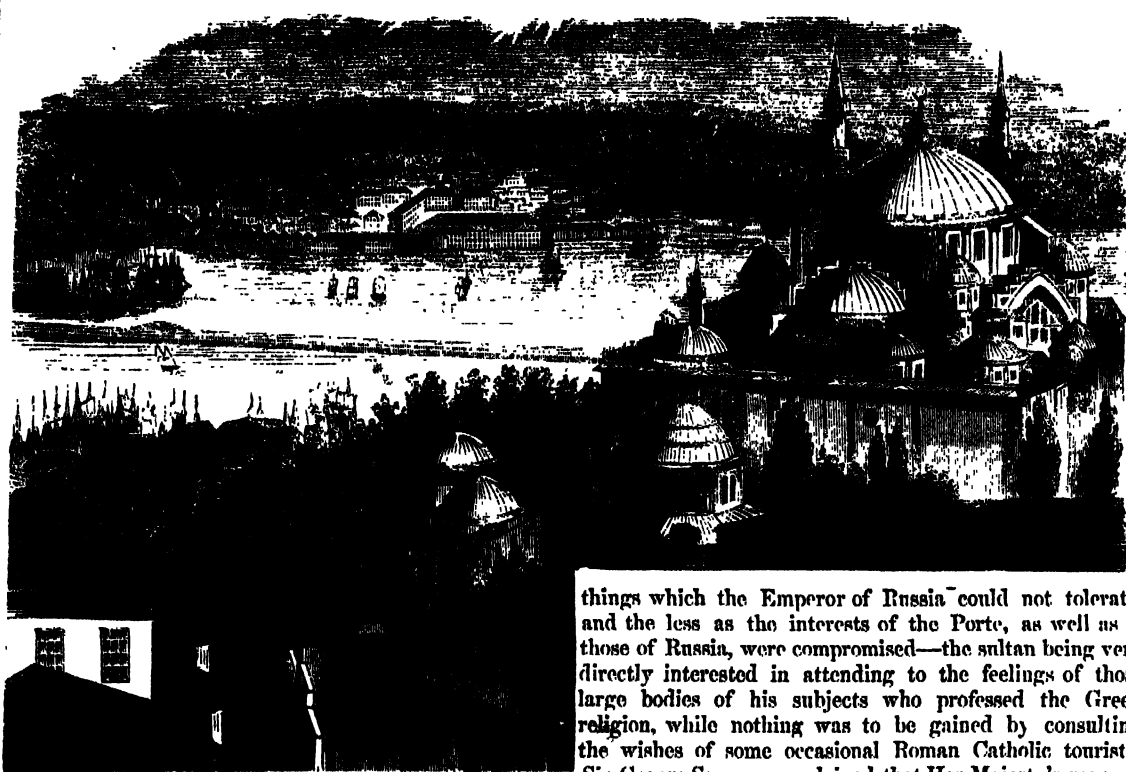
PASSING THOUGHTS.

DEAD is the brain that moved the mighty hand
Which sought to strangle freedom—just as men
Begin to learn man's destiny; and when
The tyrant only lives to count his hand.
Dead, too, the voice whose whisper was command;
Gone the proud will that spake a madman's pride—
Too strong to bend, too feeble to confide—
The grave has snatched the chart ambition plann'd.
The frozen tear of exiles' hopeless grief
Will melt to know the despot lives no more;
Siberian snows, that blush like winter's leaf,
The red blood of the weary feet they bore;
Will seem more kind to hundreds when they hear
His death who lived for HATE and ruled for FEAR.

B. N. B.

RELIC FROM NINEVEH.

The French Minister of State has caused a three-masted vessel, the "Manuel," of Bordeaux, to be hired to bring to France the objects discovered by M. Victor Place, Consul at Mosenl, in his excavations at Nineveh, and she has just sailed from Nantes for the Persian Gulf. Among the objects she will bring back is one of the monumental gates of the city, four gigantic bulls, several basso-relievos, a great number of utensils of earthenware, copper, and iron, and a number of statues of greater antiquity than any yet discovered. They are to be conveyed down the Tigris on large rafts, supported by bladders, according to the custom of the country, to Bussorah, and are there to be shipped. The descent of the Tigris, a distance of three hundred leagues, will be attended with considerable difficulties and dangers; but M. Place will, no doubt, be able to surmount them. He has already accomplished the more difficult operation of conveying the objects, some of which are of enormous weight, from Khorsabad to the banks of the Tigris, a distance of some leagues, and across a country which is not only without roads, but traversed by torrents, over which it was necessary to throw bridges—and all this he has done without any of the apparatus employed by Europeans. It is expected that the "Manuel" will return to France in sufficient time to enable her precious cargo to be deposited in the Assyrian Museum of the Louvre before the opening of the Exhibition.



[CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE HOLY PLACES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE scene of diplomatic negotiations respecting the sanctuaries in Judea, which had been carried on up to this time chiefly at Constantinople, was now changed to St. Petersburg. The British ambassador at that place, Sir G. H. Seymour, received instructions from his government to ascertain the true state of feeling at the Imperial Court with reference to this complicated question. He was at the same time instructed by Lord Malmesbury not to assume towards Count Nesselrode (the chancellor of the empire) an attitude which could lead that personage to suppose that Great Britain felt any direct interest in the merits of the question at issue between the Porte, the French government, and the Emperor of Russia. Sir George Seymour had an interview with Count Nesselrode on the 31st of December (1852), and commenced the conversation by observing that he could not help feeling great anxiety about the continued disputes respecting the rights of the Greek and Latin churches in Turkey. "You have good reason," the count replied, "to be uneasy about them, for I will not conceal from you that it is a very bad affair" (*une tres-mauvaise affaire*). His excellency proceeded to say that the position of the Russian government was simply this:—that, after two years of laborious negotiation, an arrangement had been effected fair to all parties, and by which certain concessions had been made to the Latins; that this arrangement was ratified not only by a firman written in the previous February, but by a formal letter from the sultan to the emperor; that the business was suddenly unsettled by the French ambassador, who, under threats of violence, had suspended the reading of the firman; that certainly this was a state of

things which the Emperor of Russia could not tolerate, and the less as the interests of the Porte, as well as of those of Russia, were compromised—the sultan being very directly interested in attending to the feelings of those large bodies of his subjects who professed the Greek religion, while nothing was to be gained by consulting the wishes of some occasional Roman Catholic tourists. Sir George Seymour explained that Her Majesty's government had no further interest in the question than that of preventing misunderstandings between friendly governments and injury to an ancient ally—itself no way concerned in the matters in dispute. He subsequently informed the count that he thought it highly desirable that the question should be approached in the most conciliatory spirit, and that the difficult position of the Porte should not be aggravated by differences growing, as Count Nesselrode had stated, out of the conduct of the French ambassador. To this the count replied, that he did not see what middle course (*terme moyen*) could be adopted, but that he was "ready to examine the business under the influence of such conciliatory feeling."

While these negotiations were proceeding at St. Petersburg, the Latins at Jerusalem were making preparations to secure the advantages they had gained over the Greeks with respect to the Holy Places. The first thing they did was to place a silver star over the sanctuary at Jerusalem in place of that which had disappeared many years ago. The new star was procured at Jaffa. The Latin patriarch, accompanied by some of the Moslem effendis, proceeded to that place, and escorted the star in great pomp to Jerusalem. The Latin authorities then repaired to the church at Bethlehem, where they deposited the star, and at the same time received the keys not only of the inner but of the outer church at Bethlehem, which were taken from the Greeks to be given to them. Intelligence of the surrender of these keys and the deposit of the star was immediately forwarded to St. Petersburg by the Greek patriarch. The Russian government thereupon took measures for placing the 5th corps d'armée in a state of preparation for active service.

Orders were despatched to that corps to advance to the frontiers of the Danubian provinces, without waiting for their reserves; and the 4th corps, under the command of General Count Dannenberg, stationed in Volyhnia, was

ordered to hold itself in readiness to march if necessary. Each of these corps consisted of twenty-four regiments. (Each Russian regiment is composed of three battalions of about a thousand men, of which one battalion forms the reserve.) General Linder's corps d'armée was 48,000 strong, without the reserve of 24,000, and the 4th corps was then stated to amount to 72,000, making a total of 144,000 men—a force which Russia considered at the time sufficient to intimidate the Porte, and induce it to make a rupture with France. These hostile preparations were justified by Count Nesselrode, who informed Sir George Seymour that the diplomacy of Russia must be supported by a demonstration of force, but that all matters in dispute might easily be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, if exertions were made by Her Majesty's government at Paris and at Constantinople to advocate the rights which the Russian government was entitled to claim, and to discountenance the pretensions of the French cabinet. This advice, if followed, would infallibly have led to a rupture between England and France—an event which Count Nesselrode did all in his power to bring about.

The French government withdrew M. de Lavalette from Constantinople in January (1853), as they believed that he had acted throughout the delicate negotiation in which he had been engaged in rather too summary a manner for a diplomatist who had so wily a statesman to deal with as Count Nesselrode. The truth appears to be that M. de Lavalette made the mistake of under-estimating the determination of the Russian cabinet, and, in his anxiety to gain concessions for his own government, had pressed the Porte, without duly considering the imminent risk he was running of bringing matters to a premature issue between France and Russia. M. de Lavalette was succeeded by Baron Brennier, late secretary-general at the ministry for foreign affairs.

The state of the Eastern question, at the period when Lord John Russell undertook the duties of foreign secretary until the appointment of Lord Clarendon, was not such as to inspire the noble lord with any apprehension that Russia would so soon take the offensive, and march an army into the Principalities. A communication was forwarded to Lord John Russell at the latter end of January, being a translation of a despatch from Count Nesselrode to the Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador at the Court of St. James's, which at once revealed to the British government the full extent of the danger which threatened the peace of Europe. In that despatch, which announced the satisfaction which the emperor felt at the accession to power of the chief of the new British ministry (Lord Aberdeen), Count Nesselrode stated that the representations which the baron had made to Lord Malmesbury to interfere at Paris and Constantinople to induce the French government to moderate their claims on the Porte, had reference to a state of things which was no longer the same. At that time the proceedings of the French ambassador in Turkey, and his menaces to compel the Ottoman minister to evade the execution of the firman, had not as yet finally succeeded. A hope might still be entertained that the representations of England to the French cabinet might have the effect of arresting M. de Lavalette in his course—that hope had been disappointed. Since that time the efforts of the French embassy had triumphed at Constantinople. Not only had the firman sanctioned by the sultan's hattı scherif not been executed at Jerusalem, but it had been treated with derision by his highness's ministers. To the indignation of the whole

Greek population, the key of the church at Bethlehem had been made over to the Latins, so as publicly to demonstrate their religious supremacy in the East. The mischief then was done, and there was no longer any question of preventing it. It was now necessary to remedy it. The immunities of the orthodox religion which had been injured, the promise which the sultan had solemnly given to the emperor and which had been violated, required some reparation. If Russia had taken, for example, the imperious and violent proceedings of France, recourse to force would have been the best reply to menace. The despatch then proceeded in these words:—"The cannon has been called the last argument of kings. The French government has made it its first. It is the argument with which, in the outset, it declared its intention to commence its proceedings at Tripoli as well as at Constantinople. Notwithstanding our legitimate causes of complaint, and at the risk of waiting some time longer for redress, we shall seek to take a less expeditious course. We still desire, as we have always desired, the maintenance of the Ottoman empire, as being, take it all in all, the least mischievous arrangement for all European interests, which would not fail to come into violent collision in the East if the gap existed. We will, accordingly, use our utmost efforts to avoid to the last, as far as depends on us, without prejudice to our honour, whatever may be calculated still further to shake this body, at once so feeble and so tottering, at the risk of causing it to fall into powder. Although we have in vain attempted, up to the present time, to make the Porte accessible to reason, we are about to make one further and last conciliatory endeavour. We are, consequently, seeking at the present time for an arrangement which may restore to the firman the force of which it has been deprived—may replace at Jerusalem the two creeds on an equal footing, and reconcile their pretensions without prejudice to the rights of either. The object of the pacific but firm advice with which this proposal might be accompanied, will be to enlighten the Porte as to the consequences of the fault which, out of weakness, it has committed towards us, and at the same time reassure it against the contingencies which disturb and alarm it on the side of France. The emperor has already made up his mind to the principal bases of this arrangement, and as soon as his majesty shall have finally decided upon them, I will not fail, M. le Baron, to communicate them to your excellency. But, while firmly desiring and wishing to employ only pacific means, there is one consideration of which we have not been able altogether to lose sight. It is that the moral ascendancy of France at Constantinople has acquired such dimensions, that it is much to be feared that all our endeavours may fail before the impression entertained by the sultan's counsellors of the irresistible force of the French government. It may happen that France, perceiving that the Porte hesitates, may again have recourse to her system of menace, and press upon it so as to prevent it from listening to our just demands. The match is too unequal between us and the French government if, while the latter moves its squadron about without opposition in all parts of the Mediterranean, and presents its least demand at the cannon's mouth, we allow the notion of our inability to defend them, and likewise to protect our own interests, indefinitely to take root in the mind of the Turks. The emperor has, therefore, considered it necessary to adopt in the outset some precautionary measures, in order to support our negotiations, to neutralise the effect of M. de Lavalette's threats,

and to guard himself in any contingency which may arise against the attempts of a government accustomed to act by surprises. *The object of our measures is not in any way to throw doubt on the independence of the Ottoman empire. On the contrary, they are designed to maintain that independence against foreign dictation, by securing the tranquillity of the sultan, and re-establishing his authority, which the French ambassador has impaired in the estimation of his subjects of the Greek faith—who, in Europe, form the majority of the population of his dominions.* Thus, M. le Baron, in the view of the emperor, the purport of our preparations is to produce a moral rather than a material effect. As the exaggerated reports which are already in circulation on this subject might give rise to alarm, it was important for us to explain clearly the true character of our intentions. We trust that the English government will not misunderstand their nature. The proofs of moderation which the emperor has given in his conduct towards Turkey on so many former occasions, are a pledge that on the present he will not deviate from the same principles. A common interest requires England as well as Russia to watch over the maintenance of peace in the East. We appeal to this interest, while addressing ourselves with frankness at the present time to the impartiality of the British government. If, as we do not doubt, it attaches as much importance as we do to the maintenance of the *status quo* in the East, it becomes it now to raise its voice to assist us at Constantinople in dispelling the blindness or panic fear of the Turks, and at Paris, to bring back the French cabinet to prudent counsels. Such, in our opinion, should be the twofold task of the English ministers; and if they will be pleased to undertake it, the negotiation which we are about to commence will, we trust, be brought to a close without danger to the peace of Europe."

It was evident from this communication that Russia, far less jealous of the power of England than of France, was endeavouring to do all in her power to induce England to remonstrate with France, and if need be, menace her if she did not make some concessions to the Greek Church as a set-off for those which the Latins had obtained. M. Casteljane, the new envoy from France to the court of St. Petersburg, presented his credentials on the 16th of January, and was favoured with a long interview by the Emperor Nicholas. The emperor expressed an anxious desire to see peace preserved. He alluded to the question of the Holy Buildings, and said that he had heard with pleasure from Count Nesselrode that the French government was desirous of entering into direct communication with the Russian cabinet for the settlement of the misunderstanding which had arisen between the two governments with regard to it. The emperor approved highly of this step, observing that it was far better that such differences between Christian sects should be settled betwixt the parties interested, than that they should be referred to the arbitration of a Mussulman potentate, who could hardly be said to have a free will on such a question. M. Casteljane replied that he was not yet in possession of his instructions, but that he had been induced to inform Count Nesselrode that those instructions were promised, in order that it might not be supposed that France had not been influenced in taking this conciliatory course by the warlike preparations which were making in Russia. It would be seen now by a reference to dates, that the offer of the French government was spontaneous, and dictated by no other desire than that of

preventing religious differences fermenting into a serious quarrel. The emperor replied that the accounts of his military preparations were much exaggerated; that they were not caused by the question of the Holy Buildings, though he avowed the intention of inspiring awe at Constantinople, in consequence of some insult which had been offered to the Russian flag. (No details respecting this insult were given.) Nothing, however, was farther from the emperor's intention than to attack Turkey. He had more interest than any other sovereign in the maintenance of the Turkish empire. Its dissolution, of which he was apprehensive, would give greater embarrassment to Russia than any other power—and his wish was to uphold, not to destroy, the sultan's authority. He, on his part, hoped that France was not trying to create difficulties for him in the East, in order to mask her own schemes in the West;—a tortuous policy, which M. de Casteljane of course repudiated.

M. Dronyn de Lhuys, on the receipt of this intelligence, told Lord Cowley that "he was ready to make concessions if the cabinet of St. Petersburg would meet him half-way."

One objection to the final settlement at St. Petersburg of these differences occurred in England, namely, that the Porte might take umbrage that a question which, in fact, regarded a large portion of her subjects, should be taken out of her hands. Lord Cowley, therefore, stated to M. Dronyn de Lhuys, that it would hardly be prudent to set Russia the example of settling any question in which Turkey was concerned, without a final reference to the Porte; and that he, probably, would agree with him, that whatever arrangement the two powers might make, ought to be submitted for the sanction of the sultan. M. Dronyn de Lhuys replied that such was his intention. He proposed that the two powers should come to an understanding as to the demands which each should make of the Porte; that no written documents should be exchanged, but that they should agree verbally that neither would oppose the other at Constantinople in certain points to be settled between them at St. Petersburg. The independence and dignity of the Porte would thus be amply guaranteed.

Up to this time the British government had studiously abstained from pronouncing any opinion on the conflicting claims of the Greek and Latin Churches in regard to the Holy Places. It had no desire to advance any pretension to possess, either exclusively or in common with other nations, any part of those sanctuaries which the traditions of ages had pointed out as objects of respect and veneration for all Christian people. The British government believed that the Turks as professing the creed of Mahomet could not regard these Holy Places with the same feelings as Christian nations; while in their view they were indissolubly associated with the most solemn and affecting passages of Christian history. Moreover, the real interest which the Porte had in the appropriation of any portion of these Holy Places to any particular Christian sect, must be limited by the consideration of what was due to the feelings of its own Christian subjects, of whom the great proportion were of the Greek Church. It appeared, therefore, to Her Majesty's government that the Porte might with honour extricate itself from the difficult and embarrassing position in which it was placed by expressing its willingness to sanction any arrangement with regard to the Holy Places, not inconsistent with the rights of the sultan as territorial sovereign, which might be recommended for its adoption conjointly by the French

and Russian governments, which as advocates of the respective claims of the Latin and Greek Churches, had taken the prominent part in the dispute. Although these were the views held by Her Majesty's government in these negotiations, Lord John Russell was not unmindful of the fact that the ambassador of France at Constantinople was the first to disturb the *status quo* in which the matter rested; for he wrote to Lord Cowley on the 28th of January, that the British government could not avoid perceiving "that without some political action on the part of France those quarrels would never have troubled the relations of friendly powers." The noble lord's despatch on this occasion is at once so statesmanlike and characteristic that we extract the principal portion:—

"In the next place, if report is to be believed, the French ambassador was the first to speak of having recourse to force, and to threaten the intervention of a French fleet to enforce the demands of his country. I regret to say that this evil example has been partly followed by Russia; and although the report of the march of 50,000 Russian troops to the Turkish frontier appears to have been unfounded or premature, yet it is but too certain that if the quarrel is prolonged, the emperor means to support his negotiations by arms. To a government taking an impartial view of these affairs, an attitude so threatening on both sides appears very lamentable. We should deeply regret any dispute that might lead to conflict between two of the great powers of Europe, but when we reflect that the quarrel is for exclusive privileges in a spot near which the heavenly host proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill towards men—when we see rival churches contending for mastery in the very place where Christ died for mankind—the thought of such a spectacle is melancholy indeed. Your excellency will understand therefore, 1st, that into the merits of this dispute Her Majesty's government will not enter; 2ndly, that Her Majesty's government disapproves of every threat, and still more of the actual employment of force; 3rdly, that both parties should be told, that if they are sincere in their professions of a desire to maintain the independence of the Porte, they ought to abstain from the employment of any means calculated to display the weakness of the Ottoman empire. Above all, they ought to refrain from putting armies and fleets in motion for the purpose of making the Tomb of Christ a cause of quarrel among Christians."

The first direct overture which France made to the government of Great Britain with regard to the attitude assumed by Russia towards Turkey was conveyed in a conversation which the French minister for foreign affairs had with Lord Cowley at Paris on the 28th of January, 1853. Upon that occasion, M. Drouyn de Lhuys said he could not contemplate without anxiety the assembling of Russian and Austrian forces on the Turkish frontier. He thought that the time was fully arrived when Her Majesty's government and that of the emperor should prepare for such eventualities as the occupation of Bosnia by Austria, and of the Danubian Principalities by Russia. He further added his opinion that the two governments should endeavour to arrive at a thorough understanding as to what their common policy should be under every contingency which might happen to Turkey. The first object should be to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire. A few days after this conversation, intelligence reached Mr. Yeames, the British Consul at Odessa, that orders had reached Sebastopol for the equipment of the fleet, so that it might be ready for sea at a short notice.

On the 5th of July, Count Nesselrode informed Sir George Seymour at St. Petersburg that Prince Menshikoff had received instructions to prepare for his departure for Constantinople, as "the affair of the sanctuaries had assumed too grave an aspect to be conducted by the *chargé d'affaires* connected with the Russian mission." The count, however, added, that "the instructions with which Prince Menshikoff would be provided were of a conciliatory nature, and that although bred to arms, the prince himself was animated by intentions the most pacific." Notwithstanding the apparent frankness of this statement, it was evident from the movements of Russia that she had no disposition to recede from the terms of the firman of July, 1852. The British government appears to have had little faith in the success of Prince Menshikoff's mission, as instructions were given to the diplomatic agents at Constantinople to give immediate information to Her Majesty's government should the Russian troops advance to the frontier.

It appears that on the very day on which the French minister for foreign affairs had a conversation with Lord Cowley (28th of January), respecting the necessity of a thorough understanding between England and France, in order to defeat the intentions of Russia upon Turkey, the representatives of England, France, and Russia had an interview at Constantinople, and actually settled the whole affair to the entire satisfaction of all the parties interested. Colonel Rose, writing to Lord John Russell on the 28th of January, said, "I have very great satisfaction in informing your lordship that I have every reason for believing that the dangerous and very difficult question of the Holy Places of Jerusalem is terminated. The French ambassador declares to me that, as far as he is concerned, it is settled, and that France will not again revive it. The Russian *chargé d'affaires* also told me that the settlement of the question was a '*chose faite*;' only, he added, that he feared that further discussions must be opened respecting it, because there were one or two details as to the settlement, which were interpreted very disadvantageously to the Greeks; that the Latins claimed to have the Tomb of the Virgin, one day, exclusively for themselves; that such an arrangement would be very disagreeable, and produce much discontent amongst the Greek pilgrims. M. de Lavalette, when informed of this, instantly, and in the most conciliatory manner, declared that with the view of preventing any collision between the sects, he merely wished that the Latins and other sects should have possession of the tomb for the time that was necessary for the performance of their devotions, but that for the rest of the day the sanctuary should of course be open to the Greeks and other sects. Both the French and Russian representatives exhibit now most laudable moderation in the matter of the Holy Places."

All Europe imagined, at this moment, that diplomacy would triumph, and render an appeal to arms unnecessary.

[To be continued.]

ALL THE FAMOUS FROSTS.

Full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Comes a frost—a killing frost.

Henry VIII.

COLD occupied until very recently so much of the minds and bodies of men (if we were given to alliteration, we should say "so much of their thoughts and toes," but, fortunately, we are not so disposed) that we cannot resist the temptation of devoting a brief series of papers to the

subject. We purpose first to speak of all the famous frosts of which history takes cognisance, from the earliest times down to last February; and then to discourse on cold weather generally, glancing at its influence on external nature, and on the moral and physical aspects of society.

Livy, in his Fifth Book, tells of a winter so hard that the river Tiber was frozen over—a very singular occurrence in such a climate as that with which Italy is blessed. Ovid, who was contemporaneous with the historian, and to whose magnificent description of the weather in the Crimea we shall have occasion hereafter to refer, assures us that while he was in banishment at Tomni, a town in Pontus, it happened one year that all the rivers were locked in fetters of frost, and the Black Sea looked like a boundless expanse of solid marble. He saw it himself, and walked upon it without wetting his feet! What a magnificent spectacle it must have been, especially at sunrise and sunset! Not that the living ocean, with its stupendous voices, its foaming billows, its waving shadows, its feast of colour, and its flow of light, may not be equally beautiful, or perhaps more so, but there is something which approaches to the sublime in traversing the face of the deep while in this state of repose and tranquillity—something that awes the imagination to find its mighty songs hushed, and its exuberant currents mysteriously arrested by that invisible Power, which at another season bids the winds to blow and the waves to roll and swell in uncontrolled majesty. In the year 1234, the Adriatic was so frozen that the Venetians went over the ice in carts, and we have the authority of Zonaras for the statement that in the reign of the Emperor Constantine, the Pontic Sea was so congealed that people for many miles travelled it on foot, and horses and waggons passed over the *fretum*, or narrow part of it. "But withal," he adds, "the summer following was so excessive hot and dry that great rivers and most fountains were wholly dried up, and people and cattle perished for want of water." In the year 821, the Rhone, the Danube, the Elbe, and the Seine, were so incruusted with ice that for thirty days those rivers were the great highways of their respective nations, and carriages passed as freely over them as on the dry land. But not to carry the thoughts of our readers to scenes too distant, or regions too remote, we mean in the present paper to confine their attention chiefly to such winters of historic severity as have occurred in our own country. We propose to pass in shivering review the most famous frosts that have happened in England during the last eight centuries—to depict the aspect of London at those periods, and more particularly to describe the conduct of our old friend, the river Thames, under such trying circumstances. The theme is an interesting one, and less from any skill of our own than from the nature of the subject and the excellence of the passages we shall have to quote from ancient writers, we hope to make the reader feel as cold and uncomfortable as if he had dined off snow-balls and slept in a field with the gate open. With these benevolent intentions we proceed at once to observe that the earliest frost of which we can discover any mention in the old English writers as being of peculiar rigour, occurred in 1116. In the spring of that year, there was, as the Chroniclers assure us, "an eager and a nipping frost;" (and, by the way, what a happy expression is that word "eager" as applied to a frost!) but the reader's teeth need not yet begin to chatter—*cela viendra avec le temps*—for the cold of February was

more than compensated by the warmth of August, when "the river Thames was so low for the space of a day and a night that horses, men, and children, passed over it betwixt London Bridge and the Tower, and also under the bridge, the water not reaching above their knees!" The same thing happened in Queen Elizabeth's time, and though on each occasion the bed of the river was crossed by "horses, men, and children," it is to be recorded to the honour of the sex (the only sex worth talking about) that there is not in any historian the faintest allusion to justify the suspicion that any lady ever had the ill-taste to make the experiment. From 1116 to 1151 there does not appear to have been any frost of sufficient intensity to justify historic allusion; but Hollinshed has recorded for the benefit of a shuddering posterity, that "in the winter of 1152, about the tenth day of December, it began to freeze extreame, and so continued till the nineteenth of february, whereby the river of Thames was so frozen that men might pass over it both on foot and horse-back." (There were two s's in "horse" in those days.) Now when old Raphael tells us that men might pass over the river both on foot and horse-back, we presume him to mean that they did so—though, by the way, such an inference is scarcely consistent with the interpretation given of the same phrase by a respectable old Quaker, who being asked what his name might be, replied, "Friend, it *might* be Beelzebub, but it is'nt."—This by way of a parenthesis. It is not exactly germane to the matter of our essay, but we are of opinion with Sterne that "digressions are incontestably the life, the soul, the sunshine of reading;" and we want sunshine when our thoughts are on frost. In 1205, during the reign of King John—that monarch, who is associated in our memories with new charters and old slippers—there occurred "an extreame frost so that y^e husbandmen could not make their tilth." But this was not the only strange thing that happened in that portentous year, for we are assured on the venerable authority of the same Hollinshed already alluded to, that at Christmas "a fish like unto a man was caught on y^e coast of Suffolke!" The reader shall have the story in the historian's own antique language:—"At Oreford, in Suffolke, a fish was taken up by fishers in their nets as they were at sea, resembling in shape a wild or savage man, whom they presented to Sir Bartholomew de Glanville, that had the keeping of the castell of Oreford in Suffolke. He was naked, and in all his lims resembling the right proportion of a man, and albeit the crowne of his head was bald his beard was long and rugged. The knight caused him to be kept certain daies and nights from the sea: meat set afore him he greedilie devoured. He did eat fish both raw and sod. He would not, or could not, utter any speech, although to try him they hung him up by the heeles, and miserably tormented him. He would get him to his couche at y^e setting of y^e sunne, and rise again at y^e rising of y^e same." In this respect it appears to us that he exercised a very sound discretion; for though we thought the maxim a nuisance when we were at school, we are now entirely prepared to admit the wisdom of the sentiment so exquisitely expressed in the Etou Latin Grammar, *Delicula surgere est saluberrimum*—it is a most healthful practice to get up early. It is not always so easy to do it, particularly when the thermometer shows ten degrees below zero, as it did some mornings last month, but it is a wise proceeding, nevertheless, and the thing ought to be done, and those may do it who list. But to return to our mysterious merman,

who was probably an ancestor of the famous Cariboo. The ancient chroniclers then go on to narrate how he was kept for some months at "y^e castell" of Oreford, but how at last "being negligently looked to," and "not seeming to be regarded," he "fled secretly to y^e sea, and was never after seen nor heard of!" This we can readily believe. He was evidently "a very correct young person," as pious people say; and even at this distance of time, we cannot but commend the propriety of his proceedings, for, indeed, he seems to have been the pink of propriety and the cauliflower of refinement. There is nothing recorded of him that will not endure, as they say of servants' characters, "the strictest investigation." He was right to eat heartily of what was "set afore him," the more especially as it did not cost him anything; he was right to eat his fish "raw or sod," as his palate prompted him; he was right to go to bed "at y^e setting of y^e sunne," and to rise again "at y^e rising of y^e same;" and, above all things, he was right to run away when he was badly treated. Who is there that would not choose the society of fishes, particularly if he were in no danger of being drowned—rather than that of human beings who were ready to "hang him up by the heels," and "miserably torment" him? But, while descending on the virtues of our amphibious friend, we are in danger of forgetting the famous saying of Mr. Squeers, "the pump's fruz!" And so it was, sure enough, in 1270; for then "y^e river of y^e Thames was so frozen, that men and beasts passed over on foot from Lambeth to Westminster, and merchandise was brought from Sandwich and other places by land, for the ships, by reason of the yce, could not enter y^e said river." But this was tropical weather to what happened in 1364, when "an extrem sore frost continued from the seven-and-twentieth day of September until the beginning of April in the year following! during all which time the ground lay untilled to the great hinderance and loss of all growing things on earth." Think of that, O man that could not get warm during the frosty fortnight of last February, and bless your stars—if you have any stars—that you didn't live in the years of grace 1364 and 1365, for then you would have had more than five months of it!—"to the great hinderance and loss of all growing things on the earth"—growing children of course included. Nor would your case have been much better had your horoscope been cast in 1485, in the time of the Sixth Henry, for then "the frost was so extreme—beginning about the five-and-twentieth day of November; and continuing till the tenth of February—that the ships with merchandise arriving at the Thames its mouth, could not come up the river; so their lading then shone to be discharged was brought to the city up land." Such and so told was the weather that our mediæval ancestors had to encounter. "First it blew, and then it snow; and then it driz, and then it friz"—as our transatlantic cousins are wont to phrase it. Henry VIII. did not bring the summer with him, for in his days also there was hard weather, as well as hard times. In 1523, "after great windes and raines, which chanced in that season, there followed a sore frost, which was so intense that manie died for cold, and some lost fingers, some lost toes, and manie lost nailes beside their fingers, so extreme was the rigour of that frost." Nor was his daughter Elizabeth altogether so fortunate in matters meteorological as a much better woman—our own little Queen. Hollinshed has left us a brief but graphic account of the dreadful winter of 1565. Hear him, O ye who pant in the ladies, and be cold! "The

one-and-twentyth of Decemhor began a frost which continued so extremlie, that on New Year's Eve people went over and alongst the Thames on the ice from London Bridge to Westminster. Some played at the foot-ball as holdlie there as if it had been on the drie land; diverse of y^e court shot daily at pricks set upon the Thames and y^e people, both men and women, went on y^e Thames in greater numbers than in anie street of y^e citie of London. On y^e 31 daie of Januarie, at night, it began to thaw, and on y^e fift daie was no ice to be seen between London Bridge and Lambeth; which sudden thaw caused great floods and high waters that bare downe bridges and houses, and drowned manie people in England, especiallie in Yorkshire; twos Bridge was borne away with others." In 1579 there was a felonious frost, which was followed by a phenomenon very startling in these northern latitudes, yet too authoritatively attested to admit of a doubt as to its actual occurrence. The Thames overflowed its banks, and not only were boats rowed, but fishes were caught in Westminster Hall. "It snowed," writes an historian, who witnessed what he described, "till the eighth daie of Februarie, and frised (frised!) till the tenth, and then followed a thaw with continual rain, which a long time after caused such high waters and great floodes, that the marshes and low grounds being drowned for the time, the water of the Thames rose so high in Westminster Hall, that after the full thereof, fishes were found in the said hall." Unlucky fish! Woe worth the tide that landed them in such a place! It is to be hoped, however, that they kept clear of the Court of Chancery. Better for them to have made at once for Clare Market or Billingsgate, than have ventured into so perilous a region. In "broadsheets" and such like ephemeral productions, there are occasional allusions to heavy rains, cold winds, and wild tempests during the first half of the seventeenth century; but historians have not deemed these visitations worthy of their notice; and it is probable that they did not exceed the average vagaries of a climate such as ours, where according to the witty saying of a sarcastic Frenchman, the summer is merely whiter painted green, and the year is made up of eleven months wet, and one month moist! The Englishman's climate is a standing joke against him, to which he has now become so inured, that he joins in the fun himself. But they may laugh who win; and it is pleasant to know that if ours be the most capricious, it is also—strange as it may appear—the most healthful of climates, for medical statisticians are agreed that the average duration of human life is greater in England than in any other country of Europe. So freeze, freeze ye frosts of February—blow, blow ye winds of March—and clasp us in your dank embraces, ye chimney fogs of bleak November—ye are not so unkind as the soft zephyrs of Italy, or the sunny skies of France! *Vivent les brouillards!* and *à bas* respirators, ipsecuanha, and cod-liver oil! But we must have a grievance, that's the fact of it, and the weather appealing as it does, most acutely to our senses, presents at once the most obvious topic of conversation, and the most unfailing subject of complaint. It is the abused of all abusers—and we can easily imagine how savagely it must have been inveighed against, and how bitterly it must have been derided in 1672.

Amongst the "philosophic transactions" of the Royal Society during that memorable year, may be found a letter from a gentleman in Bristol giving an interesting account of as strange a spell of weather as science has ever analysed or history recorded. "Not exactly a frost, but

a freezing rain, fell about Bristol on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of December, and made such destruction of trees in all the villages and highways from Bristol towards Wells, and towards Shepton Mallet, and towards Bath and Bruton and other places of the West, that both for the manner and matter it may seem incredible. Orchards exposed to the N.E. were devastated. I weighed the sprigg of an ash tree of just three-quarters of a pound, which was brought to my table; the ice on it weighed sixteen pounds, besides what was melted off by the hands of them that brought it! Yet all this while, when trees and hedges were laden with ice, there was no ice to be seen on our rivers, nor so much as on our standing pools." He then goes on to say that some travellers were "almost lost" by the coldness of the freezing air and freezing rain. "All the trees, young and old, in the highway from Bristol to Shepton, were so torn and thrown down on both sides the ways, that they were unpassable. By the like obstructions the carriers of Bruton were forced to return back. Some were affrighted with the noise in the air, till they discovered that it was the clatter of icy boughs, dashed one against the other by the wind. Some told me that riding on the snowy downs, they saw this freezing rain fall upon the snow, and immediately freeze to ice without sinking at all into the snow, so that the snow was covered with ice all along, and had been dangerous if the ice had been strong enough to bear them. Others were on their journey when the ice was able to bear them in some places, and they were in great distress." Our Bristolian then proceeds to tell us about the dire commotion of a young man, who was certainly not the man for Galway, much less for the Crimea:—"On Wednesday, December 11th, I saw a young man, who, returning home from a journey of five miles, and coming into a warm room, cried out of extremest torments in all parts of his body. He affirmed that the air and the winds, which were then somewhat high—were so unsufferably cold that he was in utter despair of coming home alive. Yet all that day nothing but moist dew fell under our feet." It is to be hoped that this delicate young man had removed to warmer latitudes before the never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1683-4. The frost which occurred in that winter appears to have been, to the ruin of all comparison, the keenest and most intense that has ever been known in England. The frost of 1364 was of longer duration, but it does not seem to have approached in severity to that of 1683. Assuredly it has bequeathed no such traditions to posterity. "The remembrance of youth is a sigh," says the Arab poet—and the remembrance of a frost—especially of such a frost as that of 1683—is a shiver. Even at this distance of time it makes one shudder to think of it. To read of it is enough to give a man the chilblains. You hear your teeth chattering, and you feel your toes growing cold. Mr. Ruskin says that Homer "sung of what he saw"—he fact being that Homer was stone blind, and the things of which he sang had happened precisely two hundred years before he was born! Now we are in very much the same predicament as Homer. We did not witness the frost of 1683, anything that Mr. Ruskin may say to the contrary notwithstanding. Yet could we write as vivid a description of it as if we had skated under Old London Bridge, or eaten with the Merrie Monarch and his queen of the ox that was roasted "over against Whitehall." This we could do, as we listed—but we don't list, so there's an end on't. We are modest. Modesty is our forte; and, following the illustrious example of Sir

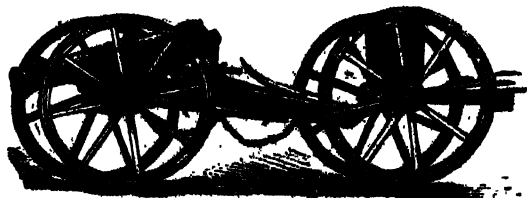
De Lacy Evans, who resigned to another the glories of a brilliant triumph, we prefer to let the writers of that day tell the story in their own quaint and venerable idiom. All that we require is, that, like Sir De Lacy, we may receive credit for our self-sacrifice, and the thanks of the House of Commons. Those who regard the frost scientifically, will find the best meteorological description in the paper read upon the subject to the Royal Society by Dr. Derham, the learned rector of Upminster; but for a popular account, we must refer to pages less erudite and technical. Rapin says, that during the long frost of 1683-4, which began about the middle of December, and lasted till the middle of February: "the Thames was so frozen that there was another city as it were on the ice, by the great number of booths erected between the Temple and Southwark, in which place was held an absolute fair of all sorts of trades. An ox was likewise roasted whole, bulls baited and the like." A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing to Mr. Urban a century later, communicates the following memorandum which he found in his great-grandfather's pocket-book:—"20 Decr., 1683, a very violent frost began which lasted till 6 Feb., in soe great extremitie that the pooles were frozen 18 inches thick at least, and the Thames was soe frozen that a great street from the Temple to Southwark was built with shops, and all manner of things sold; hackney coaches plyed there as in the streets; there was also bull-baiting, and a great many other shews and tricks to be seen. This day, the frost broke; in the morning I saw a coach and six horses driven from Whitehall almost to the bridge (London bridge), yet, by three o'clock that day, next to Southwark, the ice was gone so as boats did row to and fro; and the day after all the frost was gone. On Candlemas-day (2nd Feb.), I went to Croydon market, and led my horse over the ice at the ferry to Lambeth; as I came back, I led him from Lambeth upon the middle of the Thames to Whitefriars Stairs, and soe led him up them; and this day an ox was roasted whole over against Whitehall—King Charles the Second, with the Queene, eat part of it." Another writer, who obliged the town with a pamphlet entitled "Modest Observations on the Present Extraordinary Frost," has left some very curious details. "On the 23d January, being the first day of term, coaches plyed at the Temple Stairs, and carried the lawyers to Westminster on the yce, and thenceforwards the same continued, and whole streets of sheds everywhere built on the Thames, thousands passing, buying, selling, drinking and revelling, (I wish I could not say on the Lord's-day, too,) and most sorts of trades' shops on the ice (and amongst the rest a printing-house there erected), bulls baited, and thousands of spectators. Nay, below the bridge, hundreds daily pass. The river Humber (as I am credibly informed), where 'tis several miles broad, is frozen over, and vast flakes of yce are seen floating in the Downs, of diverse miles in length and proportionable breadth." But by far the best description of this singular event that we have been able to discover, may be found in a scarce little volume, printed that same year by John Waltho, at the Black Lyon, in Chancery-lane, over against Lincoln's Inn, entitled "An Historical Account of the Late Great Frost; in which are discovered, in several comical relations, the various humours, loves, cheats and intrigues of the Town, as the same were managed upon the River of Thames during that season." Unfortunately, it is written with too little regard to delicacy to admit of its re-publication in our days; but, to the philosophic

mind, it is valuable as a record of manners, customs, and opinions in an age which, though not very distant from our own according to the measurement of time, was yet as unlike our own as any two epochs—the most remote imaginable—could possibly be. It shows how rapid is the progress of human thought, and, let malcontents say what they will, it proves that society is not only changing but improving. Our business, however, is less with the morality of the book than with its “yes,” and we doubt not that we shall have the reader’s approval for placing before him the following graphic passages:—“Y^e frost began about the 16 of Decr., and so sharply set in that, in a fortnight’s time or thereabouts, y^e river of Thames, though one might think by the daily flux and reflux of her twice returning tides in the space of 24 hours, and the native course of her own rapid streams, was secured against the force of the hardest weather, yet this river, beyond y^e bridge of London upwards, was all frozen over, and people began to walk thereon, and booths were built in many places, where the poor watermen, whose boats were lockt up and could not work thereon for their usual lively-hood (!) made a virtue of necessity, and therein retailed wine, brandy, ale, and other liquors, which, for the novelty of the same, very few but were in a short time their customers, and, their trades encreasing, their booths began to encrease and be enlarged for the reception of multitudes of people who daily resorted thereunto, insomuch that, in a short time, road-ways were made from place to place, and, without any fear or apprehension, the same was trod by men, women and children; nor were the same only foot-paths, but soon after hackney-coaches began to ply upon the river, and found better custom than if they had continued in the streets, which were never, in the midst of business, half so crowded, so that the same became the only scene of pleasure in and about London; the fields were deserted and the river full, and in Hillary Term, which soon after ensued, it was as usual for the lawyers to take coach by water to Westminster as through the Strand, and so public was the river that, in a short time, it obtained the name of Frost Fair. A whole street of booths, contiguous each to other, was built from the Temple Stairs to the Barge House in Southwark, which were inhabited by traders of all sorts which usually frequent fairs and markets, as those who deal in earthenware, brass, copper, tinn, and iron toys and trifles; and, besides these, printers, bakers, cooks, butchers, barbers, coffee-men, and others, who were so frequented by the innumerable concourse of all degrees and qualities that, by their own confession, they never met elsewhere the like advantages; every one being willing to say they did lay out such and such monies on the river of Thames; nor was the trade only amongst such as were fixt in booths, but also all sort of cries which usually are heard in London streets were there. The hawkers with their news—the costermonger with his fruit—the wives with their oysters, pyes, gingerbread, and such like. Nor was there any recreation in season which could not be found there with more advantage than on land, such as foot-ball play, nine pins, cudgels, ball and bear baiting, and others, which, on the occasion, was more ordinary, as sliding in scates, chairs, and other devizes, such as were made of sailing boats, chariots, and carrow-whimbles; so that at one view you might behold the thriving trader at his shop, the sportive at their recreations, the laborious with their burdens at their backs, and every one with as little concern or fear as if they had trod the surface of the more centred element. And in all places, smoking fires on

the solid waters, roasting, boiling, and preparing food for y^e hungry, and liquors for y^e thirsty; eating, drinking, and rejoycing in as great crowds as Smithfield in Bartholomew Fair could ever boast.” “Those were mad-cap times, when wit took the inconvenient form of a practical joke and the public humour displayed itself in the most grotesque evolutions. Young men were then called “sparks,” and their mischievous escapades too often led to consequences which verified the old saying about little sparks kindling great flames. To all such graceless scamps we can well imagine that the Frost Fair was even as a clover-field to a cow, or, to use a more poetical simile, even as a bed of thyme to bees in summer. Of their dare-devil proceedings our author has left us a description, which if not edifying, is at least mirthful. Their practices were decidedly of the class called pleasant—but wrong. Thus he tells us how they caught a sturdy old beggar-man at Temple Bar, and having plied him with strong waters, compelled him to personate Neptune, and to ride upon the frost in a sledge, with a tin pot on his head, and in his hand a pitchfork, to typify the imperial trident. Old women who sold dumplings were obliged to stow themselves with their savoury wares in wooden bowls which were pulled along the ice at the rate of ten miles an hour, while country cousins were treacherously lured to spots where the ice had been cut away for their especial accommodation—the orifice being cautiously covered over with straw—a somewhat dangerous trick at a period when the Humane Society and its drags were alike deep buried in the womb of futurity. Another “drollery” which our author narrates with evident and rather discreditable relish, is, how a certain scrivener who was blessed with a scolding wife, enticed her into a booth near the Savoy to partake of “neat’s tongue and a bottle;” but no sooner had the dear unsuspecting lady seated herself at the table, than her chair sank into a hole prepared for its reception; and there she was kept to the chin in water until she had promised reformation—a promise which, we rejoice to say, she afterwards violated, on the clear and incontestible pretext that it was extorted from her by fraud and terror. Our author, also narrates an adventure between a hackney-coachman and a countryman, and the story is told with such graphic quaintness, that we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of presenting it to the reader exactly as we find it:—“A country-fellow, as he seemed by his gurb and demeanour to be, one day standing upon the Thames, and viewing the several sights and diversions there, amongst others, cast his eye upon a hackney-coachman, who, he observed, had taken a great deal of money for carrying passengers to and fro in his coach, and he began to think the same a curious thing, and resolved to know his price, and ride as others did; so that at length (it growing towards the evening), the coach-dweller near and ready to take up a fare; ‘Mon,’ says the country-fellow, ‘eh! tell thee I ac a moied to ride in your what-ye-call-it, that che may tell her folks in the country when che gets back to Devonshire, how vinely respected che was in London town.’ ‘Well,’ says the coachman, ‘so thou may’st if thou wilt.’ ‘But, honest friend,’ replies the bumpkin, ‘che hath but little money—what must che give thee?’ ‘No more than others do,’ says the coachman; ‘a shilling is my price.’ ‘Alas, mon! a whole shilling! that’s too much. But where must I ride, then?’ ‘You must go in at the door,’ says the coachman, ‘and set thee down.’ ‘A very fine place, indeed. But have che no cheaper

zeats?' said the countryman. 'Yes,' replies the coachman, 'if you'll ride behind, you may do it for sixpence as far as Westminster.' 'Behold!' says the fellow. 'No, no, mon, that's no place of honour, but if ch'll let me roid in that place before, where you roid yourself, ch'll give thee sixpence for thy kindness.' 'Well, agreed,' says the coachman; 'I shall not long stay for a fare, and then you may get up,' which immediately fell out, so that lending the countryman his hand, he set him in the box, and drove on towards Westminster Bridge, where the fellow all the way highly commended his 'roiding' till he came beyond the Savoy, where on a sudden he desired the coachman to stop, telling him his head 'did so swim he could not endure to roid further,' and 'prayed that che might be sot down,' to which the coachman consented, and helped him off, who returned his thanks and gave him two or three scrapes, thanking him for his courtesie; after which the coachman drove on towards Westminster, and the countryman to the shore; but, as it happened, the coachman being got to his journey's end, and landing his fare, feeling in his pocket for change, found that *Ch'll* had got pocket and money both, to the value of £4 odd shillings away with him, at which time it was too late to bethink himself, or curse his ill-fortune, *Ch'll* being got too far from the *what-d'ye-call-it* to be concerned thereat, so we must leave the coachman railing and his neighbours laughing at the frolick." It is satisfactory to think that the schoolmaster has been abroad amongst the drivers of hackney-coaches since the days of King Charles, and that it would be no easy matter to find so unsophisticated a cabman in our times. We would walk five miles any day, with peace in our shoes, to see the knight of the whip who would suffer himself to be immolated in so guileless a manner now. We believe with Shakespeare, "there's no such man." "Some days after this," says the old Chronicler, "our great and most remarkable frost broke, beginning in a gentle thaw, and ending with little damage about London, though the ice in the Thames was suddenly and extraordinarily conveyed away; persons being upon it and going over the Thames before it was all invisible, which was the 12th february, 1684; it then on the sudden gave, as it were, a universal groan, and crackt into little pieces, which, with very inconsiderable damage to London Bridge, was in one tide conveyed away, and carried with itself the joyful news of its own dissolution to our merchants' ships, which had been for two months before detained in y^e Downs."

And so ended the Long Frost of 1683-4. In our next we propose to speak of the famous frosts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. MELOPOYS.



[Light Six-Pounder.]

The above illustration represents a light six-pounder (field-piece) recently invented by Sergeant Johnston, saddler at the Cavalry Depot, Maidstone. A model of the gun and carriage, the principal feature of which consists of the lightness and strength of the springs, and

the ease with which the whole can be turned and moved, is now exhibiting at the museum of the United Service Institution. The model of the gun itself is cast from old brass buttons, belonging to every regiment of cavalry in Her Majesty's Service.



[The Russian Knout.]

The Russian knout, wielded by a strong arm, is a most formidable weapon of punishment, as the weight of the lash is several ounces, and the thongs of leather are woven together until they become as hard as wood. The handle of the knout is twelve inches long, and the lash three yards and a half. It is divided into three lengths, the thickness graduating until the extremity is as fine as whip-cord. The wound made by the lash is described as being extremely severe, although not so tedious in the cure as that made by the English cat-o'-nine-tails.

OPIMUM.

The use of opium, except in extreme emergencies of pain or disease, is, in England at all events, distrusted and condemned, and there are no *duta* to show that, as a means of daily gratification, it finds many devotees or victims among us. The immense quantities produced are chiefly consumed in those tropical countries which produce them, and where it has a wide use as well as a wide abuse. It enables the Hindoo and the Tartar courier to perform, with a little food, and that of the simplest kind, journeys of incredible distance, either on horse or foot; and, like Dick Turpin's device of the beef-fat, a small dose of it will sustain and eke out the flagging courage of his slight-built steed. Among the Chinese, in spite of government proclamations, it is taken commonly as a stimulant, in the same way, and with no greater proportion of excess, as the alcoholic drinks of Europe. Its effects have been studied more than its nature or the causes of its peculiarly exhilarating action. A great authority, a professor of *materia medica*, regarding it philosophically and without bias, declares that among these effects is the very excellent one of making a dull man sprightly and conversible. A host of authorities have dilated on its power of enlarging the intellect, and annihilating, for a time, its corporeal obstructions. The chief objection to its familiar use consists in its subtle enticement, and the prostration which it involves, not of muscular force alone, but of the will. What this prostration may amount to has been revealed by two notorious confessions, one of which details the splendour of its delusions, and the other its strength of seduction, and the sharp torments of the conscientious struggle.

THE EXCITEMENT OF A FIRE.

It is stated by Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, that such is the charm of the excitement occasioned by a fire in the metropolis, that some gentlemen pursue the occupation of firemen as amateurs, providing themselves with the regulation dress of dark green turned up with red, and the accoutrements of the brigade. These gentlemen, he adds, work under his orders as energetically as if they were earning their daily bread.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND.

16A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1865.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 16.Received this day, as above, the sum of **thirteen pounds**
15s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.
£13:15:8.

J. H. LEPROT, Hon. Secretary.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the *Patriotic Fund Journal* to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, pointing them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGALLY WRITTEN AND SIGNED, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 15A, STRAND.

THE SECOND MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains Five Numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price Elevenpence. To be had of any bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

COMMISARIAT.—You should make your application, in writing, to Lord Palmerston, stating your age, qualifications, &c. The rank which a commissary clerk enjoys in the army is equal to that of an ensign. The pay and allowances are, however, more, and advancement depends, in most cases, on energy and good conduct.

S. Another large camp is to be formed in the Phoenix-park, Dublin, early in the spring.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.—A correspondent at Cork gives us the following version of an affair of honour which "came off" at that place a few days ago:—"It appears that a military gentleman was told by an acquaintance that a friend of his had said of him that he had cheated at cards. A blow and a 'meeting' were the consequence of this allegation. The 'friends' met at Marlyke, with pistols, when the gentleman who gave the blow fired in the air; and the other, not to be outdone, discharged his weapon in the same direction. Thus they stood as they commenced; but, thinking something should be done, they joined forces on the instant, and inflicted a sound thrashing upon the party whose base tongue might have led to fatal consequences with men of less sense."

J. FOXKIR (Wyecombe).—Perhaps one of the reasons for not using the Lancaster gun more generally is to be traced to the enormous expense of the weapon. The shells, when first supplied to the Ordnance, cost the country £6 each. Government then expended a sum of £55,000 in the construction of a factory at Enfield, with the view of effecting a saving, but the shells still cost £1 16s. 2d. each. Sixty of these shells are produced every day, and when the improved machinery is completed, it is hoped that one hundred per day can be turned out.

INDIGENES.—Citizenships in the East India Company's service are in the gift of the directors, and form the only patronage remaining to that corporation. In order to procure a citizenship, it is necessary that the candidate should, upon nomination, study at the East India College. The examination is not a difficult one. There is no promotion in the service by purchase, and the rank which a cadet may ultimately attain depends upon himself and upon circumstances which it is impossible to foresee, although interest is, of course, a great lever to distinction. It is possible for an officer in the Indian army to live on his pay and allowances, but very few of them do.

W. C. (Bangor).—The great Indian Peninsula Railway was opened from Bombay to Tannah about twelve months since. We do not know the name of the general manager, but the office is in Royal-street, and the secretary will, no doubt, give you the information you require, on application.

X. V. Z.—The number of female horses despatched to the hospitals in the East has been found sufficient, and we believe no further applications can be received.

S. C. (Wolverhampton).—Cutty is a corruption of Katalah, a city of Asia Minor, N.E. of Smyrna, where a species of soft white stone is found, which is exported by the Turks to Germany for the manufacture of tobacco-pipes.—hence cutty pipes.

T. (Birmingham).—The late Count D'Orsay married on the 1st of December, 1827, Lady Harriet Frances Hamilton, who was then fifteen years and six months of age. Lady Harriet was the only legitimate daughter of the late Lord Bessington. The count received £40,000 with her, and subsequently a further sum of £100,000 upon receiving all claims to the Bessington estates. Five months after the death of Count D'Orsay, his son-in-law, who had never lived with him, married the Hon. Mrs. Cyprien, M.P., brother of Viscountess Jocelyn and step-son of Lord Palmerston.

A FORTRESS (Glasgow).—According to the latest returns, the grand total of the army in the East was as follows:—Officers, 1,322; sergeants, 1,565; drummers, 735; rank and file, 40,430; total, 44,052. Of these there were in hospital in camp, 5,775; and sick at Scutari, 15,744; making a total of sick, 21,519. There were missing, as prisoners of war, 135. There were in prison, 2,498, and there were present as an auxiliary force, 24,184; and this was exclusive of the naval brigade. Our effective force before Sebastopol was, therefore, on the 6th of February, 26,000. The effective force is as follows:—Officers, 1,242; sergeants, 1,163; drummers, 685; rank and file, 20,769; total, 24,165.

AN INQUIRY (Hemel Hempstead).—Our correspondent completes this evening night, for the last month, one, two, or three militia men have been indicted on him, and asks if there be any remedy. We fear not; the inconvenience is one of the consequences of war.

WARRIOR WILLS.—It has been proved on the evidence of witnesses of undoubted veracity, that when the invasion of the Crimea was undertaken, neither officers nor men in the British army had a change of shirts.

—It is not improbable that the command of the camp to be established at Aldershot-health will be given to Sir De Lacy Evans.

S. FRANKLIN (Southampton).—The *Manzanilla* emigrant ship sailed from Liverpool for Australia on the 26th of last month. We do not know the tonnage nor age of the vessel, but you can learn on application to Lloyd's.

G. (Red Lion-street).—The newly appointed governor of South Australia is Sir Richard Mac Donnell, late chief justice of Ontario. He had the rare good fortune to survive repeated attacks of the terrible fever incident to the climate, and, during his residence at Manilla, travelled further into the interior of Africa than any other white man. He is the son of the provost of the Dublin University.

VALENTINE.—A correspondent, "O," wishes to know the origin of Valentine's Day. Valentine's Day is a festival in honour of St. Valentine, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. He was eminently distinguished for his love and charity; and the custom of choosing valentines, or special loving friends, on this day, is by some supposed to have thence originated. The following solution, however, is the more probable one:—It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *Februa*, or *Februalis*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The practice of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints, instead of those of the women; and as the festival of the *Lupercalia* had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time.

F. ROCHER (Queen-square).—The capital of Chile is Santiago. Surely you might have ascertained this without applying to us.

G. WILSON.—Lord Palmerston was educated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament in 1805. In 1809 he took office as secretary-at-war under the Portland administration, held the office for nineteen successive years, and served during that period under the following premiers:—Duke of Portland, Mr. Perceval (shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House), Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Viscount Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington. It is said of the noble lord, that he has served seven prime ministers with equal fidelity.

C. DALE (Wandsworth).—The plant to which you refer is called the *Bombyx atropa*. It is indigenous to the Indian Archipelago, where it produces an excellent species of hemp. It has been cultivated with success at the university of Leyden.

E. D. (Canterbury-lane).—The lines which you enclose have considerable poetic merit, but they are far too long for our limited space. We extract, however,

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.

What though for them there tolled no passing bell,
Ten thousand thunders pealed their parting knell;
The cannon's blast did light them to their rest,
Upon the green earth's calm and silent breast,
Far from their own loved land in stumber laid,
Sound as the sleeper in his native shade.
What though, above their dark and distant home
There towered no temple's arch, no pompous dome,
Over them a loftier canopy expanded—
A mighty temple's dome, not made with hands,
What though they rest where friendship may not bring,
To deck their graves, the garlands of the spring,
For them hot greenest wreaths shall thence be twined,
For them each gentle breeze be a shrill;
Each lonely hour shall thoughts of them reveal,
Mourning, but sweet as music's dying fall;
And hallowed dews of heaven their graves shall wet,
When heats grow cold, and love itself forget.

X.—Marshal Jemot was only a lieutenant at the siege of Toulon, when the Emperor Napoleon took notice of him for his great coolness and intrepidity. He afterwards rapidly rose to all the highest commands in the army, and married the Duchess Abrantes.

S. I. (Glasgow).—The Panama Railway is now open. The Panama, on the Pacific, and the Aspinwall, on the Atlantic, are now brought within three hours of each other, and the whole passage from New York to San Francisco may be made by steam. The enterprise is purely American; the capital having been all subscribed in New York.

C.—The Commissariat is now a separate department, and you should make application to it direct, where you can ascertain qualifications, duties, and remuneration. The only stipendium now required will be an introduction, or a guarantee for respectability. We have not heard that the Government are engaging young men out of the houses of the late officers in the City.

R. H.—The first volume of the *Patriotic Fund Journal* will contain twenty-six numbers, with a different subject in each, and will be published half-yearly. Subscribers can have their volumes neatly bound by sending them to our office.

E. BLACKLEY (Northampton).—The bill for the establishment of public libraries and reading rooms has passed through committee in the House of Commons. Mr. George Thompson and other members opposed the admission of newspapers, but have failed; the motion for rejecting them was lost by 22 to 64. Mr. Russell is the parent of the bill.

J. H.—It is a common error to suppose that soldiers are less exposed than other persons to the risk of being shot. The reverse is the fact. Sir De Lacy Evans states that the command on the scale of the Crimean army, that of fifteen staff officers in the division, sixteen were either killed or wounded.

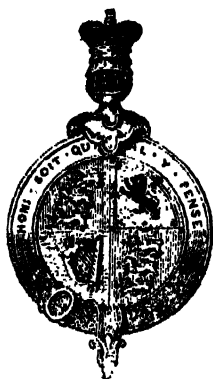
HENRY HARRISON (Bath).—Mr. Evans, we have in our town four soldiers of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, who have returned home wounded. They all speak of the Crimea as a scene of horror, and of the sufferings of the men who were sent there. They all speak of the Crimea as a scene of horror, and of the sufferings of the men who were sent there. They all speak of the Crimea as a scene of horror, and of the sufferings of the men who were sent there.

EDITH (Grove-terrace, St. John's-road).—Your verses have been received.

—We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours should be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL:

OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 15.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[HER MAJESTY VISITING THE HOSPITALS AT CHATHAM.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

HER Majesty, attended by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Hardinge, proceeded on the 3rd instant to Chatham,

to inspect the hospitals, and to inquire into the condition of the soldiers who have returned invalided from the Crimea. On arriving at Fort Pitt, Her Majesty was received by Dr. Dartnell, the chief medical officer, and by other officials of the establishment, who conducted the

royal party through the hospital. Her Majesty visited every ward in succession, and approached the bedside of every invalid, to each of whom she addressed some kind remark. The attention of Her Majesty was particularly called to one of the invalids, an old man named George Hayward, who has been an inmate of the hospital upwards of thirty years. In the course of the inspection Her Majesty gave directions to Dr. Dartnell to prepare a return of the names of every patient in the hospital at the time of her visit, the nature of his wounds, and when and how received, with directions to forward the same to her. The patients who were not confined to their beds, were drawn up in one part of the hospital, and these were also visited by Her Majesty, who took great interest in their maimed and mutilated appearances; asking several questions of them, and addressing words of kindness to the brave fellows, who, as Her Majesty retired, gave expression to their feelings in cheers, which were hearty and meant also to be loud. The royal party then drove to the invalid hospital at Brompton barracks, which has been fitted up by the Board of Ordnance for the reception of wounded troops. Here they were received by Dr. Lead and Dr. Atkinson, the physicians of the establishment, by whom the royal party were conducted through the wards. At this hospital there were about three hundred wounded soldiers, and Her Majesty evinced the same anxiety to make herself acquainted with the details of each case as she had done at Fort Pitt. The Duke of Cambridge was most cordially received by the men. His Royal Highness entered into conversation with several of those whom he appeared to remember. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred were near Her Majesty during her tour through the wards, and appeared to take much interest in the scene. Her Majesty remained an hour in the hospital. It was anticipated that Her Majesty would pay a visit to the garrison hospital, and also to Melville hospital, where arrangements had been made for her reception, but on leaving the hospital she intimated a desire to return to town immediately. It is scarcely necessary to say that the invalids felt much disappointment at not having the gratification of a visit from Her Majesty. The total number of invalids visited by Her Majesty amounted to 492; but exclusive of this number, a great many are in the garrison hospital.

ALL THE FAMOUS FROSTS.

PART II.

Full of frost, of snow, and coldness.

Shuck the snow-birds.

Come a frost—& killing frost.

Henry VIII.

If the reader will do us the kindness to place his memory at our service for the brief purposes of the present occasion, he will remember that last week we left off with the Long Frost of 1693-4. That was a frost with a vengeance—a frost of such matchless severity that we can find no analogy for it except in the celestial attribute of charity. The witty and popular expression, “cold as charity,” is the only fashion of speech that can do justice to a season of such heartless rigour. Mrs. Commodore Truncheon, in Smollett’s immortal romance, performed her religious duties “with rancorous severity.” Now imagine to yourself the expression of that worthy lady’s face as she doled out her bounties to the poor; or, to take a more recent instance, fancy the icy smile that stole over the patriarchal features of Mr. Bumble, when, after threaten-

Let the reader refer to Hogarth’s works, and look at the charitable lady going to church in the picture called “Morning.” He will then appreciate the full significance of the simile.

ing to “call out the millingitary” on Oliver Twist for asking for an additional slice of bread, he at last consented to let the famished urchin have the boon he craved, and then you may have some idea of the wan and spectral effect which a stray sunbeam must have produced as it played over the frozen bosom of y^e river of y^e Thames. Ah! those were days when to be warm was to be something more or less than human. Those were days

When icicles hung by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blew his nail;
And Tom bore logs into the hall,
And milk came frozen home in pail;
When blood was nippl’d and ways were foul,
And nightly sung the staring owl,
To—who!

To-whit! to-who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keet the pot.

Assuredly those were cold days—cold, cold, “even as thy chastity,”—thou lovely lady wedded to the Moor; and yet one delights to read of them. At least, I do; for it is like skating in imagination. I linger lovingly on the antique records of that Siberian winter, and it is with difficulty that I can bring myself to pass to other and less trying epochs. There lieth on my table an old broad-sheet, the colour of Arabic saffron. Suppose we take it up, and see on what it discomreth. How is it intitled? “A Strange and Wonderful Relation of the Many Remarkable Damages sustained by Sea and Land from the Present Unparalleled Frost.” Oh, delightful! Now are we as happy as a cat in dairy. “By this,” says our author, “and blessings on his frosty pole!—“may be apprehended y^e extremity of y^e season: a certain sexton in y^e chile of London having a grave to make, and finding y^e obdurate impenetrable earth as it had been a rock of solid marble reverberate his forcible strokes, was therefore constrained to hire two strong and able-working men, giving each two shillings a-day to undertake the same, who with pickaxes, twillies, beetles, and wedges, and two days’ hard labour did with great difficulty make it deep enough; so that y^e labour of digging only one grave did amount to eight shillings, and the labourers worthy of their hire.” Our author goes on to tell what is still more remarkable, namely, how solid cakes of ice of some miles in circuit, breaking away from the eastern countries of Flanders and Holland, were driven on the sea-coast of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk;—how “it was also reported that certain skato-sliders upon one of those large ice-plains were unawares driven to sea, and arrived alive upon their icy rafts at the sea-coast of Essex;”—how ships in the sailing had their masts and cordage congealed “beyond our apprehensions to imagine or chronologies to parallel;”—how great cakes of snow on the shore of Lancashire were sawed asunder by the sheers of the “yee;”—how the sea was frozen for a whole mile from the shore at Deal; and finally, how the “yee cut away most of the hays, as well in the south as in the north channel. “Boys will be boys,” says the proverb; but here was a remarkable refutation of it. The same writer assures us that the weather was, if possible, still more ferocious in Scotland. “No water was to be had for cattle in many miles, which general complaint will need no other confirmation than from the tongues of y^e cattle themselves, who with pity have been observed to lick y^e yee to abate their thirst for want of their fill of refreshing water.” In the north of France, the season was equally severe, and sixty persons are said to have died upon the road between Paris and Calais. It is worthy of remark that in the year following (1695) there were copious rains and terrible tempests all over England. On one night in par-

who ever heard of their *appearing*?—"the following summer; and in places where they were used in July to be very sonorous with their ticking noise, only now and then one was heard, a manifest sign of their being either killed or less fertile." But all this was nothing compared to what happened on the Continent. In Italy, whole shoals of fresh-water fish were found lifeless; birds as they flew along fell down dead in Germany; cows in Portugal were frozen to death in their stalls. Human life was sacrificed in many countries, and men grew stiff and stark, and throbless, when the Spirit of the Snow-storm breathed in their faces with his icy breath. Of a hundred-and-twenty French soldiers who were marching from Paris to Namur, eighty were found dead upon the road. We have heard it stated that the reason of this frost's fatality to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, was that temporary thaws, succeeded by intense cold, were of continual recurrence; but the precise amount of credence to be attached to this explanation we must leave to professional readers to determine. The next frost of any importance that happened in England was in 1715-16, when the glories of Frost-fair were renewed upon the Thames. The river was frozen over for several miles; booths and stalls were erected on the "ycc," and an ox was once again effulgently roasted "over against Whitehall." Dr. Derham observes, that "the true cause of the freezing of the Thames that year was not barely the excess of the cold, but the long continuance of it"—an opinion not unworthy of the crystal-headed philosopher from whom it emanated. But be the cause what it may, it is very certain that the effect was delightful to the cockneys. The river was as usual the head-quarters of popular diversion, and fun and festivity had their homes on its congested waters. Gay has celebrated the event in spirited and melodious language:—

"O, roving Muse! recalc that wondrous year,
When Winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air—
When hoary Thames, with frosted oarsmen crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound:
The waterman forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar—
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own.
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And raze, with whitened track, the slippery tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire:
Booths sudden hide the Thames—long streets appear—
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair:
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick rising tents, a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field."

But fairs, even on *terra firma*, await the fiat of destruction; and how shall there be permanence for a fair that's holden on the "ycc?" Forbid it, all the laws that govern this finite and perishable planet!—

"See now the western gale the flood unbids,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds:
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And thousand full urns roll down his plenteous waves:
From every pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow."

And then comes what we have ever regarded as the most unpleasant operation of Nature, a thaw—when everything is given to the melting mood, and the whole world seems coming to pieces. From such a scene we turn with impatient appetency to 1739-40, when there was a remarkable long and severe frost, which appears to have extended over the Continent. The lowest degree of the thermometer observed by Lord Charles Cavendish, in Marlborough-street, was thirteen degrees, on the 5th of

January, on which day, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it was observed to be ten at Stoke Newington. The river of the Thames was "at its old limes" again. The frost, which began on the 24th December, lasted nine weeks, and "a multitude of people," says Smollett, "dwelt on the Thames, and a great number of booths were erected on it." During that winter there was, near Leicester, a column of ice, ten feet long and three in diameter, "the several natural flutings and cavities whereof were very surprising." In the parish of Ipstones, near Cheadle, in Staffordshire, there was another pillar of ice, ten yards and three-quarters high, and twelve in breadth, occasioned by the dripping of a rivulet down a rock. During that merciless season, there was published in the magazines a Petition from the River Thames to the Lawyers at Westminster, which is so witty in conception and so cleverly sustained throughout, that we cannot find it in our heart to withhold from the reader the pleasure of perusing it:—

"To the Venerable Sages of Westminster Hall,
"The Humble Petition of the RIVER THAMES,
"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner was last Xmas, to the great surprise of all in his neighbourhood, arrested in his bed by a couple of boisterous and mischievous bailiffs, whose names are North and East. Those unmerciful creatures seized upon all his goods and moveables; have, in strict durance, ever since, closely confined him, and, at the same time, kept him exposed all this rigorous season to the cold, so that he fears he shall lose the use of his limbs. That those unrelenting ministers of punishment have also treated him with the utmost contempt and violence; have even made a public show of him; have called in heaps of ragamuffins to trample upon him; and, what is worst of all, have forced a numerous family which he used to provide for, to beg in the streets.

"That the afflictions and distresses of your petitioner were, by means aforesaid, so affecting and moving, as in one night to have turned him as grey as a cat.

"That the grief of your petitioner, who has ever distinguished himself for being serviceable to his country, is greatly increased upon reflecting he is so far from being as usual useful to the public, that he is become a burden and a nuisance to it.

"That your petitioner intends, as soon he can obtain his liberty, to go to sea along with a squadron of observation which is to guard the Channel, where he is resolved to signalise himself, and show his public spirit by serving without pay or recompense.

"That your petitioner is not conscious of having ever been guilty of a crime that deserved so severe a punishment; but acknowledges that he did some time ago, out of curiosity, in a very rude and abrupt manner, whilst the courts were sitting, enter Westminster Hall, and by so doing, did, though with no malicious design, spread a general panic, and threw matters into a great confusion. For this misdemeanour, your petitioner hastily apprehends that, as the cause was not cognisable by any of the courts, their application has been made to the supreme court of judicature, and this severe process has thereupon issued and been served in manner aforesaid.

"Your petitioner, therefore, humbly prays, in consideration of his past services, and of those he may do in future, that application may be at once again made for a stop to be put to these rigorous proceedings, and that he may recover his liberty."

This squib appears to us so very clever that we should fear to impair the effect of it by adding any matter of our own. *Reposons nous sur cette douce pensée*, as Madame Cottin says in the "Exiles of Siberia."

We shall hope to provide our readers with some cold comfort next week, and until then we wish them joy of their chilblains.

MELOPOYN.

BILBOQUET;

OR, HOW TO WIN THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

WISDOM and prudence and courage are not always the accompaniments of grey hair. People high in office sometimes seem to fancy that a soldier, like wine, gets better as he gets older, and that if a commanding officer survives the ominous age of three score years and ten, he must be the very man to lead an army or besiege a town. It is not our province here—and far be it from us—to lay unhallowed hands on the institutions of our country, but still, if our memory serve us faithfully, the greatest generals of ancient and modern times were not remarkable for decrepitude. When the Black Prince was a boy he won his grandest victories; at the age of thirty-two, Alexander died; Peter the Great was only thirty-seven when he gained the decisive battle of Pultova; and Charles XII. but nineteen when he won the battle of Narva: not to multiply instances, the victor of Austerlitz was only thirty-five, and Wellington at Waterloo but forty-six.

We do not know that all this is strictly connected with the story which is to follow; at all events it will serve as the overture serves before the commencement of the drama, and being in one sense suggested by the episode we have to tell—for is not the story of Bilboquet, the story of a boy's heroism, heroism that outstripped the zeal of veteran warriors—we may be pardoned for the introduction.

In the memorable year 1812, a little drummer entered the Imperial service, and learned to play the rataplan in the 9th Regiment of the Line. He was a soldier's child—for his father had gallantly served and bravely died under the flag of the Emperor Napoleon—and all the boy's hopes centred in a soldier's glory: the first word he had been taught to utter was "France;" his first prayer "God save the Emperor!" Frolut was our hero's name, but the soldiers gave him the nick-name of "Bilboquet," or "cup and ball," from his personal appearance. We wish we could represent the little soldier as a handsome, well-made, bright-eyed boy, combining all the excellencies of Achilles and Apollo in miniature, but it must not be. What we want is facts. Poor little Bilboquet had a long, thin, flute-like body, surmounted by one of the biggest and most spherical heads a boy of his age ever possessed. It was this singularity which had suggested the not inappropriate nick-name to his companions.

Frolut, or Bilboquet (we shall adopt the latter name if you please) was not in any other respect a remarkable lad. The drum-major, in fact, had some difficulty with him in making him fully comprehend the art and mystery of the rataplan, but by the frequent application of his stick to the student's shoulders, he at length succeeded in conveying the necessary instruction into his head and into his fingers, and there was not a readier hand in the whole corps than our little friend Bilboquet.

Behold him with his military cap gallantly stuck on the right side of his head, his sabre—which, once upon a time, had an uncomfortable fashion of getting between his legs—now keeping its true position, his whole aspect and bearing betokening the "elegant" of the regiment;

who could sing his song, quaff his liquor, or joke, or it may be make love—sweet love—to the canteenier. Many were the odd pranks which his companions played on the little drummer. All the hollow and transparent tricks which the simplest might easily have detected, were tried successfully on Bilboquet. The rage of the young soldier, when he discovered how he had been taken in, was always the best part of the jest; but in the midst of all this cheerful pastime—which, like the old fable of the frogs and the stones, was not equally agreeable to all parties concerned—the voice of the drum-major always secured silence, and with his *ra* and his *flu* beating time withal on his scholar's shoulders, the ordinary routine went on. But though they played all sorts of tricks—though they led him into endless perplexities—though they troubled his valiant soul with all the witticisms of the barrack-room, Bilboquet was a sort of favourite. Even the drum-major, a pursy, short-breathed sort of man, confessed that his scholar had a sharp ear, and that his rataplan had music in it. "Messieurs," he would say, "the boy has a tenderness for sheepskin; he has feeling, taste, judgement!" but, nevertheless, the cane beat time on the *garçon's* shoulders, for "discipline must be maintained."

One day—it was the 27th of July—the general in command of the brigade in which young Bilboquet was serving, received orders from the emperor to take up a position on the opposite side of an enormous ravine. This ravine was defended by a battery of six pieces of cannon, whose fire-breathing, death-dealing mouths commanded the whole valley, and the purpose of the emperor was to take possession of the battery. Bilboquet's regiment was then on the banks of the Dwina—for the incident took place in the Russian campaign. At full gallop, the aide-de-camp of the general arrived with the order that two companies of volunteers were to attack the battery. It was a most difficult undertaking, and those who ventured must do the work of a forlorn hope. There was hesitation in the ranks. The veterans shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders.

"Soldiers, do you falter?" cried the aide-de-camp.

There was no reply.

"Soldiers," he cried again, "it is the order of the emperor!" He turned and rode away, and a busy murmur went through the line.

"I will go," one said—a young hero who had not fleshed his maiden sword—"and I," "and I," "and I." Two hundred men were ready; a steady, closely-packed line, with bayonets fixed and ready for the charge. Again the company of brave fellows hesitated—they had no disposition to go on in silence—their leader turned to the drum-major, and bade him furnish two drummers for the charge. The pursy major glanced around his corps, now at one, now at another, now at a third, but there, as in the soldiers' ranks, was hesitation. One, however, watched every movement of his chief with peculiar attention: a bright flush was on his cheeks, and his eyes glittered with emotion, his hands trembled with excitement, and little Bilboquet—for Bilboquet it was—awaited but the word, but the word was not given. The captain grew impatient:

"Major, are you ready?"

Bilboquet's heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat; he darted forward;

"Monsieur, may I go?"

The pursy major raised his cane, but ere it fell Bilboquet was at the head of the troop; r-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lan,

r-r-r-lau went the drum, and with a shout, the volunteers followed the little drummer right in the face of the batteries. The beat of the drum and the shout of the men were lost in the deadly roar of the artillery. Fire flashed from the battery, thick clouds of smoke settled like a pall over the scene, and when it arose the ground was strewn with men: dead and dying were stretched in the ravine, and the shattered ranks of the volunteers were falling back in disorder.

R-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau! The little drummer rang out the charge right gallantly; the shattered line re-formed; and with another shout, the band of heroes pressed on once more. It was a frightful sight, and witnessed by the whole camp, for the army on the heights looked down on the struggle as men might have watched the struggle of gladiators in the Roman Colosseum. In all the fearful postures which the wounded could assume, in all the horrid forms which death could take, the men passed over the wreck of agony which had followed the first discharge from the battery. Within that battery, for it was close at hand, and those on the hills above could plainly perceive their movements, the Russian gunners prepared for a second discharge. Again the line of fire marks the course of Death's messengers; again the deafening roar of artillery serves for many a brave man's dirge; the smoke in heavy clouds rolls back, and a small remnant of those two hundred men—a shattered fragment—is seen to do fierce battle with the Russian gunners. R-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau! The drummer still beats the charge—he is the first to enter the battery, the first to cry:

"Messieurs, the guns are ours. Attention!"

During this time, the emperor, mounted on his favourite Isabel, watched the execution of the heroic enterprise. He started at each discharge of artillery, but when he saw his soldiers enter the battery, he lifted his hat, and said, "Brave men, brave men!" At those words, ten thousand of the guards clapped their hands, and the camp re-echoed with the shout—"Bravo, les voltigeurs!"

By the command of Napoleon, an aide-de-camp was despatched to the battery. He returned at full gallop.

"How many have entered?" asked the emperor.

"Sir, forty-one," replied the aide-de-camp.

"Distribute forty and one crosses of the Legion," said the emperor. "Never did men deserve the honour better."

He buttoned up his grey coat, put Isabel into a canter, and returned to his quarters.

Now was the fortune of Bilboquet made. Never more should he taste the cane of the drum-major; never more have the score of the raptan written in crimson lines on his own shoulders. "Never," says the proverb, "account a mortal happy until you have witnessed his end!"

It was a grand and affecting sight to witness the return of the little company whose final effort had planted the tri-colour on the Russian battery. They marched through the lines, and their comrades presented arms. When night came on, the red torches of those engaged in the performance of last duties were seen in the ravine. Spade and mattock followed up the work of sword and bayonet, and with due ceremony the one hundred and sixty slain were laid asleep in their last bed. The volley of fire-arms was heard, the mournful strains of music fell upon the ear, and the ravine, where the green grass sprang and the flowers grew, became a sepulchre.

R-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau. Drums beat to arms, gay colours floated in the air, the soldiers once again were as merry as only French soldiers know how to be. The

general of brigade, accompanied by a brilliant staff, arrived to distribute the reward apportioned by the emperor, and as the regiments formed into a circle, every man, singly, who had distinguished himself on the previous day, approached the general and received the cross of the Legion of Honour. One after another approached and retired; forty crosses had been distributed; the general looked perplexed.

"Forty-one entered the battery," said he, "and but forty crosses have been given. Let the remaining man step forward."

"It is I!" said a shrill voice, and Bilboquet came forward. I have said his manner was not prepossessing, and it certainly was not, even at the best of times, but now, when grieved at what he esteemed neglect, and excited by the enthusiasm of the scene, he was even worse than usual.

"It is I!" said Bilboquet, facing the general with a perplexed glance, "I entered the battery, I went in first, I said, 'these are our guns—'"

"Stay," said the general, "did you in reality accompany the volunteers yesterday?"

"I did, indeed, *mon général*," said Bilboquet, now flushed and livid with excitement.

"Ay, that he did," grumbled the purry major, "and he shall smart for it before long."

Now whether the general was testy, whether he thought it a fine opportunity of displaying his wit, or whether he really conceived that the boy was too young to receive the honour, we do not know, suffice it that, putting on a strange smile, he pricked his horse into motion, saying:

"You are too young, my child, for the Legion of Honour; you shall have it when you have a beard on your chin; meanwhile, may this console you."

He threw the boy a forty-franc piece and rode away, leaving poor Bilboquet overcome by indignation, shame, and sorrow. There the poor little fellow stood, scarcely seeming to know what to do or how to act.

"I must have a beard on my chin!" he repeated. "Oh, luckless fortune! Because I have no beard I have no courage—because I have no beard I have no Legion of Honour. Courage, Bilboquet, all will yet be well!"

The boy was aroused by the unctious voice of the purry major, and by the vigorous application of his formidable cane. Two big drops were in the eyes of Bilboquet—drops that struggled to come forth, and were restrained with difficulty—drops that overcame all difficulties at last, and rolled down his cheeks.

All next day, and the next, his companions noticed something strange in the conduct of the little drummer. He was less communicative than usual. When the soldiers tried on their old pranks, he refused to have anything to do with them. When they laughed and twitted him with the Legion of Honour, he only heaved deep sighs, always repeating to himself the same phrase, "Courage, Bilboquet; thou shalt wear the cross of the Legion yet."

Again and again he took out from his pocket his forty-franc piece, and regarded it with the most sorrowful expression. He turned it over and over again, and with a sort of convulsive effort which he in vain attempted to conceal, shut it up again in his pocket prison-house. There was a great change in the boy; he seemed to act with more determination than before, and to be more deliberate in all that he did. Still, came in hand, the drum-major went on with his *ra* and his *fa*, and the sharp rattle of the drum—r-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau, r-r-r-lau—was heard almost continually.

After some time, victorious and filled with ardour, the French troops entered Smolensk. Bilboquet marched in with the rest, and made the old town ring to the vibration of the sheepskin. When he went off duty he was for a little season released from the surveillance of *monsieur le tambour-major*. He wandered over the city, passed and re-passed its crowded warehouses and shops, marched to and fro its broad and narrow streets, crossed and re-crossed its squares and market-places. He regarded with the utmost attention the faces of all whom he met, as if he were looking for a friend among that gathering of strange visages that he could by no means find. The merchandise was spread in vain before his eyes; the forty-franc piece remained safe in his sabb. One thing, and one thing only, attracted him most seriously.

This one thing was the beard of the peasants. Not a serf passed him but the little drummer turned and looked with longing eyes on the beard, long or short, which the peasant sported. Black, white, grey, brown, no matter for the colour, it was sacred in the eyes of Bilboquet, and he revered the wearer. Yet still Bilboquet a preference for colour. Very full and fairly trimmed were the beards, but they were nearly all red, and Bilboquet shook his face, toyed with his forty-franc piece, and whispered his old words of encouragement, "Courage, Bilboquet; thou shalt wear the cross of the Legion yet."

At last our drummer turned into that portion of Smolensk which was called the Jewish quarter. In nearly every country we find that the Jews have some particular locality in which they congregate. It is so all through Russia and Poland; it is so in Rome, and it is even so here in London. When Bilboquet entered he was delighted beyond measure with the prospect before him. What cared he that the houses were old and ruinous, the streets ill-paved, the atmosphere offensive, the merchandise the cast-off frippery of all classes; he looked at nothing but the beards, and beards enough there were, and to spare. There, indeed, was a noble collection of beards—they were long and silky, and as black as ebony. Bilboquet was enchanted; it was a fairy-land—every fairy a Fagin with a goodly beard—and beards were the objects of the drummer's envy and admiration. Entranced with delight, he stood opposite a shop where all sorts of worn-out finery were exposed for sale, and gazed fixedly, steadily, at the old merchant within. He was a perfect picture as that old trader; he would have made his fortune as a model. His venerable appearance was a property in itself; his beard would have made him fit to appear in half the historical pictures in the Royal Academy. Observing that the lad loitered, the Jew crept forward, and asked in the most humble accent and in the worst French:

"Que foulez-vous, mon petit monsieur?"

"I want your beard," said Bilboquet, in a sharp and determined manner.

"Mon parpe!" cried the tradesman, in amazement, "fins foulez rire?"

"I will have your beard," said Bilboquet, "and when I have got it, I'll do what I like with it. I will pay for it—"

"Pay for my beard!" cried the Jew, "you cannot—you know nothing of its worth; pay for my beard—I would not sell it for all the gold of the Indies!"

"But you must!"

"Must is a word I know nothing about," said the Jew. "Have what else you please, *mon petit monsieur*, but not *mon parpe*!"

Bilboquet, after the fashion of the drum-major when

excited, laid his hand upon his short sword, and swore that he would teach the old Hebrew better manners. As the dispute waxed fierce, a little crowd collected, and at last two or three of Bilboquet's comrades pushed through, and demanded the reason of the quarrel.

"He wants my beard," cried the Jew.

"And I'll have it," cried Bilboquet.

"Ay, that he will, Father Abraham," shouted the soldiers. "The brave *petit tambour* has won his beard too well to let such a chance slip. Let us help when Bilboquet says it."

"Bilboquet must pay like a prince!" roared the recruits.

"He will pay like a general," said Bilboquet.

"How so?"

"He will pay forty francs; no more and no less."

"Well spoken," shouted the soldiers, and despite all the threats, promises, and expostulations of the Jew, he was carried into his own shop and shaved—cleanly, closely shaved—without either soap or water; the long, beautiful black beard being handed over to the drummer. Bilboquet paid down the forty-franc piece, and departed with his coveted treasure.

"What will you do with it, Bilboquet?"

"Wait and see!"

Upon arriving at the quarters of the regiment, Bilboquet induced the tailor to attach the long, glossy beard to a narrow strip of ass-skin. This being done, the article was carefully put away in his knapsack, and without admitting any one to his confidence he proceeded with his ordinary duties.

It would be needless here to detail the circumstances of the campaign in which the French army was then engaged. Suffice it, it marched to Moscow, entered the Imperial city to find it deserted by its inhabitants, and what followed all the world knows. Moscow was in flame; the stately Kremlin fell a victim to the devouring element; the conquerors were conquered—but not by Russian prowess. The disasters of the terrible retreat came first on one another; snow and frost without end, a road marked with corpses, a dolorous way, a scene of most tragic significance. It seems almost a marvel that throughout the horrors of that terrible retreat the army should have remained in such perfect discipline; that duty was the one thought uppermost in the minds of generals and privates alike; that the duty they owed to France and to the emperor sustained them amid all the perils of the way. The 9th Regiment of the Line, to which Bilboquet belonged, was distinguished for many heroic acts during the retreat.

One day, soon after the retreat began—before Napoleon quitted the army—the troops arrived on the banks of a small river, crossed by a wooden bridge. It was but slightly built, and had been dismantled by the enemy; but, pressed as the French were by a horde of Cossacks and Russian infantry, they ventured to make use of it and crossed in safety. When this feat had been accomplished, the next was to destroy the bridge and so cut off pursuit. The shouts and yells of the Cossacks were distinctly audible; their long lances gleamed like rays of light above the opposite hill. The Russian infantry, like a black stream, were descending the mountain, and the sharp rattle of musketry rang through the air. Several heavy pieces of artillery were turned upon the bridge, and explosion succeeded explosion, but without success. It was one of those occasions when an advantage must be gained or lost instantly; when some deed of desperate daring—

scarcely pardonable at any other time—becomes worthy of all praise. A body of sappers were ordered to advance and destroy with their hatchets the old wooden structure; but by some singular accident, the sappers were in the rear, and before they could be brought up the opportunity would be lost. While the general looked irresolutely around him, a shout was raised by the men, and a dark form was seen swimming to the centre of the stream; an instant, and a bright axe gleamed in the light. It fell on the green timbers—again, again, again. The building shook and tottered; one of the upright and supporting beams was evidently giving way. The axe is raised again and again, and showers of splinters fly at every stroke. Already the Russian infantry are on the brink of the stream. The Cossacks, whirling their spears in strange fantastic fashion, are rapidly approaching. The French troops watch every movement with the utmost eagerness. One more blow, and the old bridge falls with a frightful crash into the stream. What a shout ran through the camp as those old timbers fell!

The general rode down to the very edge of the water to receive the daring and successful soldier. He comes nearer, nearer, and scrambles to shore, making the military salute to his officer. What!—surely this is none other than Bilboquet himself, with the long, black beard hanging from his chin. Just at that moment, the officers standing about uncovered, a somewhat short, but well-built, resolute-looking man in a grey coat, came forward.

"What is the meaning of this masquerade?" he asked.

"Sire, said Bilboquet—for the new comer was the emperor himself—"sire, I have been driven to masquerade. A smooth chin can only earn forty-franc pieces; it needs a beard to win the cross of the Legion."

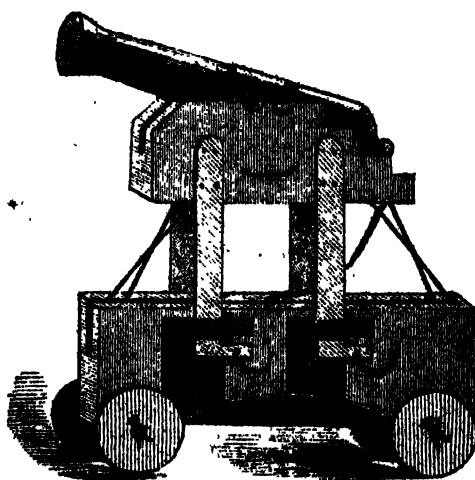
The general bit his lip. The drum-major was heard to utter some threat of punishment; but a few words of explanation served to make the emperor aware of the real state of the case.

"Bilboquet," said he, "you have done bravely." He took from his own coat the cross of the Legion, and gave it to the drummer. "You have doubly earned the cross," he continued, "wear it, and be worthy of it until death."

"Sire!" Bilboquet could say no more, but he knelt down and kissed the hand of the emperor. From that day he rapidly rose in the service, and would, doubtless, have carried a marshal's *bâton*, if the empire, like a splendid dream, had not so shortly afterwards faded away.

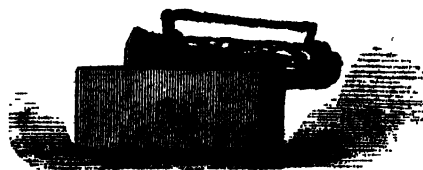
THE SUPPRESSED PAMPHLET.

The authorship of the pamphlet which has appeared at Brussels, professing to give an account of all that passed at the councils of war preparatory to the invasion of the Crimea, and containing several severe strictures on the condition and organisation of the British army, has been attributed to Prince Napoleon. The author is described on the title page as a "general officer," and there can be no doubt that the author either was actually present at the councils of war, or had his information direct from some one who was a member of it. The prince denies with indignation that he is the author. He admits, however, that there are certain specific facts which may have derived their authority from letters or conversations of his. The moment the prince heard of the pamphlet he went to the emperor and begged that inquiries might be instituted, at the same time expressing his willingness to give every facility in his power to discover the real author.



[A Parapet Gun.]

This form of gun was found extremely serviceable at Malta and Gibraltar. It can be moved by four men, and will throw a 10lb. shot a thousand yards with precision.



[A Gun of the time of Henry VII.]

The above engraving represents one of the earliest pieces of ordnance in general use in England for the purpose of defending walls and permanent works. The calibre is insignificant, and the weapon could only have been formidable at close quarters.



[Chain Shot closed.]



[Chain Shot as it appears when open.]

Shot of this description was used with considerable effect at Sebastopol when the combined attack was made. It is used principally for cutting away the masts and rigging of an attacking vessel.

A PRINTING-PRESS FOR THE CRIMEA.

A printing-press, type, and all the *matériel* necessary for the establishment of a printing-office, were shipped a few days ago at Lyons, for the use of the French army in the Crimea. The boxes containing the machinery, &c., were inscribed, "*Armée d'Orient—Imprimerie Impériale.*" Two of the most efficient compositors of the imperial printing establishment of Paris and a couple of assistants have also been sent out in the same vessel.



[THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE HOLY PLACES.

CHAPTER V.

It was agreed at St. Petersburg on the 10th of February, (1853) that the question of the Holy Places should be settled by negotiations to take place at Constantinople. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who had been in England on leave, was directed to return immediately to his embassy, and was charged with special instructions as to the part he was to take in the approaching negotiations. These instructions were conveyed to him by Lord Clarendon, who informed him that his mission was to counsel prudence to the Porte and forbearance to those powers who were urging her compliance with their demands, and "to use every effort to ward off a Turkish war." His excellency was also directed to explain to the sultan with all the frankness and reserve that might be consistent with prudence, the reasons which led Her Majesty's government to fear that the Ottoman empire was then in a position of peculiar danger. The accumulated grievances of foreign nations which the Porte was unable or unwilling to redress, the mal-administration of its own affairs, and the increasing weakness of executive power in Turkey, had caused the allies of the Porte latterly to assume a tone alike novel and alarming, and which, if persevered in, might lead to a general revolt among the Christian subjects of the Porte, and prove fatal to the independence and integrity of the empire—a catastrophe that would be deeply deplored by Her Majesty's government, but which it was their duty to represent to the Porte was considered probable and impending by some of the great European powers. He was also instructed to point out those reforms and improvements which the

sultan, under his present difficulties, might have the means of carrying into effect, and in what manner the Porte might best establish a system of administration calculated to afford reasonable security for the development of its commercial measures and the maintenance of its independence, recognised by the great Christian powers on the presumption of its proving a reality and a stable bond of peace in their respective relations with the Porte, and generally throughout the Levant. Nor was he to disguise from the sultan and his ministers that perseverance in their present course would end in alienating the sympathies of the British nation, and making it impossible for Her Majesty's government to shelter them from the impending danger, or to overlook the exigencies of Christendom exposed to the natural consequences of their unwise policy and reckless mal-administration. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was finally instructed, that in the event of imminent danger to the existence of the Turkish government, he was to despatch a messenger at once to Malta, requesting the admiral to hold himself in readiness, but not to direct him to approach the Dardanelles without positive instructions from Her Majesty's government.

The interviews which took place between the diplomatic personages at Constantinople, pending the opening of the negotiations, were of the most satisfactory description. On the 24th of February the usual Russian post-steamer arrived, bringing a Colonel Kohloff, who was understood to be an aide-de-camp preceding the arrival of a Russian personage coming there on a mission. The Russian envoy informed Colonel Rose, the following day, that Prince Menschikoff would arrive at Constantinople in the beginning of the next week with the rank and title of an ambassador. He added that Prince Menschikoff had the title of "Altesse Sérénissime," was an admiral, governor-general of Finland, and of the same category as Count Nesselrode, Prince Paskievitch, Prince Woronzoff, and Count Orloff. Prince Menschikoff duly arrived on the 2nd of March, and paid his official visit to the grand vizier at the Porte, but purposely omitted to pay it to Fuad Effendi (the foreign minister), who was ready to receive him. This incident caused a painful sensation in Constantinople, as it was looked upon as an inauspicious commencement of the Russian ambassador's mission.

The prince had not been in Constantinople more than a very few days, when circumstances gradually came to light, and caused grave apprehensions for the independence, if not the destiny, of Turkey. No expense or efforts were spared for the purpose of imparting to the Russian embassy all the advantages which accrue from personal influence, display, and entertainment. Prince Menschikoff was accompanied by the chancellor's son, Prince Gallitzin, the emperor's aide-de-camp, and a large suite. But while the Russian government neglected no means for rendering the embassy influential and agreeable to Orientals, they were equally careful to impart to it the most powerful of influences amongst Turks—intimidation. A day or two after the arrival of Prince Menschikoff, another man-of-war steamer arrived, conveying Vice-Admiral Korniloff, of the Black Sea fleet, aide-de-camp and adjutant-general of the emperor, and General Nikspotchinski, chief of the staff of General Rudiger's two corps d'armée, with other military officers. The presence of these superior officers of the naval and military forces, which were to act against the Porte should she not comply with Russian demands, had its due effect, particularly as it was known that the fifth and seventh corps had been concentrated; and placed on the war footing under the command of General Rudiger, whose headquarters were at Kishinev in Bessarabia. It became also known that General Dannenberg, commanding the cavalry of the fifth corps, had pushed his advance-guard as far as Skuleny and Areny, up to the very Moldavian frontier, within two hours of Jassy; that large funds had been transmitted to Russian merchants in Wallachia and Moldavia for the purchase of provisions for the Russian troops, and finally, that the fleet at Sebastopol was getting ready to sail at the shortest notice. Unfortunately Prince Menschikoff's first public act evinced entire disregard on his part of the sultan's dignity and rights, which, combined with the hostile attitude of Russia, created the impression that coercion, rather than conciliatory negotiation, would distinguish his excellency's mission. His excellency transmitted his credentials to Fuad Effendi, and the next day, with his whole embassy, waited on the grand vizier at the Porte. It was an invariable rule that a new ambassador should make the second visit of ceremony to the minister for foreign affairs. But Prince Menschikoff, after leaving the grand vizier, although invited by Kiamfi Bey, the *introduction des ambassadeurs*, to visit Fuad Effendi, whose apartment adjoined those of the grand vizier, declined to do so; and Prince Menschikoff, passing by the line of troops and *Kavasses*, and the very door of Fuad Effendi, which had been opened to receive him, left the Porte. The affront was the more galling, because great preparations had been made for the purpose of receiving the Russian ambassador with marked honours, and a great concourse of people, particularly Greeks, had assembled for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony. The grand vizier of course expressed his indignation at the premeditated affront which had been offered to his sovereignty; and the sultan's irritation was excessive. Colonel Rose and the French envoy at once saw all the bearing and intention of the affront. Prince Menschikoff wished, at his first start, to create an intimidating and commanding influence, to show that any man, even a cabinet minister, who had offended Russia, would be humiliated and punished even in the midst of the sultan's court, and without previous communication to His Majesty. Prince Menschikoff wished to take the cleverest man out of the ministry, humiliate it, upset it, and establish in its

place a ministry favourable to his views. If this manoeuvre had succeeded, a second treaty like that of Unkiar Skelessi, or something worse, would probably have been the result.

This slight cast upon the sultan and his ministers became the subject of an explanation between Colonel Rose and M. de Ozeroff, the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, which ended in an admission by Prince Menschikoff that "he did not intend to infringe the sultan's rights or hurt his dignity or feelings," but that the embassy would not negotiate certain questions with Fuad Effendi. The treatment of Fuad Effendi—the disappointed feeling which Prince Menschikoff's mission had caused amongst the Greek population—the concentration and advance of troops on the Turkish frontier, greatly discouraged the sultan and his ministers. The grand vizier declared to the representatives of England and France, that the Russian government evidently intended to win some important right from Turkey which would destroy her independence, and requested that the British admiral should be instructed to bring up his squadron to Vourla Bay near Malta. Feeling the intimate conviction that if the sultan were not supported on this occasion, he would fall to his councils a ministry selected under English influence, Colonel Rose told his Majesty that he would inform his government that the safety of Turkey required the presence of the British squadron in the Turkish waters. Mr. Bunsell said the same as regarded the French squadron. But these assurances did not tranquillize the sultan's mind; he thought that Turkey would be lost before an answer could arrive from England and France. The Russian government, he said, had not kept faith with Her Majesty's government; instead of withdrawing or allowing her troops to be stationary, she had advanced them up to the Turkish territory, ordering provisions for those troops in the Turkish provinces, without having ever declared or stated her cause of complaint against the Porte to the Porte—a thing unheard of amongst, and contrary to the rights of civilized nations. She was also taking other warlike measures, maritime as well as military, on a very great scale, unmistakably with the view of overcoming Turkey's independence, or making war on her.

Under these circumstances Colonel Rose acquainted the grand vizier, that he would request the admiral commanding at Malta to bring up his squadron to Vourla Bay.

Meanwhile Sir G. H. Seymour, who at St. Petersburg had watched with the utmost anxiety the steps taken by Russia to prepare her army for a warlike demonstration, called upon Count Nesselrode on the 7th of March, in order to be informed what credit was to be attached to the rumours which prevailed on the subject. Sir G. H. Seymour in a despatch to the Earl of Clarendon, thus describes the interview:—

"Count Nesselrode said, that he believed he might state that I had not been correctly informed. 'Does your excellency,' I inquired, 'authorities not assert that you are not arming, or am I only to report that you believe you are not arming?' After some hesitation, the chancellor said that he would not assert, but that he believed (*croire*) that he had reason for believing (*de croire*) that the tendency was to slacken (*relâcher*) rather than to urge on military preparation since the unsuccessful termination of Count Leiningen's mission had been learned. I apprehend this relaxation of preparation to allude to the order for the purchase of horses, which has been rescinded. A somewhat desultory conversation ensued. We spoke of General Leiningen's mission, and I took an opportunity

of observing that the pressure lately applied to the Porte was such as, in the opinion of Her Majesty's government, could not be safely carried on. The chancellor replied, that, to use my own expression, great part of the pressure would now cease; that, as regarded Montenegro, hours were of importance when Christians were being massacred—when there was question of the extermination of whole Christian populations! But this was not the case with the question of the Holy Places; about this there was no immediate hurry; that Prince Menschikoff had been provided with very extensive powers. Count Nesselrode remarked, that he had heard with real pleasure from Baron Brunnov of the excellent instruction addressed by Lord John Russell to Lord Cowley upon the Holy Places question. With respect to the emperor's views, Count Nesselrode again observed, that it was impossible that his imperial majesty should recede from the position secured to the Greeks by the firman of last February, confirmed as it had been by the sultan's letter; that this very firman was in fact a concession to the Latins, who in virtue thereof, obtained two favours in lieu of the one granted to the Greek Church.

"This was subsequently explained to me by M. de Siniavine as alluding to the Grotto of Gethsemane, an admission to which, as well as a right to officiate in the Church of Bethlehem, was secured to the Roman Catholics by last year's firman, while the only new favour conferred upon the Greeks by that instrument was the right to celebrate service—and that once a year—in the Church of the Ascension upon the Mount of Olives.

"Count Nesselrode also stated that the French complained without just cause of the despatch of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople, after the overtures made by them at direct negotiations with the Russian government; inasmuch as Prince Menschikoff's mission had long before been determined upon, and had been deferred only in consequence of the infirm state of his health."

Fuat Effendi tendered his resignation on the 7th of March, and Rifat Pasha was appointed in his place. Fuat Effendi persisted in refusing to return to office. The sultan's *hatti sherif* issued upon this occasion was remarkable, because, for the first time in the annals of Turkey, the sultan declared that he accepted a minister's resignation. An exception to the invariable rule was made on this occasion, for the purpose of showing that Fuat Effendi's own will, and not foreign intervention, was the cause of his resignation. Hitherto it was not supposed possible that any Turkish minister could possess a will in any matter connected with the sovereign's prerogative.

The *hatti sherif*, or official notification, relating to the resignation of Fuat Effendi and the appointment of his successor, was in the following words—"My illustrious vizier,—It having become necessary to replace Fuat Effendi, who has requested us to accept his resignation of the post of minister for foreign affairs of our Sublime Porte; and Rifat Pasha, who is acquainted with the affairs of that office, possessing talents and capacity, he has been appointed to our Ministry, and having been invested with the office of minister for foreign affairs, he has been sent to our Sublime Porte. May our God, the most Holy be merciful to all, for the sake of the merits of the Chief of the Prophets. So be it."

The first positive information which reached the British government of hostile negotiations having been actually made by Russia in the direction of the Principalities was conveyed in a note from Mr. Yeames, consul at Odessa, addressed to Colonel Rose at Constantinople, and dated

the 4th of March. Mr. Yeames stated, that on the previous Tuesday evening, a courier arrived from St. Petersburg, bringing very unexpected orders for the immediate concentration of the troops—the 15th division of infantry at Leovo on the Pruth, the 14th at Odessa, and the 13th at Sebastopol, to be ready for embarkation. The artillery of the 5th corps d'armée, always stationed on the left bank of the Dnieper, was without delay to join the respective divisions. Rye biscuits—a war provision—had been baked, and a large quantity was stored at Kichenef; likewise a great supply of boots. Mr. Yeames added, that no judgment could be formed there by the natives for these precipitate measures, excepting it were the question of the Holy Places, supposed, generally, to be the object of Prince Menschikoff's embassy. No other grievance was known to exist at Odessa since the success of Count Leiningen's negotiation respecting Montenegro.

The British government heard with deep regret that Colonel Rose had sent instructions to the fleet at Malta to come to Vourla, as they believed that Prince Menschikoff, having declared that he did not mean to insult the sultan by not visiting Fuat Effendi, there was no further necessity for taking so extreme a course as ordering up the fleet. Admiral Dundas, however, refused to act upon the instructions of Colonel Rose, and despatched a messenger to England, requesting further and positive directions. The reply sent to him was, that Colonel Rose was not justified in ordering him up, and that he had acted with great discretion in not moving his fleet without orders from England. On the 19th of March, a cabinet council, presided over by the Emperor of the French, came to a resolution to order the fleet at Toulon to proceed to the coast of Greece. Lord Cowley inquired why it had been judged necessary to take this serious step, and was told that it had not been done with any hostile intention; that it was evident from Colonel Rose having sent for the English fleet, that he considered the crisis at Constantinople as one of great gravity, and that the French government had resolved to be prepared for any eventuality. His lordship represented, that it appeared to him that, however necessary and advisable the presence of the French fleet in the Archipelago might eventually become, the decision to send it had been taken prematurely. To these and other representations M. Drouyn de Lhuys replied, that it was impossible to recall orders which had been published in the *Mondein*.

While Lord Cowley at Paris was endeavouring to restrain all positive activity on the part of the French government, Sir G. Seymour at St. Petersburg was using his best exertions to bring about a settlement of the differences between France and Russia with regard to the Holy Places. Sir G. Seymour waited upon Count Nesselrode, and informed him that all the late acts of the French government appeared to him to be dictated by a spirit of conciliation, and that Her Majesty's government were extremely desirous that the French overtures should be met in a friendly spirit, and that a door should be opened by Russia for the arrangement of all points of difference. Count Nesselrode stated, that the door was provided by the ample instructions given to Prince Menschikoff; that far from desiring him to push matters to extremity, it had been made clear to the prince that the emperor did not desire to deprive the French of any of the advantages of which they had lately possessed themselves; and all that was sought was that some small compensation, in the shape, for instance, of the right to

officiate in some church or chapel hitherto closed against them, should be granted to the Greeks.

Prince Menschikoff remained several days at Constantinople without intimating to the sultan or his government the precise nature of his mission, although he demanded in his quality of ambassador, to be admitted to a private audience of the sultan whenever he might require it. Colonel Rose was admitted to an interview with him on the 9th of March, when he questioned him respecting the military movements of the Russian troops, which had caused so much apprehension to the Porte. He also read to the prince Mr. Consul Yeames' letter, written from Odessa a few days previously.

Prince Menschikoff said in reply, that the Russian force had been advanced to the Turkish frontier because the first report at St. Petersburg of the result of Count Leiningen's mission was not satisfactory; but that he did not know of any intention to embark troops at Sebastopol. Colonel Rose then asked Prince Menschikoff whether the Russian troops could not return to their original quarters, since Count Leiningen's mission had received a satisfactory solution, adding, that he was certain that so peaceful a demonstration would afford the greatest satisfaction to Her Majesty's government and the Porte. Prince Menschikoff said that the troops would remain in their present quarters, which were their usual cantonments. Colonel Rose reminded him that General Dauenberg's force had advanced from its usual quarters up to the Moldavian frontier, and that the 5th and 7th corps had been united, and placed on the war establishment under General Rudiger. Prince Menschikoff thereupon took up another ground of argument, and said that the military movements of Omar Pasha had caused suspicion to the Russian government, who thought that he might carry war and Mazzini's doctrines into the Austrian territory and the Danubian provinces. Colonel Rose said he could give the most positive assurances that the Porte had never even had an idea of carrying into execution so great a project of conquest and revolutionary propagandism, which would be ruinous to her interests and incompatible with her means, and that Omar Pasha had the most stringent orders to keep quite clear of the Austrian frontier. How, he asked, could it be possible, that that general, with his small, imperfect force, could move through hostile slave populations, against the armies of Russia in his front, those of Austria on his left flank, and the warlike Montenegrins in his rear. Of all the excuses given by Russia for her threatening military demonstrations this last one was certainly the least valid. Prince Menschikoff held the same language to the French envoy, adding, that "he was a negotiator, and not like Count Leiningen the bearer of a peremptory demand." He also said, that if Omar Pasha had attacked the Austrians, Russia would have made war on the Porte.

The prolonged sojourn of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople gave rise to a variety of rumours with regard to the real nature of his mission. It was reported that he had seen the grand vizier and the new minister for foreign affairs, and unfolded to them the true object of his mission, which was, in fact, to make Turkey a party to a secret treaty, by which Russia should have the sole protectorate of all the Christian subjects of the Porte, and the domination of the Greek patriarch. In return for this concession, which was to be kept a secret from England and France, Russia was to place at the disposal of the Porte a fleet and 400,000 men, to be used against any western power with which she

might hereafter go to war. Count Nesselrode wrote to Baron Brunnow early in April begging of him to assure Lord Clarendon, in the name of his majesty, "that his majesty's desire and determination was to respect the independence and the integrity of the Turkish empire."

[To be continued.]

THE BATTLE AND THE BRAVE.

By THE REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

BEATH there a pulse in Britain's lion-heart
That throbs not with heroic thrill,
When God hath summon'd for some glorious part
Warriors are destined to fulfil,—
Her loyalty and love, in weapon'd might to be
The victors on the land, and vanquishers on sea?

Flows there a blood-drop in our English veins
That leaps with no impassion'd life,
While rings the war-trump those arousing strains
With more than battle-music rife,
Till all the chivalries which crowd our island story
Rise in their ancient truth, and re-assert their glory?

Moves there a hand which does not glow to wield,
When virtue upon valour calls,
Weapons that unto impious tyrants yield
A warning, where our God appeals
The despot in his pride of myriad-armed power,
And pales into dread the most presuming hour?—

Not one! replies that patriotic soul
In England which now burns and lives,
While bravely, as a rich-toned anthem, rolls
The blended answer freedom gives
From city, court, and plain, where'er the challenge rings,—
Now, rear the banner high, and fight beneath its wings!

Twice twenty years of commerce and of calm
Upon our hearts and homes have shed
The social blessing and the sacred balm
From their united action bred,
And, in the lulling pause of this unwarlike time,
Some hasty tongues have said, our arms were less sublime

Than when of old they bore that awful brunt
Which shook the European world,
And boldly met with our embattl'd front,
And flag of liberty unfurl'd—
Myriads of banded foes, who seem'd the earth to blight,
And hid pale empires cower in terror and affright?

But Inkerman and Balaklava shame
And silence the dark slander down!
Where bravery and battle won a name
Eternall'd in true renown,
While glory watch'd the fight, and with exulting brow,
Cried—"British heroes make immortal history now!"

Let willow'd Alma from her ragged banks,
Bay, who on dread September-morn
Fronted the carnage with unflinching ranks,
As if by inspiration born,
When through the foed'st stream rush'd each devoted man,
And crimson'd with his blood the star that set him on?

In vain the death-shot pour'd its iron storm
Mid thunder, smoke, and din,
And low in dust lay many a noble form—
Beneath the blasting avalanche—
The Muscovite recoils, and forward! is the cry,
Let cowards learn to live, the brave are taught to die!

Like riven storm-clouds, when they roll, and clash
Themselves to lightning, o'er the heaven,
With daring fury and impetuous dash
Foe against foe are wilder'd seen,
But high above the war, hark! how the gallant cheer
Feels an inspiring blast, as death advances near.

Lord of the fight! to Thee we lift the praise,
That men of Agincourt are found
Red'd in heroes' who reek the days
When England's name was gloriously sound—
Since not in numbers, but in nobleness we find
The panoply which arms the spirit of mankind.

THE GREAT HOSPITAL AT CAEN.

THE traveller who visits Caen cannot fail to be struck with the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur. It is one of the largest and best conducted establishments in Europe, and has effected an amount of good which no state endowment or institution could hope to do. The hospital owes its origin to a community of nuns formed in the year 1781, by Anne Leroi, the daughter of a tradesman of Caen, who, assisted by the Bishop of Bayeux, became its first superior. At the period of the Revolution (1789) the number of sisters was twenty-three. During the storm that raged at that terrible epoch in the annals of French history, the sisters were dispersed, their asylum was broken up, and seven of them died. In 1804, when the fear of the Revolution subsided, and tranquillity appeared to favour the revival of religion, the sisters reassembled and purchased the old Capuchin monastery, which had, in part, survived the pillage and sacrilegious violence of the infuriated mob. The building which enclosed within its outer walls some fifteen acres of land, was peculiarly adapted for an hospital on the largest scale. The main object which the founders, or rather the revivers of the institution had in view, was to gather into one numerous sisterhood a body of religiously and devoutly disposed women, who, without the restriction of the cloister, should by vow dedicate their lives to the relief of human wretchedness—to the communication of knowledge to the ignorant—to the healing of the sick and wounded, either in wards or at their own homes—to the training of young ladies from the higher ranks to the first rudiments of religion, and to the gratuitous instruction of the daughters of humble mechanics and artisans, incapable of paying for their children's schooling. Such being the basis of their plan, the council of the department of Calvados lent the community a sum of eighty-five thousand francs, whereupon they agreed to dedicate the establishment to the following objects:—1. An asylum for the comfortable maintenance and best medical treatment of insane persons belonging to the department of Calvados. 2. A relief establishment, or infirmary, for dispensing medicines, pecuniary alms, nourishment, and nurses to individuals lingering in painful sickness, or injured by any fearful accident of whatever nature. 3. An educational and industrial school for young deaf and dumb persons of either sex. 4. An establishment for the reception of young girls of a higher class, paying a certain annual amount to the funds of the hospital, as pupils, under the superintendence of able teachers; receiving not only the advantages of a thoroughly good education, but of early instruction in religious learning till qualified to attend at the communion of their church. 5. A school, giving gratuitous instruction to the daughters of tender age of artisans and mechanics of the district too needy to be able to pay for school tuition. 6. A home of peaceful seclusion for ladies of rank desirous of living in retirement for life, or for any period of it, at their own proper cost, but under the shelter and protection of a religious house.

The prosperity which has attended this admirable institution was materially advanced by the indefatigable zeal and energy of the Abbé Pierre Jamet, who died within its precincts nine years since. This benevolent ecclesiastic died at the age of eighty-three, after watching over the fortunes of the house and spending two-thirds of his life in unremitting exertions on its behalf, from the evil days of 1790 to the year 1845. The Hôpital

du Bon Sauveur now consists of a sisterhood of two hundred nuns under a principal, the successor of the Abbé Jamet, and superintended by Mademoiselle Natalie Antoinette Marin de Puiseaux, daughter of the late sous-préfet of government at Rouen. The sisters wear a black habit, the upper part of which covers their head, concealing the hair and passing under the chin, whence depend two long bands, beneath which is seen a silver crucifix hanging from a chain passed round the neck. They are continually occupied among the inmates, taking turns in the several departments of teaching, nursing, outdoor visitation, and the household management, which, as there are upwards of twelve hundred inmates, is on a vast scale. Besides the professed nuns, there are upon the establishment a number of novices, domestic servants, gardeners, stable-keepers, &c. There are lecture-rooms and workshops provided for the deaf and dumb. The walls of the classrooms where these unfortunates are taught, are faced with large slabs of slate, finely smoothed, so as to admit of the most delicate touches of delineation. The rudiments of drawing are taught with the use of pencils (the portecrayon supplied with white chalk), after designs from the antique—many of these are admirably executed. There is also a turning class, where the youths (sons of mechanics) exhibit great skill in this ingenious art. There are nearly seven hundred lunatics (of whom four hundred are females) in different stages of mental derangement. Among these are many of high rank and title. The classification is very particular. Some occupy entire houses to themselves with gardens, and resort to the rooms provided for the higher class during their lucid intervals, as places of recreation, either to enjoy a game of billiards, or play on the piano, or read the books in the public library. The patients are classified with reference to their rank and condition of life; some being exclusively maintained by the charity, others by their relatives. The former wear a costume prescribed by the institution; the latter dress as they like. The row of houses occupied by the *aliénées* of high rank, is a handsome range of buildings; they are situate on one side of a large extent of highly cultivated garden ground, adorned with every variety of shrubs, flowers, and parterres, intersected in several directions by gravelled paths communicating with a broad walk, which extends all round the enclosure. The gentlemen and male lunatics, three hundred in number, are domiciled in a distinct section of the premises, where they have the free enjoyment of a beautiful garden, and are supplied with newspapers, books, and periodicals. In a quiet secluded little quadrangle of the men's compartment, the visitor is shown the parlour and bed-room formerly occupied by Beau Brummell, of unhappy celebrity, once consul of Caen. Brummell, through the intervention of the most benevolent of strangers, rather than by any direct act of his few remaining friends, became an inmate of this enviable asylum in the year 1838, and remained in it the greater part of two years, in fact, to the day of his decease. The gardener, Pierre Dubois, who acts as overlooker and attendant among the patients, lodges in the section of St. Joseph, as this part is called, and tells many anecdotes of poor Brummell. He states, that Brummell was so paralysed in body as to require the arms of two persons to support him when walking about the garden, but that his spirits were always good, and that he appeared to be totally unconscious of his melancholy condition. One of his delusions was, that he was the owner of large possessions, and that he had made ample provi-

sion in England for all the attendants and persons who had been kind to him in the institution. His appetite was always good—almost voracious—but his only beverage was barley-water mixed with a small quantity of wine. The bed-room occupied by Brummell, and the parlour underneath were formerly used by the celebrated De Bourriére (Napoleon's secretary) who died at the hospital on the 7th of February, 1834, at the age of sixty-four years. He was what they term in the hospital an *aliéné* (a patient in a state of mental derangement), and never recovered his reason. The bed-room is a cheerful apartment, eighteen feet square and nine feet in height, beautifully clean, neatly papered, and amply furnished for all the purposes of a sleeping-room. Opposite to the window stands a chest of drawers made, as all the other articles of furniture are, of maple wood, and the apartment is left in precisely the condition it presented when Brummell died.

The great gate of the hospital is like that of any mansion of note in foreign cities, and is always kept closed. A heavy knocker makes known that some one wishes to be admitted, and the door opens by means of a cord communicating with the porter's lodge, in which, at a wide open window on the right are generally to be seen two or three elderly nuns, seated, to answer all applications, receive letters and packets, and maintain a continued look-out on all exits and entrances. The laundry and drying room form a part of the establishment well worthy of a visit. The linen is carried from the lavatory into the drying-house—a large building with three floors fitted up like lofts. No stoves are in use here, not even in the dampest days of autumn and winter. The largest sheets and counterpanes are thoroughly dried by the currents of cold air rushing through the louver-boarded windows. A certain number of the sisters superintend this and the other departments of the institution, the neatness and regularity of which are beyond all praise. The sisters live at a well supplied table: soup, fish, roast, boiled, and stewed meats, are served in the refectory every day in ample supply, with a sufficient allowance of light Bourdeaux wine and cider. The hour for rising is six o'clock in summer and winter, when a cup of tea or coffee is served to each of the sisters. At eight, they breakfast; dine between eleven and twelve; at three, those who desire it have served to them a cup of soup with bread and whatever fruit may be in season; and at six o'clock, all meet in the refectory and sit down to a substantial supper. There are six close carriages kept for the sisters, and for the use of the upper class of insane patients who take airings and excursions by turns. There are several acres of good pasture and bleaching grounds attached to the premises, and twelve cows are constantly kept for the dairy, independently of supplies of milk and cream from the neighbourhood. The whole of the cider consumed in the establishment is made on the premises in a press of great power, from the tanks of which it is pumped into narrow wooden conduits and shoots, leading into the reservoir. This receptacle is a large massive stone building, comprising two enormous chambers, the granite walls of which are three feet thick, and surmounted by a cased roof, in which is an aperture through which a person may descend either to repair the reservoir or to sound the depth of the liquor. The reservoirs are thirty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and eighteen in height, paved with granite, and exhibit all the strength and solidity of a casemated battery rather than of a tank for liquor. The great tun of the Heidelberg measures thirty

feet in length, and twenty in depth. It is stated to contain eight hundred hogsheads of wine, or two hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred bottles. Allowing a pint and a-half to each bottle, and fifty-four gallons to the hogshead, the latter estimate would make a total of nine hundred and eighty-three hogsheads. The tuns at the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur are not quite so large as those at Heidelberg, but they are sufficiently so to allow twelve hundred and fifty persons a pint and a half of cider a-day, and leave a surplus of ninety-six pipes as a store in case of a failure in the apple crop. Many of the sisters who have passed a life of usefulness within this admirable institution have endowed it with all their worldly possessions, and others bestow upon its annual revenue their entire income. But this is not all. Living as they do to lessen the terrible amount of physical and moral evil around them—voluntarily exerting their minds and bodies for the alleviation of suffering in every shape—and with unpaid toil sharing the most arduous and revolting offices of the chambers of sickness and death—their course in this world seems ordered from above to exemplify the active duties of Christianity; and to Him alone who knows their works and their labours and their patience, they look for countenance, approval, and reward, for their praise is not of men but of God.

LANKEY JACK, THE PRINCE OF BEGGARS.

"Art thou a man, and shan't thou not to beg—
To practise such a servile kind of life?"

Every Man in his Humour.

Of the various occupations and professions which afford employment to, or provide the means of subsistence for the teeming population of our country, there are few in which the attainment of excellence and of a high reputation are more difficult than in the craft and mystery of the beggar. Fielding, in his humorous and satirical "Journey from This World to the Next," has indicated in one of the transformations of Julian the Apostate (that in which he appears on earth in the character of a beggar) some few of the requirements for a successful prosecution of the art of begging. There is the "countenance miserable," which, the novelist says, nature makes much easier to some than to others, but which may be learned by all provided the teaching be commenced "early enough in youth, and before the muscles are grown too stubborn." Next to the "countenance miserable" he places the "voice lamentable," a qualification that, although due in a great degree to nature, may still be greatly improved by art; and one which, even without the assistance of genius, may be gained by industry and application, and above all, by early and youthful lessons. Within these two qualifications, which may be called the external developments of the professional beggar, are included every species of whining distress, supplicating moan, tearful eyes, shivering limbs, tattered dress, pitiable blindness, helpless imbecility, tottering lameness, apoplectic affections, bandaged limbs, and many other outward forms of poverty, disease, or casualty through which the experienced beggar may wring the heart and lighten the pockets of the misjudging philanthropist.

But while the range of characters which the skillful mendicant can assume is so extensive, his knowledge of human nature is not less profound and philosophical. "With the women," said Julian, "I had one general formula, 'Sweet, pretty lady, God bless your ladyship, God bless your handsome face.' This generally succeeded; but I observed the uglier the woman was, the surer I was of success." No art is more prospectively resorted to by the

beggar than that of flattery, and the pockets of the lords of the creation are equally as assailable by the application of "soft sawdust" as are the silk purses of the fairer sex. A spruce young clergyman, on the first occasion of wearing his robes, was addressed by Julian: "Pray, reverend sir: good reverend sir, consider your cloth." "I do, child," replied the novice, "consider my office, and I hope all of our cloth do the same," and throwing down some money, he strutted off with great dignity. What a knowledge of human nature, too, is displayed by beggars of the present day, in following with ceaseless importunity any person who shows by his dress that he has recently lost some near and dear friend! We seek a solace for our griefs in relieving the distresses of others. In the golden days, too, of our courtship, when Emily hung with fondness on our arm, and bright and loving glances of affection were interchanged, how often was our conversation interrupted by the whining appeals for charity, of a short, thin, wretchedly clad woman, with a pale-faced baby in her arms, and by her shrill ejaculatory prayer, that our children might never know what it was to want a crust of bread. "Bother the woman," we said. "Poor thing," sighed Emily, and fumbling among the *olla podrida* which she carried in her basket or reticule, she almost invariably found the means of paying the importunate beggar for her worthless prayers. Later in life, Mrs. B——, with the nurse, never took the earliest and latest pledges of our affection to hear the hand, or feed the ducks in the park, but some stalwart, hulking, knavish-looking fellow would follow her steps, murrating in his huskiest voice, how he had six children at home ill of a fever or sick of the measles, and that not a bit of anything had passed their mouths for a week. Whether it was sympathy for the absent sufferers, or fear of the contagious measles or fever for Master Edward or little Alice, we do not know, but somehow or other that lazy, lying beggar always went away satisfied from Emily. Returning home, she has seen and heard the same afflicted and heart-broken father, pouring out his distressed soul to a lady arrayed in the garb of widowhood, and then, his poor wife was lying dead at home, and he, poor man, had not the means of burying her. Death, the "insatiate archer," had just slain the lady's husband; her wounded heart, still unstanched and bleeding, felt keenly for the self-inflicted miseries of the artful suppliant by her side; and urged by a charity which gives before it discriminates, she strengthened the beggar in his idle and dissolute career, by alms which she could ill spare from her scanty stock.

This parent, who could mourn so feelingly over his suffering children, and who, with such an admirable knowledge of human nature, could sympathise with the poor widow, was no other than the famous "Lankey Jack, the Prince of Impostors"—a man who prides himself upon being the begging profession what Barnum is to the showmen—the head of his profession. In an artistic point of view, the performances of "Lankey Jack" are fully equal to, if not superior to, any of those of which Barnum has had the good fortune to be his own chronicler, and neither the "woolly horse," nor "Joyce Heth," nor the cigar-loving "mermaid" of the showman, were deserving of greater reward than are some of the inimitable performances of this accomplished beggar. "Lankey Jack," while he is the pride and envy, is, at the same time, one of the most respected members of this interesting fraternity. "High-flyers," "alummers," "nakes," "dreary nakes," "shallow-go-nakes," "sea larks," "croakers," "smokes," "tattlers and drizzlers," "common frizzlers," "dreary grizzlers,"

"dance bloaks," and in fact, every other branch of the profession, look up with respect and admiration to one, who, by his great talent and versatility, is able to achieve success in every department to which he devotes his genius. "Lankey Jack," said a promising young member of the fraternity to us one day, "is the most splendid fellow of any of us. He has never done a day's work in his life. He can do anything. He can come the sick dodge better than any cove I ever see'd. If you was to see him in asthma, you'd think he was going to die—he does it so first-rate. He's only five-and-twenty, and there ain't no county nor town where he hasn't travelled." "Nor few jails," said we, "of which he does not know some particulars." "You're right there," replied the youthful aspirant to the giddy pinnacle of Jack's honours, "Jack lives more as half his time at the expense of the nation, and he no more minds it than nothing at all."

Our first more particular introduction to the professional exploits of "Lankey Jack," took place some months since at Cambridge—a town which, probably on account of its classical or collegiate reputation, is the most famous resort in England of members of the begging fraternity. What Swindon and Derby are to our two great railway-systems, so is Cambridge to the beggars—it is the grand centre of their operations, the head-quarters of that army of dreary Bashi-Bazouks, which lives on the fears and the benevolence of our peaceful and easily swayed population. But *revenons à nous moutons*.

A crowd of persons are assembled in High-street, Cambridge; others are running up to join the gathering; we follow them, and with the curiosity common to humanity, push and squeeze our way to the centre of the group. A decently attired gentleman, his clothes rather faded in appearance, is lying upon his back, his face is deadly pale, of his large round eyes nothing but the white part is visible; a whitish foam is gathering round his mouth, blood is issuing from his nose, he plunges with his feet, and throws his arms about with frantic wildness, and with superhuman strength. The bystanders are alarmed; some approach the poor sufferer in the vain hope of affording relief. One suggests cold water; another, that he shall be taken to the nearest doctor's or to the hospital; one more practical than the others approaches; half-a-dozen others immediately follow his example; the face and temples of the poor man are laved with the revivifying fluid, but returning consciousness comes not with all the sympathising efforts. A medical gentleman steps forward; a searching and professional glance is directed to the features of the writhing man; the doctor stoops, feels the pulse of the patient—the contortions increase in violence. "The man must be removed immediately," says the medical gentleman, "policeman, take this man to the station-house!" The paroxysms increase; other policemen arrive, carrying a stretcher. As they lay the apparatus by the side of the sufferer, the more violent symptoms gradually disappear; a long and a loud sigh is given, the eyelids close, the lips move, the eyes open, and the suffering man turns his head inquiringly around, and in broken accents, asks:

"Where am I?"

"It's all right, Jack; will you walk quietly, or shall we strap you?" inquires one of the policemen, in a quiet, business-like tone of voice.

"Oh, you be hanged," mutters the gradually recovering patient in reply to the friendly greeting of the policeman, and immediately in a louder voice and in a more cheerful key, "I shall be better presently."

Half-a-dozen hands, with as many glasses of brandy-and-water, are pushed forward to the miserable individual, and no sooner has he taken a sip from one kind hand, than others advance to minister to his recovery, to the evident danger of suffocating the poor wretch.

"I'm very much better now," sighs out the man, who by this time has risen to his legs, "but, oh, my poor, poor, suffering wife and family!"

There is a movement among the little crowd; a jingle of coin in the pockets, and several hands in succession grasp unseen the colder hand of the sufferer, and leave within it some mark of their sympathy as he is preparing to accompany the policeman to the nearest surgeon's or hospital.

"Do you charge him, sir?" says one of the policemen to the doctor.

"Yes, certainly. I never knew a more glaring and impudent attempt," is the reply.

That night the poor man slept in the station house, and the next morning, some of the kind friends who had administered to his wants, are surprised to learn that they had given brandy and money to "Lankey Jack," the most accomplished beggar of the present generation.

During a period of six weeks, "Lankey Jack" bore unrepinningly those comforts of a well-warmed and ventilated apartment, that assiduous attention, that regular and plentiful supply of nourishing diet, and that absence from useful toil and remunerative employment, which a philanthropic legislature has wisely provided as a punishment for the gross fraud of which he has been convicted.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are substantial and well-to-do farmers, residing a few miles from Huntingdoff, and holding about one hundred acres of good, light land. They are seated, with their only daughter, at the tentable, and through the window they observe approaching up the gravelled path, towards the front of the house, a gentleman on horseback, attended by his groom, or servant. They have scarcely time to wonder who the visitor may be, before he has dismounted from his horse, and thundered at the door, and the servant announces that "a gentleman wishes to speak with maister for a moment upon a little private business."

Enters a tall, handsome-looking man, attired in buckskin breeches, a green shooting coat with gilt buttons; and carrying a smart riding whip, a blue silk neck-tie, and an unexceptionable hat.

"Mr. Johnson," says the stranger, "you will pardon the liberty, I am sure, I have taken in calling upon you. Although I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I have your name down on my list which the committee has drawn up, as one who is not insensible to the calls of charity; and who, notwithstanding the badness of the times, is, as I hope we all are, always willing to assist a suffering brother farmer."

"Pray take a seat," says the farmer, wondering alike who the gentleman and who the "committee" are; and feeling at the same time a little flattered that his name is known beyond the small hundred in which he resides; "in these bad times," said he, addressing the visitor, "one cannot give much for charity; but still, when a poor brother farmer, as you say—"

"Just so," chimes in the visitor, "allow me briefly to explain the object of my visit. It's an old and true saying, that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and in nothing, perhaps, is this more true than with those, who like us, are engaged as farmers. Some who appear in the most thriving condition, and

whose farms appear to be carried on with profit and success, are not unfrequently in a condition precisely the reverse of this; while others, whom we suppose to be next door to poverty, are comfortable and well off."

"Ah," says the farmer, "who'd have thought of poor Briggs, now, making a smash of it, as he did a few weeks ago!"

"Ah, who indeed!" sighs the stranger. "The object of my visit to you, Mr. Johnson, in common with some of the most respectable of our agricultural brethren," he continues, "is to endeavour, by means of a little pecuniary assistance, to prevent the failure and utter ruin of one who has been for many years successfully engaged in the cultivation of the soil; but who, in consequence of a succession of serious domestic calamities—the effects of which are known but to a few of his friends—must inevitably fall unless some prompt aid is afforded to him."

"Lor! my dear, can it be the Browns?" inquires Mrs. Johnson, who has all this time been a most attentive listener.

"Or the Bagges?" says Henrietta, the charming daughter of the Johnsons:—

"I should think neither of them," replies the farmer, "but perhaps it is the Crawleys?"

"I am happy to say," continues the stranger, "that it is neither the Browns, the Bagges, nor the Crawleys, whom I have seen within the last few hours, and from each of whom I have received—as the committee, indeed, led me to expect I should—most liberal assistance towards the unfortunate Mr.—but I had almost betrayed the secret. It has been thought, Mr. Johnson, from motives of delicacy which I am sure you will readily appreciate, that the name of the party for whom the assistance is sought, should, for the present remain a secret with the committee. It has been thought that a sum of two hundred pounds, paid to his account at his bankers, would relieve our friend from all his temporary embarrassment. Towards that sum, about one hundred and seventy pounds have already been received, leaving but thirty pounds to complete the sum. I have here (producing a small red-covered memorandum book) the names of—let me see—seventeen gentlemen: the list being headed by his lordship, the Earl of Greatacres, for fifty pounds."

"I thought his lordship was at present in France," says Mrs. Johnson.

"He is, madam," replies the visitor, "but the case was submitted to him by the committee; and yesterday morning we had the pleasure of receiving from his lordship a cheque for fifty pounds—of course, Mrs. Johnson, it is not in our power to be so liberal as his lordship. The last year or two have been bad years for me, and my expenses have been very heavy; I have not, therefore, been able to assist to the extent of more than ten pounds from my own resources; but the circumstance of my having undertaken the somewhat unpleasant duty of 'going round with the hat,' as it is termed, and which my colleagues felt a great repugnance to do, helps, I feel, to make up, in some degree, the deficiency of my own contribution. What shall I have the pleasure of putting down the names of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Johnson for, in a case where they will be only fulfilling that command, which our rector took for his text last Sunday, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.'"

The Johnsons confer together for a short time. Mrs. Johnson shakes her head, Miss Johnson appears to be insisting, and, finally, Mr. Johnson gives his consent.

"Put my name down," said the kind-hearted agriculturist, "for two pounds, my wife for two pounds, and my daughter for one pound."

"Many thanks," replies the visitor, as he enters the names in a business-like manner in his book. "Gold, if it is equally convenient, as it will be useful to me in the event of some of our friends requiring change for paper."

Five sovereigns are counted out by the charitable family; the visitor partakes of a glass of wine and some slight refreshment, and (for he has several calls yet to make that day) speedily leaves, notwithstanding the kind invitation of Mr. Johnson, and the still more pressing and smiling request of the charming Henrietta, to dine with the family.

"Here, Bill," said this humane and charitable gentleman, addressing his groom, as soon as he had reached a retired part of the road, and was out of sight of the house of the Johnsons, "add these five golden boys to the swag. Have you seen any peelers, or heard anything whispered?"

"Not a glim, nor a breath."

"All right; but run like mad if we should meet anything; then if they grab me they can't get the plunder—what's the stock now?"

"Forty-five," said the groom.

"You lie," said the master, "it's fifty-five pounds; no use you're trying to gammon me."

"I meant fifty-five," replied Bill, in a cowed and confused manner.

"I shall make no more calls to-day, so let us make the best of our way home, doff this toggery, and get rid of our animals. 'Set a beggar on horseback, he'll ride to the —.' That's what they say, Bill—don't let us tempt Providence—we've done very well to-day, so we'll ride to stables instead of to limbo; and the sooner we get out of these quarters the better for our health and peace of mind—that's my opinion."

"Them's my sentiments, too, exactly," chimed in the gentleman's companion.

The horses were left at the stables, with an intimation that they were to be ready by ten o'clock the next morning, and an order to the ostler to have the bills ready for the whole of the four days during which the horses had already been used. The clothes of the master and the groom were exchanged for worn and ragged suits, and at the "boozing ken" that night "Laukey Jack" dismissed his groom with twenty pounds, (his share of the four days "slumming,") and with something over one hundred pounds in his pocket, was the next day spending a portion of his gains in the fashionable town of Scarborough, a hundred miles from the district where his good-natured and liberal dupes resided.

"It was splendid," said our enthusiastic informant, "none but 'Laukey Jack' could have the cheek and the scence to have done it. It was a long time before the 'bobbies' heard of it, and when they did they were quite 'flummuxed'; for, although they were sartin it was Jack, none of the wictims knew him again, and the last time he got two 'moous,' the 'beak' as gave it him, was one of the chaps as gave him a ten-pound note for the poor farmer, but he didn't know Jack again."

Our young and promising friend was interrupted in his enlogium of "Laukey Jack" by the receipt of a letter which he requested us to read for him, as he was "no hand with his pen, like Jack—nor was his sister, who, poor gal, was just 'fullered' (fully committed) at Norwich." As the letter affords interesting glimpses of a beggar's life and habits, and, withal, shows the philosophic endurance with which they bear up under domestic calamities of no

ordinary nature, we shall conclude our present notice of the career of "Laukey Jack," by a correct specimen of the correspondence of one of his most intimate friends and warmest admirers:—

Camelbridge, June 9th.

"Dear sister and Harry,—I send these lines hoping you are all well, which leaves me at present. I hope you received the last letter that I wrote in Dick Loyd's letter, from reding. I am going to norwich from here. I have been doing pretty well lately, as I have taking entirely to nakeeing. I have likewise to inform you, that since I left reding that I have been a married man; but by some sad mistake I lost my wife yesterday. I hope the child is very well. I shuld like to have an answer, but I'm not settled in my mind when I shall be in norwich, upon account of whitsuntide been so near. I have nothing particular to mention here, no more than hoping you all are well. I have not been to epsom races as I thought I should, because the mob that came from Bath races to reding gave me the frightables. I see captain caroti's toggged himself out of Bath races. If I went I know how I should get on; I should work away, and nab the horrors for my trouble; so I am just as well without, altho my head is scarcely right this morning. I started from reding to lenly upon thames, from there to high wicombe, from there to chesam, from there to marlow, from there to tring, from there to Leighton buzzard—this is reckoned the best ken in England and well I know it—from leighton to bedford, and from bedford to saint notes, where I got locked out from my dear wife, and was the occasion of me having the price of some fourpenny in the morning, as she begged the breakfast while I laid down for an hour. She was a lovely creature but short of teeth, and troubled with saint anthony's dance, which pleased me very much to see when I had nothing to do. I am now single, but nuch against my will, untill I reach norwich, where I hope I shall have the opportunity of once more embracing the charms of matrimony. I have turned quite sure it's all right, so no more at present from
Your affectionate brother."

Few persons have an idea of the extent or the perfect organisation of these rapacious bands of begging Bashibazouks. The various, ragged, and irregular corps comprise an effective force of not less than one hundred thousand, and they levy contributions from the public to the extent of, probably, not less than one million of money annually. This banditti of beggars smile at our vagrancy acts, make use of the poor laws in time of need, and to our workhouses and jails they possess a prescriptive right of entrance. Each man, woman, and child in England and Wales, is called upon by law to contribute something over six shillings in every year for the support of the poor; but these Bashibazouks extort from their fear or their generosity an additional shilling, and the straggling members of this lawless corps received assistance from the poor's rates nearly 500,000 times during the last year for which the official returns are made up. Few indeed of the forms of distress and misery which meet the eye in our public streets are fit objects for the exercise of charity, and the case; are rare indeed where "pinching need of thirst or hunger," compels the object of distress to beg his bread with sorrow, or to complain with truth—

"After all the miseries of the day,
Soon as the unwholesome night brings on its dews,
Under some dropping cave, or leafless hedge,
Shivering, and almost starved with piercing cold
Repose my weary limbs, with toil fatig'd."



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND,

18A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1935.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen pounds
15s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18 : 15 : 8.

J. H. LEFROY, Hon. Secretary.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, securing them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

All communications, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 11, ST. ANDREW'S, THE SECOND MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" IS NOW READY. The Part contains Five Numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price Elevenpence. To be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

CHAS. MORTON (Blackwall).—A Queen's Counsel who is a member of Parliament cannot go circuit as an assistant judge, unless he resigns his seat in the first instance: a sacrifice which very few legal M.P.s are disposed to make, even for the temporary dignity of the crinoid.

D. D. DAY (Kilburn).—Dr. Granville, who states that from his professional knowledge of the constitution of the late Emperor of Russia, that his majesty could not live many months, is the author of a work called "Sudden Death," which appeared towards the close of the last year. He is also the author of a work entitled "The Spies of England."

G. (Widworthy).—The appointments in the Treasury are now all filled up, and the Treasury Board is constituted as follows:—First Lord, Lord Palmerston; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Cornwall Lewis; Junior Lords, Viscount Monck, Viscount Innes, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue; Joint Secretaries, Mr. Wilson (Editor of the "Economist"), and Mr. Hayter.

CHARLES (Brandon).—No division can take place in the House of Commons unless there are two tellers on each side. The House cannot be "counted out" by committee, or when the Speaker is reading the Queen's speech delivered in the other House of Parliament. At any other time during the sitting of the House, any member may move that the House be "counted," and if there are not forty members present, the Speaker must immediately adjourn the sitting. The Speaker counts himself as one of the members present. In cases where the numbers on a division are equal, the speaker must vote. Under such circumstances, the rule is that the speaker records his vote in favour of the proposition put from the chair.

C. BINA (Hackney).—General Peel, M.P., brother of the late Sir Robert Peel, is unmarried. The pay of a Lieutenant-general, unattached, is £266 per annum.

F. WILKINSON (Pall Mall).—The majority of the Russian troops in the Crimea are armed, not with what is termed the Mink rifle, but with the needle gun. Some regiments have double-barrel guns, which are represented as extremely heavy. The guns found on the field at Alma and Inkerman were in the best state of preservation, and had evidently been cleaned with great care. The preservation caps used by the Russians are much smaller than ours.

K. (Lower Brook-street).—Mr. Vernon Smith, the newly-appointed President of the Board of Control, was Secretary at War under Lord John Russell's government. The right honourable gentleman had only enjoyed his office about ten days when the government resigned.

F. BIRD (Barnham).—The amount of straw allowed to the horses in the Crimea is six pounds of barley and twenty-two pounds weight of hay each per day. This allowance is considered not sufficient for the horses of the heavy draught regiments.

L. The inhabitants of the Crimea speak the Tartar language, which is essentially Turkish.

A. VALL (Barnham-square).—Sir De Laey Evan's staff in the Crimea consisted of three aides-de-camp, and an interpreter. The interpreter (Mr. Smith) was severely wounded at the battle of Inkerman.

J. DENHAM (Strand).—The late Mr. Evans, M.P., has had one son, Mr. Joseph Denham Evans, a barrister. Mr. Evans sat for the Mountain Zetland, and his son, in announcing his death to the press, thus writes:—"After four weeks' confinement to the house, and about six or seven days' confinement to bed, he expired from simple pneumonia, the last forty-eight hours having been spent in an almost unbroken slumber, and the attack, generally, having ceased to work so gradually and so gently that we were death-did not know it. 'Thank God, I have neither pain nor pain, nor any kind of unusualness; only the machine is wearing out.' We were not only his very words, but the purport of almost everything he said about himself, from the time he became conscious his end was approaching. So that I may say, that as his life was active and honourable, so also his death was painless and peaceful."

F. C. The hospital at Strymon is now complete. It consists of 1 medical superintendent, 3 physicians and 6 assistant physicians; 5 surgeons and 10 assistant surgeons; dispensary, laboratory men, &c.; 1 lady superintendent of nursing, 40 sisters and nurses, 80 orderlies, 1 head cook, and assistants, a baker and assistants; washing-machines, with men and women for the laundry; workmen of various kinds. Part of the above have already left London for Strymon, and some of them must have reached their destination by this time.

J. BARNES. You are liable to be assessed for any dog that may be found on your premises, at the period when your return was made; and an excuse will not be taken by the surveyors of taxes that the dog is not yours, or that it belongs to a friend, unless you show to whom the animal belongs.

F. HENNESSY (Melton).—The annual accounts of the Metropolitan Police Force for 1894, show that the gross total receipts on account of the force amounted to £455,484, and the gross total expenditure to £292,703 leaving a balance of £162,781. The total number of persons belonging to the Metropolitan Police Force on the 1st of January last amounted to 57,000, including 1 inspecting superintendent, 18 superintendents, 129 inspectors, 685 sergeants, and 4,351 constables. The salaries of the constables vary from £44 to £78 with clothing, 40lbs. of coals weekly to each married man all the year, and 40lbs. to each single man for six months; and 30lbs. for the remainder of the year. The salaries of the inspectors vary from £50 to £200, and those of the superintendents from £200 to £350.

B. SIMPSON (Wimbor).—We do not believe that any attempt was ever made to assassinate the late Emperor of Russia. Mr. Sturge mentioned recently at Birmingham, that during the thirty years' reign of the emperor, though he was accustomed to drive about St. Petersburg in a sledge, with a single driver and a guard, and to walk about the streets quite alone, and to go unawares into the hospitals at night, to see that matters there were properly attended to, there was never, during the whole of that time, any attempt made, directly or indirectly, upon his majesty's life.

CHARLES MICHAEL (Chertsey).—There does not appear to be any prospect of the ballot being resorted to in this country for the purpose of procuring recruits for the militia: so our correspondent need not alarm himself by the apprehension of being called out in the defence of his country. What would he do if he lived in Russia? The Russian militia is to be called out to the extent of twenty-three souls in the thousand. The percentage may in some provinces be actually much higher, in others again lower, than it appears on paper. It is the practice in Russia, for the purpose of the regular recruiting, once every twenty-five years, to take an accurate census of all males of all ages and ranks, whose names are then distributed into the various *ukazi*, or registers. The ukase commanding a levy of recruits, states how many per thousand of a certain age are to be supplied by a certain government, assuming its numerical force to be unchanged since the foregoing census. Where the population has increased the man-tax becomes lighter; where it has decreased it becomes so much the more oppressive. The percentage is reckoned, not on the actual population, but on the population registered for that district at some period within the previous twenty-five years. It is in reference to this arrangement that in the ukases calling out the militia, the expression, "twenty-three per one thousand of the registered souls," is used.

G. (Great Grimsby).—"The Queen" is the fastest steamer running between Dover and Calais. She performed the distance, a few days ago, against a stiff breeze, in one hour and thirty-six minutes; and it is estimated that, had the wind been in her favour, she would have made the voyage from harbour to harbour in one hour and twenty-six minutes.

FRANK (Gloucester). The pay of an ensign in a regiment of the line is £110s. per week. The pay and allowances of a sergeant-major amount to £2 6s. a week.

A. JONES (Monmouth).—It is not lawful to write at the foot of a tradesman's bill a receipt or acknowledgment on account of any portion of the bill amounting to 40s., or more, without at the same time affixing a receipt-stamp. The penalty for giving a receipt without a stamp is £10, which the police magistrate has the liberty of reducing one-half.

AN ACCOUNTANT. The principal money-changers of Paris have refused to exchange bank of England notes, in consequence of the bank having successfully disputed the payment of two £500 notes exchanged in Paris, and which, when returned to England, proved to be part of a robbery committed at Liverpool.

AN AMSTERDAM. The interest upon Russian bonds is at the rate of six per cent per annum, paid half-yearly by the Meuse, Barling. The reason why Russian stock has maintained such a price even in the face of war with Russia, is to be attributed to the confidence entertained in this country of the national good faith of Russia; an endorsement being made on the bonds, that the interest will continue to be paid regularly, even in the event of war.

ANXTON. The "Crown" transport ship, arrived at Portsmouth on the 14th of March with invalids from the Crimea. The total number landed was 144, which was made up as follows:—From the Royal Artillery, 22; Royal Sappers and Miners, 2; 5th Dragoon Guards, 1; 6th ditto, 1; 4th Light Dragoons, 2; 9th Hussars, 1; Grenadier Guards, 1; Coldstream Guards, 1; Scots Fusilier Guards, 1; 1st Buffs, 1; 2nd ditto, 1; 3rd ditto, 1; 4th ditto, 1; 5th ditto, 1; 6th ditto, 1; 7th ditto, 1; 8th ditto, 1; 9th ditto, 1; 10th ditto, 1; 11th ditto, 1; 12th ditto, 1; 13th ditto, 1; 14th ditto, 1; 15th ditto, 1; 16th ditto, 1; 17th ditto, 1; 18th ditto, 1; 19th ditto, 1; 20th ditto, 1; 21st ditto, 1; 22nd ditto, 1; 23rd ditto, 1; 24th ditto, 1; 25th ditto, 1; 26th ditto, 1; 27th ditto, 1; 28th ditto, 1; 29th ditto, 1; 30th ditto, 1; 31st ditto, 1; 32nd ditto, 1; 33rd ditto, 1; 34th ditto, 1; 35th ditto, 1; 36th ditto, 1; 37th ditto, 1; 38th ditto, 1; 39th ditto, 1; 40th ditto, 1; 41st ditto, 1; 42nd ditto, 1; 43rd ditto, 1; 44th ditto, 1; 45th ditto, 1; 46th ditto, 1; 47th ditto, 1; 48th ditto, 1; 49th ditto, 1; 50th ditto, 1; 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THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
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LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

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[ATTACK UPON A PORTION OF THE TURKISH LINES AT EUPATORIA.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE BATTLE OF EUPATORIA.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The Russians have just sustained another check. On the morning of the 17th (February) they attacked Eupatoria with 25,000 infantry, 60 pieces of cannon, and 4,000 cavalry. This corps, composed of all the reinforcements that could possibly be brought together at Perekop or

from within the Crimea, was vigorously repulsed by the Ottoman troops of the army of the Danube, under the orders of Omer Pasha, General in-Chief. On the second attempt at an assault a column of Turkish troops, rushing out from the place, resolutely charged the assaulting party with the bayonet, and drove them back for a considerable distance. At last, the enemy, after a fruitless struggle of two hours' duration, was forced to retreat

with considerable loss. It was one of those gloomy days darkened more by haze than clouds, which scarcely allowed one to see objects clearly at more than a few hundred yards, still I could distinguish the black masses of infantry behind the Russian artillery, which was keeping up a heavy cannonade. There could then be no doubt that the Russians were in great force. So much the more reassuring was the attitude of the Turkish soldiery. Although tranquil as usual, it was no longer apathy, but resolute and concentrated energy which shone in their eyes. Every man stood to his place, watching the dim line of the enemy, and firmly grasping his musket. It was the old warlike spirit which seemed to have again arisen. They were the soldiers of Oltenitza, Citata, and Silistria which I saw before me, and I had no apprehension. The Russians were only then at the preliminary of an attack—a cannonade at long range, to which the Turkish artillery replied with vigour. I found Omer Pasha and his staff on a rising ground, from which one could overlook the line of the enemy. By degrees the haze was clearing away, and every moment the Russian army, and with it its intentions, became clearer and clearer. The town of Eupatoria, following the bend of the bay, forms nearly a half-moon. The plain behind, although quite even to the eye, rises slightly by degrees until it reaches three tumuli, which lie in a line nearly parallel with that of the town, and descends again just as slightly on the other side. This slightly elevated line was chosen as the basis of the Russian position. Their right, leaning on the first of the tumuli, showed a dense mass of cavalry, which, by a *tirailleur* line, was extended down to the shores of a little lake, which protected this wing from being outflanked. From this mass of cavalry large columns of infantry spread all along our position down to our right, where the Greek cemetery, with its enclosure, and another larger lake, Sasik, served as an appui to the Russian left. In front of this line, at least from seven to ten batteries of artillery were drawn up, and before them little mounds of earth constructed, and lined with riflemen to protect the guns from a *coup de main*. The "Viper" gunboat had been the first to come up to our left, and soon after two noisy Lancaster shells flew over our heads amongst the skirmishing lines of the enemy's cavalry, which induced them to fall back on the main body; but as the pressure on our right became greater, and what it had become apparent that the main effort of the enemy would be made there, Omer Pasha sent word to Captain Hastings, of the "Curacoa," the senior officer of the station, to dispatch the "Viper" to the right. Her place was taken up by the "Valorous," which soon after opened a well-directed fire on the enemy's cavalry, which by degrees drew a little to the right. The "Curacoa" and the Turkish steamer *Iskender* by this time opened their fire. But as the day was not rather hazy, the officers were somewhat afraid of mistaking the Turkish position, the line of the enemy, and so they were fired at at great elevation; but except a shell, which burst high in the air some hundred yards in front of our lines without doing any damage, everything went right. After two hours of heavy cannonading, columns of infantry began to advance, both on the centre and on the right, but chiefly on the latter. Two columns formed to the right behind the enclosure wall of the cemetery; an officer on horseback was encouraging them, and they rushed forward through the cemetery. The Turkish infantry behaved with remarkable coolness; they let them approach to within 60 or 70 yards, and then gave a withering volley, which

checked their advance, and threw them back in great confusion. They formed again, animated by the officer on horseback, and advanced, but with no more success, for another volley threw them back again in confusion. While they were thus broken, Ismail Bey, the Colonel of the 7th Regiment of Roumel, made a sortie at the head of a battalion of his regiment, and, together with the cavalry under Skander Beg, completed the route of the enemy, who made a precipitate retreat, leaving more than 100 dead bodies on the field, and 12 or 15 prisoners in our hands. This attack decided the day, for although they had formed likewise against the centre, they never came up close. They seemed to have chosen the right as their real attack; but after being repulsed twice they returned no more. But if the troops in the centre had no occasion to cross bayonets with the enemy, they had to sustain the heaviest fire. Four batteries were constantly playing upon them. Colonel Ogilvie, who was commanding on one of the bastions to the left, tried to relieve them by opening a fire on the guns in front. But after the first few shots the Russians brought up eight guns, and obliged him thus to encounter this new adversary. On the right, some French ships' guns, manned by French Infantry de Marine, did excellent service. The Turkish artillery remained not at all behind, and their steadiness, as well as their admirable practice, must have struck every one. In the battery where we were, scarcely a shot missed. The check which the enemy had received on the right was the signal of retreat on the whole line, and whatever one may have thought of their attack, it must be granted that their retreat was well executed. Just at that moment (about half-past nine o'clock) the morning sun broke forth in all its brilliancy, so that the retreat resembled a brilliant military review. The moment of retreat was the most favourable for judging the force of the enemy. They cannot have showed less than 30,000 men. This agrees also tolerably with the account of the prisoners. One of them was brought in immediately after a sortie on the right, and asked by Omer Pasha himself, who speaks Croatian, and can therefore make himself understood in Russian. The man belonged to the 12th division, commanded by Lipnitch, and to the 32nd Regiment, called *Arofiky*. He had taken part in the attack on Balaklava, on the 25th of October last. He said the troops had left three days ago the environs of Sebastopol; they had marched up with only six days of bread in their sacks, and the commissariat waggoners were still 60 weeks behind, on account of the bad roads. According to his account, the Russians have 100 guns. He either did not know, or would not tell, who commanded the troops, but said only it was a *tsar* (prince). Before they came up the commissariat harangued and promised them money to induce them to go with if they took the place. When the army was moving, the *tsar* rode round the lines, expressing his sympathy to the soldiers, and encouraging them to persevere in the future. He was accompanied by a staff of officers, and an expression of child-like confidence, which shows that he is loved and trusted by his troops. Since the above was written it has been ascertained that the Russian loss amounted to upwards of 500 men killed, and 1,000 wounded. The Turkish loss was about a fourth of the above.

According to the last accounts received from the Crimea, the Russians are exerting every nerve to repair the evil done them by the occupation of Eupatoria by the Turks. A second attack upon Eupatoria is shortly expected. A Russian camp is being established at Orta-

Oblan; it will consist, it is said, of 40,000 men, who will form a corps of observation opposed to the troops of Eupatoria, and will be entrusted with the operations against that town. The Turks are fortifying themselves on all points, even on the side of the lake of Sank, on which side, however, it is difficult to attack them. The tongue of land situated between that lake and the sea has likewise been provided with new works, and it is absolutely impossible to approach on that side, more especially as it is defended by the fleet; but the fortifications of the north and north-west of the town are the most considerable. To prevent the Turks annoying the reinforcements coming from Perekop, the Russians have established moveable columns in the vicinity of Eupatoria, which immediately give the alarm on any movement. During the bad weather a portion of the Russian army found shelter in the villages in the interior of the Crimea. The Russian outposts of the valley of Baidar, which are near Kamara, have fallen back on Karlowka, and are in communication with the main body at Tchorgoun. Liprandi is *à cheval* on the Inkerman road, having his centre at Tchorgoun and his left wing in the valley of Baidar. His right wing touches the corps of General Osten-Sacken, which extends from the Inkerman ruins to the northern fort. The garrison of Sebastopol is at least 40,000 strong, and 20,000 men are concentrated near Baktchissrai, to cover the Perekop road, or hasten to the assistance of any point menaced. Three divisions watch Eupatoria, whose duty it is to paralyse any operation attempted by the Turks against Sebastopol.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

War's stern alarms stir the reflective powers as well as the sentimentalities of men. Military organisation is now the question of the day, and, happily, is carrying the regards of those through whom questions move to action, beyond insular limits. The discovery of home-wants breaks down some more of the bonds of national pride, and teaches that earnest inquirers may learn from abroad. Pride must strike colours when stern necessity commands comparison of useless cost with useful thrift in the defence of hearths and homes. For comparison of this kind, the military system of Prussia is an interesting study; and attention is invited to it by the unstable policy of the Prussian monarchy in the contest now waged.

Tracing it by its development, it is a study of the broadest contrasts in the history of modern Europe. Here are contradictions in paradox—democracy serving despotism, and despotism a free state; there, contrasts still more marked, of history in Prussia, present and past—the Prussia, powerful now through its army of the people, and the Prussia of the feudal banner, beaten and prostrate fifty years ago. The guards who marched to Finchley in Hogarth's picture, and they who, late in all pomp and pride, went the way of pestilence and famine—the cravens of Prestonpans and the heroes of Inkerman were not more unlike each other in form and martial spirit than the pig-tailed pedants whom Fritz caned in battalions resembled the nation of patriot soldiers created by the genius of Scharnhorst.

It is not proposed to discuss here existing contrasts in nations, nor from dissimilarities, past or present, to draw conclusions, but simply to relate some facts of the origin and organisation of that military power which has given Prussia a fifth share in the European confederacy.

Frederick, who made war and verse, cultivated philo-

sophy and pig-tails, conquered provinces and caned his colonels, and was called the Great, left a frail tenement of state to prove his title. Whirlwinds and blasts of revolution and empire came, and it toppled down, spite of pig-tail and parade. His drill system is painted with the picturesque effect of a Windsor court-martial in many memoirs of the period. The Graf Henkel von Donnersmark, a polished steel spring of the machine military, has recorded graphic and lively illustrations. Stocks of legitimate pattern, powder—not combustible, but cosmetic—pig-tails, and cockades, were the be-all and end-all of the system. "We were always wishing for war," says the count, "with whom, was a matter of perfect indifference. It never occurred to anybody to reflect what the government was, or ought to be. We stood far more in awe of the inspector than of the king, and the annual visit of the former furnished the subject of all the thoughts, conversations, hopes, and fears of our little world for the whole year. We hardly knew where Berlin was. Königsberg was the *residence*, and if any of us went thither on leave he brought back all the news, and was regarded as a travelled man." Kings die even in Prussia, and Frederick William III., so great in vicissitudes and veracity, mounted the throne. Count Henkel's regiment was paraded to swear allegiance. "Our colonel's speech on this occasion was remarkable; here it is, word for word:—His Majesty, Frederick William II. has been pleased to die. We have, therefore, to swear allegiance to a new king. What his name will be, whether Frederick William or Frederick, we cannot exactly tell, but that does not signify. Herr Gericht-schreiber, read the oath aloud."

Officered by powdered Bobadils of the aristocracy, the army ranks were filled by their serfs, drilled into slaves. Two principles ruled the military organisation of Frederick the Great—caste and castigation. Each regiment had an army train of luxuries for those who led; the rattan and short rations for the followers. Privilege sustained an order in rank; punishment maintained it in the ranks. The corporal rule went far beyond the imaginings even of our own lamented times of unlimited cat-o'-nine-tail.

A little corporal of a new order came to measure rods and the power of great Fritz's genius. Bobadil cocked his hat tremendously, and swore great guns at the invader. Immortal in comic history stands the mighty major who vowed to make the scoundrel Bonaparte his groom. But one 9th of October, Bobadil went forth to battle, and what he did and left undone ere a week was out, let Jens and Auerstadt declare. Before the month expired, Napoleon was dictating decrees from Berlin. Let us not condemn Northern Germany because a prince truckled, and twisted, and turned round, and round, and round again, before a foreign tyrant. Dissimulation is the policy of despots by necessity oftentimes as much as by inclination. Mean and despicable as was the policy of the prince who then impersonated the state of Prussia, let us not forget justice, or to judge his measures by his means. Was a nobler and a manlier action possible with hireling hands of nobles and serfs, who broke to pieces at the first shock? Prussia at once lay prostrate at the feet of the conqueror—she had no people to defend her.

Though humiliating, it was happy for northern, and all Germans, and men, that the peace of Tilsit deprived the King of Prussia of half his dominions. When heaven's own anointed, by grace of Napoleon, came back to his own capital again, a sadder but a wiser man, the mighty edifice was fallen. The monarch took counsel of misfortune,

and prepared for the creation of a people. Fortune sent him Humboldt, and Stein, and Scharnhorst to rear a Prussian nation.

Before aristocracy was scotched in the fires of conquest, Prussia, almost as much as Russia now, was a land of lords and serfs. The peasants were bondsmen of the soil; they could hold no property; they could not marry without permission. They were tied to occupations as in a Hindoo caste; they toiled for their masters without wages. Is it marvellous that down-trodden chattels crowded around the standard of the conqueror, or that an army recruited from them could offer no resistance to invasion? Nothing short of ruin can teach reason or right to despotism. In the hour of adversity Frederick William came to knowledge. Within three months of the peace of Tilsit, Stein elevated Prussia to the ranks of humanity; the relations of villanage could no more be contracted, and in three years were to cease—and ceased altogether throughout the Prussian dominions. Time and the fiery trial of war were only wanting to raise the oppressed into freemen and citizens.

Aristocracy most barren and bitter usurped everything in the annexed states under the Prussian crown. None but nobles could possess property in land; and all relations to property were strictly feudal and servile. The lord had his hereditary lessees, and his lessees for life and years; and, indeed, he was in fetters himself, for in cases of the latter tenancy he could not, on the lapse of a lease, take his lands into his own hands, but must admit a new tenant. Under such a system agricultural and social improvement were kept as far off as freedom. Stein made the soil free, converting, on equitable terms, lessees into proprietors. Pride of aristocracy was humbled even to its own profit, and the people became partners in the soil. Immortal be the renown of Stein!

Humboldt founded the University of Berlin and devised the national education. An *elementar schule* for primary instruction was ordained for every town and village, and it became law that, "every inhabitant who cannot or will not provide his children with education at home shall send them to school at the age of five years; after that age no children shall be allowed to be absent from school, except for special reasons, and with the consent of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities." It was this system, in spite of all defects, that in thirty years made nine-tenths of the Prussians a well-educated people. These facts are not uselessly interposed, because education is an element of the military system to be described.

By the treaty of Tilsit, Prussia was bound that her army should not exceed 40,000 men. Prussia kept to the letter of the law, and Scharnhorst organised a popular army for the war of independence. The embodied force never exceeded the 40,000, but all the youth under twenty-five successively composed the stipulated number. As soon as one set had been trained, another supplied their place; and in six years Prussia owned a nation of well-drilled patriot soldiers; 200,000 men were ready for the field. When Germany had regained independence, the ordinance of September, 1814, organised and regulated the popular army of the Prussian state.

As a general rule every male subject of Prussia must, on attaining the age of twenty years, enter the military service of his country as a private soldier, and he is permitted to commence service at the age of seventeen or eighteen. The exceptions are in the cases of bodily infirmities, which must amount to physical disability to prevent service in an army train. Improper certificates of

exemption may occasionally be granted, as appears by recent dismissals from the medical service, but these under the strict system of supervision, may be regarded as exceptions.

There are three kinds of military service through which the young citizen soldier must or may pass in the next twenty years of life.

1. The *Linie* (line); the embodied, or so called, standing army.
2. The *Land-wehr* (land defence), or militia.
3. The *Land-sturm* (land storm), or general levy of the nation in the last extremity of war.

For the first and second services, two levies (*Aufgebot*) are provided, one for peace, the other for war; an army for the field, and an army of reserve ready in need to take it.

For three years, when the youth has attained military majority, he must, according to the ordinary regulation, serve in the first levy of the line, and for two years more may have to serve in its reserve. For seven years, he must periodically, in peace or war, serve in the first levy of the landwehr, and for two years more he may be called out in the second. At any time subsequently he might be called to the landsturm, a force which, as its name implies, can only be arrayed in the last extremity, and is, probably, never destined to display its prowess in the field. The Prussian has thus his five ages of military service prescribed with all the exactness of an insurance table:—

	Peace Establishment.	War Reserve.
In the <i>Linie</i>	20 to 23	23 to 25
" <i>Landwehr</i>	25 to 32	32 to 39
" <i>Landsturm</i>	When the state calls.	

Prussia has eight army corps, with sixteen military divisions, exclusive of the household troops.

As soon as the youth arrives at the age of service, he must report himself to the appointed officer of the district. He goes into barracks, is set at once to learn his duty, and is draughted off to the arm for which his intelligence or physical capacity best fits him. Is he an Adonis, the guards and Berlin claim him; of centaur shape, the cavalry; of head-piece and mathematic mind, the artillery; if only ordinary clay, then he shoulders Brown Bess as improved by Prussian intelligence, and trudges to duty or glory. As he is now a soldier of the standing army, he may be sent to any regiment or locality, or abroad. He may, if he can before twenty-three, leave on furlough, but it is understood, on the economical principle of no work no pay—rations and pay cease till he rejoins his regiment. On attaining the age of twenty-three, should the youth have a love and capacity for the profession of arms, he may continue in the service, and proper facility is afforded for his promotion.

It has been already noted that education is part of the military system of Prussia. The subaltern function is, indeed, as much scholastic as military. Each company has its evening school, at which every soldier must, at prescribed periods, attend to prove or perfect himself, if necessary, in the elements of education; even singing is taught to those who have voices for it. The first and second lieutenants are the masters of this school.

The pay of the private soldier in the army, besides rations, is two and a half silver groschen, or about three-pence a day, a sum which suffices to provide the usual soldier-luxuries—if not a flask of Rhenish—a can of honest beer and pipes, and without stint, untaxed and unadulterated tobacco. The pay of the non-commissioned officers is about nine-pence a day. In the artillery and

cavalry, pay is about one-fourth higher than in the infantry. The sons of the wealthy and those who can make "allowances" of course fare better, and as *esprit de corps* promotes good feeling, the social inequalities, which generally speaking resolve conventional distinctions into rich and poor, are smoothed down in the rough and ready life and hospitalities of the barrack.

The cavalry, as at home, is the fashionable arm and the chosen service of the affluent, for though there is no respect for social distinction in the eye of the Prussian military law, wealth may purchase certain privileges, which at first reading may seem invidious. The exception is the class termed volunteers, who, in consideration of bearing the whole cost of equipment and service, are only required to serve in the line for one year. The volunteer may serve his year at any time between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three; but he must first pass an examination much of the same kind as for university matriculation. Before the year is out he undergoes a second and more military examination, for which, should it be satisfactory, he obtains certificate of qualification for subaltern rank in the landwehr; for rank even in the militia, and where the grades are elective, a superior education is deemed necessary in Prussia. The examination passed, the volunteer retires into private life on furlough till the landwehr age is attained. The cavalry service is commonly preferred by the volunteer, who is permitted to select the arm; and the minimum cost of this privilege, as he must provide and keep his own horse, cannot well be less than two hundred pounds. The state gains by the regulation, for there are certain conditions as to the retention of the horses of volunteers, designed to assure well-trained animals for the cavalry and artillery of the landwehr. It is very much the practice for students to volunteer and serve in a regiment stationed near their university, due facilities being afforded for the purpose. At Berlin, the rifle regiment of Neufchâtel, a "crack corps," as becomes rifles, is popular with soldier-students.

It would upset refined sensibility at home to behold society reversed in a Prussian regiment; to see a captain who lives on his pay envious of the style of half a score of men in his own troop or company. But all tendencies to what is termed in the rapid progress of our language, "fast life," are regulated by the wholesome discipline of the service.

It may be said that the officers of the Prussian army rise from the ranks, inasmuch as every officer must, before he can receive his commission, have served the legal period in the line. But for the most part commissions are granted, according to merit, to the students of the military schools, which are numerous, well-organised, and easy of access. Besides the general military academy of Berlin, a college with first-rate education for the artillery and engineers, and four schools for cadets at Berlin, Potsdam, Culm, and Bensberg, there is a military school for each military division of the kingdom.

The pay of officers of infantry, in the line, is on the following scale:—

Colonel . . .	2,400 thalers per annum, about £843	16	4
Major . . .	1,800 " "	186	15 10
First Captain . . .	1,200 " "	171	18 4
Second ditto . . .	600 " "	85	19 2
First Lieutenant . . .	538 " "	48	8 0
Second ditto . . .	304 " "	29	8 10

Even in frugal Germany the subaltern must have a hard struggle. In the cavalry and artillery the pay is about one-fourth higher. The guards stationed at Berlin,

whose ranks are recruited by picked men, have pay a trifle higher.

The landwehr, in time of peace, is a local force; the officers, up to the rank of captain, being officered by election of the soldiery. In September each year, they muster, encamp, and bivouac for six weeks of drill and manoeuvre. The landwehr soldiers must besides muster three times for ball practice, and three times for inspection at stated periods in each year of service. Ball practice and inspection is going on in Prussia every Sunday, so that the military spirit is kept constantly alive in the male population from the ages of seventeen or twenty to thirty-nine. It goes farther, according to the valuable testimony of Mr. Banfield, a writer not given to martial sentiments:—"It is a curious thing," he says of the German's enthusiasm for his rifle club, "to see the burghers of a city (who are real soldiers into the bargain, as such either is serving or has served both in the line and in the militia) set up a little banner of their own, equip themselves, and march about with as much pleasure as if they had never gone through serious drill and barrack drudgery. But the rifle has historical traditions, now not thought of by those who use it. It was the first arm which could not be taken from the townsmen on knightly or regal authority, and this for two good reasons: they had grown too numerous by the sixteenth century to be disarmed; and as it was their own invention, they got familiarised with it before the knights gave up their armour and their lances."

It follows from the facts stated, that while Prussia continues conservative on her army system, she need neither expend her revenue in bounties or subsidies, nor enact foreign enlistment bills. Here is the armed strength she keeps, always ready for offence or defence:—

4 regiments of guards at 3,000 . . .	12,000
40 regiments of infantry of the line at 3,000 . . .	120,000
4 battalions of jägers at 1,000 . . .	4,000
1 ditto Neufchâtel rifles . . .	1,000
Cavalry . . .	36,000
Artillery . . .	89,000
Total troops embodied . . .	212,000
Add landwehr of the first levy, upwards of . . .	400,000
Well drilled troops . . .	612,000

On an average of years the expenditure has been 23,000,000 of thalers, or about £3,287,000, which not only sustains the army, but the fortresses with many alterations and extensive additions. Königsberg and Coblenz have been nearly rebuilt, and Posen, Lotzen, and Magdeburg greatly enlarged. Here then is evidence of the possibility of efficiency and a national economy combined.

It is not our office now to compare further, or draw politic conclusions, or declare the fulness of time when "a nation of shopkeepers" shall become a nation of soldiers of the freemen levy. Enough if we enlist attention to the subject.

THE ART TREASURES OF THE VATICAN.

A valuable addition has been made, within the last few weeks, to the art treasures of the Vatican, in a picture by Murillo, an offering from the Queen of Spain to the Pope. The picture, which has been placed in the innermost room of the suite opened to the public every Monday, represents the Return of the Prodigal Son, in a group of figures considerably below life-size. Though not one of the most striking at a first glance of the works of this great master, it is yet full of truth and beauty.

ALL THE FAMOUS FROSTS.

PART III.

Full of frost, of storm, and bloudiness.

Much ado about Nothing.

Comes a frost—a killing frost.

Henry VIII.

THE winter of 1789-40, which was that in which we last had the pleasure of loitering in thy sweet society, Oh! coldest and most courteous of readers, was one of the keenest that history takes note of. Cold blew the wind, and woe worth the wretch who was in a condition to add with Canning's Knife-grinder, "My hat has got a hole in it." Those were days when the integrity of a man's hat, and of his shoes, and of all his other raiment should have been, like Caesar's everlasting wife, "beyond suspicion." Those were days not for hats only, but for wigs also, and for comforters as our grandmothers, whom we do love, though we may not marry, delight to call them. Ah! they were cold days and yet colder nights, and we could have found it in our heart to pity the wigless pig which, in the days of our childhood, we were accustomed to meet so frequently upon the road to Stonor.

"Upon my word and honour,
As I was going to Stonor,
I met a pig without a wig,
Upon my word and honour."

It has always occurred to us that this profuseness of asseveration upon a point so exceedingly credible as that a man had met a wigless pig in the course of his travels, was not altogether called for, but "let that pass," as Mrs. Quickly says in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Still we cannot question that if ever a pig wanted a wig it must have been in the winter of 1789-40, for the cold was enough to affect the porcine head both physically and intellectually; and, as we all know, that pigs see the wind as well as feel it, the sufferings of the swinish multitude must have been most poignant. But though that winter was very severe in England, as was evidenced by the fact that y^e river of y^e Thames was "arrested in his bed," as he himself most piteously complained, the cold was felt much more acutely in other countries. In more northerly latitudes it was little less than homicidal. Not to multiply instances of its singular austerity, it will suffice to glance at the state of things in Lapland during that unmerciful winter. An English gentleman, who resided at that time in the town of Torneo, and corresponded with the *Gentleman's Magazine*, has left us a graphic picture of the sufferings of the Lapps. If they opened the door of a warm room, the external air instantly converted the vapour of it into snow, whirling it around in white vortices! If they went abroad, they felt as if the air were tearing their breast asunder. "The solitude of the streets was not less than if the inhabitants had all been dead; and you might often see people who had a leg or arm frozen off." Sometimes the cold, which was always intense, increased by such sudden and violent fits as were almost infallibly fatal to those who were exposed to it. Sometimes there rose sudden tempests of snow still more terrible. "The winds seemed to blow from all quarters of the compass at once and drove along the snow with such fury that in a moment all the roads were lost." The roaring of the night wind, as it swept on its sable wings over the face of the snow-prairie, had a tone of unearthly sadness, and sounded like voices from the unseen world. It is scarcely conceivable that such scenes must not have appealed powerfully to the fancy, or that the general dejection of nature must not have

found a sympathetic response in the heart even of the least imaginative spectator. How forcibly are we reminded of Ossian's magnificent description:—"Sad Bragela calls in vain. Night comes rolling down. The face of ocean fails. The heathcock's head is beneath his wing. The hind sleeps with the hart of the desert. They shall rise with the morning's light, and wander through the sparkling fields. But my tears return with the sun, my sighs come on with the night." Yet the gloom of the external world was not for long, for "as soon as night had fairly set in," observes our author, "fires of a thousand colours and figures lit up the sky, as if designed, in a country accustomed to such brief durations of day, to supply the absence of the sun in this manner." And then he goes on to describe the glories of the aurora borealis, and the motion of the northern meteors, which, with the elegant fancy of a poet, he compares to the waving of a pair of colours in the air. On such nights the mercury had usually fallen in the thermometer to forty degrees below freezing point, so the reader may imagine at what a cost of physical comfort the admirer of nature must have quitted his fire-side to gaze upon the splendour of the be-jewelled sky! But time, who waits for no man, and the space of our journal, which is equally unaccommodating, warn us that we must not dwell too long on those times and scenes, which, however terrific, were not without their attributes of sublimity. The next year that possesses, or rather possessed—for, rest its soul! it's dead—any meteorological peculiarity of sufficient interest to invite attention was 1749. The winter of that year does not seem to have been marked by peculiar rigour, but summer, indeed, "set in with its usual severity." On the 16th of June, ice was taken up in large pieces: peas in the gardens were blasted, and even ferns on Hampstead Heath were shrivelled up. "The like was not remembered by the longest-lived man," says a contemporaneous writer, who here gives us the first glance we have yet obtained of that venerable myth, "the oldest inhabitant." The walnut trees in Hyde Park were almost killed by the frost; and at Stockport, in Cheshire, there was ice upon the river, "so that people skated on the same." Moore tells us in "Lalla Rookh" of a young man so very valiant, that

"He knew no more of fear than he who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles."

—a couplet, by the way, for which Luttrell proposed to substitute

"He knew no more of fear than he who dwells
In Scotland's mountains knows of knee-buckles."

But really when we find it recorded on the unerring page of history that we have had skating in midsummer in this dear little isle of our own, we may be pardoned for requiring stronger illustration of courage than can be borrowed from an allusion to any man's experience in the matter of weather. But ours is an eccentric country—that's the fact of it. Eurus and Boreas seem to have been upon their good behaviour during the next three years, but the Transactions of the Royal Society record a remarkable frost in the winter of 1758-4. The thermometer varied forty or fifty degrees. In twenty-four hours; the cold coming, as it were, by fits in an unusual manner. On the last night of that year, the glass fell at Bath to thirty degrees below freezing point, a thing unprecedented in England. The frost lasted from December 30th to February 6th, and nowhere was it felt with such severity as at Norwich. Mr. William Arleston, an inhabitant of that ancient city, has bequeathed to posterity

some observations on the cold of that winter, which may be read with interest by those who are curious in such studies. He assures us that the watery parts of a glass of ale froze in thin flakes, and the spirituous part remained unfrozen between them; upon being drained off this part was to the taste nearly as strong as brandy, and had a high flavour of the hop. "The finger being spit upon, and pressed upon a flat piece of iron in the open air, was immediately frozen to it so firmly that if it had been hastily plucked away the skin would have been left behind;" and to fill the cup of our wonder, "the ice was sometimes the eighth of an inch thick for several days together on the inside of windows in rooms where a blazing fire was kept!" That was what young gentlemen with stiff shirt collars and vermilion noses, who affect to like cold, would, in our day, call "seasonable weather." The winter of 1760 was mild, or comparatively so, in England, but dreadful in many parts of the Continent. At Bareith, the cold was as great as in 1709: birds dropped down dead as they were flying in the air; sentinels at Leipsic were frozen to death on their watch, and trees were hardened to the obduracy of rock. In 1762-3, there was a month of very hard weather in England, and the Thames was frozen over so as to bear carriages, but there is no record of a frost fair. In 1766, the thermometer played all manner of unaccountable vagaries, alternately freezing and scorching people, and trifling in the most heartless manner with the noblest feelings of their nature, as the fashionable novelists say. The summer was warm and serene almost beyond precedent, but the winter would have done honour to Greenland. We find it narrated in the *Annual Register*, for the bewilderment of all succeeding ages, that at eight o'clock in the evening of a Saturday in July, "the man who laid a wager to cross the Thames in a butcher's tray set out in the same from Somerset Stairs, and reached the Surrey side with great ease, using nothing but his hands; he had on a cork jacket in case of any accident." Upwards of seventy boats, full of spectators, were present on the occasion, and, it is said, that £1,400 was staked in wagers on the successful achievement of this wonderful feat. Well, to be sure!—in what perilous and ridiculous positions will men be content to place themselves rather than undergo the drudgery of an honest calling! One man goes up in a balloon, and comes down more rapidly than is consistent with dignity; another puts his head into a lion's mouth, the law of probability being that he will leave it there; a third walks on the ceiling like a fly, and occasionally descends like a man, thereby illustrating the truth of the old gentleman's saying in *Petronius Arbitr*—*minores quam muscæ sumus*—we are less than flies; a fourth crosses the river in a butcher's tray!—and all to avoid the monotony which waits upon everyday pursuits. Now, in all human probability, the man who crossed the river in a tray was a married man and the father of a family, and think what a humiliating position was this for one who had given hostages to fortune! But it is greatly to be deplored that contemporaneous writers should not have had a clearer apprehension of their duty than to have left us such imperfect particulars respecting this adventurous hero, who set his life upon a tray. "Who was his father, who was his mother, who was his sister, who was his brother?"—as the song asks, but fails to answer—and under what circumstances did he perform his singular achievement? Was he a long man or a short one?—and in what manner did he navigate his craft? From the fact

that the tray is distinctly described as a butcher's tray, we infer that it cannot have exceeded the ordinary size of such implements, else would it have been unfit for a flesher's purposes—but how did our wooden leander stow himself away in it? Did he stand on it after the manner of a tree, or sit in it after the manner of a man, or lie in it after the passive fashion of a leg of mutton, or coil himself up in it after the manner of a cat?

All these things are to the full as interesting as the colour of Polyphemus' eye, or the date of the death of Nero's second wife, which latter interrogatory, Mr. Sidney Herbert assured us the other day in the House of Commons, in an examination question at Sandhurst—yet historians have been so unmindful of their duty as to leave us without one iota of information upon any one of these all-important points. But since it is vain to speculate where there are no data for conjecture, we shall proceed to say a few words about the winter of that same year. Of all the winters that ever fell from the sky, it was probably the most eccentric. Its strange variety of temperature and the wild vicissitudes of its weather, seem to place it beyond the range of precedent. No difference of latitude in these islands can satisfactorily account for such extravagant proceedings on the part of the thermometer. There seemed to be a disposition in the elements to do all manner of inconsistent things at one and the same moment. Thus it was thundering in one place while it was freezing in another. On the 2nd of January, the tide rose so high in the river Thames, that the damage done by it was estimated at £50,000. A few days after the river was frozen, and the snow in the valley of the Thames was so deep as, of course, to exceed the mnemonics of the oldest inhabitant. On the night of that same 2nd of January, there was a prodigious fall of snow in Edinburgh, and on the night following there was thunder, lightning, and tempest. On the Cotswold Hills, there was a disposition in the air to rain and freeze simultaneously. "At Birdlip, on Thursday night, a peacock belonging to Mr. Biggs was frozen on the branch when it was at roost; the branch broke, and in the morning the bird was found dead with the cold, and the ice congealed to its tail weighed 100 lbs." "People on the other side of the hills, towards Herefordshire, inform us," wrote a country gentleman, from Cotswold, "that it was shocking to hear the clashing of the trees, and to behold the devastation that it made." Mr. Bainbridge of Bolton, attempting to cross the Ulverston Sands on horseback, on the 29th of January, was caught in the frost-fog, and wandered about till the flood tide came in and surrounded him. He killed his horse in galloping backwards and forwards in hopes to escape the tide, but he still kept his saddle, and after floating for five hours on the surface of the water he was at last rescued by two youths belonging to the sloop, "Providence," from Milnthorpe. Motionless and benumbed with cold, he was still seated on the dead horse! The sailor boys—noble fellows that they were!—went out to his rescue in a boat, towed him to the side of the vessel, hoisted him with a tackle on board, stripped him of his wet garments, clad him with their own clothes, poured brandy down his throat, and, perceiving signs of returning animation, they put out in their boat again, though the sea was running "mountains high," and rowed him on shore, after which they carried him in their arms for half a mile to the nearest public-house!† Noble, gallant boys!—would

* *Universal Magazine*, Vol. xxxviii.

† *Ibid.*

that we knew your names. But it is of little consequence. You have gone to your eternal rest, and He who "causeth the wind to blow and the waters to flow;" He who "giveth snow like wool, and the hoar-frost like ashes!"—but in Whose smile there is perennial sunshine, has given you a reward compared with which the honours and dignities of this world are less than worthless. But to return to our narrative. It was a woeful winter that of 1766-7, and the sufferings of the poor are terrible to read of. Postillions were frozen in their saddles; waggons and stage-coaches were "snowed in" on all the great roads; the post-boy who carried the mail from Bradford to Rochdale was, with his horse, frozen to death. At Horsham, in Sussex, a great flock of larks settled in the market-place so frost-starved, that many of them were taken up by hand; and the inundations in Scotland were so great that they are talked of to this day. "In profound darkness in the midst of the water, husbands were carrying their wives naked in their arms, others threw children to the first house or bed to which they might be admitted." "To a by-stander, free from danger," says a writer in the *Scot's Magazine*, "perhaps never was there revealed a more awful or more stupendous sight. The waves were prodigious and the noise truly dreadful. The appearance of the Old Fort, to the south-east of Gun's Green, which forms the entrance to the harbour, seemed only one continued cataract of great extent, and in appearance a hundred fathoms high." A farmer near Innerdale, going after some sheep that were missing during the snow, took with him a bottle of rum and a small glass. When he found them, some seemed just dying with the cold, to every one of which he gave a little of the rum. To those that seemed least affected he gave none. What is most remarkable, and what we would especially recommend to the notice of Mr. Gough, of temperance celebrity, is, that "he got all that had taken the rum safe home, but some of the rest died by the way." The weather was equally severe on the Continent, but the limits of this article will not allow us to mention any other event connected with the weather in foreign countries, but the very memorable ones: that the Danube was frozen over at Coblenz, a thing that had not happened since 1670; and that the Sound was so completely congealed, that the communication was open with Sweden on the ice. In 1776, ten years later, there was a winter of extraordinary rigour in various parts of Europe, but there does not appear to have been any cold of historic severity in England until 1789, on the 12th of January, in which year y^e river of y^e Thames was again frozen over, and a young bear was baited on the ice opposite to Radcliff, which drew multitudes together, "and fortunately no accident happened to interrupt the sport." During that same month, as we find recorded in Mr. Urban's venerable volumes, thirteen men brought a waggon with a ton of coal, from Loughborough in Leicestershire, to Carlton House, as a present to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. As soon as they were emptied into the cellar, Mr. Woltje, clerk of the cellars, gave the men four guineas, and as soon as the Prince was informed of it, His Highness sent them twenty guineas more, and ordered them a pot of beer each man. "They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in eleven days, and drew the waggon all the way without relief." There was a flavour of toadyism, as Mr. Carlyle would call it, in the proceeding, but the poor creatures did not take much by their movement after all, for when the cost of the coal and of their shoe-leather, and of their keep on the road was

deducted from the twenty-four guineas, there was not much to divide amongst the thirteen. Another occurrence of that memorable winter seems sufficiently absurd to deserve a passing allusion. One dismal dreary morning of December, when the snow was at its whitest, and the ice at its iciest, two footmen who had a quarrel about a well-made, straight-made, plump-made, stout-made, house-maid, met in a field near Haverstock Hill, on the road to Hampstead, for purposes of mortal conflict! They were armed with pistols, and changed shots twice without the slightest injury to either party. At length they agreed to "make it up," and walked off the field as sound as they had entered it. No harm would have been done were it not that their respective masters unfortunately got wind of the matter and discharged them, "telling them that they had made fools of themselves, and that it was only people of quality who were privileged to murder one another."

There were other severe winters in England during the eighteenth century, but none of sufficient asperity to require a detailed notice. The most remarkable were those of 1796 and 1798, which are celebrated not for their continuous rigour, but rather for the occasional recurrence of days which it makes one shiver to think of. Thus we learn that on Christmas-day, 1796, the cold in the New Road was twenty-one degrees below freezing point, and the frost remained for hours upon the windows of rooms in which fires were constantly burning.

But here we must pause. In a future number we propose to speak of the famous frost of 1814, and until then we entreat of the reader to keep up his spirits, remembering the melodious maxim of the poet—

"What, though the frost
Reign everlastingly, and ice and snow,
Thaw not but gather, there is that within,
Which where it comes makes summer."

MELOPOYN.

THE MILITARY POWER OF ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

"In England they don't make use of men-at-arms, so that they could not raise a hundred in the whole island, and even their light cavalry would not exceed 1000. The real military force of the country consists in its infantry, which is supposed to amount to 150,000 men, whose peculiar weapon is the long bow. When they take the field, their arms consist of a breast-plate, bow, arrows, sword, and two stakes—one before and one behind—with which they make their pallisadoes or stockade; but all their prowess is in the bow. They insist on being paid monthly, nor do they choose to suffer any hardship; but when they have their comforts, they will then do battle daily, with a courage, vigour, and valour that defy exaggeration."—*Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.*

A RELIC OF THE OLD REVOLUTION.

A Lyons newspaper contains the following:—"A person named Bernard, grave-digger to the executive government in 1798, died a few days ago in a village near Lyons. It was to him that the Abbe Sylvian Renand, first vicar of the church of the Madeleine, delivered the decapitated bodies of King Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which were both deposited in open coffins. The king wore a white waistcoat, and grey silk breeches and stockings. His head was placed between his legs. Bernard, who was a tailor, continued for forty years to exercise the function of grave-digger in the village where he died."



[STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, AT ST. PETERSBURG.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE DECLARATION OF HOSTILITIES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Russian government expressed the great gratification it felt that Lord Clarendon had disapproved of the hasty order given to bring up the fleet from Malta. Russia felt that the countermand of the English fleet would, in all probability, have the effect of leading to a misunderstanding between England and France, the fleet of the latter power having already sailed from Toulon with the view of making a "demonstration," to inspire the Turks with confidence. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe arrived at Constantinople on the 5th of April (1858), and immediately sought an interview with the grand vizier and the secretary of state for foreign affairs. They informed him, that since the arrival of Prince Menshikoff the language held by the Russian embassy to them had been a mixture of angry complaints and friendly assurances, accompanied with positive requisitions as to the Holy Places, indications of some ulterior views, and a general tone of insistence, bordering at times on intimidation. The points of complaint were, that the sultan had not responded like his father to the emperor's offers and acts of friendship, that he was too much influenced by the French and English governments, ill-disposed towards Russia, and that he had more particularly of late displayed a marked disregard of the consideration due to that power. The assurances were those of a willingness to promote the continued existence of the Turkish empire, and to renew those cordial relations which had been attended on former occasions with so much benefit to the Porte. The requisitions as to the Holy Places were, that the Porte, after

giving satisfaction for a vacillation of conduct offensive to Russia, should adhere with steadiness to the arrangement proclaimed by the sultan's firman, and pledge itself to a complete and undisturbed maintenance of the *status quo* in future by some form of written engagement. A disposition was at the same time expressed to acquiesce in the privileges already obtained for the Latins, and also a determination to have the cupola of the Church of the Nativity at Jerusalem repaired according to the actual, that is, the Greek forms. With respect to indications of ulterior views, there was still some uncertainty in the language of Prince Menshikoff. In the beginning he had sounded the sentiments of the Porte as to a defensive alliance with Russia, but receiving no encouragement, had desisted from the overture. His intimations were now rather directed to a remodelling of the Greek patriarchate of Constantinople, so as to make the election of the patriarch henceforward an appointment for life, independent of the Porte, and to a more clear and comprehensive definition of Russian right, under treaty, to protect the Greek and Armenian subjects of the Porte in religious matters. The tone of intimidation adopted by the Russian embassy was explained to consist in a peremptory demand of reparation for an alleged offence, in an unrelaxing insistence on the Porte's coming to an early and almost immediate decision, in repeated intimations of the emperor's displeasure, in the menace of interrupting diplomatic relations should any part of the pending negotiations transpire, and of retiring to Odessa should the Porte continue much longer to protract its hesitation. All this might justly be said to take a deeper colouring from the advanced positions taken up by considerable portions of the Russian army, and from Prince Menshikoff's official connection as well with them as with the Russian fleet at Sebastopol. On the following day Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had an audience of the sultan. Nothing could exceed the gracious and flattering manner in which his majesty received the English ambassador. Mr. Layard was present on this occasion, and the sultan complimented him on the services which he had rendered to archaeology and to arts. After the official interview had ended, the sultan accompanied by Rifaat Pasha, had a private interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who delivered an

autograph letter from the Queen. His majesty appeared much pleased, and repeatedly observed that he had "the fullest reliance on British sympathy and support." The difficulties which the Porte laboured under were fully discussed at subsequent interviews, when it transpired that Prince Menschikoff had insisted upon the conclusion of a treaty, stipulating that Russia should enjoy the exclusive right of intervening for the effectual protection of all members of the Greek Church, that the privileges of the four Greek patriarchs should be effectually confirmed, and that they should hold their preferment for life *independently of the Porte's approval*; the leave to build a Russian church and hospital at Jerusalem was also insisted upon and Prince Menschikoff proposed that an agreement should be drawn up in writing, and that the Porte should be held directly responsible to Russia for any violation of it. Prince Menschikoff was urged from time to time to require an early decision from the Porte, and on the 14th of April demanded an interview for the purpose of explaining the dissatisfaction felt by the Russian cabinet at the delay which had taken place in the negotiation. Rifaat Pasha granted an interview on the same day, and commenced the conversation by telling the prince that he was aware that the object of his visit was to complain of the delay used by the Porte in the settlement of his demands, but that he ought to take into consideration that the Porte was not to be blamed, because she had it not in her power to come to a conclusion respecting the question of the Holy Places without previously being in possession of the answer of the French embassy. The reply returned by Prince Menschikoff was, that he conceived the Porte's position in this affair, but at the same time he thought it his duty to apprise the minister for foreign affairs that Russia was decided to make no concessions respecting the repair of the cupola of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and that the hours for officiating at the Holy Virgin's Shrine must be regulated in the way already proposed, and that at all events the right of precedence must be conceded to the Greeks. "This must be clearly understood," said he, "and Russia will not desist from it." In reply, Rifaat Pasha said that the French ambassador was to have an interview with him on the next Saturday, and that he (Rifaat Pasha) would not fail to let the prince know, without delay, the result of the conference. Subsequently the Russian ambassador wished to be informed whether Rifaat Pasha was entrusted with full powers for the conclusion of the proposed treaty. The latter replied in the negative, but added that the draft of the said treaty, as presented by the prince, was submitted to the mature consideration of the council of ministers, and that it was unanimously rejected, as most of the demands therein contained were detrimental to the rights and independence of the Porte; and he (Rifaat Pasha) was most certain that, were another power to put forward similar propositions, Russia herself, as a good neighbouring power and ancient ally of the Porte, would advise them to avoid carefully entering into such an agreement. "Is this an official answer?" inquired the prince; and at the same time got up to take his leave. To this Rifaat Pasha said, that he was not yet authorised to make any official communication on the subject, but only stated the view taken by the council; the matter was before the sultan for his consideration, and as the *Irâdê* had not yet been issued, he could not enter into further details respecting that matter. The prince then referred to the part taken by France in supporting the cause of the Latins, and said that the Russian govern-

ment had not failed to perceive that France was endeavouring to secure the ascendancy of the Catholic Church at the expense of the Greek Church, a policy which he seemed to think his imperial master would resist to the uttermost.

Harassed upon all sides by requests for a speedy answer to the applications of France and Russia, the sultan issued a firman which he hoped would give satisfaction to both parties. The following are the principal articles:—

"If a key of the great gate of the Church of Bethlehem has been given to the Latins, it is in order that, as heretofore, they may possess a right of passage in that church; no right to officiate there, or to hold possession in common with the Greeks, has thereby been given to them; no right to change the *status quo* of that church, or to officiate *therein*, has been given to them; the power of introducing any novelty, either in regard to the passage through that church on the way to the Grotto, or in other respects, and thus altering the regulation observed as well formerly as at present, has not been given to either party. The door-keeper of the above-mentioned church having for a very long time been a Greek priest, subject of my sublime Porte, and that door-keeper having no authority to prevent the entrance of other nations who have a right to enter therein, the same system shall be followed in this respect as heretofore.

"His majesty the sultan has ~~ordered to be~~ placed in the Grotto of the Church of Bethlehem, as a public token of the regard which he bestows on the Christian nation, in the place of the star which was lost in the year 1817, another star altogether similar; and he has done so in order to put an end to the disputes which had arisen in this respect; but this star does not confer upon any of the Christian nations any new right whatever, and no change shall be made in this respect. The nations which are entitled to exercise their religious rites in the chapel of the Tomb of the Blessed Mary, and to visit that chapel, shall visit it and exercise their religious rites every day, on condition that they offer no obstacle to other nations also visiting that chapel and there exercising their religious rites. The Greeks shall exercise their religious rites there every morning from sunrise to one hour and a-half after sunrise; after them, the Armenians shall exercise their religious rites there for an hour and a-half; and after the Armenians, the Latins shall exercise their religious rites there for two hours; which arrangements are settled, and shall be carried into effect under the authority and with the permission of my sublime Porte. The two gardens adjoining to the Frank convent shall remain under the superintendence of the Greek and Latin nations, who shall make use of them as they have heretofore done, without any privileged right for either of the two parties. All these arrangements shall remain as they are, inasmuch as no new concessions are made to any nation whatever by formal documents. All the Holy Places which the Greek, Latin, and Armenian nations already possess at Jerusalem, either in common or exclusively, shall remain as now in their possession for ever."

The French envoy (M. De la Cour) consented to accept this understanding, but Prince Menschikoff declined, on the ground that it gave to Russia no protectorate over the Greek subjects of the Porte, who were the co-religionists of the emperor himself. The prince then demanded the final reply of the sultan to his ultimatum within five days. Before the expiration of that time

a partial and sudden change of ministry took place at the sublime Porte. Mustapha Pasha, formerly governor of Candia, and lately president of the council, was appointed the new grand vizier. He was succeeded in the latter office by Rifaat Pasha, who was himself succeeded by Reschid, the ex-grand vizier. Mehemet Ali, the late grand vizier, took the post of the late seraskier, who himself was placed at the head of the sultan's guard. All these ministers were already pledged, as members of the council, to opinions adverse to the extreme demands of Russia. On the 10th of May, the new ministry delivered their reply in writing to the demands of Prince Menschikoff. They stated, that his majesty the sultan was prepared to allow a Russian church and hospital to be built at Constantinople, and that he would secure the same religious privileges to the members of the Greek Church which were extended to all other Christian communions. On the subject of the general protectorate demanded by Russia of all the Christian subjects of the Porte, the reply was as follows:—"However friendly may be the reciprocal sentiments of the sublime Porte and the government of Russia, it is contrary to international rights that one government should conclude a treaty with another on a dangerous matter, affecting not only those things on which her independence is grounded, but, as it is well known, her independence itself in its very foundations." Prince Menschikoff replied to the despatch the following day, and expressed his "astonishment" at the distrust which the Porte evidently attached to the emperor's intentions "by seeking to discover in them the idea, at once inadmissible and opposed to his generous and conservative policy, of being desirous of obtaining a new right." His highness concluded by stating, that if the matter were not reconsidered, and his demands complied with, he would leave Constantinople in three days. The ministers of the Porte, after consulting with the representatives of England, Austria, France, and Prussia, requested a further delay of five or six days, in order to consider by what means an adjustment might yet be arrived at consistent with the dignity and independence of the sultan. Prince Menschikoff in granting the request stated that, "if the hesitation of the Ottoman government should continue, he could only look upon it as an indication of distrust and reserve offensive to his government, and that his departure and that of the imperial legation would be the inevitable and immediate consequence." The interval was occupied with private or direct endeavours to obtain a more liberal allowance of time and to discover some mode of bringing the adverse parties within reach of an accommodation. This result, however, was not accomplished, and at the expiration of three days, Prince Menschikoff and his suite left Constantinople. The imperial arms were removed from the ambassador's residence, and the ambassador himself was directed to follow in a few days. This startling information was conveyed to Baron Brunnow, at London, who was instructed to announce the fact to Her Majesty's government, and to state that the emperor would give the sultan another week for reflection; if, at the expiration of that period, his demands were not complied with, he would consult only the honour and dignity of Russia. He would order his troops to occupy the Principalities, which he would retain as a deposit until he had obtained satisfaction. The baron stated, that it was not without extreme and profound regret that the emperor found himself forced into adopting such a measure. Even whilst adopting

it, he still intended to remain faithful to the fundamental principle of his policy, that of not wishing to subvert the Ottoman empire. The emperor would not, he said, seek any aggrandisement of territory, although occupying for a time a portion of the Porte's possessions. He would avoid favouring, knowingly and voluntarily, any attempt at insurrection among the Christian populations.

Count Nesselrode at the same time wrote to Reschid Pasha, remonstrating with him upon the calamities which would descend upon Turkey if she refused to comply with the demands of Russia. From his despatch we quote the following passage:—"Within a few weeks the troops of the emperor will receive orders to pass the frontiers of the empire, not in order to make war upon the sultan—a war which it is repugnant to his majesty to undertake against a sovereign whom he has always had pleasure in looking upon as a sincere ally and as a well-disposed neighbour—but in order that he may possess material guarantees until such time as the Ottoman government, returning to more just sentiments, shall restore to Russia the moral securities which she has in vain demanded for two years by her representatives at Constantinople, and latterly by her ambassador."

Reschid Pasha replied to this communication on the 4th of June, and informed Count Nesselrode that the demands of the emperor could not be acceded to in the form in which they were put, but he expressed his readiness on the part of the sultan's government to send an ambassador to St. Petersburg for the purpose of resuming the dropped negotiations, provided no further question were raised of an engagement inconsistent with the sovereign rights and independence of the Porte. This reply was conveyed to Prince Menschikoff at Odessa by the last remaining member of the Russian diplomacy at Constantinople, who took away with him the archives and official correspondence of the legation. About the same time the English and French fleets anchored in the Bay of Besika. On Sunday, the 14th of June, the Emperor Nicholas issued the memorable manifesto in which he declared hostilities against Turkey, and proclaimed the war to be a crusade for the maintenance of the orthodox church. The following are the principal passages in the document, which was the signal for the arming of Europe:—

"Having exhausted all persuasion and every means for obtaining pacific satisfaction of our just demands, we have found it needful to advance our armies into the *Danubian Principalities* in order to show the Ottoman Porte to what its obstinacy may lead. But even now we have not the intention to commence war. By the occupation of the Principalities we desire to have such a security in our hands as will insure us in every event the restoration of our rights. It is not conquest that we seek, Russia needs it not; we seek satisfaction for a just right so clearly infringed. We are ready even now to arrest the movement of our armies, if the Ottoman Porte will bind itself solemnly to observe the inviolability of the orthodox church. But if blindness and obstinacy decide for the contrary, then calling God to our aid, we shall leave the decision of the struggle to Him, and in full confidence in His omnipotent right hand, we shall march forwards for the orthodox church."

THAMES WATER.

Thames water, after it is taken on ship-board, rapidly becomes tainted and unfit for human use, but if left to stand a few days, it again becomes sweet and pure.

NEW FLOATING BATTERIES.

Among the works rapidly approaching completion for the campaign against Russia, are the two floating batteries, the "Glatton" and the "Trusty." As they are perfect specimens of the class to which they belong, and as various and conflicting particulars have been given concerning them, the following brief description written from actual survey may not be unacceptable to our readers:—Massive, ponderous, and impregnable, these engines of destruction are admirably fitted to the purposes for which they are intended. The sturdy oak and weighty iron of which they are composed, under the skilful hand of the shipwright, have been so built up together that no force coming upon them externally can shake their giant frames. The length between the perpendiculars is one hundred and seventy-two feet six inches; the length of keel per tonnage, one hundred and forty-six feet; breadth extreme, forty-three feet eleven inches; breadth per tonnage, forty-three feet five inches; breadth moulded, forty-two feet; depth of hold fourteen feet seven inches; burthen in tons, fourteen hundred and sixty-nine. The spar-decks are slightly arched so that any shot alighting on them will glance harmlessly off. The transverse timbers are ten and a-quarter inches in thickness; these are covered with longitudinal timbers of eight and three-quarter inches thick, and the whole is stoutly shielded with sheet iron half-an-inch in thickness so as to withstand the force of any projectile. The bulwarks are moveable, and thus no obstruction will be afforded to the shot when it glances off the decks. The ribs are formed close together, and are ten and a-quarter inches thick; the horizontal linings are four inches thick. The ribs are covered on the outside with timbers of seven and seven-eighths inches thick. This ponderous mass of wood is encased and protected with heavy plates of wrought iron, four and a-quarter inches thick at the water-line, and three and seven-eighths inches thick in all other parts; the breadth of these plates varies from two to three feet, and in length they are twelve feet, each plate weighing between two and three tons; counter-sunk bolts driven completely through the wood and then securely screwed, fasten the iron plates and keep them firmly in their places. The spar-decks will not be used when in action, all the guns being on the fighting decks. The "Glatton" and the "Trusty" are pierced for thirty-two guns, but they will, however, it is understood, only carry sixteen guns each. When carrying on an assault all the guns will be brought on one side, while the portholes on the other side will be left open for the escape of the smoke. It was intended that a larger number of guns should have been carried, but it was found that the space would not permit more to be commodiously served. The guns are sixty-eight-pounder Lancasters, each ten feet long, and weighing ninety-five hundred-weight. Beneath the fighting-decks, and consequently the water-line, are the engines, stores, and various cabins, and in this part of the batteries one might remain without fear of harm even when the battle was raging fiercest. The engines are of two hundred horse-power, and work the screws with which the batteries will be propelled. The bottoms are perfectly flat, and as the vessels only draw about seven feet of water, it may be reasonably supposed that they can be taken in anywhere. They will be ship-rigged, but when moored abreast a heavy battery every stick will be taken out, and a clear stage presented, with the addition, it may be confidently asserted, of "no favour."

OH! HAD I THE VOICE OF A BIRD!

[The first and third of these verses have been set to most graceful and expressive music by Miss Ellenbeth Philip, a composer of high promise. Publishers, Cramer and Beale, Regent-street.]

Oh! had I the voice of a bird to intone thee,
Such songs as the nightingale sings to the rose,
Thou shouldst know with what rapture this fond bosom glows—
For though all may admire thee, 'tis I that shall own thee,
And, queen of my soul, on my heart I'll enthroned thee!

Oh! had I the wings of a bird, my beloved,
I'd hover around thee by day and by night,
And my life should be spent in a dream of delight:
For I never in vain should thy company covet,
If I had the wings of a bird, my beloved.

Say, what are the spells that combine to endear thee,
Euclyptus, what witchery lurks in thy smile?
Or how hast thou tutored thine eyes to beguile?
Oh, fly me not—try me not, let me be near thee;
To mine ears thou art music, love—let me but hear thee!

C. D.

CHINESE MARRIAGES.

The part which is played in all these ceremonies by the family of the bride, must always wear a certain stamp of deference and modesty. Thus, when the name of his daughter is asked, the father is required to answer in the following manner:—"I have received with respect the marks of your goodness. The choice that you deign to make of my daughter to become the wife of your son, shows me that you esteem my poor and cold family more than it deserves. My daughter is coarse and stupid, and I have not had the talent to bring her up well; yet I shall, nevertheless, glory in obeying you on this occasion. You will find written on another page the name of my daughter, and that of her mother, with the day of her birth." When he receives the presents, and the information that a day is fixed for the wedding, the father replies in these terms. "I have received your last resolution. You wish this marriage to take place, and I am only sorry that my daughter has so little merit, and that she has not had all the education desirable. I fear she is good for nothing yet, nevertheless, since the augury is favourable, I dare not disobey you. I accept your present, I salute you, and I consent to the day appointed for the wedding. I will take care to make due preparation."

USEFUL APPLICATION OF INDIA-RUBBER.

Experiments have recently been tried under the superintendence of the authorities at Woolwich Arsenal, to test the advantage of employing india-rubber to diminish the shock occasioned to the timbers of a vessel by the firing of heavy mortars or guns. One of the new mortar-boats, the "Sinbad," has lately been fitted with a set of powerful india-rubber springs beneath the platform, and the result has proved highly satisfactory. Twenty rounds were fired with a shell of 200lbs. weight, carrying a distance of from 4,000 to 5,000 yards, and the springs on examination were found to be as perfect as at starting. The "Sinbad" is fitted with twelve springs, each of which is calculated to resist a concussion of from twenty to twenty-five tons, at an average compression of from one to one and a half inches, showing that the actual recoil on firing one of these large pieces is from 200 to 250 tons. In order fully to test the advantage of the application, twenty rounds were fired with, and twenty without, the springs, when the difference in the effect upon the timbers of the vessel was very apparent, and fully established the superiority of this mode of mounting heavy guns on ship-board.

HOW THE NINEVEH RELICS WERE REMOVED.

MOST of our readers have seen the gigantic bulls and slabs discovered and dug up by that energetic and learned man, Dr. Layard, at Nineveh, and brought with so much trouble and expense to enrich our national collection of antiquities in the British Museum, and will, therefore, feel interested in reading of the difficulties under which some of these massive relics were landed at Basreh, to await the arrival of the vessels chartered by the trustees of the British Museum for their safe conveyance to England. The following short narrative of a dangerous and skilful feat, performed by a war steamer of the Indian navy, the "Nitocris," employed on the Tigris River, which, fortunately, was successful in saving one of the finest bulls, besides several very interesting engraved slabs, covered with the strange figures of the cuneiform character, is from the journals of one of her officers:—

"At 6 P.M., May 29th, we quitted Baghdad, bound down river to Basreh, as usually our custom once a month, for the double purpose of carrying the mails for the Persian Gulf squadron, and for the preservation of the peace of the river, and increasing our good relations with the wild Arabs who occupied the pasturage on either bank. We had some days before despatched on their trip towards Basreh two rafts laden with the stones excavated at Nineveh, and thus floated to Baghdad. This was rather a dangerous experiment, and was put in practice with slight misgivings as to its result, but no trading boat being available for their transport, and a ship being daily expected at Basreh for them, there was no alternative but to send them on, the same as they had arrived from Mosul, our camels being sent to help them if requisite. These rafts are the only floating means by which goods can be sent by river from Diarbekir, the water being very shallow. They are made by inflating numerous skins, which are tied together, and then roughly decked over with the stems and foliage of the palm or poplar tree, and are steered and propelled by two long slender poles working on a stout peg with a rope lashing, the blade formed by securing several short pieces across the end. It was feared that when they came to get to the broad, deep, and open part of the river, where there is often a tolerable swell, that the undulations of the raft, which, of course from its construction, must yield to the motion of the waves, floating only on the surface, would cause the fastenings to break adrift, and, consequently, let the heavy load of upwards of fifteen tons fall through. It was only necessity that allowed of the first risk being run—of forwarding them from Mosul in that manner, but the country having no regular roads, and no machine existing capable of carrying such huge weights, there was no other method. The rafts used now are the same kind that were used from the earliest period, as Herodotus describes them exactly, even to the common practice of the present day of the owner carrying a donkey with him on the raft, for the purposes of transporting the skins back again over land, the other portions fetching a good price at Baghdad. Traffic up river beyond a few miles above Baghdad is at present impracticable to native vessels, owing to the rapidity of the current during the high, and the shallowness of water during the low season. An attempt was made during the high season by the "Nitocris" to overcome the difficulty, but not having sufficient power, though aided by a strong south-east wind and assisted by tow ropes, she was obliged to return; her commander, though, being convinced that the attempt would be feasible with a steamer of moderate

power, going about twelve or fifteen knots and drawing only two feet of water—the "Nitocris" being capable of making eight knots only, and drawing three feet four inches. The river being now at its height, and the stream strong, we rapidly left the town behind us, looking very pretty in the morning sun, which had just begun to tip the lofty palm and the blue tops of the minarets with a flood of golden light. As we cleared the orange-groves and gardens we found that the plains were rapidly being flooded from the unusual height to which the river had attained. At nine, we passed the old ruins of 'Ctesiphon,' of which but one lofty building remains, called the Tāk Kesra, or Arch of Kosroe, who was a mighty monarch when Ctesiphon was in its glory. The building, which now remains, is the most magnificent in the East. The archway alone is 109 feet high, 85 feet span, and 178 feet deep, with a façade of 300 feet; and standing, as it does, on a level plain, with mounds covering the ruins of this once large city scattered around, it is visible for miles, like some huge giant, and mocking at time from its excessive solidity, as the walls in places are fourteen feet thick of solid masonry, as good and perfect as if built of bricks of the present age. This is one great fact in all Babylonian ruins, proving the high state of the art of brick-making in those days compared to the present. We steamed on all night, the river being high, and consequently easy for navigation, and at six the next morning came to anchor, at a part of the river called the Um'l Honneh. The river here makes a very sharp bend, being very difficult to round, even for the steamer, on account of the force with which the current in its headlong speed dashes upon the bank at the bend, and the banks of the river being much higher than the surrounding country, owing to the vegetation retaining the dust and depositing it with the night dews, forming in the course of ages a higher level. The confined water, rushing with increased velocity from the unusual rise, had worked its way through, and was pouring its whole stream into the interior, having rapidly washed away the soft alluvial soil, and formed a deep swift stream. The rafts on their passage down had arrived in safety as far as this, but here it was the fate of one to finish its journey, as, far away, some two miles inland, on what was actually a mound, but which, from the country being inundated, was a shoal, lay stranded the unfortunate one; and, from that situation it was our duty, if possible, to rescue its valuable freight. A cargo boat, which we had managed to secure at Baghdad, and had sent away a day or two before us, we found had safely arrived, and, consequently, we now began our difficult, and fortunately, successful, attempt at recovering the stranded marbles.

"Our first duty was to ascertain if it were possible to take the steamer through the breach caused by the irruption into the country, for which purpose the commander started off with the launch and a good stout crew to enter the new channel, while the steamer was hauled alongside the bank to land all superfluous fuel to lighten her as much as possible. We soon saw the signal from the launch agreed upon if there was sufficient water, and getting the steam well up and signalling to the cargo boat to drop through with the current, also set on, and, with a curious sensation in my mind at quitting the beaten track of river, and feeling myself being whirled through the gap in the banks, into what appeared a broad lake, covered with shoals, we entered. We found the stream was running about six knots, and fearing lest we might ground, kept her head to the

current, and dropping a kedge to the bottom, let her gently drift, using the steam occasionally to regulate our motion and to keep behind the launch, which was sounding the way very carefully. To our great satisfaction we found deep water close up to the raft, and by dint of care and a little trouble managed to get the cargo boat secured alongside the stones, and ourselves safely moored head and stern on the off side of the boat. When the two vessels were thoroughly secured, we made our preparations for hoisting the stones inboard. We first of all slung the steamer, by passing a chain round her bottom, the end going through a large block on the boat's mast, which was a very long and stout spar, being upwards of thirty feet high, and twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. The block was lashed about a third up, and to the chain, when through this block, was hooked a three-fold iron block, with a hawser rove through it, and through a two-fold iron block, hooked on to a chain slung round the largest half of the human-headed lion, the fall coming inboard to the steamer, so that the whole strain came on the steamer, on account of her being as it were *slung* to the mast of the boat; the consequence was, with a sufficient power, we must either hoist the stones into the boat, or the steamer out of the water, which latter being an impossibility, we set our men to work with a will to accomplish the former. We commenced to heave in at one o'clock, but for a long while were unable to move the unwieldy mass, but by the judicious application of levers, and by forming a platform of beams, well greased, from the side of the boat to the raft, managed, when quite exhausted from the excessive heat, to get the largest half safe inboard by about six, to our great delight, as we then made sure the next day of getting them all safe in.

"At sunset we were very much annoyed by legions of mosquitoes coming on board, irritating us very much. I never was, never, so bitten in my life as I was for an hour or two, till a pleasant breeze luckily sprang up, and blew them off, so that a good night's rest was enjoyed by all the crew, which they much needed after the hard labour of the day. At daylight the next morning, the men set to again, and first, as the boat was one-sided from the weight of the stone that had been got in the day before, we hauled off and turning her round, made all fast again the same as before. This occupied us until six, when we began to heave in again. By eight o'clock we got in three slabs, one of which was cracked and much damaged, as well as one side of the lion, by the abrasion of the stream. By twelve we had managed to get in all the rest of the slabs, six in number, and to get the other half of the lion slung; and, after the men had dined, by three, after a hard heave, we had the half on board. We then set to work to pull the raft to pieces, and succeeded in getting a good many of the spars of which it was composed into the boat, but when it became lightened, the current caught it, and away went the remains across the country, borne along by the rapid stream. Though the stones were now in the boat, our next undertaking, and not the least, was to get into the river again; we made the boat fast astern, and with the steam well up, and rushing with terrific force and din through the steam pipe, turned head to the stream; for some time the vessel was motionless, though steaming ahead full power, till slowly she began to move, and getting in the anchors as we steamed up to them, proceeded on our way against the rapid impouring of the river, about a mile an hour, and by half-past four rounded

to safely in the Tigris, having cast off the boat to make the best of her way down to Basreh. We hauled alongside the bank again, and took in our final, and at a quarter-past seven were again under weigh down river. We passed the boat at about half-past eleven the same night, and at eight o'clock the next evening arrived at Maghil, the residence of the British consul at Basreh. Basreh being about three miles farther down the river. The boat, with the marbles, did not arrive till the evening of the 3rd, two days after us. The next day we got her cargo out of her on to the bank, where the marbles brought down by the other raft were already safely deposited, and covered them up carefully from the weather, as the expected vessel had not arrived.

"In this short account I can scarce express the labour and skill of the officers and crew in saving these marbles, as the heat was intense, the thermometer in the shade on deck was up to 97 degrees, and the navigation of the steamer into the marsh was perilous in the extreme, as the Tigris (called emphatically by the Arabs, 'El Dijla,' 'the arrow,' from its swiftings), rises and falls very suddenly, and she was liable at a moment to be left high and dry far inland, with no chance of the waters ever rising to that very unusual height again, but fortunately the waters continued rising, and the stones were rescued, to add their mite to the interest that is naturally felt for our noble national institution."

THE STORY OF A RUSSIAN PRISONER.

"My own history," said the Russian prisoner, "is not remarkably interesting. I am not quite eighteen, have seen but little, except what I have been compelled to see in this last war. I, and my father and mother, and two sisters, led a tolerably quiet life, eating our black bread with contentment. We were blessed with a merciful boyaril—we call the lords boyards in Russia, and they call us serfs. When the war broke out, and the news came that our father the emperor was about to exterminate the Musselmans, and to plant the cross on the cupola of Saint Sophia, we thought it brave work. We changed our opinion afterwards. Soldiers were needed; one after another my old companions were sent off. It came to my turn at last. I went quietly, they—the people of our village, I mean—made a little collection for me, and I started forth. If I had not consented quietly, I should have tasted whiplash, and been taken as a prisoner, so I did the best I could under the circumstances. It was very hard work, and very hard fare, and when fighting came, very hard fighting too. I don't think there was a man in our company who had ever handled a musket till he was suddenly enlisted, and when your men came rushing up the heights of Alma we could not stand the shock. I was taken prisoner on the 20th of September. I expected to be killed, having been told that such would be my fate, and had certainly no hope of the generous treatment I have received. Though I have not myself experienced the most rigorous service in Russia, I know of some terrible cases, one of which is still fresh in my memory. I will relate it with pleasure. I am of opinion that pale brandy is preferable to the raki which is sometimes served out to the Russian troops. I have no objection to take a glass; but brandy is not the story, neither is raki, so to begin:—

"Late one Christmas night the parish priest of Lagoda—Kleby, that was his name—was suddenly called to the death-bed of a serf, named Kalyatak. Father Kleby—

Pope Kleby, as they called him, for all the priests are called popes in Russia—was as kind-hearted and good a man as ever wore the long brown robe of his order, or the black cap with the edge of fur, which indicated his rank; his long hair hung on his shoulders, and his white beard extended below his waist. The people all liked him, he was so mild and gentle, and so willing to lend a helping hand wherever he could. Alas, for him, his means were very slender, and a kopeck was a kopeck, even to Pope Kleby. The snow was coming down thick and fast, and the night was intensely cold, but the priest hesitated not a moment; when the summons came he was ready, and before midnight he was in the house of the dying man. It was as miserable a hovel as it is possible to conceive, and the dim light of the candle which was burning, made the place seem really worse than it was. The peasant lay on a sort of stretcher, raised about two feet from the ground, and was covered with his sheepskin coat and blue blouse. His wife was there and his children also. He had two children: Catherine, a girl about five years old, and Michael, a boy, perhaps, two years older. The emaciated countenance of the man, the misery depicted on the faces of his wife and children—poverty sharpens the wits of children, making them prematurely old in care and sorrow—all attested the wretchedness and destitution of the family. The priest sighed deeply, made the sign of the cross, and kneeling down beside the dying man, whispered words of hope and comfort.

"The man half arose, and gazed with a horrible glance on the face of the priest.

"Not a word, not a word," he said, "let me die as the beasts die. I have lived without hope, let me die without it; my life has been as that of the cattle, let my end be like theirs; chant no psalm, offer no prayer, let me sleep the last sleep that shall know no waking!"

"But the priest spoke on, and talked of the land on the other side of death's river, where the soul put on immortal youth and revelled in unsullied happiness. There was impatience and irritation expressed in the man's countenance; he heard as one might hear a story of some imaginary place, a tale of fairy land. When the priest ceased, he repeated:

"I have lived without it, let me die without it. If God is merciful, why are we as we are? If all are His children, why should some of His family be made to suffer so fearfully in this world?"

"In vain the good man expostulated and expounded: his words fell on heedless ears. When the little group knelt down and prayed, the man covered his face and wept, but they were not tears of contrition; the words of prayer woke up old memories, deep and tender, and touched the well-springs of affection in his heart. At last he spoke again:

"Father, I honour and respect you; to you the religion you profess is true. That religion is the faith of the boyards, and possesses no comfort for me. I am dying. I have a secret to tell: it must be told to you—to you only."

"The secrets of the confessional are sacred."

"So be it, so be it; may God, if there is a God, bless and prosper you as you are faithful." Then lowering his voice, he whispered, "Tell them to withdraw. You—you only—must know the secret!"

"Kindly, gently, the priest led the wife and children to the further end of the cabin, and then returning, knelt down by the side of the couch, so that he could hear the sick man's faintest whisper. Once or twice, as

the revelation went on, he started as if he would hear no more, but the spell of the dying man was on him, and he could not choose but hear. With the finish of the recital, life ended; and ere the priest could repeat the words of absolution—ere he could utter the prayer for the departing—ere, even he could drop the consecrated water on the strained and agonised face, the man sank back with a shudder and was a corpse.

"Great was the grief of the widowed mother and the orphaned children. The priest strove to comfort them as well as he could, and some good-natured villager received them for that night into his abode, the priest himself watching by the dead man. Having anointed the body, he began, in a low monotonous voice, to chant the prayers for the dead, but his heart smote him, for the man had died impenitent. From his own purse he drew forth two kopecks, and placed them in the hands of the corpse, lighted the consecrated taper, and still sang. There were strange reports in the morning of terrible sights and sounds heard and seen that night in the house of the dead; some said the body had moved, that its eyes had opened and shut, and that unearthly laughter was heard in the air; but the priest said never a word, and the very next day the body of the deceased was laid in the grave, a small wooden cross raised over it, with this inscription: 'Kalystok. Pray for his soul.'

"The Boyard Nathykivan was the lord of the whole estate in the neighbourhood. A sort of feud had always existed between him and the dead serf. The deceased had, at one period, been a favourite with his lord, but an unforeseen event had completely changed the boyard. When the serf Kalystok obtained leave to marry, his lord had gone to Peterhoff, where the czar was then residing. Nathykivan was to be specially honoured, for the emperor had engaged to become sponsor for his first-born son, and the baptism was performed with great state in the imperial chapel. Meantime, the marriage of Kalystok was celebrated at the village, and a merry time the rustics made of it. They had the best repast that their limited means permitted, and as cheerful a dance as slaves could have expected; and when night came they lighted up the trees with curious little candles, and made quite a *fête* of the event. Unfortunately, the illumination turned out greater than had been intended, for some of these little candles setting fire to the dry branches of a tree, communicated with the thatch of a cottage, so to a hay rick, and making the sky blood-red, lighted up the country far and near. The serfs were in despair, they knew not how to act, and in the midst of the confusion the clattering of hoofs and the noise of carriage wheels announced the return of the boyard. The blazing of the timbers, the wild roar of the fire terrified the horses; they reared and plunged frightfully; the chariot was overturned, and the child—the new born heir, the pride and hope of the boyard, the god-son of the emperor was killed. The rage, grief, and disappointment of the boyard cannot be expressed. His lady the countess felt it, perhaps, more deeply than himself, but both expressed it in one way, and from that time the black days of Kalystok and his young wife set in. Their marriage festival had blighted—for a time, at all events—the happiness of the noble, and the noble was resolved that they should suffer. Life and death were in the hands of the boyard. One unhappy serf who happened to give advice about the erection of a stable, and which advice turned out a failure, was exiled to Siberia; another, for even a lesser offence, was condemned to lose four of his upper teeth; while a third was nailed to a cross, and

thus miserably perished. Everything that could contribute to the degradation of Kalystok had been done—every sort of petty annoyance which ingenuity could devise had been put in practice. At last, when a year had nearly elapsed, another son was born to the boyard. At the same time a son was born to the serf. But old enmity did not die out. On the very day of the baptism of the new heir, Kalystok was arrested on some trivial charge of disrespect, and before the door of his own house received three score lashes.

"Thus matters had been going on from bad to worse. The boyard never forgot the old offence, and the young heir was taught to nourish the spirit of revenge for his 'murdered' brother. Though many felt the deep wrong that had been done to the poor peasant they feared to confess it, or to murmur a word of disapproval. They dreaded the arrival at their own door of that long, black, hearse-like contrivance which carried the apparatus for the infliction of the knout, and was appropriated to the removal of the bodies of the knouted. So they were silent, and slowly the life was wrung out of the unhappy Kalystok. He grew careless and indifferent, was heard to mutter sometimes strange words of vengeance, and to laugh a horrible laugh. So he lived, so he died, and they buried him.

"A few weeks later and the widow was laid by the side of her husband; little Michael and Catherine finding a home in the pastor's house, and a father in priest Kleber. About this man, from the night of Kalystok's confession, there was something most remarkable. He appeared totally different from what he had appeared before. His health began to suffer, and his mind occasionally seemed to wander. He was, however, still the same kind friend to the needy that he had ever been, and to Michael and Catherine his affectionate regard was extreme. Still he seemed to entertain an awe of the boy, which could not be easily accounted for. Some, indeed, attributed it to the bold, defiant air of the child, who, as he grew, became a little hero in his way, to whose heart fear was a stranger.

"Michael often visited the grave-yard where his parents lay asleep. Often he knelt down on the green turf and offered touching prayers for their repose, but he ever came away more gloomy than he went, and at all times seemed to have no relish for the rustic sports of the people. There was but one story to which he cared to listen: that was the tale of his father's wrongs—his life—his death! He would often wander to the château of the boyard, and walk round the walls of the park, or sometimes enter and approach the house. He knew the old boyard and his son—a red-haired lad of fierce vindictive passions—and he hated them. To say the truth, that hatred was fully returned, for as the boys grew, the enmity of their fathers seemed to grow with them, strengthened by any accidental meeting. When Michael talked of truth and justice, and began to question the right of those who owned the land—owning the men who were made in God's image, the old villagers shook their heads, and said no good could come of it; but whatever came of it appeared to be indifferent to the proud spirit of the lord. So Michael reached manhood, and toiled as others toiled on the estate of the boyard, surrendering that tribute of his time which he was compelled to surrender, and devoting all that was his own to wandering through the woods and round the château, or to kneeling for the hour together on the green turf of the grave-yard.

"There was one companion of his solitude, a dumb favourite, a dog. It had grown old in his service, and he had for it the strongest attachment. Michael and his

dog were the curiosities of the village; for Catherine, with her gentle loving heart, was not estranged from the peasants, and though superior, perhaps, in thought, and feeling, and education, was still as one of themselves. Now, it one day happened that Michael and his dog were in the forest when an incident occurred which gave a new turn to the story. The young boyard, with a few of his companions, were out on a hunting party, and came almost suddenly on Michael. The young man retreated, and whistled to his dog, but the dog was old, half-blind, half-deaf, and uttering a dismal howl, stood right in the centre of the path. The next moment the gay cavalcade came up, led by the young boyard; just then the dog sprang towards him, the horse on which the noble rode reared and plunged, but with a heavy blow from the butt-end of his riding whip, the boyard struck the dog on the head, and laid it dead at his feet. Michael saw it all; he heard the ringing laugh that accompanied the act, he heard his own name coupled with that of the dog, and the wish breathed that it had been himself instead of his dog, and the laugh that followed the jest, and he spoke not a word, but his face was flushed and his eyes were as eyes of fire. When the cavalcade passed on he came forth from his concealment, lifted his old favourite in his arms, and carried it into the depth of the wood to bury it.

"That night Michael, armed with his hatchet, crept cautiously towards the château of the boyard. He arrived at the dwarf stone wall which surrounded the garden; there he hesitated for a few moments, and looked to the right hand and to the left; all was still, everything was sleeping—birds in their nests, cattle in their pastures, flowers in gay parterres; but the stars were keeping watch. Then Michael crept over the wall, and entered the garden. Beautiful as Eden looked the boyard's garden. The art of cultivating exotic plants is carried to a very great extent in Russia; trees and flowers of almost every country were about him; the air was laden with a sweet perfume. Bird-cages of every shape—miniature palaces of golden wire—hung from the branches of the trees, or were otherwise beautifully arranged. Birds of richest plumage were there, with wings of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, eclipsing in colour the most beautiful flowers; here were parroquets of the most beautiful hues, with chains and perches of burnished gold; here falcons arrayed after the fashion of the Middle Ages. A large marble basin of water was in the centre of the enclosure, and a fountain cast a shower of diamonds into the air.

Michael stood for a time irresolute in the midst of this earthly paradise. It was as an oasis in the desert, a bright spot on which fortune smiled in the midst of that sterile district. All the beauties were disfigured in the eyes of Michael; those exotic plants, those foreign birds—how much toil and misery had they caused to the serfs; he knew that they belonged to the Countess Ismene, the promised bride—so said report—of the young boyard, and he knew that they were his gifts. When he thought of the Lady Ismene, he felt compunction for the act he intended to perpetrate; he had seen her in all her youthful beauty, and had learned to love—a wild hopeless despairing love. But he steeled his heart against all softer feelings, drew his hatchet from his belt, and commenced his horrible work. In a few minutes he had turned that garden into a wilderness; trees, birds, flowers were involved in common ruin; the rarest exotics were plucked up by the roots, the birds of gayest plumage weltered in gore, the silver lake was red with blood.

"As Michael turned to depart, a hand was laid upon him; he started, lifted his axe, and would have slain the intruder, but his hand quivered, his limbs shook—it was the Lady Ismene.

"O man, man!" she said, "what have you done?"

"Vengeance!"

"No matter for the rest: he told the helpless story of the serf, his wrongs, his sorrows, and the lady listened: he left the place securely, for Ismene uttered not a word.

"Next day there was the utmost confusion in the château. The destruction which had been so clandestinely effected on the previous night filled everybody with surprise. The old boyard issued an order for the assembly of the serfs, and great preparations were made for the examination. The young noble hinted his suspicion, and the hatred already felt towards Michael made the hint almost an accusation. At last the day of the assembly arrived—the courtyard of the château was fitted up for the purpose. The serfs were arranged behind a wooden barrier, the old boyard and a few of the neighbouring nobility sat as judges in a small balcony, and every serf was expected to take a solemn oath of his innocence. Michael's heart failed him, for he scorned to lie.

"Just as his name was called, Ismene stepped into the balcony, and laying her soft white hand on the shoulder of the old boyard, begged him to desist.

"I alone," said she, "was witness; I alone can testify as to the guilt or innocence of these poor serfs; I saw the mischief done; I spoke to the door of the deed."

"Name him," said the old boyard. "Who was it?—speak?"

"It was a wanderer out of the green wood," she answered, "and I can say no more. Let these poor people go; Kosloff—that was the young boyard—will I am sure, grant my request." She looked around expecting he was there, but he was gone. With much warmth and high displeasure, the old boyard consented at last to dismiss the people, and so the day's proceedings were abruptly closed. It was late in the evening when Michael returned to the priest's house, and there a new disaster awaited. Catherine, his sister, was absent—none knew where she was, though an uncertain report was busily circulated that the young boyard had seized her and carried her off. Michael, as you may readily imagine, was rendered almost frantic by the news. In vain the priest attempted to calm his angry passions, he would listen to nothing but the voice of revenge in his heart. He quitted his old home that night, declaring he would never return but with Catherine—that he would never rest till her destroyer had paid the price of his guilt.

"Three days later Catherine returned, but, oh! how changed. The colour had fled from her cheeks, there was a wild unearthly brightness in her eyes, there was something that chilled the blood in her wild ringing laugh—she was a maniac. The priest took care of her, and she babbled a strange story of the young boyard, of his kindness and his cruelty, of Michael her brother, and a strange meeting in the wood, of murder, and one in a secret place; 'blood, red blood,' she said, 'had been spilt on the earth, and the young boyard was dead, and Michael had buried him.'

"The grief and agony of Kleber surpassed all description; he entrusted Catherine to the care of a neighbour, charging the woman strictly to keep her in her chamber, and at night with his little wallet, he quitted the village and turned his steps towards the capital. The consternation in the village was great when both the young lord and

Michael were found to be absent. The excitement increased when a few days later the body of the boyard was discovered. Still further was it increased by the sudden appearance and arrest of Michael, and it gained a greater height by the frank confession of the serf that he had slain the boyard! He was condemned to death. Capital punishment is inflicted with the knout. When a man is sentenced to receive two hundred lashes with the knout, he is sentenced to die. The ordinary punishment of the lash is administered as long as the culprit can bear it, a doctor keeping hold of his hand during the punishment, and staying it when he can bear no more. Such is not the case with the knout.

"The excitement in the village became greater every day. All honoured the young man Michael, all hated the boyard; but they were serfs and could do nothing. It was said that the Countess Ismene pleaded for the young man's life, but pleaded in vain, and the day of death arrived; all the horrible preparations were completed. The boyard sat in solemn state to see justice done. I need not dwell upon the scene; bound hand and foot, the young man was led forth, and as they fastened him to the fatal timbers, spoke as a hero or martyr might speak, indignantly defying the malice of his enemies, and calling upon them to meet him before the bar of the eternal God, who knows no difference between serf and boyard, bond and free! The lash fell: again, again; but it fell on lifeless flesh, the first blow had opened the gate of liberty and set free the soul of the slave! At that very moment the black cap and the long white beard of the priest Kleber, was seen among the crowd; the good man pressed forward; the people gave way; he held a paper above his head signed by the czar; half a dozen or more of the Imperial Guard were with him; he brought the pardon of the condemned Michael!

"Too late, too late! but not too late to tell his fearful secret! Death awaits the priest who dares to breathe the confession of the penitent, but power can be obtained from the patriarch to do even this. That authority had been given, and Kalystok's secret was now revealed. In revenge for the wrong which had been done him, Kalystok had changed the children on the baptismal night. The boyard had fostered the child of the serf; the serf had reared the boyard's child in the bitterest enmity against him. This was the secret the parent had never dared to breathe, fearing the vengeance of the boyard, but the end had come. There, a bruised and broken mass of lifeless flesh was the child of the boyard, and still on the senseless carcass fell the heavy blows of the knout.

"The punishment was stayed. The old man was carried into his château, and from that day was rarely seen in public; he lived many years—years of hopeless misery; where death would have been a blessing, the King of Terrors refused to strike. The priest retired from the village, and took charge of the hapless Catherine. I saw her when her hair was grey, still a maniac, harmless at most times, but on an autumn evening talking wildly of the green wood, and the blood, red blood, that stained the earth. The Countess Ismene ended her days in the solitude of the cloister.

"I do not mean to intimate by the story I have told that such occurrences are frequent, or that as a rule the boyards are cruel to the serfs, but the system allows it, and their treatment depends on the caprice of their owner. I should say the condition of your tenantry is far preferable to ours, and I feel confident that pale brandy is preferable to raki, and should have no objection to take another glass."



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND.

16A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1885.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.

Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen pounds

18s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18:15:8.

J. H. LEFROY, Hon. Secretary.

THE Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 151, STRAND. THE THIRD MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains five numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price fivepence. To be had of any bookseller or news-agent in the United Kingdom.

INQUIRY.—The King of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha III., died on the 15th of December, at the age of forty-two. He is succeeded by his nephew, Prince Liholiho, who has taken to himself the title of Kamehameha IV. **NARBORNS (Warwick-villas).**—The height of the clock tower at Westminster Palace will be 147 feet. The clock will be the largest in England, if not in Europe.

T. (Dover-road).—There is no such body as the Chisholm Emigration Society. There is a Government Emigration Commission, whose offices are at 9, Park-street, Westminster. The female emigrants taken out by Mrs. Chisholm had their passage paid by subscription.

W. (Queen Anne street). The first stone of the present Custom House of London was laid on the 25th of October, 1818, by the Earl of Liverpool (then Treasurer), assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Vansittart). It was dedicated and open for business on the 12th of May, 1817. In point of architecture it is not considered a success.

C. Howers. (Aldershot-street).—The experiment of allowing convicts tickets of leave in England, has not been tried sufficiently long to enable the government to pronounce any opinion upon the expediency of the measure. There were, on the 1st of January last, 2,369 convicts at large in England with tickets of leave.

RECESSIONIST.—The smallest church in England is at Charscombe, near Bath.

C. COLEMAN (Pinner Seymour-street).—The plural style of speaking ("we") among kings, was begun, it is said, by King John, of England, A.D. 1119. Before that time sovereigns used the singular person in their edicts. The German and the French sovereigns followed the example of King John in 1200.

****.**—The place of rendezvous for the British Foreign Legion is at Algiers. We are informed that very few candidates for employment have as yet presented themselves.

H. H. (Blackwall).—Compared with England and Germany, there is very little emigration from France. In 1853 she sent out only 14,500 individuals, while from Germany there were about 87,000, and from England there were 323,927. Although Prussia has nearly 1,000 miles of sea-coast in the Baltic, there are comparatively few ports. Her mercantile navy consists of about 850 vessels of all sizes, with crews amounting, in the aggregate, to about 4,000 sailors.

H. B. T. (Inner Temple).—The commanding officer of artillery is always personally responsible for the guns, apparatus, and stores attached to them. The officer of artillery at Gibraltar has between seven and eight hundred guns under his charge, and if any of them are injured—except by the act of an enemy—he is bound to pay the value out of his own pocket.

A. CHESTER.—Salt is imported in large quantities into the United States, but the Great Salt Mines of Virginia will soon, with the assistance of a railway, be enabled to meet the consumption of the whole of the American continent. The product of these mines is a pure chloride of sodium, and will remain as dry as flour in any latitude from the Equator to the Pole. This great salt mine is a trough between two mountains, at an elevation of 1,800 feet above the level of the sea, and near the waters of the north fork of Holston River, a tributary of the River Tennessee, and is near the rivers of the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, where the border on a north-western point of the state of Virginia. The total salt lies about 250 feet below the surface of the ground, and is increased in a vast deposit of gypsum.

AN INTERESTING EMIGRANT (Richmond).—The largest vessel engaged in the Australian trade is the "British Triton," just built at St. John's, New Brunswick. Her dimensions are—length over all, 260 feet; beam, 40 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet; tonnage, 1,807. She is clipper-built, and contains accommodation for 500 persons. She is to sail from Liverpool to Melbourne about the 1st of April, and, amongst other attractions, is to carry a band, always a fertile source of delight on shipboard.

AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.—Youths who are not the sons of deceased officers have to pay one hundred and twenty-five guineas per year for education and maintenance at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst. There is also an allowance for twenty guineas, and sixteen guineas for a uniform. The orphan sons of officers pay fifty pounds a year.

J. SEVER (Haverstock-hill).—There are in the British service five ranks of general officers:—1. Field-Marshal; 2. General; 3. Lieutenant-General; 4. Major-General; 5. Brigadier-General. The rank of Brigadier-General was allowed to all late officers after the last war (1815), and up to the opening of the present campaign that rank did not appear in the Army List. Several generals of brigades have been appointed, however, for the purposes of the present war.

F. MATELAND (Regent-street).—The Russian fleet, it is stated, contained 250 gun boats last year, and now we learn that 160 others are to be added to that number. Each is to be armed with one gun of 68 lbs. and four of 20 lbs. The part which is in the water is lined with iron. The Russian fleet of the Baltic, properly so called, consists of 80 ships of the line, 9 frigates, 8 brigs, and 10 steamers.

M. (Dulston).—There are now two or three British ships of war at Cuba assisting General Concha to quell the expected insurrection in that island. The whole island has been declared in a state of siege, and a proclamation has been issued, ordering the enlistment of all volunteers between the ages of eighteen and fifty, who are capable of bearing arms.

W. J.—The "Bear's Head," in Eastcheap, was the house where Henry, Prince of Wales (the popular Henry V.) and his boon companion Falstaff, were said to have so often frequented. That house has preserved the same sign and occupation for centuries; and the old school of "sack and ale" drinking Londoners entertain a great veneration for the retreat of the dashing "Prince Hal" and his singular associates.

TOGETHER.—Milton was buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where his monument may be seen.

F. HARRINGTON (South Woolwich).—A provost-marshal holds the rank of captain in the army. It is his duty to take charge of prisoners confined for offences of a general nature, and to take cognizance of the conduct of all followers and retainers of the camp. He is also empowered to inflict summary punishment on any soldier or individual connected with the army, whom he may detect in the actual commission of any offence against order or discipline.

F. GORDON (Hilcham).—Rear-Admiral Seymour has been appointed second in command of the Baltic fleet. Rear-Admiral Huxley is third in command.

E. POOLE (Tavistock-square).—Two sons of the late Sir Robert Peel now hold office in the Palmerston administration. Sir Robert Peel, the present baronet, is a Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Frederick Peel, Under Secretary for War.

G. HOBSON (Oxford-street).—An attempt has recently been made to sell the Colosseum by public auction. The property is in Chancery. The highest offer was £20,000, which the court did not consider sufficient, the property having originally cost £200,000.

J. C. HENKS (Glasgow).—The Marshal Della Marmora, Minister of War at Turin, is to command the Sardinian contingent. The marshal is married to an English lady.

R. HANKEST (Arundel).—The military commissioners deputed by the English government to inquire into the state of the French army, with a view of introducing reforms into the English service, are General Sir James McLeane, and Captain Laffan of the Engineers.

D. (Luton). The total strength of the Royal Marine Force is 11,000 men. It is divided into four divisions, having headquarters at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Woolwich. Artillery companies are attached to the corps.

R. SANCROFT (Elmly-street).—The number of out-pensioners belonging to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea is upwards of 63,000, whose pensions amount to £1,142,230, which gives about an average of £18 per annum to each man. The number of persons supported in the hospital is 641, and the average cost of maintenance is £37 per head. The hospital was built by Sir Christopher Wren.

J. (Montrose).—Mr. Layard "the member for Nineveh," as he is familiarly in the House of Commons, is the youngest rector on the roll of Marlborough College, having been born in the year 1817. The honourable member is a D.C.L. of Oxford.

A.—There is no lack of volunteers for the Baltic fleet. The coast-guard service alone can supply 1,000 efficient seamen who have previously served in the Royal Navy, in addition to which above 2,000 seamen riggers, and 500 London watermen, making a total of 4,000 men, are in immediate readiness, to complete the crews of the various ships.

MORANTON (Aberdour).—The government has entered into an extensive contract for the supply of Mink rifles, rifles for the use of the Rifle Brigade and 90th Royal Rifle Regiment, and rifled carbines for two cavalry regiments, which will be designated "mounted riflemen." This latter branch of the service was found to be most efficient in the campaigns on the Rhine, in the years 1793 and 1794. A large contract for cavalry sabres, holster pistols, and lances has also been agreed to, in order to place the cavalry arm of the service on the most efficient footing.

R. KIRBY (Leith).—The late Mr. Hume was in his 78th year.

T. TARRANT (Liverpool).—The amount collected at the Cape of Good Hope in aid of the Patriotic Fund up to the 27th of January last, exceeded £1,400. **R. ESOMES** (Westbourne-square).—The court of St. Peterburg is to go into six months' mourning for the death of the emperor. The court at St. James's would have gone into mourning for three weeks, but for the war.

M. MARLAN (Droghda).—General Canrobert has given strict orders to the officers under his command not to write to their relatives or to any other person upon the military operations now going on before Sebastopol. The letters of several officers who are suspected of having written to their friends, describing the siege operations, have been opened.

E. HANKEY (Brynmaston-square).—There can be no doubt that France and America will resist by arms the cause of Cuban independence.

A. WOOP (Portsmouth).—The sergeants in the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners are never promoted to the rank of officers in their own corps, but commissions are occasionally given to them in regiments of the line.

C. R. (Glasgow).—We believe that the many distressing obstacles thrown in the way of Miss Nightingale as she hovered at Scutari, are gradually giving way—at least, many of the medical men now doing duty at the hospital have admitted that, but for the "Red Cross" many lives must have been sacrificed.

W. M. (Knightsbridge).—The population of the most thinly populated places in the world—with the exception, perhaps, of the Arctic regions. The rank of Captain in the army, and the rank of Major in the militia, are the only ranks in the army which are not held by the same person. The rank of Major in the militia is a distinction of 100 miles, he only saw one village containing six human beings.

E. ELLICE (Mecque Bay).—The charter under which the Royal Literary Fund Society is incorporated is proved to be so inefficient for the purposes required, that a large section of the members have agreed to apply for another better adapted to the requirements of the age. It was stated at the recent meeting of the members, that the machinery for relieving 425 applicants in ten years had cost the society £5,004 0s. 1d., being an average of £11 17s., exclusive of advertisements, collector's postage, expenses of anniversary dinner, &c. The Anti-Slavery Society relieved, in the same period of ten years, 559 applicants, at a cost to the society of £904 17s. 1d. A committee, of which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is a member, has been appointed to inquire into the management of the society.

W. SCHOLZKE.—The mules purchased by government for the use of the army of the East were procured at Batavia and Alabaia, and cost, upon an average, 254 lbs. each. In general the mules are driven by mules.

F. W. M. S.—Is thanked for his suggestions.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL

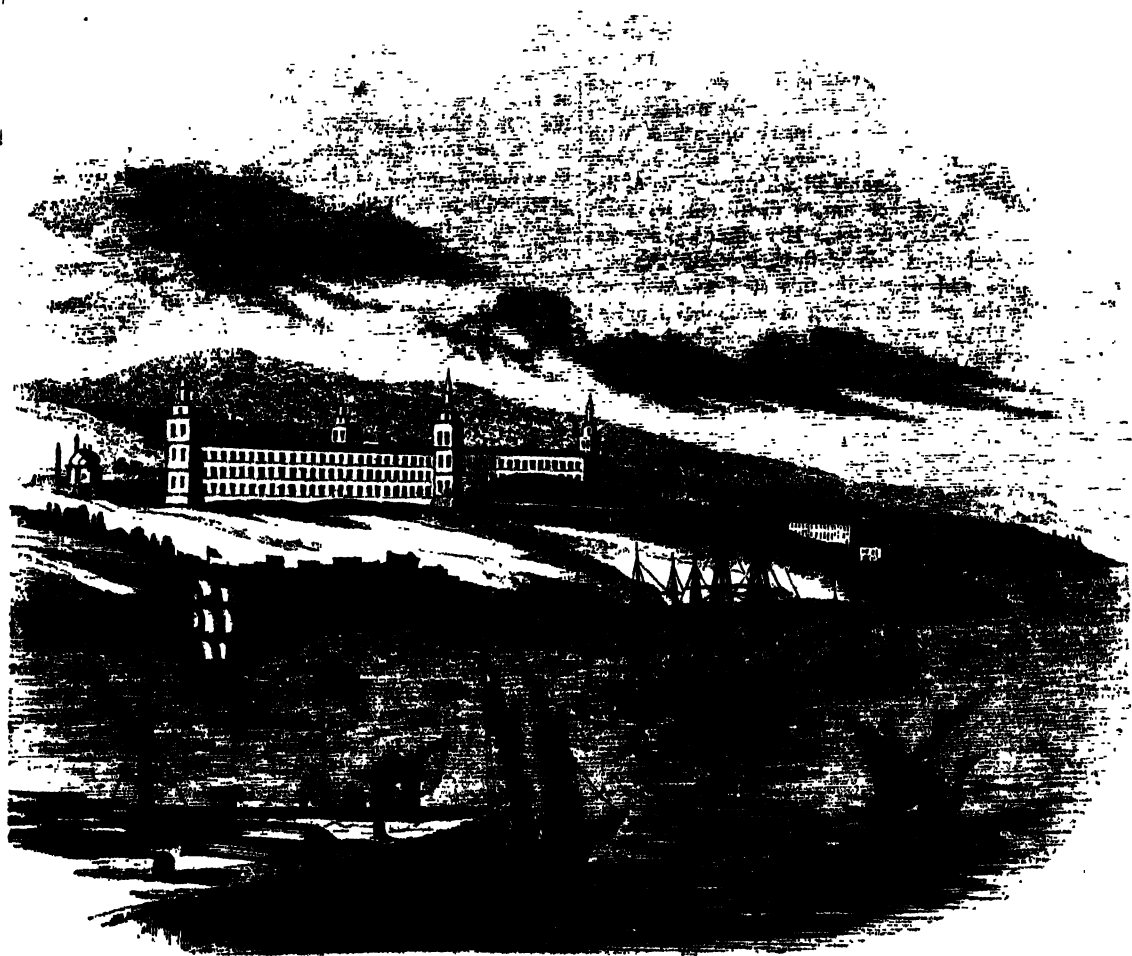
OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND
DURING THE WAR.

No. 17.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[THE BRITISH HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for increasing the accommodation in all the hospitals in the East. At the Barrack Hospital at Scutari a part of the stables have been rendered available, and some clearance has been effected in the double rows of the lower corridor, where more than anywhere else the miserable particulars of suffering have been exposed to a painful publicity; nor can it be doubted but

that the apathy of prostration and its helplessness have been largely exaggerated by lying, as men do, mere ciphers in a long series of contiguous disorder and death. In the group of buildings near Kadikoi, which may be termed in general the Palace Hospital, the detached structures are nearly all fitted up so as to render them capable of receiving in all 600 or 700 patients. About 400 were already there a few days back, and the vacant places have been partially filled since. The whole group is well

suited for their purposes, the rooms being airy, with large spaces of window, and wooden floors throughout. The theatre and ball room especially, make admirable wards, and the subdivision which reigns in Turkish houses, by admitting free access of air on all sides, permits, if necessary, separation of maladies, and gives some defence against infection. Such separation of classes of disease has not hitherto been carried out to any extent. At Kululee, the riding-school attached to the barracks has been converted into a convalescent hospital, for which it is well adapted, and it relieved the main buildings recently of 160 patients. The range of stables which completes the quadrangle of the same barrack, and which is extensive, airy, and placed higher up the incline than the barrack itself, is full of Turkish carpenters, who are laying down floors and putting up partitions, under the direction of the engineer, Mr. Ravenhill, a very active and assiduous person, and but for whom the whole place might, a short time ago, have been burnt to the ground. A fire took place in the quarters occupied by Miss Stanley and her ladies, and was not subdued until it had destroyed their kitchen for the sick. A new kitchen for the extra diets is in progress, lighter food being cooked upon a brazier in the open air by one of the nurses. Miss Stanley was occupied for some time in performing culinary operations with her own hands. She is in every way underhanded, having still two of her assistants ill with fever, one of her "nuns" invalided, and her nurses distracted by these claims from their ordinary duties. Her effective force was but three ladies besides herself, three Protestant nurses, and nine sisters, and with only this staff available she was expecting the arrival ere long of some four hundred sick from Balaklava. One of the two English chaplains, Mr. Hewlett, has but just recovered from a very severe attack of fever, and has now been ordered away for a few days to recruit himself. At present, therefore, one Catholic and one Protestant clergyman have to divide their hasty services among one thousand men. It has been necessary within the last few days to carry out with some decision, after infinite annoyance, the extradition of twenty soldiers' wives out of a total of one hundred and twenty; of those who remain a portion only are willing to be in some degree useful, and do some kind of labour for the hospitals; the rest are simply mischievous and disorderly, and many of them drunken and profligate. The burials during the month of February at Scutari were 1,159, including five English officers, one woman, and two Russian privates. A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Scutari barracks at five minutes past three o'clock p.m. on the 29th of February. Many of the patients who were able rushed out into the square, in dread of the rickety building falling about their heads or breaking their limbs. It lasted about five or six seconds. Some of the patients got out of bed and jumped out of the windows; one poor fellow, seeing himself left alone, endeavoured to raise himself, but the exertion being too great in his weak condition, he fell back on his pillow a corpse.

FRENCH POST-OFFICE STAMPS.

The French post-office department has issued four kinds of postage stamps. One kind is of the value of a penny, another of twopence, a third, fourpence; and a fourth, eightpence. The penny stamp is yellow, the twopence, blue, the fourpence, red, and the eight penny, purple. They are all of a square form, about the size of an English penny postage stamp. In the centre is a profile of Napoleon III., set in a round space.

A PERSONAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE CZAR.

WITH A VIEW OF HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

*Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
Triumphs their tombs, felicity her fate.*

King James I.

To tell the story of the late Czar's conquests, and to speculate on the motives which governed his remorseless career, would tempt us into the "immense insane" of political philosophy, and engage us in disquisitions which would probably exceed the limits of our own space and of our readers' patience. Besides, the thing has been done so often that the public, albeit they are long-suffering and much-enduring, cannot fail to be tired of it at last. What we purpose, therefore, in the following paper, is the easier and more popular task of sketching the individual man, describing the most prominent traits of his character, and passing in review the most remarkable incidents of his personal history. Having been at some pains to collect new, and to resuscitate old information on this interesting subject, we hope to fulfil our task in such a manner as to gratify the fancy of the reader at the same time that we make some little addition to the stores of his knowledge.

Not to trace the lineage of the late Czar into the bewildering mazes of heraldry, it will suffice for our present purpose to observe that he was the ninth of ten children of the Emperor Paul I., by his second marriage with Maria Feodorowna of Wurtemberg. All writers concur in describing Paul as one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity. He was eccentric as he was truculent, and the lives and liberties of his people were constantly at the mercy of his murderous meriment. There was no end to his sanguinary vagaries, and

*"Si son exécrable mémoire,
Parviennent à la postérité,
C'est que le crime ainsi que la gloire
Conduit à l'immortalité."*

M. Depping, an intelligent Frenchman, who for his sins spent some years at St. Petersburg during the reign of this royal ruffian, has left us an account, alternately appalling and amusing, of his extraordinary proceedings. Exiles and arrests continued to take place every day. Numerous *libérés* were seen on the road conveying prisoners to Siberia or the frontiers of Prussia. These departures were made with the greatest haste; the exiled person was often allowed only an hour to arrange his affairs, and was then sent to the merciless climate of Siberia without being allowed to provide himself with any means of defence against the severity of the cold. The anger of Paul was directed indiscriminately against all classes of society. *Conspireurs* and *libérés*, persons of military rank, merchants and women—all suffered the punishment of exile, or the knot of a shivering offences. He had a horror of *conspireurs* and *libérés*, and would not allow them to be seen. He wished to abolish the custom of wearing them; he acted as Peter I. did when he wished that his subjects should shave their beards. Cossacks had orders to seize and tear every round hat which they observed in the streets. This singular determination occasioned strange scenes, which would have afforded amusement if they had not been accompanied with acts of violence. Some were beaten by the soldiers and sent to the army because they resisted those who attempted to take away their hats; a person in office lost his place for having appeared in a frock coat and with a round hat. An Englishman, whose hat had been

seized by a sergeant, said to him, examining him from head to foot, "How I pity you for being a Russian!" Another gentleman, who was not possessed of an equal degree of coolness, resisted, and was beaten and sent to prison. Dr. Clarke, who had the misfortune to arrive in St. Petersburg when this despotic idiot was roding on the throne of the Romanoffs, has communicated similar anecdotes, and revealed for the amazement of posterity such a picture of folly and caprice as is probably without example in the history of the species. "Should you like," he says in one of his letters to his mother after drawing a *kibitka*, or caravan for convicts, "should you like to travel in one? Because if you come here it is done in a moment. You have only to sit still in your carriage whenever one of the royal family passes instead of getting out and pulling off your pelisse, cloak, great coat, gloves, hat, &c., and you are bundled into a *kibitka* and sent to Siberia with your nose slit! All letters are opened, and if my beautiful drawing were seen by a police officer, I should visit the mines of Tobolski with expedition and economy. I think, therefore, it will be as well to wait till our ambassador sends a courier to England before I dismiss my letter. * * * If I were to relate the ravings, the follies, the villainies, the cruelties of that detestable beast (meaning his imperial and sacred majesty), I should never reach the end of my letter. The other day the soldiers, by his order, cudgelled a gentleman in the streets because the cock of his hat was not in a line with his nose!" He decreed one day that all Russian subjects, high and low, should at once wear the three-cornered hat, abandon the new-fashioned waistcoat (which he thought savoured of revolutionary France), and adopt the by-gone costume. There was not a moment to be lost. From the want of a sufficient number of hatters and tailors to supply immediately the enormous demand for new hats and waistcoats, the people themselves were obliged to shape their round hats into three-cornered ones by means of thread, and to alter to an approved form the cut of their waistcoats. Miserable monarch, and yet more miserable people!—what would your sufferings have been had you lived in the days of *wide-awakes*? These despotic notions might have excited ridicule and laughter, had they not been accompanied by threats (and performances too) of the knout and Siberia in case of disobedience. Such then was Paul I.—one of those kings who, like Nero, Caligula, and some others, at whose names the world "grows pale," and who seem to have been born to give some colour of truth to the savage sarcasm of the French demagogue—"the history of princes is the martyrology of the people." Happily this is not true as a general rule, for such monsters are of rare occurrence, and the ancient saying of the Roman orator still remains true—"Nunquam gratior libertas existat quam sub pio rege!" (Nowhere is liberty more secure than beneath the sway of a good king.) It was on the night of June 25th, 1796, that at Gatchina, near St. Petersburg, Nicholas, the third son and the ninth child of Paul, first made his appearance in that planet of which for sixty-four years he was destined to be so turbulent a denizen. On that night there was no suspicion in any human breast of its being written in the stars that he should ever ascend the throne of All the Russias ("all his little ones! did you say all?"), so his birth created little sensation, and was wholly unaccompanied by any of those hoisterous acclamations which not unfrequently make up in sound what they want in sincerity. His father's mother, Catherine, who was still the reigning

monarch, had mapped out a royal destiny for her two elder grandsons. She intended that Alexander, born in 1777, should be Czar of Russia, and that Constantine, his junior by two years, should be Greek Emperor. For Nicholas she had no such boon ready at hand. He was "a younger son," and as such was "bowled out" by that merciless cricketer, the law of primogeniture. But Catherine was fertile in resources, exhaustless in devices, and there is no knowing that she might not have contrived to make out a sceptre somewhere for her third grandson, were it not that Death, who treats diadems with as little ceremony as fan-tails—discerning nothing more than a head-dress in either—suddenly froze the glowing current in her heart, and turned the subtle fibre of her brain to ashes. She died while Nicholas was as yet but four years old. His father, Paul, whom she had kept from the throne for thirty-five years, succeeded to her sceptre, which he wielded like a bludgeon. He was a scourge to his country, but happily for his subjects, his reign was short as it was disastrous. His discontented officers formed a conspiracy against him, and in the dead of the night he was murdered in his own chamber with every circumstance of horror and atrocity, thus affording another illustration of the terrible witicism of Talleyrand, that the government of Russia was "an absolute monarchy limited by assassination." Next day, Alexander I. was proclaimed emperor. All Europe was in commotion, and the new monarch soon found himself as busy as the busiest. Nicholas was of course much too young to take part in any of the great events which constitute the history of that eventful period. He and his younger brother Michael commenced their studies together, and their education was confided to the same professors. Marieviff, an accomplished Russian, with Storch and Adelung, were their instructors in the sciences; Dupuquet, of Lausanne, was selected to teach them the French language; and the general superintendence of their education was committed to Count Lambertorff. A taste for military life showed itself at an early period of the careers of both the young princes, though even in this department Nicholas exhibited an indisposition for deep studies. He seems to have been impatient of application, and to have thought that he paid every debt to the abstract sciences in praising them. In early boyhood, he was wild and "racketty." He relished a practical joke as all boys do, and there still linger in the ears of the old inhabitants of Russland droll anecdotes of the delight he took in mimicking the peculiarities of his own professors, and of his brother's courtiers. He displayed remarkable aptness for the acquisition of modern languages, and is said to have been so well versed in music as to have been enabled to compose several parade marches. As he approached to manhood, his manner, so to speak, "congealed." He was not exactly haughty, but he was cold, reserved, and taciturn. He did not molest others, but "in himself, himself enclosed"—to use the phrase of an old English poet. The only persons with whom he was at all cordial, were Adleberg, Orloff, and Bankendorff, whom, after he had attained the purple (if it be purple that your Muscovite monarchs wear), he selected for his immediate attendants. But though the future Czar showed a decided preference for martial over all other pursuits, "it is to be remarked," observes M. Michelsen, that "that propensity manifested itself rather in the ordinary routines of field-muster discipline and exercises than in the higher branches of the science of war." The English of this is, we presume, that if Nicholas had been

an Englishman, he would have preferred Portsmouth to Eupatoria, and the Hyde Park to Balaklava; and we are not prepared to contend that he might not have been right. Assuredly there is much to be said upon both sides of the question, though for our own part we should prefer to "go where glory waits us." But Nicholas, though it would be mere vulgar declamation to accuse him of want of personal courage, seems really to have had but little capacity for the camp. He had a taste, but scarcely a talent, for military affairs. For the severer sciences, as well as for the common drudgeries of a soldier's life, Michael had an enthusiasm which bordered on mania. Michael was a martinet; his discipline was inexorable, and the slightest error of attitude or manoeuvre he was ready at any moment to punish with his own hand. No drummer could handle the lash more scientifically. Nicholas, not less cruel at heart, had yet a greater sense of dignity, and never stooped to be the executioner of his own sentences. And yet—such is the perversity of human nature—Michael was far more popular with the troops than Nicholas. His willingness to share danger with them, gave him something of the character of a comrade as well as a captain, while the equality of his rigour, which knew no difference between an officer and a private, when in either he recognised a wrong-doer, acquired for him that *reputation of justice* which, above all things in this world, compels the homage of the humbler classes. And so it came to pass, that while the inoffensive Nicholas was regarded with indifference, if not with aversion, the pitiless but adventurous Michael enjoyed an unbounded popularity. Nor did Nicholas occupy a less anomalous relation towards the fair sex than towards the army. Gifted with extraordinary beauty of face and majesty of person, he showed but little ambition for what is too often the darling pastime of your "handsome men"—the breaking of ladies' hearts like china-ware. He was always serenely courteous, but he left them as sound of heart as he found them. Possibly he thought it beneath his dignity to "flirt;" but whatever the cause may have been, it is certain that it was a common observation amongst the fair frequenters of the Winter Palace, that his brothers, Constantine and Michael, though not half so handsome, were twice as welcome. Peace came with 1815, and then there seems to have occurred a crisis, or at least "a turning point," in the fortunes of the house of Romanoff. Relieved from the din of arms, and unvexed by the subtleties of diplomacy, statesmen, courtiers, and politicians, had at last time to look around them; and then, for the first time, it seems to have occurred to them that, though Alexander had already arrived at the meridian of life, there was no prospect of a direct heir to the throne. No one thought of Nicholas as a successor to the reigning monarch, for between him and the throne "there lay," to use the powerful expression of Caran, "two graves." But though he should never wear the crown, it was not less fitting that the king's brother should acquire that polish and refinement which travel is supposed to confer. So it was arranged that, as the car of Bellona no longer "stopped the way," the young prince should at once set out upon what was then called "the grand tour." The "tight little island" (as in those eventful times England was affectionately, though somewhat familiarly, termed by her children, who seemed to think that her "tightness" would be a sufficient protection against a French invasion) was the great point of attraction for Nicholas, and he lost no time in directing his course to the court of St. James's, where "the first

gentleman in Europe" was wielding the destinies of our tripartite empire. We have been at some trouble to cull from the records of the day some particulars of the grand duke's visit to this country, and as we have reason to believe that they have not appeared in any biography of the Czar that has as yet been published, we trust that they may not be unacceptable to the reader. They have now the merit of originality, and they are interesting for their reference to a man who has occupied so much of our thoughts, and caused so copious an effusion of our national blood and treasure. We find it related, then, in the records of that period, that the "Russian Grand Duke Nicholas, brother to the Emperor of Russia, arrived at St. Alban's House, in Stratford Place, on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock, November 20th, 1816. His suite was disposed in eight carriages, two of them belonging to the regent. Shortly after his arrival, Sir R. Bloomfield waited upon the grand duke with the regent's congratulatory compliments." Sir William Congreve was allotted to him as his *compagnon de voyage*, and with this intelligent gentleman, after inspecting all the "lions" of London, he proceeded on an excursion through the provinces. He paid great attention to our manufactures, and seemed to be greatly struck with the evidences of skill and ingenuity which everywhere met his view. In the middle of December we find him in Scotland. On Monday, the 16th of that month, he arrived at the Royal Hotel, Princes Street, Edinburgh, attended by his suite, consisting of Sir William Congreve, Baron Nicolay, General Kutusoff (how like *cut-us-off!*), General Saurosoff, and half-a-score of other Russians, each of whom might be described as

"A Russian, whose dissonant consonant name,
Almost shatters to fragments the trumpet of fame."

A grenadier guard of honour of the 92nd Highlanders was immediately mounted in front of the hotel, and no mark of distinction that the proverbial hospitality of the Scottish people could devise was omitted. On the Tuesday morning, he was visited by the Lord Provost, the Lord Advocate, the Commander of the Forces, and all the city magnates. On Thursday, the 19th, he was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold snuff-box; and on the evening of the same day, the Lord Provost, Sir William (then Mr.) Arbuthnot, gave him a splendid entertainment at his house in Charlotte Square. The following verses adapted to Haydn's air, "*God Save the Emperor Francis*," were composed for the occasion by Sir Walter Scott, and sung by a select band:—

"God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble czar;
Mighty Russia's high commander,
First in Europe's banded war.
From the realms he did deliver,
From the tyrant overthrown;
Thou of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave;
Of the land of foemen master—
Bless him who their wrongs forgave!

O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes—
Late and long, supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign may close!
Hail! then hail! illustrious stranger,
Welcome to our mountain strand!
Mutual interests, hopes, and dangers,
Link us with thy native land—
Freeman's force or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide;
Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
And in battle, side by side."

How truly, as well as beautifully, has it been said that "the veil which conceals the future from our view was woven by the hand of mercy."

"And in battle, side by side!"

Such was the fond aspiration of the man who united the brightest of intellects with the kindest of hearts. Alas! how little did he think that the day would come when our relative positions on the field of battle would not be "side by side," but face to face. But so it is! Man's aspirations are as dew before the sun, and his purposes are baseless as the dreams of philosophy. On Sunday, the grand duke, dressed in the Russian military uniform, and mounted on a snow-white charger, inspected the 6th Dragoon guards, and the 92nd Regiment; and on Monday he set out for Glasgow. Before leaving the Royal Hotel, however, he made a present of ten pounds to the sergeant of the 92nd Highlanders who had attended him as orderly during his residence in the capital. He also took down the old soldier's name, and shook hands with him at parting, an example which was immediately followed by a brilliant throng of a hundred ladies, noblemen, and gentlemen, who had assembled to witness the departure of the "illustrious stranger." Strange how infectious is example when a prince takes the initiative! The grand duke also presented a like sum of ten pounds to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the grenadier company of that corps that had been a guard over him during the week; "and expressed himself much pleased with their appearance and conduct." At Glasgow, the future Czar only tarried for two days. Penny-a-living had not then reached the perfection it has since attained, and the only facts that newspapers and magazines have recorded of his sojourn are that he visited the iron works at Carron, and left £100 for the relief of the poor. He returned to London by way of Carlisle in a coach-and-six with fore-riders. Once more in Babylon, he was the constant associate of the regent and the blue-coated and brass-buttoned beaux who infested his court. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1817, has the following announcement:—"February 14th.—An imperial boxing match took place this day at Coombe Warren for a subscription purse of twenty guineas. The Grand Duke Nicholas, desirous of viewing the British character throughout, signified his wish to see the method of English boxing, and arrived at the ring in a carriage-and-four at one o'clock, accompanied by his whole suite and some English noblemen and admirers of gymnastics." Well, we are growing better, let people say what they will, and the day is gone for ever when a stranger visiting our shores for the purpose of studying our national character will find it possible to repair to a place of ground where two human beings meet for the purpose of pounding one another black and blue. On Sunday, the 16th March, 1817, the Duke Nicholas accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire, embarked on board the yacht for Brussels. "He was highly spoken of," says the *European Magazine*, "by every one during his stay for his unassuming and affable deportment, without, however, losing sight of the dignity becoming his elevated station." Considering the grand duke's age at this time it is not unnatural to presume that matters matrimonial may have occupied a prominent position in his thoughts during his tour, and that if an "eligible alliance," as the newspapers call it, had presented itself, he would not have been averse to it. But, however this may be, it is certain that he returned to Russia as he had left it, a *beau garçon*.

C. D.

HOW LONDON GROWS.

We are aware that to many persons the mention of "statistics" suggests ideas of by no means a pleasurable character, and that by many their study is considered as dry, tedious, and unprofitable, and the results obtained, after a careful elaboration of facts, are too frequently regarded as uninteresting and devoid of interest. Notwithstanding, however, the apparent disfavour with which the science of numbers is regarded by many, there is perhaps no branch of study which has made such rapid progress during the last century. There is scarcely a single class of facts, occurrences, or events, which is not now duly recorded and collated, and from which valuable and useful deductions may not be drawn, and rendered available for promoting the cause of social progress, or for ameliorating the condition of humanity. The importance of the science of statistics has been so far recognised by the government as to lead to the establishment of a statistical department in connection with the Board of Trade, and the returns which constantly issue from that office indicate the rise or fall, the prosperity or the adversity, connected with the vast commercial and manufacturing interests of the country. In the registrar-general's department, too, the science of statistics has been cultivated with an amount of success which reflects the highest credit upon its indefatigable head—Mr. Graham. The periodical returns of the births, and deaths, and marriages, are now constantly looked forward to with the greatest interest, and are studied with avidity by all classes. Do marriages increase, there is prosperity in the country. Are our mills working short time, or does a state of war affect our commerce, or a bad harvest raise the price of food, the registrar-general tells us of a decrease in the number of marriages. We watch, too, the numbers and ages of those who have finished their earthly career, and as we look to the varied readings of the barometer, we find that with the rise or fall of the mercury in the small glass tube, so rises or falls in a corresponding ratio the figures of the weekly returns. But in addition to these two departments, there now exists an excellent statistical society, the meetings of which are devoted to collecting and diffusing accurate and reliable information upon all matters to which the science of numbers can be brought to bear. Among the names most illustrious in the pursuit of statistical science are those of Neison, Farr, Haydn, Hoffman, Balbi, Newmarch, Tooke, Cheahire, &c. The greatest triumphs of statistical science are, however, the censuses of the population taken every ten years; and the gradual and progressive increase which they have made in the amount of information as to the ages, numbers, occupations, education, and religious worship of the people, affords striking evidence of a growing desire on the part of the people of England to avail themselves of this means of adding to their stock of useful knowledge. From these national compilations we learn the growth, the age, and the strength of the nation; we ascertain its rate of progress, and we learn the numbers of our population who are able to take up and bear arms in defence of the country, or in vindication of its honour. We propose to avail ourselves of some of the vast stores of knowledge buried in the numerous blue books issued by these various departments of the state, for the purpose of eliminating some facts of general interest connected with the social position and progress of the people. We will commence with the dwellers in London—that myriad-peopled metropolis of Britain.

"The bills of mortality" of London were among the earliest attempts made to obtain information connected with the greatest and most momentous epochs of human life—its entrance and its exit. The worshipful company of parish clerks were required to publish annually a bill of the mortality, but it has been more than hinted that the gentlemen upon whom this sable duty devolved, not having any fear of penalties for non-fulfilment or inaccurate performance of their duty, did not take that amount of care in the preparation of these interesting documents which the modern statistician must feel disposed to enforce. One very curious result is shown by a reference to the labours of these parochial officials. For every year, commencing with 1700 down to the year 1801, there is an excess of burials over baptisms; and the wonder is how with such a constant excess of deaths the population of the metropolis should have made any progress at all, and much more how such a rapid increase as it actually made during that century. In the year 1700 the total number of baptisms, male and female, in the parishes of the city of London, within and without the walls, of the out-parishes within the bills of mortality, the city and liberties of Westminster, and the out-parishes not within the bills of mortality, was only 16,585, while the burials were 20,587. Half a century later we find that the births are 17,080, and the burials 25,563, being in excess more than 8,500, or one-half of the entire number of baptisms. Pass down the stream of time another half century, and we are told that in the year 1800 there were 21,776 baptisms and 29,361 burials, an excess still of about 8,000. The next year, 1801, the tide of death flows less strongly and the stream of life has decreased in its volume, but has gathered additional strength in its current: baptisms have fallen to 20,774, and the burials to 22,373; and in the following year the number of persons who enter upon the first stage of existence, is for the first time larger than those who leave it. This startling discrepancy between the supply and the consumption of life, may no doubt be explained by the fact, that the baptisms only, and not the births, were registered; and if this explanation be correct it affords a somewhat curious exemplification of the amount of attention paid to the religious ceremonies of the church during the last century. There can be no doubt whatever, but that during the whole period above referred to, that the same great law of nature must have prevailed as now, that it now exists and provides that the increase of the population shall be more than sufficient to meet the demands of the over-yawning grave. The amount of inattention and neglect of the religious ceremony of baptism by the inhabitants of London may be, therefore, accurately measured by the excess in the number of burials over baptisms as contained in the returns of the parish clerks.

The origin of these "bills of mortality" is referable to the period of the Reformation. When Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was appointed to the office of King's Vice-Chancellor for ecclesiastical jurisdiction, one of the earliest of the acts of that very zealous destroyer of monasteries, was the issuing of injunctions to the whole of the clergy, requiring the minister of every church to keep and to register therein the births, deaths, and marriages of the people over whom he presided. The successor of Henry VIII., the youthful Edward VI., appointed visitors to enforce the due performance of this duty. During the reign of Elizabeth, the clergy were required to make a solemn protestation, and promise that they would keep the

"register book" in an orderly, becoming manner. The canons framed in the reign of James I. describe with great minuteness the manner in which all the entries were to be made in the parish register, and they order an attested copy to be sent every year by each minister to the bishop of the diocese. Including the London bills of mortality, there are not less than 812 registers of English parishes which may be traced as far back as the year 1538; not less than 1,622 which commenced their records between that year and the year 1558; and from the time when Queen Elizabeth required the "protestation" to be made by each minister, 1558; up to the commencement of the seventeenth century, no fewer than 2,448 registers were established. The Northampton bills of mortality are the most famous, and in consequence of the great accuracy with which they were kept, they were adopted by Dr. Price in 1781 as the basis of what are known as the "Northampton Tables," upon which a very large proportion of the English and Scottish assurance offices conduct their business; the calculations of friendly societies; the terms upon which government until recently granted annuities, and upon which legacy duties are still levied. To the bills of mortality of Northampton, Cowper was in the habit for many years of contributing verses; and among the latest of the compositions of Thomas Moore was a contribution to one of these bills, which is now lying before us. The first two verses of which are—

"Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love with deathless wing shall wait her
To those she long hath mourned for here.
Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can never restore,
There as warm, as bright as ever
Shall meet us and be lost no more."

At the beginning of the present century, there was commenced the first attempt to obtain an accurate census of the inhabitants of Great Britain by means of a general census of the population. These censuses, taken at periods of ten years, have afforded upon each occasion increased information as to the ages and occupations of the people, and the instances are comparatively rare in which the information sought to be obtained, has been either withheld or improperly given. Some few cases have occurred upon each occasion when some persons of curiously constituted mind have refused to answer the queries put to them, because they thought it a sinful thing to number the people, and quoted the case of David, whose numbering the people of Israel led to such disastrous calamities to his nation. In the last census, one clergyman refused to return the schedule to the proper officer, because that functionary happening to hold at the same time the office of his parish clerk, the reverend gentleman thought that the age of his wife would be made the subject of profane remark, or become a topic of curious and idle gossip in the beer-shops of the village. The cautious and loving spouse, therefore, sent the important information as to his wife's age direct to the registrar-general, with whom we have no doubt the awful secret has remained undivulged; or if incorporated among the general average age of the female population of the country, has been used in such a manner as to spare the feelings of the tender husband and not to satisfy the impertinent curiosity of the officers of the village beer-shops.

This delicacy as to the age of women was, happily for the comfort of the registrar-general, not very frequently

displayed by the ruder sex in the course of the inquiry; but the unwillingness of many of the ladies to afford information upon the delicate question of their years, illustrates a curious feature in the organisation of the fair sex. Although the conduct of the ladies in this respect was not confined exclusively to the metropolis, but extended over the whole country, still it bears in so important a manner upon the social statistics of London, that it will be necessary, in order to prove the value of the statements which we may make, to show the precise nature of this little weakness of the fair sex. We trust, however, that our little experience will not be visited with severity upon the erring fair ones, for even the most devoted student of Cocker, or admirer of statistics, must feel at some moment of his life, when his soul is not deeply immersed in figures, the force of the couplet

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face and you'll forget them all."

The ladies—God bless them!—appear to have been always somewhat scrupulous in regard to giving information as to their age, more especially so when they arrive at that period of life which is somewhat ambiguously termed "a certain age," but which is generally understood to imply the shady side of thirty. The number of ladies whose ages are returned at thirty, shows, in its obvious deficiency, how wide-spread is this aversion on the part of women to acknowledge that they have passed the third decenary of their existence. A celebrated French statistician, when arguing with a brother *savant* on the possibility of obtaining correct information on the subject of the ages of the French females, is reported to have said that after several months of fruitless attempts he had abandoned in despair the task of ascertaining the ages of his own wife and of his cook. Perhaps the ungallant Frenchman somewhat exaggerated his difficulty. One thing, however, is quite clear upon a close examination of the results of the last census, that several thousands of ladies over thirty years of age have—we trust we shall be pardoned for our ungallantry—told the enumerators "fibs" with respect to their ages. The registrar-general directs the rod of public indignation against these frail and erring sinners:—

"The conclusion appears to be inevitable that about 35,000 ladies, more or less, who have entered themselves in the second ages—twenty to forty, really belong to the third age—forty to sixty. Millions of women have returned their ages correctly; thousands have allowed themselves to be called twenty or some age near it—which happens to be the age at which marriage is most commonly contracted in England—either because they were quite unconscious of the silent lapse of time, or because their imaginations still lingered over the hours of that age—or because they chose foolishly to represent themselves younger than they really were at the scandalous risk of bringing the statements of the whole of their countrywomen into discredit. With some trouble these mis-statements and errors of age can be partially corrected; and at future censuses, as the ages become better known, the errors, it may be sanguinely hoped, will not be repeated."

We can easily imagine some erring Julia reading this gentle admonition and wondering how her little weakness had been detected. These statistics are really very curious things to deal with, and it is strange to see how easily errors of the kind may be detected. There is an account kept against the nation, in several very large blue books, of the ages and occupations of the people for each tenth year of the present century. Now

it so happened that in the year 1841 there were returned 1,003,000 girls whose ages were between ten and fifteen. In ten years from that period, these young girls, who had not been removed by death, would have become young women of ages ranging from twenty to twenty-five. That very able and shrewd gentleman, Mr. Graham, the registrar-general, who always displays so lively an interest in everything affecting the births, deaths, and marriages of the people, upon the completion of the last census, naturally made inquiries as to the condition of that million or so of young girls, who in 1841 he regarded as the hope of the nation. Upon examining the return, he found that the number of young women returned as between the ages of twenty and twenty-five was not less than 1,030,456. So far, therefore, from death having made any inroads upon the young girls of from ten to fifteen of 1841, they had actually reinforced themselves to the extent of 30,000, to say nothing of the casualties which, in the course of ten years, might have been expected to have occurred among them by death or other causes. There was an evident impossibility upon the face of it, that a million girls of from ten to fifteen years of age should grow up into one million and thirty thousand young women of from twenty to twenty-five years old in ten years. After much anxious thought and closer examination of other returns, it was found that while the young women had *increased* in so extraordinary a manner, a not less unaccountable *decrease* had taken place among the ladies of a more advanced age. In the year 1841, there were 973,696 young women of the ages of from twenty to twenty-five; while in 1851, according to the returns, there were only 768,711 women between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, showing a startling rate of mortality of nearly one in four during the ten years among the ladies. Allowing for the correct and ascertained rate of mortality among females at the particular ages, and considering also the evident excess in numbers at the earlier age, the result was arrived at to which we have already referred, that upwards of 35,000 ladies, between the ages of thirty and thirty-five, have given incorrect answers to the inquiry, "Your age, madam?"

As we have glanced at the evident discrepancies which existed in the earlier bills of mortality, and the erroneous data which they furnished as to the actual numbers of the births and deaths among the population, and the slight evasion attempted by the ladies at the last census, it will be necessary to state the machinery which exists at present for obtaining current information upon the vital statistics of the metropolis. There are now in London and its suburbs 140 registrars, whose duties are to record the particulars of every birth and death which takes place within his district. These returns are forwarded at short intervals to the office of the registrar-general, where they are compiled into one general return, which is published weekly and monthly. To each of the registrars is allotted a district of an average of about 2,500 houses, inhabited by 18,000 people, the birth, marriage, death of each of whom he is bound to register. Every seven minutes in the day one of these registrars is called upon to record the entrance into the world of some newborn child; every nine minutes they receive from weeping relatives or friends the particulars of some bereavement; and once in about every twenty minutes hopeful brides or joyous bridegrooms enter their office to tell of their having contracted the indissoluble bond of matrimony, and have linked their fates together in that tie—

"Which only truth should weave,
And only death can part."

When the bills of mortality were first attempted in London the population did not exceed half a million. In 1801 it amounted to 958,863, while in 1851 it had increased to the enormous number of 2,361,640. In 1851 the number of births registered in London was 77,871; the deaths were 55,354, the excess of births over deaths being 22,517. The reader will, by contrasting these figures with those given above, as furnished by the bills of mortality in the last century, obtain some idea of the vast increase of the extent of the modern Babylon. Four centuries since the whole of the population of England and Wales did not exceed the number of persons at present resident in London. The population exceeds by more than a million that of Paris; it is nearly three times that of Constantinople, four times that of St. Petersburg, six times that of Vienna or Berlin, nearly eight times that of Madrid, or Lisbon, or Amsterdam; it is ten times greater than the population of once imperial Rome, twelve times larger than that of Hamburg, fifteen times larger than that of Copenhagen, eighteen times larger than that of Brussels, and nearly twenty times larger than that of Stockholm or Dresden. For every hundred persons resident in London there are about fifty-eight in Paris, twenty-five in St. Petersburg, sixteen in Vienna and Berlin, nine in Rome, and five in Stockholm or Dresden.

It is interesting to notice the distribution by sex and ages of the population of the metropolis. If we take 20,000 of the inhabitants of London, they would be composed—if a fair sample of the whole bulk—of 9,852 males, and 10,148 females. There would be found 3,257 boys under fifteen years of age, and only 2,933 girls. From the age of fifteen to twenty, the boys or young men give place to the young women in point of numbers, for there are 934 females of that age to 905 of the opposite sex. The youths of the metropolis have, perhaps, gone to colleges, entered the army, taken to the sea, or started to try their fortunes in distant lands. During the long interval of twenty years the fair sex still holds sway in point of numbers, and there are 3,750 females to only 3,519 males, whose ages range between twenty and forty. During the next ten years man rules—the soldier is discharged from the army, the youth returns a wealthy nabob from India, or his college friends have obtained a situation for him in the metropolis—there are 1,110 males between forty and fifty, and only 1,083 females of the same ages. The ladies of the provinces hear, no doubt, of this trifling inequality in the numbers of the sexes, and maiden ladies leave their native villages and flock to London to restore the equilibrium. The result is, that during the next ten years the balance is restored, and between the ages of fifty and sixty there are found 655 males and an equal number of females. The hardships—greater labour and exposure—to which the lords of the creation have been subjected in their earlier years now begin to tell upon their later days, and the shafts of death fly thicker among the elderly men than among their partners. There are 376 old men between sixty and seventy to 411 women. Between seventy and eighty there are 148 men to 186 women; between eighty and ninety there are twenty-seven men to forty-three women; between ninety and one hundred there are 2·23, or we may call it two and a quarter men to four women. Among the 20,000 persons whose ages we have compared, there will be none alive over the ages of one hundred; but still slowly journeying over the road of life, there are to be found in

various parts of the United Kingdom 319 old pilgrims who have lived more than a century upon earth, but of this number 100 would be men and 219 women.

Let us extend our glance a moment from the metropolis to the whole of the United Kingdom, and it will be seen that with one slight exception the same results of the proportionate distribution of the sexes will be found in the different decennial periods. To each 100,000 males of all ages, Providence has allotted 103,363 females. Separate the population into its various classes of ages, and then it will be seen that for every 100,000 males under twenty years of age, there are but 98,850 females. As soon as the males arrive at that mature age when they seek a partner for their joys and sorrows—according to a popular saying "every Jack may find his Gill"—and here is a little margin for liberty of selection—each of 100,000 men between the ages of twenty and forty may select his wife from 105,291 ladies of a corresponding age to his own; from forty to sixty almost the same ratio is preserved between the two sexes, the range of choice being, however, slightly increased to 105,628. Arrived at ages between sixty and eighty, man may be supposed to have already selected his partner, for the limits of the choice of the 100,000 men are restricted to 118,115 females. From eighty years of age to the extremest verge of life women are again greatly in the ascendant, and for every 100,000 male octogenarians there are 141,036 females of the same age.

The disparities of the numbers of each sex at different periods of life is much greater in Scotland than the average results of the United Kingdom. For every hundred Scotchmen between the ages of twenty to forty, there are one hundred and twelve women; from forty to sixty, one hundred and seventeen women; from sixty to eighty, one hundred and thirty-five women; and from eighty to one hundred, one hundred and fifty-nine women. Here is a subject for the Scottish Rights' Association. Scotchmen apparently die faster than Scotchwomen, and more rapidly than Englishmen. Perhaps the Scotchman when he migrates southward leaves his lassie behind, and crosses the Tweed unencumbered, or, having made his way to the great metropolis, he becomes forgetful of his "Highland Mary" and selects his wife from the daughters of the south.

THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES.

It may not be generally known that Selim Pasha, the commander of the Egyptians at the combat at Eupatoria, on which occasion he was killed, was the Mameluke who escaped from the massacre at Cairo, by jumping his horse over the parapet, when Mehemet Ali, in 1811, ordered the indiscriminate destruction of all the members of that celebrated body who were then assembled in the town. Selim, who was an exceedingly young man at the time, seeing no other chance of escape, mounted his horse, and forced him to spring from the lofty wall of that town into the empty space. The animal was killed by the fall, but the rider escaped, though not without very grave contusions. Mehemet Ali, astonished alike at the young man's resolution and good fortune, ordered him to be spared, and in a short time he perfectly recovered. He owed his subsequent military career to the kindness of Colonel Selva, at present generalissimo of the Egyptian forces, and well known by the name of Soliman Pasha. Selim Pasha was an excellent commander, and enjoyed the confidence of his men to an extraordinary degree. In the late attack at Eupatoria he was hit in the head by a Russian bullet, and died instantaneously.



[MALTA.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.

The first manifesto issued by the Emperor Nicholas to his subjects was justified by the court of St. Petersburg in consequence of what they called "the maritime occupation" of Turkey by the fleets of England and France. Orders were then given for the army stationed in Bessarabia to pass the frontier in order to occupy the Principalities. Count Nesselrode, the chancellor of the empire, thereupon issued a circular despatch to the Russian ministers at foreign courts to explain the true position of Russia in the forthcoming struggle. "The troops of his imperial majesty," wrote the count, "do not enter the Principalities to wage an offensive war with the Porte, which on the contrary we shall avoid as far as lies in us so long as the Porte shall not force us into it; but because the Porte by persisting in refusing to us the moral guarantee which we had a right to claim, compels us for a time to substitute for it a material guarantee; because the position assumed by the two powers in the ports and waters of its empire, in the very sight of its capital, which can only be looked upon by us, under existing circumstances, in the light of a maritime occupation, furnishes us with an additional motive for re-establishing the equilibrium of the respective situations by the assumption of a military position. We entertain, however, no intention of maintaining this position longer than is required by our honour or our security. It will be altogether temporary; it will merely serve us as a pledge until better counsels shall obtain the mastery in the minds of the sultan's ministers. In occupying the Principalities for a time we disclaim at once all notion of conquest. We do not seek to obtain any aggrandisement of territory. Knowingly and voluntarily, we will not seek to excite any

commotion among the Christian population of Turkey. So soon as the latter shall have granted to us the satisfaction which is our due, and so soon as the pressure upon us caused by the attitude of the two maritime powers shall cease, our troops will instantly retire within the Russian frontiers. As regards the inhabitants of the Principalities, the presence of our corps d'armée will not impose upon them either new charges or contributions. The supplies with which they will furnish us will be paid for by our military chests, at a suitable time, and at a rate settled beforehand with their government."

The ministers at foreign courts were also assured that the fundamental principles of the emperor's policy had always been to uphold as long as possible the actual *status quo* of the East. Such was after all the well-understood interest of Russia, already too vast to require an extension of territory, because the Ottoman empire—prosperous, peaceable, inoffensive—placed as a useful intermediary between powerful states, arrested the conflict of rival interests, which, were it to fall, would instantly come into collision, and contend among themselves for its ruins. General Prince Gortschakoff, who was appointed to the command of the army of occupation, also issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of the Principalities, of which the following is a copy.—The document is remarkable for the spirit of frankness pervading it, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the prince from whom it emanated was the first to violate the policy which he himself had laid down:—

"Inhabitants of Moldavia and of Wallachia!

"His majesty the Emperor of Russia, my august master, has commanded me to occupy your territory with the corps d'armée of which he has been pleased to confide to me the command. We arrive among you neither with plans of conquest nor with the intention of modifying the institutions by which you are governed, or the political situation guaranteed to you by solemn treaties. The provisional occupation of the Principalities which I am directed to carry out, has no other object than that of immediate and effectual protection in the unlooked-for and serious circumstances under which the Ottoman government, disregarding the numerous proofs of a sincere alliance which the imperial court, since the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, has never ceased to give it, responds to our most just proposals by refusals—to our most disinterested advice by the most offensive distrust.

In his longanimity, in his constant desire to maintain peace in Europe, the emperor will avoid engaging in an offensive war against Turkey so long as his dignity and the interests of his empire will permit him to do so. On the very day that he shall obtain the reparation which is due to him, and the guarantee which he is entitled to require for the future, his troops will withdraw within the frontiers of Russia. Inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia! I equally execute an order of his imperial majesty by declaring to you that the presence of his troops in your country will not impose upon you either fresh charges or contributions—that the supplies of provisions will be paid for by our military chests, at a suitable time, and at a rate fixed beforehand in concert with your governments. Look upon what awaits you without disquietude; betake yourselves in security to your agricultural labours and to your commercial speculations; obey the laws which govern you, and the constituted authorities. By the faithful discharge of these duties you will acquire the best title to the generous solicitude and powerful protection of his majesty the emperor."

Although the occupation of the Principalities conferred upon the sultan the unquestionable right of declaring war against Russia, his majesty was advised by the governments of England and France not to adopt that extreme measure. Lord Clarendon still tried, by every means in his power, to devise some form of convention by which peace might be preserved on terms safe and honourable to the sultan, and consistent with the dignity of Russia. With this view, and with the concurrence of the Emperor of the French, he prepared the project of a convention, reciting the words of the seventh article of the treaty of Kainardje, and renewing and confirming all the promises, engagements, and privileges, which the Porte had entered into with the Greek Church. The sultan further engaged by this convention, that any privileges or immunities in matters pertaining to their religion, which the sublime Porte might hereafter grant to the clergy of other Christian sects, subjects of the sublime Porte within the Ottoman dominions, should be equally granted to, and enjoyed by the clergy of the orthodox Eastern Church. Lord Clarendon in submitting this proposition, stated that if a proposal so fair and honourable were rejected by Russia, Her Majesty's government could not but consider that it was manifest to the world that the claim of religious rights covered ulterior designs on the part of Russia, hostile to the independence of Turkey, and that the sultan might then justly claim the sympathy and support of every government in Europe. The sultan expressed himself willing to conform to this convention, but the cabinet at St. Petersburg professed to make the advance of the French and English fleets a difficulty which it would be impossible to surmount without considerable delay and the opening of renewed negotiations. The Russian army in Bessarabia commenced the crossing of the Pruth at Sculeni at eight o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of July. The troops which entered the Principalities were the 4th corps d'armée, commanded by General Daanenbergh, and a part of the 2nd corps, forming a total of 80,000 men. The remainder of the 2nd corps, under command of its chief, General Panajuttin, made preparation to pass the Pruth at Leova, and proceed to Wallachia and Bucharest, while the 5th corps d'armée, under General Litzers, remained as a corps d'observation, ready on the first act of hostility by the Turks to cross the Danube, and from Toulitcha march direct onwards to

the Balkan to force the defiles and attack Adrianople. Each corps d'armée was 60,000 strong. Prince Gortschakoff as commander-in-chief of the army of occupation circulated his proclamation at Jassy and all the principal towns of the Principalities, and directed the Russian consuls to come to an understanding with the Moldavian government for the preparation of the provisions necessary for the subsistence of the troops, which he engaged to pay for at the current prices. He, moreover, required that Moldavian commissaries should be accredited to the commanders in order to facilitate obtaining the produce of which they might stand in need. This arrangement, which was constantly adopted on all previous occasions, had always been considered as indispensable and advantageous to the country, inasmuch as it allowed the interposition of native authorities between the commanders of troops and the people. The note of the Russian consulate, which required the adoption of this measure, urged that the three commissioners whom it was intended to attach to the commander-in-chief, should proceed immediately to Kichineff, to be at his disposal. The hospodar (Prince Ghyka) did not think it proper to accede to such an unusual demand, and confined himself to desiring the commissioners to be on the frontier at the passage of the troops. As soon as the intelligence of the actual invasion of the Principalities had been forwarded to Constantinople, the sublime Porte drew up a protest which was sent to all the courts of Europe. The document denied that Russia was in any way authorized to send troops into the Principalities, and that the act of aggression which she had committed could not in principle be looked upon otherwise than as a declaration of war, giving to the sublime Porte the unquestionable right of employing in return its military force. But the sublime Porte was far from desiring to push its rights to an extreme point. Strong in the justice which regulated its policy towards the Powers, it preferred to make reservation of them in the expectation of the spontaneous return of Russia to a course of conduct more consistent with her declarations. It was with the view of obviating any obstacle to this return that it confined itself, for the time, to protesting against the aggression of which it was fully entitled to complain. It considered that by this means it offered to the whole world a fresh proof of the moderation of the system which it had adopted from the commencement of the question. It abstained from every act of hostility, but it declared that it in nowise consented that troops should from time to time be introduced into the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which were integral parts of the Ottoman empire, as if those provinces were to be regarded as having no owner. It, therefore, formally and publicly protested against the occupation, and, in the conviction that the Powers who signed the treaty of 1841 would not give their assent to such an aggression, it had appealed to them, and, in the meanwhile, maintained an armed attitude for its defence.

The protest concluded by repeating that his majesty the sultan was always desirous to comply with every well-founded claim of the Emperor of Russia, whereof he had already given repeated proofs, and was ready to redress every grievance relating to religious matters of which his Greek subjects might still have to complain; that reparation has been made in regard to the Holy Places; that that question had been settled to the satisfaction of Russia; and that the sublime Porte did not hesitate to offer more explicit assurances in confirmation of the arrangement which had been made to the satisfaction of all parties.

The urgent necessity of extricating Turkey from her critical position by peaceful means was now more strongly than ever impressed upon her Her Majesty's government by the numerous reports from the British consuls in different parts of the empire, upon the alarming state of the country, and by the dangers which threatened the authority of the sultan, in Bulgaria and Servia from the disaffection of the people, and in European Turkey from the absence of regular troops. It also appeared that the Montenegrins were preparing to make an incursion into Turkey; that the Shah of Persia, instigated by Russia, was collecting an army at Sultanieh; that a spirit of fanaticism, dangerous alike to the rayahs and to the authorities, was rising in various parts of the country, and that the Greeks had taken up a position which indicated views unrestrained by principles or by treaties. At the same time the Turkish government was so little mindful of its interest not to offend Christian Powers at such a moment, that rapine, exactions, and cruelties were perpetrated upon its Christian subjects without exposure or punishment. It was evident that imminent and daily increasing perils menaced, not alone the authority of the sultan, but the very existence of the Turkish empire, and there was much reason to fear that the number and intensity of these perils would be increased by delay in putting an end to this state of things.

As soon as the Russians had occupied Jassy, notwithstanding the promises conveyed in the proclamation of Prince Gortschakoff, they called upon the Hospodar of Moldavia to suspend his communications with the Ottoman government, and instead of sending the tribute as usual to Constantinople, to keep it in reserve for their eventual disposal. The Porte then ordered the hospodars to be recalled, and the French and English consuls at Jassy and Bucharest were directed to hold themselves in readiness to retire. This assumption of complete sovereignty over the Turkish provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia gave a character of a more decided hostility to the act of their occupation, and showed that it was the intention of Russia to take permanent possession of the Principalities, or to compel the Porte to abandon the moderate and pacific policy it had hitherto adopted. The exertions which the English and French governments considered it their duty to make to preserve the peace of the world, were not for a moment relaxed notwithstanding the warlike attitude of Russia. The project for a fresh note, afterwards known as the celebrated "Vienna note," was proposed by Count Buol, and Prussia was invited to become a party to it. The note, which was in substance as follows, was addressed by Roschid Pasha to Count Nesselrode at St. Petersburg, under date of the 24th of July, 1853:—"Aware of the deep interest taken by His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and by the vast majority of his people, in all that concerns the religion which they profess, and fully appreciating the motives of that interest, I had much pleasure in making known to your excellency the firmans which the sultan, my gracious sovereign, promulgated at the end of Shaban in this year; and for the removal of all doubts, I now assure you, on behalf of the sublime Porte, that it is the sincere intention of his imperial majesty, reserving the sacred rights of sovereignty towards his own subjects, to secure to the Greek or orthodox church, by means of those firmans duly enforced, the enjoyment of the privileges thereby confirmed, and also of such other privileges and immunities as may hereafter be granted by his majesty to any other sect whatever of his Christian subjects. The sublime Porte entertains no doubt that the assurance

grounded on the above-mentioned firmans, which have inspired confidence everywhere, will give satisfaction to Russia also." Sir Hamilton Seymour wrote to the Earl of Clarendon on the 5th of the following month, and said:—"It is my agreeable duty to acquaint your lordship, that upon waiting upon the chancellor this morning, he stated that he had the satisfaction of informing me, that the emperor had signified his acceptance (*acceptation pure et simple*) of the *projet de note* which had been received from Vienna, and a copy of which was despatched on the 24th ultimo from Vienna to Constantinople. Before leaving the chancellor, I remarked that I must beg to call his attention once more to the occupation of the Principalities, and to express on behalf of Her Majesty's government the hope that the occupation would cease as soon as the note should be signed. Count Nesselrode thought it would be premature to give a direct answer to my question, and would inquire if it were suspected that the Russian army intended to remain in the Principalities permanently? My question, I replied, did not imply that suspicion; but I felt obliged to make an inquiry which was justified by intelligence which had reached Her Majesty's government, of roads and bridges which were in a course of construction, and of contracts for several months which had been made. The chancellor rejoined that he evidently could not speak positively until he should know whether the Turkish government were prepared to sign the note which had been sent them; that, in the mean time, he could only state, that the emperor was desirous that the occupation of the Principalities should not be prolonged by one day beyond the term which was absolutely necessary." The substance of this conversation, which was telegraphed to Paris, London, Vienna, and Berlin, was fully confirmed by a despatch from Count Nesselrode, directed to the Baron Meyendorff, the Russian minister at the court of Vienna, in which the chancellor of the empire thus unreservedly pledged Russia to accept the Vienna note:—

"His majesty accordingly directs you, M. le Baron, to declare to the ministry of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and also to your colleagues of France, England, and Prussia, that for our part we accept in its present shape the last draft of note framed at Vienna; and that an ambassador from the sultan, who should be the bearer of that document, would be received at St. Petersburg without any difficulty and with all usual respect. I consider it superfluous in this place to remark to your excellency, that in accepting, as we do from a spirit of conciliation, the expedient devised at Vienna of the note in question, and the mission of a Turkish embassy, we fully understand that we are not to have to examine or discuss fresh modifications and new drafts drawn up at Constantinople under the bellicose inspirations which at this moment seem to influence the sultan and the majority of his ministers; and that, in case the Ottoman government should still reject this last plan of settlement, we should not consider ourselves as any longer bound by the consent which we now give to it. If Europe, as we are incessantly told, requires the termination of the crisis by which the East is threatened, the benevolent and pacific efforts of the great Powers, which we on our part support by all the sacrifices compatible with the dignity of Russia and the justice of the cause which she was bound to defend, must henceforth be addressed to Constantinople."

The acceptance of the "Vienna note" was urged upon the Porte in the most earnest manner by the cabinets of England, France, Austria, and Prussia. The ministers

of the sultan, however, intimated that there were parts of the note which were not satisfactory to them; and they proposed to draw a distinction between the general freedom of worship—at all times an object of interest to Russia—with respect to the Greek Church and the privileges granted to its clergy, especially maintained by the Ottoman sultans marking that difference by the use of corresponding terms in the note. They also objected to the note, because it contained an expression which, if not amended, would have the effect of extending Russian patronage over all those subjects of the Porte who belonged to the Greek Church and its establishments. The Vienna note was laid before the council of the Porte on the 14th of August, all the ministers, seventeen in number, being present. The majority of the council declared it to be their firm intention to reject the new proposal, even if amendments were introduced. The note was, however, subsequently amended by the Porte, and the modifications were approved of by the Four Powers. As soon as the amended note was laid before the cabinet at St. Petersburg, the emperor declared that he could not accept it in such a form.

[To be continued.]

THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

By PATRICK SCOTT.

Oh! not for the blast whom battle slew
Do we sorrow with tears unholy—
Life shatter'd at once is a hero's due,
But a felon's to crumble slowly.

The brave who live—let us weep for those—
War's unacknowledged martyrs;
Far better to wrestle with open foes,
Than with famine in secret quarters.

They fought where the morning mist, which hung
Like a pall on those funeral places,
Turn'd red with the cannon-flames that flung
Their light on the strife of races.

They had charged along with the murder'd brave
In their sad but gallant error,
When they rode victorious o'er the grave—
For the strength of death is terror.

And they liv'd to win yet a greater name,
As they lay in the trench together,
And bared the limbs, which had bled for fame,
To the lash of the wintry weather.

For still those sickly hands and lean,
Whose deeds through the earth are ringing,
With a weaken'd grasp—O shame!—were seen
To the hold of duty clinging.

Bitterly might they have feared, so loud
Was the joy of a triumphing nation,
That it drown'd the cry of that famishing crowd
On its cape of desolation.

But they heard—'twas enough for souls so true—
Of their country's burning sorrow:
"Bless England, God!" cried the sick, who knew
That his voice would be hush'd on the morrow!

Then cheer we the hearts which are beating yet
By the shores of that cruel water:
No laurels grow where the soil is wet
With the blood of a thankless slaughter.

But moisten'd by tears they yet may bloom
Mid the rest in our English story;
Nor the land which was turn'd to an army's tomb,
Be the grave of a country's glory!

STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

The British fleet at the present moment in commission counts 271 ships of all classes and sizes, from the "Duke of Wellington," 131, screw three-decker, to the port-admiral's cutter. Our ships mount 6,370 guns, and are manned with about 62,000 officers, seamen, boys, and marines. It is estimated that we require at least 4,000 petty officers and seamen to complete the crews of our ships at present fitting out.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE CATCART.

On the corpse of Sir George Cathcart was found an unfinished letter to his wife, begun two days before his death, and in which more than one striking allusion is made to the engagement of the 25th of October. Tales would, he knew, be circulated in England about the fate of the Light Cavalry, and imputations would, he foresaw, be cast upon those in command; but he declares in the most unqualified terms, "that neither Lord Lucan nor Lord Cardigan were to blame, *but on the contrary*, for they obeyed orders." This would seem to be in corroboration of circumstances that have lately come to light.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

The great Mormon temple now building at the city of Salt Lake, is described as being a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,850 square feet. The block on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing, manufactured by the Mormons themselves, at their iron-works, in Iron County, Utah Territory. The temple-building will have a length of 186½ feet east and west, including towers, of which there are three at the east end, and three at the west, and the width will be 99 feet. The northern and southern walls are eight feet thick. The towers spoken of above are cylindrical, surmounted by octagon turrets and pinnacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Besides these, there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the western end will be placed in alto-relievo the great Dipper, or Ursa Major. As regards the interior arrangements, there will be in the basement a baptismal font, 57 feet long by 37 feet wide, and on the first floor, a large hall, 120 feet long by 80 feet wide, while on the third floor there will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from 11 to 22 feet.

THE GREAT CLOCK FOR THE NEW PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

This immense clock, which is the largest in the world, has been manufactured by Mr. F. Dent, and has been "going" in his factory for some time past, pending the completion of the clock-tower. It was, by the contract, to have been fixed by February last, but the tower was not ready for it. The dials are to be twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half-minute the point of the minute hand will move nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will probably take two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long. The wheels are of cast iron. The hour bell is eight feet high and above nine feet in diameter, weighing fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four cwt. The largest of the mere quarter bells is about the size of the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs five and a half tons. The clock, as a whole, is said to be at least eight times as large as a full-sized cathedral clock. The main works will be on the top of the great frame, which is a trussed girder frame nineteen inches deep (like the girders of the Crystal Palace), resting on two walls eleven feet apart, which come right up from the bottom of the tower. The full effect of the clock tower cannot be seen till Westminster-bridge is pulled down.

ALL THE FAMOUS FROSTS.

CONCLUSION.

Full of frost, of storm, and cloneliness.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Comes a frost—a killing frost.

Henry VIII.

It is a striking illustration of the progress of education in recent times, and of the more ample diffusion of useful knowledge by means of the printing-press, that whereas it was only at the cost of great labour and extraordinary research that we could obtain the historical materials from which to construct our narrative of the famous frosts that occurred in England from the tenth to the eighteenth centuries, no sooner have we arrived at those which happened in the nineteenth century than materials accumulate upon our hands with such rapidity and copiousness, that our embarrassment is that of a child at a feast, who can with difficulty "make up his mind" to which of the many dainties that surround him he shall first address himself. Ours, in fact, is what our allies call *l'embarras des richesses*. So many historians throng around us, that it is not easy to decide to which of them we should give the preference; but, on the whole it is perhaps as well that we should select William Hone as our guide, philosopher, and friend, on the present occasion. The reader will understand, therefore, that it is on the authority of the statements made by that laborious and conscientious author that the following narrative of the great frost of 1814 may be said mainly to depend.

It would appear then, that the great frost of 1814 was preceded by a great fog, which fell on London like a huge pall, on the 22nd of December, 1813. It is described by Mr. Hone as "darkness that might be felt." Cabinet business of great importance had been transacted, and Lord Castlereagh left "the village," as Tom Hood used to call this mighty Babylon, two hours before to embark for the Continent. The Prince Regent (subsequently George IV.) proceeding towards Hatfield on a visit to the Marquis of Salisbury, was obliged to return to Carlton House, after being absent several hours, during which period the carriages had not reached beyond Kentish Town, and one of the outriders fell into a ditch. Mr. Wilson Croker, secretary of the Admiralty, on a visit northward, wandered likewise several hours in making a progress of not more than three miles, and was likewise compelled to put back. On most of the roads, excepting on the high North-road, travelling was attended with the utmost danger, and mail and stage coaches were every where, brought to a "dead lock." On the 28th, the Maidenhead coach coming to London missed the road near Stratford-bridge and was over turned. Lord Hawarden was among the passengers and was severely injured. On the 29th, similar accidents occurred to public vehicles in all parts of England, and the Birmingham mail took six horses and twelve hours to get as far as Uxbridge, where it had to give up the journey as a bad job. The short stages—as coaches were then called—in the neighbourhood of London, had two persons with links running by the horses' heads. Pedestrians carried lanterns and flambœux, and many who were not so provided lost themselves in the most frequented and best-known streets. Hackney coachmen mistook the pathway for the road, and often did not discover their mistake until the crash of broken glass apprised them that they were half-way through the window of a shop. On New Year's-eve the fog was worse than ever. In some districts of the town the lamps were utterly invisible; in others they looked

like farthing rush-lights. Coachmen led their horses by the head, while boys went before with blazing torches. There was no such thing as driving from the box. The shouting of male foot-passengers who were afraid of being run over, and the screaming of women who in their bewilderment usually took the very course that was most likely to ensure that end, were terrible to hear. At last the fog, which had continued day and night for a week, cleared off, and then came a snow-storm which lasted for forty-eight hours, and then came the famous frost. And now locomotion on other legs than your own was brought to a violent termination. You might slide, you might skate, you might roll about as you pleased, but there was no such thing as being conveyed in a carriage or riding on the outside of a horse! Not a vehicle to be seen in the streets of London! The cab strike a few years ago was a fair to it.* From many buildings icicles a yard and a half long were seen suspended. The water-pipes to the houses were all frozen, and it was with difficulty that a supply of water could be had even by means of plugs in the streets. Skating was pursued with great avidity on the canal in St. James's-park, and the basin, as it was then called, in the Green-park. The sweep, the dustman, the drummer, the *beau*, gave evidence of their skill in skinning the icy surface of the congealed lake, and claimed the approving smiles of the *belles* who viewed their movements.

"Nimble, swiftly off they go

With sport above and death below."

In Hyde-park a more distinguished order of visitors crowded the banks of the Serpentine. Ladies in robes of rich fur bade defiance to the wintry winds and ventured on a surface frail and brilliant as "the glass wherein they viewed themselves." Skaters in great numbers executed some of the most difficult movements of the art to universal admiration. A lady and two officers who to the music of a fine band, performed a reel with a precision scarcely conceivable, received applause so boisterous as to terrify the fair cause of the general expression, and occasion her to forego the pleasure she received from the amusement.

"The Hyde Park-river—which no river is—

The Serpentine which is not serpentine,

When frozen every skater claims as his,

In right of common, there to intertwine

With countless crowds, and glide upon the ice.

Living the banks, the timid and unwilling

Stand and look on, while some the fair entice,

By telling, 'Yonder skaters are quarrelling.'

And here the skaters hire the best skates for a shilling."

On the 20th of January, the snow came down—to use the sublime and beautiful simile of a Yankee writer, "like everlasting hokey-pokey." On Finchley Common, by the fall of one night, it lay to a depth of sixteen feet, and the road was impassable even to oxen! At Maidenhead Lane the snow was still deeper, and between Twyford and Reading it was mountainous. Accounts say that on parts of Bagshot Heath description would fail to convey an adequate idea of its situation. The middle North-road was hopelessly impassable at Highgate Hill. The accounts from the provinces read now like what travellers tell us they have seen in Russia and Lapland. The Cambridge mail-coach coming to London, sunk into a hollow of the road, and remained, with the snow drifting over it, from twelve o'clock at night till nine o'clock in the morning, when it was dragged out by fourteen waggon horses. The passengers, who were in the coach the whole of the time, were nearly frozen to death—that they were not

* And, by the way, that expression reminds us of the description which we heard a private soldier, who had been there, give of the Battle of the Alamo. "Talk of Waterloo!" he said, "Waterloo was a Quaker's Meeting to it."

altogether so is little less than a miracle. In Scotland, the frost was still more severe, but what is very remarkable in the history of this extraordinary event, is that the cold, which, at its height, was probably as great as had ever been experienced in any part of the world, was preceded by a period of singular warmth. The mildness of the weather during the greatest part of December was almost unprecedented. Bees were abroad on the 17th and 18th, flying about the hive "as busily as they commonly are in spring." "The rooks in Dumfries-shire," says the *Scots Magazine*, "were fighting about their nests in the manner they usually do at the time of pairing previous to their beginning to build. On Christmas-eve great numbers of trout were rising at the fly, and some were caught with minnow. The thrush was heard singing on the 21st, and the blackbird on the 23rd—a very uncommon circumstance." But all this was only "the current's smoothness ere it dash beneath," as the poets say, for the frost set in with ferocity on the 28th, and continued for many weeks. At Kelso, the Tweed was completely frozen over, and "an excellent and hot dinner was served in a tent on the ice to a numerous and respectable company." Amongst the toasts, as we find them recorded in the Scottish periodicals of the time were the following:—"General Frost, who so signally fought last year for the deliverance of Europe, and who now supports the present company." "Both sides of the Tweed, and God preserve us in the middle." Amongst the guests was an old man who was present at the last entertainment given under similar circumstances. This took place in the winter of 1740, when an ox was roasted on the ice. The honest veteran declared his delight in finding that, after a lapse of seventy-three years, "the present generation had by no means degenerated from their ancestors in the essentials of good cheer, good fellowship, and hospitality." But if the frost was severe in England and in Scotland, it was inexorable in Ireland. So completely suspended was the internal intercourse between Dublin and the different parts of the interior, that on the 17th of January no less than 1,500 country mails were due in the metropolis. "It is like a blockaded town," writes a gentleman who resided, at that time, in Dublin, "and begins already to experience, in the midst of a profound peace, the miseries and distresses of a besieged city." The number of deaths from cold and want was greater than at any other period, unless at the time of the Plague. There were eighty funerals on one Sunday, and the coffin-makers could with difficulty complete their numerous orders. But to return to London, "the best place in summer, and the only place in winter," as Beau Brummell was accustomed to call it. Our old friend y^e river of y^e Thames was all this time hardening his heart to the infinite delight of the cockneys, who, as usual, displayed their filial affection by skating over his frozen bosom. On Wednesday, the 2nd of February, the whole world looked as if it were petrified. The Serpentine was as hard as rock; the New River hard as iron, and every drop of water depending from trees and eaves became solid, and hung "like a diamond in the sky." Then were the glories of Frost Fair renewed in all their pristine splendour. The grand "mall" or walk extended from Blackfriars-bridge to London-bridge; this was named the City-road, and was lined on each side by persons of all descriptions. The fair continued for a whole week, and sweet is the memory of its revels. Kitchen fires and furnaces were blazing and boiling in every direction, and animals, from an ox to a rabbit, and a goose to a lark were turning on

numberless spits. Sheep were also roasted whole, and the meat was sold at a shilling a slice, and called Lapland mutton. The inscriptions on several booths and lighters were humorous and whimsical. One of them ran thus:—"This shop to let. N.B. It is charged with no land-tax, or even ground-rent." Eight or ten printing-presses were erected, and numerous pieces, commemorative of the frost, were printed on the ice. Amongst the effusions issued were the following:—

"FROST FAIR, 1814.

You that walk here and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year befel,
Come buy this print, and it will then be seen,
That such a year as this has seldom been."

"LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Friends, now is your time to support the freedom of the press. Can the press have greater liberty? Here you find it working in the middle of the Thames, and if you encourage us by buying our impressions we will keep it going in the true spirit of liberty during the frost."

On another booth erected upon the ice was inscribed the following witty advertisement:—"Notice: the proprietor of these premises would be happy to let them on a building lease. Apply to Mr. Frost." On Thursday, February 3rd, the number of adventurers had increased. Swings, merry-go-rounds, booths, tents, dancing-rooms, skittles, nine-pins, and even donkey-races were amongst the objects and subjects of diversion which everywhere met the eye. Thousands flocked to this singular spectacle of sports and pastimes. The ice seemed to be a solid rock, and presented a truly picturesque appearance; the view of St. Paul's, and of the City, with the white foreground, had a very singular effect, and in many parts mountains of ice upheaved, presented the rude interior of a stone quarry. The watermen profited exceedingly, for they treated their river as the Dean of Westminster treats his abbey, and demanded from each person a toll of two-pence before he was admitted to feast his eyes on the radiant beauties of Frost Fair. Ah! it was fine fun while it lasted, but it was too good to last long, and, like everything else that is pleasant in this world, it was over too soon. In the matter of freezing and thawing, the ancient and ever-to-be-venerated river of y^e Thames has physiological peculiarities, precisely similar to those which distinguished the respectable old lady of whom we were wont to sing in our nursery days:—

"Take an old woman and squeeze her,
And rub her over with cheese,"
And put her out on a frosty night,
And 'tis ten to one that she'll freeze."

—So far so good; nothing can be pleasanter. But, alas! my heart! look at the sad reverse of the picture:—

"Bring her in in the morning,
And rub her over with straw,
And place her before a blazing fire,
And 'tis ten to one that she'll thaw!"

And that was precisely what happened to y^e river of y^e Thames on Monday 7th of February, 1814. The wind, which had been veering towards the south for some days, at last set fairly in for that point, and the sun shining forth at mid-day like the old lady's "blazing fire," it then became painfully evident that it was all over with the frost. Thousands of disappointed persons thronged the banks, watermen heaved sighs, both many and profound, and many a 'prentice and servant-maid went home with a heavy heart, as they remembered that nothing now remained of the famous Frost Fair but its memory—its delicious memory, which to the end of time shall smell sweet and blossom in the dust. It

* What a singular proceeding!

was probably on the night of the thaw that the following woeful apparition, the like of which had not been known since the days of Captain Smith and the unfortunate Miss Bailey, revealed itself to the tortured imagination of a romantic poet:—

" 'Twas silence all! The rising moon
With clouds had veiled her light;
The clock struck twelve, when lo! I saw
A very chilling sight.
Pale as a snow-ball was its face,
Like icicles its hair,
For mantle, it appeared to me
A sheet of ice to wear.
Though seldom given to alarm,
I faith I'd not dissemble,
My teeth all chattered in my head,
And every joint did tremble.
At last I cried, 'Pray, who are you,
And whither do you go?'
Methought the phantom thus replied,
'My name is Bally Snow.
'My father is the Northern Wind,
My mother's name was Water,
Old Parson Winter married them,
And I'm their hopeful daughter.
'I have a lover, Jacky Frost,
My dad the witch condemns;
I've run from home to-night, to meet
My love upon the Thames.
I stopped Miss Snow in her discourse,
This answer just to cast in;
'I hope if John and you unite,
Your union won't be lasting.
'Besides, if you should marry him,
You cannot prosper well O,
For surely Jacky Frost must be
A very slippery fellow.
She sat her down before the fire,
My wonder now increases,
For she I took to be a maid,
Then tumbled into pieces.
For air, thin air, did Hamlet's ghost
His foremost cock-crow butler;
But what I saw and now describe,
Besolv'd itself to water!"

Apprehensive lest the sympathetic reader should catch the fond contagion, we should here lay down our pen, were it not that we do not like to conclude without a word of consolation to the ladies. We have two hints to offer to them, which we trust they will deem worthy of a place in their memory dearest. In the first place, acting on the principle that forewarned is forearmed, we desire to apprise them, that though the weather in these latitudes may be cold even in Midsummer, being almost as capricious as the temper of that other sex to which they stand in so noble and delightful a contrast—philosophical experiment has nevertheless proved, that under ordinary circumstances, the greatest cold in our climate may be expected towards the middle of January, so that the ladies will do well to make their arrangements accordingly. According to observations made by Mr. Howard with a thermometer during twenty successive years, the 12th of January seems to be the coldest day in the English year. On that day then, kid-skin boots are "double hazardous" as the insurance offices say, and the bonnet had better be worn on the head than between the shoulder-blades. In the next place, it is as well that ladies should understand that there is nothing in the constitution of this country—we mean its legal, not its physical constitution—to prevent them from exercising and warming themselves in cold weather, provided they should feel so inclined. In the reign of Henry III., from 1216 to 1272, Lady Joan Berkeley "in her elder years, used to saw billets and sticks in her chamber for a part of physick, for which purpose she bought certain fine hand-saws;" and Taylor

the Water Poet, who lived in the time of Charles I., talking of the ladies of London during a very severe winter, observes:—"Now all their exercise is privately to saw billets with hand-saws, the which are of very fine workmanship." We trust that this information may be found of practical utility, and that by a judicious use of the bonnet, and if necessary, of "certain fine hand-saws," no such calamity shall ever befall any fair reader of ours as happened to poor Elizabeth Woodcock in the year 1799. And here we will delay the conclusion of our article until we compress into a couple of sentences the story of that unfortunate matron—a story, which however strange it may appear, is undoubtedly true. Mrs. Woodcock was a married lady, and a very handsome one too, as her picture sufficiently attests. But a snow storm is no respecter of persons. On Saturday, February 2nd, 1799, she went on horseback from Impington to 'ambridge, and on her return between six and seven o'clock in the evening, a bleak wind blew boisterously from the north-east; the night was very inclement and stormy, and the ground was covered with great quantities of snow which had fallen during the day. She dismounted, thinking to make her way better on foot, but her horse terrified at the storm, broke from her and ran wildly over the moor. Unable to prosecute her journey, she sat down "close to a thicket on the south-west," and the snow accumulated so rapidly, that when Chesterton church-bell rang out eight o'clock, she was completely hemmed in by it. "The depth of the snow in which she was enveloped," says Mr. Hone, "was about six feet in a perpendicular direction, and over her head between two and three!" In this grave of snow, she remained unseen and unheard for seven days. On the eighth day, Sunday, February 10th, came a thaw, and then she was extricated by Joseph Muncey, a young farmer, who going to Cambridge, caught a sight of her handkerchief hanging upon the twigs. From the time of her being lost she had eaten only snow, and she believed that she had not slept till Friday the 8th." Shuddering peasants still point out the spot where the poor creature was snowed in, and rural poets have celebrated her praises in many songs, whereof the following lines are an extract:—

"She was in prison as you see,
All in a cave of snow,
And she could not relieved be
Though she was frozen so.
Ah! well-a-day!
For she was all frozen in with frost
Eight days and nights, poor soul,
But when they gave her up for lost
They found her in a hole.
Ah! well-a-day!"

—Fancy what the joy of her husband must have been when she was rescued!

MELPOYN.

THE MURRAY RIVER.

The navigation of the Murray river seems, according to the last accounts from South Australia, to have been carried on with most satisfactory results. Although the water had been lower than for many years, Captain Cadell had again steamed in the *Lady Augusta* 2,000 miles from its mouth, and within twenty miles of the town of Albury in New South Wales, where the river was impeded with snags. From the explorations he has already made, Captain Cadell has arrived at the conclusion that, instead of Australia being a riverless continent, her internal navigation is such as few other large tracts of territory can excel.



[THE BALAKLAVA RAILWAY.]

BALAKLAVA AND ITS RAILWAY.

THE town of Balaklava—the very existence of which was, until lately, unknown to any, except perhaps to a few of the most erudite members of the Royal Geographical Society—is now one of the most famous places in Christendom. It contains sufficient warlike machinery to “smash a whole continent into islands,” as brother Jonathan would say, and the quantity of provisions and stores of all kinds heaped up within its narrow limits, would feed the army of King Darius, could it be brought to life again, and what is about as difficult, we presume, make its way from the British camp to the port. The town of Balaklava is situated two or three hundred yards from the mouth of the harbour, or rather ravine, filled with sea-water, and is about a quarter of a mile long. There are plenty of rocks in the neighbourhood, very little grass just now, and an abundance of mud. Indeed, mud appears to be the stock-in-trade of this portion of the Emperor Alexander’s possessions, and if it were at all expedient to carry on a traffic in that commodity, or if it could be applied to any useful purpose, agricultural or otherwise, the quantity at Balaklava would be sufficient for the consumption of the whole empire of the Czar. We have had the misfortune to see as much mud in our time as most people. We have had experience of the remarkable accumulations of that useful article on the Essex coast in the neighbourhood of Tilbury Fort. We have “lain up” for wild duck in the vicinity of Pegwell Bay; but, above all, we have perambulated Fleet-street after a thaw; but we never saw anything to compare with Balaklava and the road thereto. When a transport or store-ship arrives in the harbour fresh and clean from England, great is the dismay of all on board at the morass that surrounds them. The supercargo is bewildered and driven to despair. The sailors hitch up their trousers, and survey the quagmire

with as large an amount of horror in their looks as persons of their profession can generally command. But the stores must be landed, and in a few hours the whole cargo is deposited in a slough, varying from six inches to three feet in depth. The bales and packages which our confiding warehousemen in Gresham-street have packed so neatly in clean canvas wrappers, are tumbled out in all directions in the mire. Bales, boxes, cases, tins, parcels, barrels, and packages of all sorts and sizes, are swung up from the hold, and a general rush takes place either to secure the most portable for private consumption or to convey the remainder to what, by courtesy, is called the “Government Store House.” But a host of English “navvies” are now at work in this interesting locality, and in a few weeks order, and something approaching to cleanliness, will be established. If war is a great destroyer, it is also a great creator. The czar is indebted to it for a railway in the Crimea, and for new roads between Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Sebastopol. The hill-tops are adorned with clean wooden huts, the flats have been drained, the water-courses dammed up and deepened, and all this has been done in a few days by the newly awakened energies of labour. The noise of hammer and anvil, and the roll of the railway train are heard in these remote regions in nooks of land a century before their time. Can anything be more suggestive of county magistracy and poor laws, and order and peace, than stone-breaking: here it goes on daily, and parties of red-coated soldiery are to be seen contentedly hammering away at the limestone rock, satisfied with a few pence extra pay. The policeman walks abroad in the streets of Balaklava. Colonel Harding, the new commandant, has exhibited great ability in the improvement of the town, and he has means at his disposal which his predecessors could not obtain. A sanatorium is being established on the heights for four hundred patients. The “navvies” are removing

the filthy accumulations of mud and matter, and the railway seems growing under their hands. A little naval arsenal has grown up at the north side of the harbour, with shoars, landing-wharf, and store-houses, and a branch line will be made from the spot to the main line to the camp. In a very few days the engine will be able to make regular trips to and from the town and the camp. The line is a single one, but the rails have been firmly laid, and the work has an appearance of solidity eminently characteristic of its source.

THE FIRST ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE.

THE earliest approach to a railroad of which we have any record, was a stone tramway laid down at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1676, to facilitate the passage of waggons heavily laden with coals from the collieries. The use of stone was continued till 1786, at which time, wood was substituted, iron not having been employed for the purpose till 1767, when the Colebrook Dale Company manufactured and laid down some slight rails of that metal for the use of their works in Shropshire. In 1782, Sheffield contributed her mite to the slowly developing system, but it was not till 1825 that railways began to acquire any important commercial position. In 1820, the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company was incorporated for the formation of an iron tramroad to the Wetton Park Colliery with power to make branches therefrom. This railway was commenced in 1823, and was opened for coal traffic on the 27th September, 1825, the length being forty miles, and the cost about £15,000 per mile; locomotive steam-power being employed instead of that of horses. About the same time, the Stratford and Moreton Company, obtained an act to make a line from Stratford-on-Avon to Moreton, in Gloucestershire, a distance of sixteen miles. Nearly seven years were expended in making this little line, which only cost £70,000 in the construction. In 1822, Mr. James projected the Liverpool and Manchester line, but was vigorously opposed by the Earls of Derby and Wilton, and the Marquis of Stafford, who were the principal proprietors of land in the district. Mr. James and his friends, were not, however, daunted by the efforts of interested parties, and in 1826, obtained their act of Parliament. It appears that for some time after this project was commenced, the directors were undecided whether to apply horse-power, fixed steam-engines, or locomotive engines, as means of transport, and no idea was entertained of employing the railway in any other manner than for the carriage of goods. It was not till 1829 that the directors first determined to apply the power and facilities which they would shortly possess to the conveyance of passengers to and from Liverpool and Manchester. In April of that year, they advertised, offering a premium of £500, for the best locomotive engine, the weight not to exceed six tons, and to be capable of drawing three times its weight at the rate of not less than ten miles per hour. No smoke was to be produced, and the pressure of steam was limited to fifty pounds on the square inch. The engine was to be supported on springs, and the height was not to exceed fifteen feet. Three engines, the "Rocket," constructed by Mr. George Stephenson, the "Sanspareil," by Mr. Hackworth, and the "Novelty," by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson, were entered for the contest, which took place at Rainhill, on the 6th of October, 1829. The result was that the premium was awarded to Mr. Stephenson, whose engine was the only one which succeeded in performing all the

conditions imposed. This engine accomplished the stipulated distance of seventy miles in less than six and a half hours, including forty stoppages, which it was compelled to make in consequence of the trial taking place on a piece of the new railroad only a mile and three-quarters in length. The weight of the "Rocket" was four tons five hundred weight, and the tender with water and coke, three tons four hundred weight. There were two light carriages attached weighing nine tons and a half, making a total weight of seventeen tons. During the trial a speed of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour was frequently attained to the surprise and delight of the persons assembled to witness the trial. Here then was the first great step in advance towards our present system of travelling—an important end accomplished—a new era commenced! The Manchester and Liverpool line having been completed by Messrs. Stephenson and Locke at a cost of £1,089,818, was finally opened to the public in the presence of a vast concourse of persons, on the 15th of September, 1830. From that time to the present the attention of scientific men has been directed towards developing what is termed "the railway system." The requirements of commerce, the large increase of population, and the general advancement of civilisation, have led to an enormous amount of personal locomotion previously unknown. At the present date there are in the United Kingdom 7,686 miles of railway already open for the traffic of goods and passengers, and 883 miles are in course of construction. The cost of these lines, when completed, will amount to £273,324,516, being about a third of the whole national debt. To have a just appreciation of the benefits resulting from the introduction of railways, it is only necessary that we should glance at the means of transit existing at the time when the first small step was taken, in 1676, towards that grand system which now grasps England in its length and breadth with "roads of iron." At that period, the very best and most important highways were in an extremely wretched condition, being utterly impassable, except in fine weather, for the waggons and pack horses, by which goods and passengers were ordinarily conveyed, and then only at an enormous expenditure of time and money. A few years afterwards (1689) saw the introduction of stage coaches, which, travelling at an average rate of forty miles per day, and occupying five or six days in journeying from London to York or Exeter, were considered to be so dangerous to the public interests from their excessive speed, that several petitions were presented to Parliament to restrict their future rate of travelling to *thirty miles per day!* But previous to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, only twenty-five years back, and consequently within the recollection of many now living, with good macadamised roads, and all the improvements effected by a persevering and practical people during 144 years, the performances of the Brighton "Age" between London and that town in five hours, and of the "Defiance" between London and Exeter in thirty hours, were looked upon with wonder and admiration. And yet, in about one-third of the allotted term of man's brief existence, by the aid of science and the ingenuity of the human mind, the same distances which the stage-coach once performed as a great success in its way, are traversed in one-fifth of the time with far less trouble, fatigue, or expense. Who, after such results, will dare to prescribe the boundaries to those most wonderful and valuable inventions, or the limits to man's genius when exploring the arcana of science!



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND,

16A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1855.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.

Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen pounds

15s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18: 15: 8.

J. H. LEFROY, Hon. Secretary.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the *Patriotic Fund Journal* to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 154, Strand.

THE THIRD MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" is now ready. The Part contains Five Numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price Elevenpence. To be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

C. DILKE (Oxford).—The university proposes to remove the restrictions imposed by Dr. Rowlandson, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum. The professor of Anglo-Saxon is, in future, to be elected by the congregation, and all members of convocation are to be eligible.

STRECHER (Fenchurch-street).—Travelling is still in a very backward state in Spain. The *mail-coach* (mail coach) is a heavy lumbering vehicle, performing stages of from fifteen to twenty miles per hour, and drawn by mules.

PLAIN COMMON SENSE.—It is impossible for us to answer your question.

J. FENNING.—The price charged for binding the volumes of the "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" will depend upon the style of binding selected.

INQUIRY (Parliament-street).—Our correspondent asks us, "what advantage will be gained by the present committee of inquiry about the state of the army before Sebastopol? The advantage to be gained may be but little, as far as the present army is concerned, as it is supposed to have suffered as much as it possibly could, short of complete destruction, but if the inquiry have the effect of remedying a vicious system and establishing a good one for the future, the committee will not have laboured in vain. Our correspondent will find his other question already answered.

B. M. (Keppell-street).—The statue of Beethoven, intended for the city of Boston, has just been cast at the bronze foundry at Munich. The author of the model is Mr. Crawford, an American artist, who is charged to execute the colossal equestrian statue for the grand monument to the memory of Washington. The sum of £1,100 has already been raised at Edinburgh for the colossal bronze statue of Professor Wilson, which is to be shortly erected. A further sum of £400 is required.

G. H. GRAMMAN (Bathurst-park).—Miss Catherine Hayes is, we believe, on her return to this country—her trip to Australia having proved a great success. Before leaving Sydney, she gave a donation of £300 to the Destitute Children's Asylum. It is proposed to erect the ward of an hospital, on the plan of Jenny Lind's wing at the Hrompton Hospital, London, and to call it after the generous donor.

A. FROST (Bloomfield-square).—The term for naturalisation in Canada has been reduced from seven to three years' residence. Any foreigner, therefore, having resided that time in the Province may be naturalised on taking the necessary oath. The tendency of this will be to divert the better portion of the foreign emigration from the United States to the Provinces.

R. PALMER (Donmouth).—The coal mountain in Pennsylvania, which has been on fire since 1837, will probably soon be extinguished, as the fire is approaching a point which can be submerged in water. A mass of coal has been consumed three nights of a night long, 60 feet wide, and 300 feet deep, equal to 1,420,000 tons of coal.

A. C. wishes to know.—1. What is the extent of the government or other lands for sale in Canada? 2. Where located? 3. On what terms are those lands sold? Government lands are for sale all over the province. The best are situated in Nanterre, Huron, and Bruce counties; price, from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per acre. Only 300 acres can be sold to one person, and subject to settlement duties, which are—five acres to be cleared each year; a house built, 18 by 21 feet; the land to be occupied for five years; 1s. 10d. per acre to be paid down, and the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest.

F. MELVILLE (Bury-street, St. James's).—The "Great Britain" steam-ship is now at Malta. This gigantic vessel carried out 1,500 soldiers, mostly new levies, who are to remain at Malta, and take the place of veteran soldiers under orders for the Crimea.—The naturalist (Havard de Meyer, known to the scientific world by his travels among the Atlas Mountains, and in the region of the Caucasus, died on the 25th ult. M. de Meyer was born in 1790, at St. Petersburg. In 1829, he ascended Mount Elbrus. He was a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia, and director of the botanical gardens at St. Petersburg.

GEORGE.—Madame Rachel, the great French tragedienne, has performed twice in London—on the last occasion about four years since. She is now about to visit the United States, at a salary of £24,000 for twelve months, with the condition that \$24,000 of the gross sum shall be paid down in advance, and to become the property of her family should her death take place previous to entering on her engagements. "But" that case she bequeaths her body to the contractor, to be embalmed and exhibited for his benefit. This engagement, it is said, has been recently signed by both parties.

—Joseph Bony, a native of France, was the first person who practically carried into effect the artificial propagation of salmon. The French government adopted his plan, and there is no considerable river in France which is not stocked with fish by the process. Bony died a few days since in the department of the Vosges.

A. E. G. (Hudson-terrace).—We shall endeavour to answer your questions next week.

H.—St. Helena has lost all its interest since it ceased to become the prison of Napoleon. The island has now a population of 5,490 persons, of whom 334 are liberated Africans, and 511 soldiers. There is but one physician and but two attorneys on the island.

— (Portman-square).—Many thanks to our fair friend, whose terms we have read with interest, but we have so many similar contributions ahead that we find we cannot give her the premium she requires.

T. H. K.—The same answer will apply to this correspondent, to whom we also desire to express our acknowledgments.

—Count D'Orsay's sketches of the nobility and others, who visited at Gore House to the number of one hundred and fifty, were published by Mr. Mitchell of Bond-street, in coloured lithograph, and many of them may still be had. The count was an amateur of considerable ability, and his taste in all matters of art was unexceptionable. Haydon the painter thus refers to him in his diary, published by Mr. Tom-Taylor:—"About seven, D'Orsay called. He was much improved, and looking 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' really a complete Adonis, not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions, and grand. He bounded into his cab like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus." Again, he bounded into his cab like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus." In another entry:—"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger), verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism, the horse (the Duke's Waterloo charger) in his deadly gloves, which made me I did then; and he took up my brush in his deadly gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the blind quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress—white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the prince's curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau-de-Cologne or eau-de-Jasmin, primrose in that, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hogtail, and immortalised Copeland by touching the sky."

A. (Great Millton).—We are much obliged to our esteemed correspondent for the friendly interest which his letter indicates. His suggestion is under deliberation, but though, no doubt, it has much to recommend it, we fear that it would claim too large a portion of our space. However, it shall have our best consideration.

JOHN SIMON (Lewisham).—To your first question you will find a reply in No. 15. To your second—How many English soldiers are there in the Crimea? we answer, to the best of our knowledge, 43,000, but it is difficult to ascertain with precision.

J. A. (Soho-square).—Of all the speakers in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone has decidedly the finest command of language. He has an inexhaustible vocabulary of words, and great warmth of imagination. But his gestures are irregular and inelegant, and he does not know what to do with his legs and arms. Another defect of his oratory is that he never knows when to stop. His voice is delightfully sweet, and he seems unexhausted in his melody. As a mere parliamentary debater, Lord Palmerston is his superior, for his tact never fails him; his wit and "banter" are delicious to the House, and his good humour never forsakes him. Moreover, he never says a word too much, which is a great art.

C. (Newmarket).—"Fendly."—This word is of Italian origin, and means a kind of stiff collar made in fashion of a band, that went about the neck and round about the shoulders. A tailor, with the impetuous name of Higgins, lived in the parish of St. James's in the sixteenth century, and made a large fortune by the sale of his "pickadills." He built a row of houses, which either he or somebody for him, called "pickadill." We know not whether equal good fortune awaits the man, whom he may have been, who invented the stiff shirt collars of the present day, but we should hope not. "A wooden pickadill," as the pillow was formerly called, would be a more fitting reward.

A. F. (Oxford-street).—Memory is, no doubt, a natural endowment, and one of inestimable value. But it may be acquired by artificial means, and of all intellectual gifts it is the one which is susceptible of the greatest improvement. It is said of Seneca that he could repeat 2,000 words upon once hearing them.

F. (Hampstead-road).—Capital punishment is seldom or never pronounced in Russia for any offence known to the Muscovite law, but the punishment inflicted often amounts in effect to sentence of death. Thousands die of the journey to Siberia, and it is said that the executioners have such singular dexterity in the use of the knot that they can, if they please, extinguish life at a single blow. It is a horrible subject to think or to talk of, but if you require information on it, you will find it in M. de Lagree's book, "The Knot and the Executioners."—During his last visit to this country the late czar gave a large sum towards the completion of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar-square, but as the figure is so high up that nobody can see it, it is questionable whether he contributed very materially to the gratification of the citizens.

W. L. (Wentworth).—From a writer who has assumed the nom de plume of "Mylaster" we have received a collection of poems, entitled "The Rattle of the Black Sea, or the British in the East." These compositions, which are designed to illustrate all the most striking incidents of the Crimean campaign, are exceedingly spirited and melodious, and will be read with pleasure for their tenderness of sentiment and elegance of diction. The author's imagery occasionally borders on the grotesque, but this is a defect which arises from a laudable though misdirected spirit of originality, and it is one which maturity of style will be sure to correct. We have no desire, therefore, to speak otherwise than encouragingly of an author who displays great promise, and manifestly writes under the influence of genuine poetic inspiration.

EGGERS.—The well-known interjections used by country people to their horses, "Wooche" and "Galloo" are of great antiquity. You will find them in Chaucer.

A. K.—Consult Nelson's "History of Idlington," and you will there find all the information you require. As far back as 1812 a company was projected for the purpose of bringing sea-water through iron pipes from the coast of Essex to Copenhagen-fields, and to construct baths which, according to the proposals, would yield twelve and a half per cent on a capital of £200,000, but the subscription was not filled up, and the undertaking was, for the time, abandoned. The idea has been mooted frequently since then, but, strange to say, has never found much favour with the public. No doubt the day will come when it will be adopted.

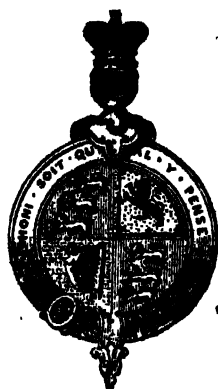
F. JENNINGS (Marlborough).—The laws against witches and witchcraft lingered on the statute-book of England, we regret to say, till 1736. But it is a saying of the Spaniards that "folly rides on a winged steed, and wisdom on a tortoise." Nor should we look with peculiar disdain upon the absurdities of our ancestors, when we remember that Table-turning, Mesmerism, and the Arapomoni, are amongst the characteristics of our own age.

A. (Wellington-square).—No, no; there's nothing new under the sun—except the New River.

—We have to apologise to several correspondents, whose favours shall be noticed next week.

THE PATRIOTIC

A WEEKLY
MISCELLANY



FUND JOURNAL

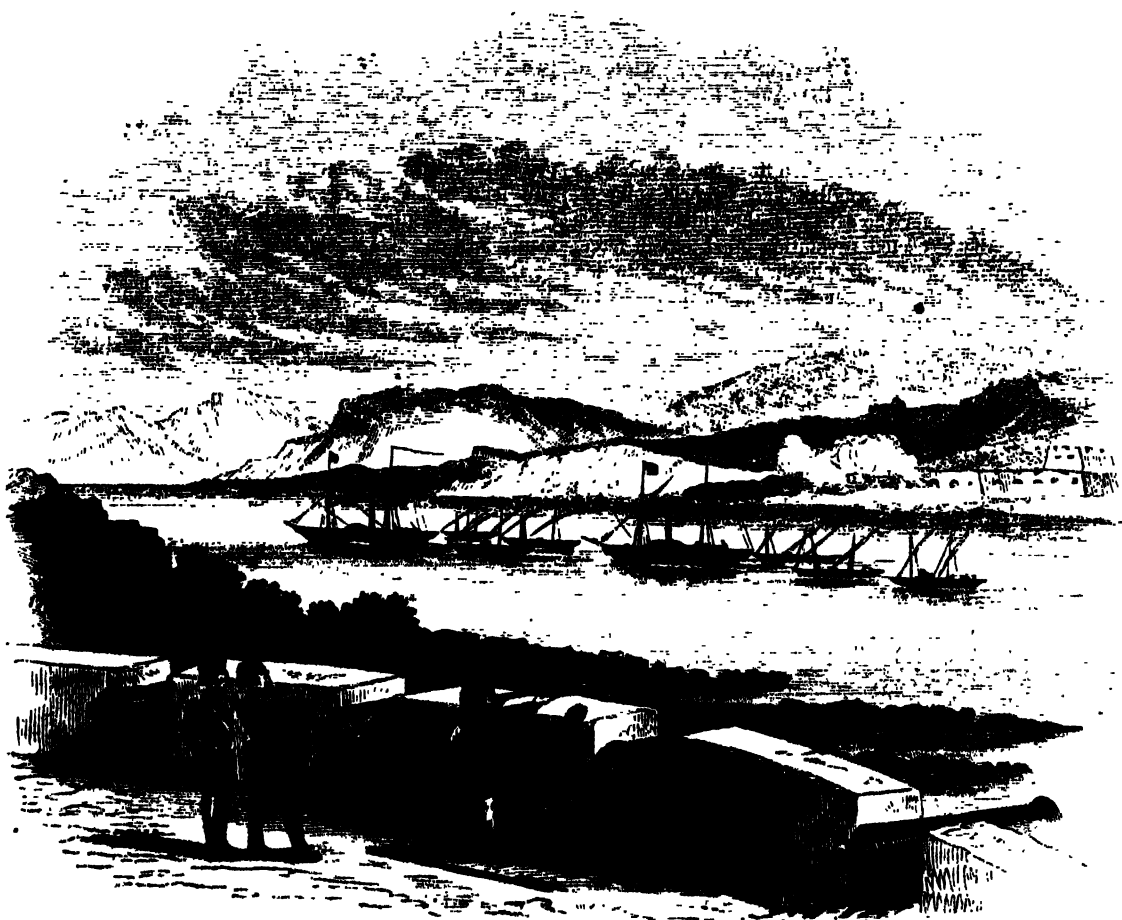
OF GENERAL
LITERATURE.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND DURING THE WAR.

No. 18.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1855.

[PRICE TWOPENCE;
Stamped, Threepence.]



[RUSSIAN GUN-BOATS ON THE DANUBE.]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE construction put by Russia upon the modifications introduced into the Vienna note left no doubt upon the part of the British government as to the real views of that power, and they announced to the French government on the 23rd of September that, much as they must lament the commencement of active hostilities, they would cer-

tainly no longer press the Porte to abandon those modifications which the ministers of the sultan had unanimously considered it to be to the interests of their sovereign and the safety of his realm to insist upon. The position of the sultan pending these protracted negotiations was becoming more and more critical. Rumours began to circulate in Constantinople that the Mussulman population was about to revolt against the Christian inhabitants, and that a wide-spread conspiracy was at work, the object of which was to massacre the French and English subjects,

dethrone the sultan, and declare war against Russia. The Ottoman minister for foreign affairs, and several of his colleagues in the cabinet, received anonymous letters warning them of the danger to themselves personally, and more especially to the foreigners of the Christian faith residing at the sublime Porte. A placard, urging the government to declare war, was posted on one of the mosques at Constantinople. That demonstration of popular excitement was followed after several days by a petition of the same purport, presented to the council and to the sultan himself by a knot of individuals belonging to the class of muderris, or theological students. The paper was signed by thirty-five persons of no individual distinction, but having the corporate importance of belonging to the "Ulema." Though free from menace, it was worded in serious and impressive terms, implying a strong sense of religious duty, and a very independent disregard of consequences. The ministers took alarm, and conceived it to be the immediate forerunner of a revolution. The ambassadors of France and England were requested by the Ottoman government to strengthen the maritime power in the Bosphorus, and they immediately wrote to the admirals in command of the Anglo-French fleet at Besika Bay to send up additional assistance to Constantinople. The admirals sent four heavily-armed steamers forthwith, and measures were taken to protect not only the lives and property of English and French subjects, but also to provide for the safety of the sultan and his court, should the expected revolution break out in force. The squadron at Constantinople then amounted to ten men of war, and their presence seems to have had a salutary effect upon the revolutionists, if any such there were. The sultan called a council of his ministers on the 25th of September again to consider the Vienna note. The meeting consisted of more than a hundred persons. The efforts of the four representatives to obtain a peaceful solution were fruitless, and the council decided in favour of war. This decision was unanimous. As soon as this intelligence was conveyed to England, the fleets at the Dardanelles were placed at the command of the French and English ambassadors at Constantinople, and orders were given that Admiral Dundas and the French admiral should inform the Russian admiral commanding at Sebastopol, that if the Russian fleet should come out of that port for the purpose of landing troops on any portion of the Turkish territory, or of committing any act of overt hostility against the Porte, their orders were to protect the sultan's dominions from attack. They were at the same time to express a hope that no measures would be resorted to by the Russian admiral that would endanger the peaceful relations between Great Britain, France, and Russia. The French government appeared to apprehend that the policy of Russia would be to attack Varna, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys proposed to Lord Clarendon that the line of the Balkan with Varna should be considered to be the rayon of defence for Constantinople, and that the operations of the fleets should therefore be confined to the defence of the coast between the entry from the Bosphorus into the Black Sea and the fortress of Varna. Lord Clarendon disapproved of entering the Black Sea at so late a period of the year as the month of October, and also because he considered that by so doing the fleets of England and France would be taking an aggressive attitude before the forces of Russia and Turkey had actually come into collision. If, however, the Russians had crossed the Danube and attempted to turn the Balkan by Varna, or, what appeared to be more probable, if a Russian expe-

dition had attempted to land between Varna and the mouth of the Bosphorus—at Bourgas, for instance—then the British government would have given orders to Admiral Dundas to enter the Black Sea at all hazards.

The sultan and his ministers having decided that the Vienna note without these modifications was inadmissible, and that war was the only alternative left, Omar Pasha, the commander of the Ottoman troops on the right bank of the Danube, was instructed to summon Prince Gortschakoff by letter to evacuate the Principalities within fifteen days from the receipt of his letter. The refusal of the prince to comply with this request was to be considered as tantamount to a declaration of war on the part of Russia. The letter of Omar Pasha to the Russian commander was in the following terms:—"It is by order of my government that I have the honour to address the present letter to your excellency. Whilst the sublime Porte was exhausting all the means of conciliation, in order to maintain peace as well as its independence, the court of Russia has not ceased to raise up difficulties, until it has violated the treaties by the invasion of the two Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, which are integral portions of the Ottoman empire. The sublime Porte, faithful to its pacific system, instead of resorting to its right of reprisals, confined itself at that time to protesting, without departing from the course which might still lead to an arrangement. Russia, on the contrary, carefully abstaining from manifesting corresponding sentiments, has ended by rejecting propositions recommended by the august mediating courts, and necessary for the honour as well as for the security of the sublime Porte. Consequently, there only remains for the latter the indispensable obligation of declaring war. But, since the invasion of the Principalities and the violation of the treaties which attended it are the inevitable causes of the war, the sublime Porte, as the last expression of its pacific sentiments, proposes to your excellency, through my channel, the evacuation of the Principalities, and offers a term of fifteen days from the date of the receipt of this letter for you to make up your mind. If within this term a negative answer should reach me from your excellency, the commencement of hostilities would naturally ensue from it."

The Porte, at the same time, issued a manifesto to all the courts of Europe, explaining the position of Turkey, and declaring its determination to resort to the arbitration of the sword as the only alternative left. At Constantinople a spirit of self-devotion, accompanied with fanatical demonstrations, and showing itself among the highest functionaries of the state, bid fair to give an extraordinary impulse to any military operations which might be undertaken against Russia by the Turkish government. The sultan gave his consent to the negotiation of a loan. The corps of Ulema prepared to advance a considerable sum in support of the war. The Grand Vizier, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and other leading members of the administration, resigned a large proportion of their horses for the service of the artillery. Reinforcements were directed towards the Danube and the Georgian frontier. Several steam-frigates were got ready to be sent to the Black Sea. In short, it was evident that, if hostilities commenced, they would be prosecuted in a manner to test the strength of the contending parties, and to leave on the one side or on the other deep and durable traces of a truly national struggle.

The whole month of October was exhausted in diplomatic negotiations between the four powers, and Turkey

and Russia to avert, if possible, the impending hostilities. Various modifications of the "Vienna note" were successively suggested and rejected by the Porte and by the czar. On the 14th of October, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg had a long interview with Count Nesselrode, on the fresh complication consequent upon the declaration of war by the Porte. The count complained of the manner in which all classes in England felt with respect to Russia and the coming struggle, and expressed his surprise that the English press should have used such strong language with regard to the Emperor. Sir Hamilton Seymour said he thought the feeling admitted of an easy explanation; the English public had been led to believe, in the spring, that the differences between Russia and Turkey were to be immediately arranged; they saw no approach to agreement; they considered the independence of Turkey in danger; the whole community suffered, every man in his own interests, and it could not be wondered at if, at last, any measures were desired by the public which should put an end to prolonged uncertainty. Count Nesselrode proceeded to speak with much feeling of the horrors of war in general; particularly of war between two powerful countries—two old allies like England and Russia—countries which, whilst they may be of infinite use to one another, possessed each the means of inflicting great injury upon its antagonist; and ended by saying, that if for any motives known to him war should be declared against Russia by England, it would be the most unintelligible and the least justifiable war ever undertaken. At the conclusion of some conversation to which this observation gave rise, the count said, "In a few words, our position is this: war has been declared against us by Turkey; we shall, in all probability, issue no counter declaration, nor shall we make any attack upon Turkey; we shall remain with folded arms, only resolved to repel any assault made upon us, whether in the Principalities or on our Asiatic frontier, which we have been reinforcing: so we shall remain during the winter, ready to receive any peaceful overtures which, during that time, may be made to us by Turkey—that is our position."

Preparations for war were carried on with great activity at Constantinople, Varna, and other places in the Turkish dominions during the month of October. The sultan addressed a proclamation to the army at Shumla which clearly showed that the war was regarded by the Porte as by Russia as a religious war:—

To the Imperial Soldiers!
When we are fighting with our enemy, let us be always firm and courageous. We will not turn our backs upon him. We will be avenged, and will sacrifice our heads and our lives. Here is the Koran! We have sworn it on the Koran. You are Moslems! and I am sure that you will sacrifice your heads and your lives for your religion and government.

But if there is a single man amongst you afraid of the war, let him fly so: for it is highly dangerous to go up to the enemy with such men. Fear is a disease of the heart. He who is afraid shall be employed in the hospitals, and in other services; but the man who turns his back on his enemy in war, shall be shot.

But let those brave men remain who are ready to sacrifice themselves for religion and the throne. Let them unite their hearts to God; let them love religion; let them show themselves brave men, and God will surely give them the victory.

Soldiers! let us purify our hearts, and then indeed we will trust in the help of God.

Let us fight, and offer ourselves up as our ancestors have done. As they have left our country and our religion to us, so must we leave them to our children. All of you know that the object of this life is to serve worthily God and the sultan, and thus to gain heaven.

Soldiers! the man of honour should have these feelings, and act in accordance with them. May God thus protect you! Amen.

His Majesty, at the same time, requested that the English and French fleets should advance within the

Straits of the Dardanelles, and the necessary firm answer of the commanders of the Turkish forts along the shore.

The summons of Omar Pasha to Prince Gortchakoff to evacuate the Principalities within fifteen days reached the prince at Bucharest on the 27th of September, and on the next day he returned the following answer:—"I have the honour to inform your excellency that I received on the 27th of September, at three in the morning, the letter which you addressed to me on the 26th of September. Without entering into the examination of this question, I deem it my duty to apprise your excellency that I am not empowered by his majesty, the emperor, my master, to treat of peace, or of war, or of the evacuation of the Principalities by the troops entrusted to my command. Receive, &c. (Signed) PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF."

The disposition of the Russian forces when war was declared by the Porte was as follows:—The 4th corps, composed of four divisions under the orders of Prince Gortchakoff and General Dannenberg, was quartered at and about Bucharest. This force hardly exceeded 60,000, comprising detached bodies of troops engaged in guarding the line of the Danube some 200 leagues in extent, from Widdin to Ismail. The three points of the Danube which were the most closely observed, as those at which the passage of a Turkish army was the most to be apprehended, were Widdin, Nicopoli, and Silistria. Prince Gortchakoff's reserves, formed of the 3rd corps of 60,000 men, under the command of General Baron Osten-Sacken, were in cantonments between Kieff and the Pruth. The 5th corps, 60,000 strong, under General Liders, was quartered about Odessa and in Bessarabia. The 6th corps, another body of 60,000 men, was quartered at Moscow. Two corps of cavalry of the reserve remained among their colonies at Kriven-shuk and Kharkoff. The 2nd corps, commanded by General Paniutine, was stationed in Poland. The 1st corps, under the orders of General Sievers, occupied the Baltic provinces and Lithuania. The Corps de la Garde, and that of the Grenadiers, each of 40,000 men (being still on a peace footing), were quartered in the capital, at Novogorod and Narva. The corps of the Caucasus, with its reserved division stationed at Taganrog, formed a force of 80,000 men. The troops in Mingrelia under the command of General Béboutoff, which were destined to operate in Asia Minor, amounted to 25,000 men. This force could at any time be reinforced by detachments from the army of Prince Woronzow. The Cossacks in the Principalities and in Asia were estimated at 60,000.

The Emperor Nicholas on receipt of the sultan's proclamation to the army at Shumla, issued a manifesto to his subjects which, also, largely partook of the religious element. His majesty, after stating that he had done all in his power to avert war, thus proceeded:—"To no purpose even have the principal powers of Europe sought by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman government. It has replied to the pacific efforts made by Europe, as well as to our forbearance, by a declaration of war, by a proclamation replete with false accusations against Russia. Finally, embodying in the ranks of its army the revolutionists of all countries, the Porte has commenced hostilities on the Danube. Russia is challenged to the fight; nothing, therefore, further remains for her but, in confident reliance upon God, to have recourse to arms in order to compel the Ottoman government to respect treaties, and obtain from it reparation for the offences by which it has responded to our

most moderate demands, and to our legitimate solicitude for the defence of the orthodox faith in the East which is equally professed by the Russian people. We are firmly convinced that our faithful subjects will join in the fervent prayers which we address to the Most High, that His hand may be pleased to bless our arms in the holy and just cause which has ever found ardent defenders in our pious ancestors. 'In thee, Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded.' A few days after this manifesto was signed at St. Petersburg, the first collision took place between the rival armies on the Danube. Previously to that time the Turks had occupied the right bank of the river, the Russians the left; and Omar Pasha had received instructions to avoid a collision, as the Four Powers were still endeavouring, at the instance of Austria, to bring about an amicable settlement of the dispute by negotiation. Early on the morning of Sunday, the 23rd of October, 1853, the first cannon announcing the commencement of actual hostilities boomed across the Danube. Eight gun-boats, with six companies on board, had on the preceding day been detached from the Russian flotilla stationed at Ismail, to proceed to Galatz and Ibraila in tow of two steamers, the "Pruth" of 100, and the "Vodinaretz" of 60 horse-power. On nearing Isaktscha, it became evident that the further progress of the boats would be opposed; upon which four guns were hastily brought down to the left bank from Satanova, where 6,000 Russians were posted, in order to cover the passage, and a cannonade immediately ensued from both sides across the river. The Turkish fire was soon diverted by the approach of the flotilla, upon which it was then directed; the cannonade was returned by the boats, and continued until it had ascended beyond the line of the Turkish fire. The passage was thus effected, and its success caused great animation along the Russian lines. The loss on their side was reported to be three killed and three wounded, at the Satanova battery; and in the boats, six killed and seventy wounded, and among those that fell was the commanding officer of the expedition. The damage done to the steamer and gun-boats was not material, but the Turkish battery was dismantled, and the village of Isaktscha was set in flames in two different places. On the night of the same day a Turkish force crossed over into Tchetal, one of the islands of the Delta opposite to Ismail, with guns, and opened fire upon the bridge of pontoons at that place. The officer who was sent to Shumla with the Porte's orders for a suspension of hostilities arrived there too late.

Omar Pasha calculating from the day on which he knew that his summons had been received by Prince Gortschakoff, considered the term of fifteen days as having expired on Sunday the 23rd, and therefore fired on the first Russian vessels that attempted to ascend the Danube. It was evident from conversations which Sir Hamilton Seymour had with Count Nesselrode after the affair at Isaktscha, that nothing would have been more acceptable to the czar at that time than a signal and decisive victory by Prince Gortschakoff over the troops commanded by Omar Pasha. The cabinet of St. Petersburg did all in its power to promote this end. It believed that the moral effect of a great victory by Russia over the Porte would be of immense value in Europe, and it has since transpired that Prince Gortschakoff had instructions to spare no exertion to gain a signal victory by arms. Count Nesselrode complained to Sir Hamilton Seymour that the English and French governments had taken up a most unfair position towards Russia. The Turks, he said, were at

liberty to attack any part of the Russian territory, whilst any attempt on the part of Russian ships to land troops on the coasts of Turkey would be met by the armed resistance of the Allied fleets. The affair between the two armies at Isaktscha was, he said, "unimportant," but he added, "it is possible that a few days may change the features of the case. A decided success obtained by Prince Gortschakoff may open the way to a speedy and satisfactory treaty of peace."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the cabinet of St. Petersburg waited in vain for the "decided success," which the army of Prince Gortschakoff was to accomplish.

[To be continued.]

THE RUSSIAN FOUNDLING.

It was at that moment of the last revolution of Poland when the valour and military skill of her sons gave them awhile the victory over the colossal might of their adversaries; when the dispirited Russians, decimated by cholera, offered but a feeble resistance to the vigorous attacks of the Polish troops, that a body of the latter, under Captain Count Radowski, were ordered to attack a Russian outpost. Ladislav Radowski, a young nobleman of high birth and large fortune, was one of the most promising officers in the Polish army. Though only twenty-two years of age, his courage and talents had distinguished him on many occasions. The command of the present expedition had been given to him by his colonel, as a mark of confidence, which Ladislav vowed to deserve. Admirably planned, and ably executed, the *coup de main* was fully successful. The Russians, surprised at night, dismayed and confused by the fire that burst from several parts of the village at once, without proper orders (for cholera was rife among them, and many of their officers were in the last agonies), were slaughtered in heaps, and those who escaped carried terror into the hearts of their comrades in the camp! The little Polish force returned in triumph—only two prisoners had been made, a woman and a child, who were saved by a Polish sergeant from a house in flames. The poor woman had been attacked by cholera; Ladislav ordered her to be carried, with all precaution possible under the circumstances, to his own quarters, but her corpse only reached the Polish camp. She appeared to have been a nurse in some family of distinction, for she wore the dress of a peasant in the interior provinces of Russia, but composed of rich and handsome materials. The child was seemingly about a year old; it had escaped the epidemic, and was in perfect health; its clothes were costly, but on them was no cipher or letter that could give a clue to the name of its family.

Radowski gave the poor little creature to the care of the sergeant who had saved it, till he should find means to restore it to its parents. The war between Poland and Russia was at that time carried on as a war between two independent countries; prisoners were exchanged, and flags of truce respected. About a week after the burning of the village, Radowski obtained permission to proceed with a flag of truce to the Russian head-quarters, to inquire for the parents or relations of the child, but his endeavours were vain. The general to whom he requested to speak was ill, the second in command received him with great indifference, and seemed little inclined to trouble himself about the affair. He told Radowski that most of the officers belonging to the detachment stationed in the village, had perished on the

night of the attack. This detachment was, moreover, to have been relieved on the following day, as it formed part of a division ordered to another quarter, whither its remains, officers and men, had already been sent. Moved, however, or perhaps fatigued by the young captain's pressing solicitations, the Russian promised that he would cause inquiries to be made, and would send to claim the child as soon as its parents were discovered.

Some weeks elapsed, and the child was still unclaimed. Ladislus not liking to leave the poor infant, accustomed to gentler nurture, to such rude care as it could receive in the camp, sent it to his widowed mother, a rich and amiable lady, whose vast possessions were in the neighbourhood of Warsaw. The Countess Radowicki received and treated the foundling with the greatest kindness, lavishing on it every attention its health could require, every luxury to which its seemingly high birth could entitle it. She was a devout Catholic, and her patriotism now inflaming her religious zeal, she regarded the Greek heresy with abhorrence; so, when some time had passed without bringing any tidings of the child's parents, and she began to regard him as her adopted son, she determined to bring him up in the Catholic religion, and had him christened by her own chaplain, giving him the name of Etienne, as it is a royal name in Poland, and it was the name of her late husband.

The sun of victory did not long shine on the Polish cause. Incalculably superior to the Poles in numbers, and in the command of the nerve of war, the Russians pressed on. What mattered to them a few thousands slain, or a few guns captured?—men and metal were easily replaced. On, on, the torrent rushed—the torrent that was to sweep Poland from the map of Europe!

Before the final catastrophe, the countess, listening to the entreaties of her son and of her friends, fled from her ill-fated country, and arrived safely in France, bringing with her the little Etienne.

But her son remained, and fought and bled to the last—a hero among the heroes who defended Warsaw. Cut down on the night when the Russians entered the devoted city, he was saved by two soldiers, who dragged him from under a heap of slain, and managed to convey him out of the town to his mother's estate, where the faithful peasants concealed him till he was sufficiently recovered to seek for safety in flight. Fortunately the Russian officer by whom he had been wounded, and who saw him fall, boasted of having killed the "daring Radowicki," and his name figured in a list of the principal rebels who had been slain in the assault. Thus, without the apprehension of pursuit, he set out alone on foot, almost without money, and at length, after cruel sufferings and privations, reached the frontier of France. Here he was not only safe, but welcome. The sympathy of all France was with the gallant Pole—not a peasant but would have shared his crust with the exile—scarce a rich man but would welcome him to his house. He was soon in Paris, and in his mother's arms. She had heard reports of his death, but refused to believe them. Amid her intense grief for the fate of her country—among her agonising fears for her son's safety, a voice whispered—"he will be preserved." Often she had mistrusted it, and despair for a time had nearly conquered her; then she had hoped again and prayed, and her prayers had been heard.

Neither misfortune nor exile could subdue Radowicki's independent and energetic spirit. His first care was for his mother. Nearly all the money she had been able to

bring with her was now expended; but she had preserved her jewels—they were of immense value, many of them heirlooms in her own as well as her husband's family, and though sold for much less than their intrinsic value, Ladislus found that the sum they produced, judiciously invested, would give his mother the means of living in tolerable comfort. This was all he had hoped for. He might now have availed himself of the promised assistance of a distinguished personage to obtain some government appointment, and entering the brilliant *salons* that his high birth and connections would have thrown open to him—have trusted to his handsome person and elegant manners to win for him the hand of some wealthy heiress. But he could not degenerate into a fortune-hunter, nor become, like many of his compatriots, a political adventurer. All he asked from his influential friend was to procure him the rank of sub-lieutenant in the French foreign legion. This done, he took leave of his mother, and embarked for Algeria.

His courage, talent, and energy, could not fail to bring him into notice wherever he went, and in little more than two years he became a lieutenant, with the cross of the Legion of Honour. A short time after his promotion, a letter apprised him that his mother was dangerously ill. He immediately obtained leave of absence, and arrived in Paris in time only to see her expire. The little Etienne, who was now nearly four years old, ran to him and called him "father," for the countess had told him that his father, for whom she had taught him to kiss his prayers night and morning, was soon coming home. The poor child was now all that Ladislus had in the world to love.

"I will take him with me, and bring him up as a soldier," said the exile, "it will be better than to leave him to the care of mercenaries; if he is ill, I shall tend him; if he dies, it will not be from neglect."

And he went back to Algeria, taking Etienne with him. In barracks, in camp, on the march, the child accompanied him—everywhere Radowicki contrived to provide for the boy's comfort, often at the expense of his own, and it seemed as if Providence assisted him. Etienne grew strong and healthy, handsome in person, frank and generous in disposition, and, like most of the Russians, he possessed quickness and facility for learning, and Radowicki took great delight in cultivating these abilities. He was himself highly educated, and since entering the foreign legion, study had been the chief resource of his leisure, for though in his corps there were many brave and honourable men, there were none with whom Radowicki could feel an equality; he, therefore, kept aloof from their society as much as he could without giving offence. The education of Etienne was thus his only solace and pleasure; and, doubtless, the boy loved his early lessons the more for coming to him from one he loved, not at regular or fixed times, but in hours snatched here and there—in the tent, in the open country, or to enliven the monotony of garrison life. No one but Radowicki knew the history of Etienne, who passed for the son, and bore the name of his adopted father, to whom he was now as dear as a son could be.

It was for the sake of Etienne that Radowicki, now a captain (having served ten years in Africa), availed himself of the privilege which that term of service in the foreign legion gave him, to exchange into a French regiment. He joined one returning to France, for he wished to place the boy, who was now twelve years old, at one of the royal colleges in Paris. The small fortune

left by his mother was sufficient for the education and maintenance of the youth. It was hard to part with him even for a time, but all his vacations were passed with Radowski, in whatever part of France his father was quartered.

Captain Radowski's abilities procured for him the esteem and respect of his own comrades, and a military work he published brought him under the notice of the general commanding the division to which he belonged, who, appreciating the talent and other qualities of the exile as they deserved, obtained for him in time promotion to the rank of major, and a valuable staff appointment. Radowski's birth and noble bearing contributed, perhaps, not a little to win him the esteem of the general, who was a man of noble family and aristocratic sympathies. But whatever the cause of it, this patronage was a most fortunate thing, not only for Radowski, but for Etienne, who having distinguished himself greatly at his college, ardently desired, when he was about seventeen, to enter the Polytechnic School. Though his attainments were quite up to the required standard, his adopted father feared that his foreign birth would militate against the accomplishment of this desire; but through the influence of General de B——, all difficulties were overcome, and Etienne having passed a brilliant examination, was admitted into the school, which in due time he left as sub-lieutenant of Engineers—in France the highest branch of the service. The Revolution of '48 swept over France, and General de B—— no longer possessed the influence formerly so useful to his friends; but Etienne's career was already assured.

At the close of the year 1853, Etienne, now lieutenant in the *Génie*, was at Toulon; the regiment of the line, to the colonelcy of which Radowski had just been appointed, was also quartered there. At that time there was at Toulon an officer of rank, the Count de Marsau, who, rich and hospitable, frequently entertained the principal inhabitants of the town and the officers of the garrison. His wife selected from among his numerous guests, and invited to her own special *réunions* all those whose rank, fortune, or superior manners, distinguished them a little from the crowd. Colonel Radowski and Etienne were soon placed on Madame de Marsau's list, and both became especial favourites of this lady, who, handsome, gay, elegant, and passionately fond of amusement, was the real type of a Parisienne, and for whom the soft, insinuating manners that the better class both of Poles and Russians usually possess, had a great charm. Madame de Marsau was a little thoughtless and extravagant, and as her husband, who was some twenty (she said thirty) years older than herself, was obliged sometimes to oppose her whims or check her generosity, she accused him of stinginess. But had a Rothschild given her half his revenues to spend, she would have complained of the parsimony that kept back the rest. Monsieur de Marsau, a man about fifty-five years of age, was of high family, but had once been poor. Some of his wife's relations were wealthy stockbrokers and bankers, and, thanks to their assistance, he had made some fortunate speculations. He had also inherited the fortune of his uncle, the Cardinal de B——, and was now a rich man. Monsieur and Madame de Marsau had an only daughter, a very beautiful girl, very much spoiled, just seventeen years old, and who was now the most attractive object in the *salon* of her mother, though that lady was still very pretty.

Etienne soon became the favourite partner of Pauline

de Marsau. His graceful figure, elegant deportment, and lively conversation, justified her preference. Those graces and accomplishments that make men shine in a ball-room or boudoir, were probably inborn with Etienne, as with many of his race, while the education he had received, and the way in which his adopted father had from infancy trained his heart and mind, gave weight to his conversation and dignity to his bearing. Madame and Mademoiselle de Marsau were more enchanted with him every day. Not only was he a constant guest at their house, but accompanied them in their rides, for Radowski had lately given him a beautiful Arab that had just been brought from Algiers. This had been a costly present, but Radowski was so gratified to see his beloved Etienne mounted on his fleet courser that he thought not of the sacrifice, while he himself, at the head of his regiment, bestrode a respectable Limousin charger, more servicable than ornamental. A very handsome pair were Etienne and Pauline; so thought Radowski as they cantered past him one day, followed by Madame de Marsau and another gentleman, *en route* to one of their favourite resorts. The fair complexion of the northern youth, untanned even by the sun of Africa, his light hair and blue eyes, whose expression was rather melancholy, contrasted with the beauty of Pauline, whose hair was black as jet, and whose dark eyes had in them all the fire of the south.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the result of the intimate acquaintance of the young people was that Etienne and Pauline conceived for each other a warm attachment. It was Pauline's first, and Etienne's first serious love; and as Pauline, in consequence of her father's occupations and her mother's gaieties, was less strictly watched than young French girls of her age usually are, the young people found means to convey their sentiments to each other.

It was, we have said, Etienne's first serious love; so serious, indeed, that he felt the happiness of his life was bound up in it. Glory, honours, which had till now been his dreams, were nothing if not shared by her; for her he could be—he could dare—anything; without her, he valued neither glory, riches, nor life itself.

Unfortunately all this devotion was lavished on a not very worthy object. Pauline, though intelligent, accomplished, and apparently of gentle disposition, was vain, giddy, and selfish. She loved Etienne for his beauty, his wit, his dancing, and his riding; his higher qualities she did not appreciate. Even his affection, if she had been able to understand the true nature of it, she could not have valued as it deserved. However, she really loved him just now, and her feelings, if not durable, were pretty violent while they lasted.

A short time after the mutual avowal of their affection, while Etienne was turning in his mind how he should break the matter to his father, the latter entered his room, looking unusually serious. "Etienne," he began, abruptly, "I fear my dread of giving you pain has made me keep silence too long on a most important subject. I have perceived that you entertain for Mademoiselle de Marsau feelings, which I regret to tell you, are wasted. Do not interrupt me. Her parents will never allow her to marry a poor officer whose courage and talents are all his fortune. Reflect, Etienne, and while there is yet time, break off this intimacy, and do not expose your pride and mine to the mortification of being rejected by Monsieur de Marsau, perhaps in terms which I should resent as insults."

"Father," said Etienne, "it is now too late. Pauline knows of my love—I am convinced of hers; and she

assures me that her parents love her far too dearly to sacrifice her happiness to interest. Besides," continued the young man, and his eyes flashed as he spoke, "why should Monsieur de Marsan despise me? Is not my birth equal to his? Am I not in a noble profession, whose highest honours are showered on those who deserve them? And do you think that the steps of your son can falter in the path of glory?"

Radowski had never told the young man that he was not his son.

With great sorrow the colonel saw that his reasoning was useless. Etienne had such faith in Pauline and in his own good fortune that all efforts to rouse him from his dream were unavailing.

On the same evening, Pauline, never doubting that all her wishes would be complied with, informed her mother of Etienne's declaration, and of the state of her own heart. The news came like a thunderclap to Madame de Marsan, who was too occupied with dress, amusements, and the care of her elegant establishment, to pay much attention to her daughter's flirtations. Her own father had found a husband, and altogether a good sort of one for her; matters had gone on smoothly enough, for though fond of admiration and rather giddy, Madame de Marsan had no real vice in her; and, moreover, not being energetic enough to entertain a *grande passion*, had never disgraced her husband's name, nor injured her reputation. She supposed that her daughter's destiny would be much like her own, and never expected to hear of the young lady's making her own selection. She felt that her husband would tolerate no such innovation, and though she wisely abstained from making a disturbance, or even scolding, she spoke more seriously than Pauline had ever heard her speak before, the gist of what she said being, that Pauline had better be a good girl, think no more of Etienne, and wait for a husband till her father should find one for her. Seeing that her mother could be of no use to her in the matter, Pauline retired to her own room, but not to rest. She waited till her father returned from a whist party at the Préfet's, and throwing herself into his arms, with tears and sobs told him her tale. The effect was not exactly what she had anticipated; placing his daughter gently in a chair, Monsieur de Marsan called his wife, and asked her, in a sharp tone, how she had allowed all this to come to pass. This rebuke, and one or two things said by way of corollary, had, unluckily for Monsieur de Marsan, the effect of enlisting his wife on the side of his daughter. The scene was long and tempestuous—Pauline vowing she should die if her love were opposed; Madame de Marsan accusing her husband of wishing to sacrifice his daughter.

"A very excellent man, and, I believe, of good family, but without any fortune," said Monsieur de Marsan.

"You are rich enough to establish your daughter splendidly without marrying her to a rich man," retorted Madame de Marsan, who always thought her husband's pocket must be inexhaustible. Assailed by sobs, hysterics, and threats of despair and death, the poor man was obliged to purchase the peaceful departure of the ladies by promising them, at length, that he would reflect, and speak to them again on the matter next morning.

Monsieur de Marsan really passed the whole night in reflection. He loved his daughter tenderly, and had not the slightest intention of sacrificing her. But he knew her disposition well, and judged rightly that her love for Etienne was but a caprice, and that once it had passed away, he should have (with her beauty and the fortune

he could give her) no difficulty in finding among the rich and noble families with whom he was connected, a husband who would please her as much as Etienne now did, and whose worldly position would be infinitely superior to that of the lieutenant. Still, knowing the violence of Pauline's temper, and the usual effect of opposition in love affairs, he resolved to compromise the matter by giving her hopes that he would consent to the match when Etienne had attained the rank of captain, which in the *Génie* is equal to that of major in the army. As Etienne had been a lieutenant little more than a year, Monsieur de Marsan felt pretty sure that long before his promotion could take place, Pauline would forget him and smile upon another. As to the young man's feelings, he never took them into account. It is a great deal when a man of the world can think of the feelings even of his only daughter.

The affair was so settled, apparently to the satisfaction of all parties—Madame de Marsan rejoicing to see her daughter smiling and happy again; Pauline imagining that her father would consent before the specified time, yet perhaps even already a little less anxious on the subject, as her wishes appeared easier of accomplishment; Etienne trusting implicitly in Pauline's constancy, and sanguine of speedy promotion and of a brilliant career. The rumours that were rife of a war with Russia helped to inflame his imagination and fill his heart with hopes, nor could he conceive why, as the reports gained credence, his father became daily more gloomy in countenance and dejected in spirit. "Now is the time to avenge our country," exclaimed the young man one day when they were together. Radowski, with his eyes fixed on the ground, answered moodily, "Perhaps," and turned away.

At length, war was declared. The division to which Etienne belonged expected immediate orders to proceed to the East. His joy and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Now he should soon attain the rank that was to enable him to claim the hand of Pauline—now he would have opportunities of distinguishing himself, and would return loaded with honours. Pauline shared his raptures, and seemed hardly to think of the grief of a temporary separation from her lover. This little circumstance did not escape her father, who was also delighted with the course events were taking, as they seemed likely to rid him of Etienne sooner than he had hoped. He received the young man most cordially, and congratulated him on the opportunities he would now have of displaying his courage and talents.

Radowski had gone to Paris on military business about a week before the declaration of war took place, and did not return to Tonlon until two or three days after intelligence of the event had been received. Etienne ran to embrace him, and hastened to pour forth his hopes and joys. But at each word he spoke, the countenance of Radowski became more gloomy; tears (the first he had shed since his mother's death) trickled down his cheeks. At length, when Etienne stood mute with astonishment, he said, in a voice tremulous with grief, "Etienne, I must quench your enthusiasm, destroy your hopes, and inflict a deep wound on your heart. Etienne, you can take no part in this war—you are not my son—you are a Russian—you cannot bear arms against your country;" and in hurried accents he told the young man all his history.

Sentences of death would have sounded less harshly in the ears of Etienne than this intelligence. He could no longer claim as a father the man who had bestowed on him more than a father's affection, and whom he always

loved as a parent; he was not even of his country, but belonged to a nation he had learned to hate, and whose laws and usages he abhorred. All his hopes of glory and of love were crushed. Radowicki had said, "I have obtained from the minister-of-war that you shall be immediately removed to another division, either in France or in Algeria;" but how far from him were now all prospects of advancement. Honours and rewards would be given to those whose better fate called them to the field of war, and he must lead an inglorious life, remain in an inferior position, and give up all thoughts of Pauline, for he felt now for the first time that her constancy might not be proof against long suspense, and that with the prestige of glory and superior rank, he might lose his greatest hold on her affections.

Once, in his despair, he started up, and exclaimed, "Well, what do I care for a country to which I owe nothing. I will serve France, to whom I owe my fortune—my sword; and Poland, to whom I owe a father."

"You may then sink the mine that will hurl your real father to destruction, or choose the spot for the battery whose guns will mow down your brothers," said Radowicki.

Etienne, hiding his face between his hands, remained silent, and to all appearance insensible. Radowicki felt that all attempts at consolation would, at such a moment, be useless, and left him alone.

(To be continued.)

BED-ROOM VENTILATION.

It has been shown that in one minute forty persons consume at least as much oxygen as would be contained in eighteen gallons of pure atmosphere; and emit, in the act of breathing, an amount of carbonic acid equal in volume to the oxygen consumed. Now, whether forty persons breathe in a confined atmosphere for one minute, or one person for forty minutes, the effect produced must be the same. One person, then, respiring a confined atmosphere for forty minutes, or, if you like, two persons respiring a confined atmosphere twenty minutes, convert, as it were, the vital principle of no less than eighteen gallons of this atmosphere into a deadly poison. Eighteen gallons of air rendered injurious instead of life-giving by two persons in twenty minutes! Fifty-four gallons so changed in an hour! Eight times fifty-four gallons—upwards of four hundred and thirty gallons—of air not only deprived of all creative power, but absolutely poisoned, by two persons during a moderately long night's rest. Need anything more be said to show the importance of bed-room ventilation? Is it necessary to state that the sickening odours, so perceptible at the first of the morning in an ill-ventilated sleeping-apartment, arise from the fact that a considerable volume of carbonic acid, with the vapour of perspiration and the other animal exhalations, are mingled with the atmosphere of the chamber? Science proves that all these products are deadly poisons. Nature expels them from the system because they poison the system. Yet we insist on enclosing them within four walls. We shut up doors, windows, and even chimney-places, that not a particle may escape. Nay, we surround our beds with close-drawn curtains for the express purpose, it would seem, of preventing ventilation—for the express purpose of hugging close the poisonous atmosphere of our own bodies, and so re-absorbing into our systems the very atoms which, by the laws of God, have been cast out because they are detrimental. That we do re-absorb these poisons needs no proof.

DEPLORANDA.

'Tis pity forms from beauty's mould
Should break like clay;
'Tis pity clust'ring locks of gold
Should turn to gray;
'Tis pity that the friends who now
Bring smiles and flowers,
Should greet us coldly when the brow
Of fortune lowers—
That friends, in youth sincere and pure
And warm as May,
When worldly thoughts of self inure,
Should fall away.
'Tis pity that so brief should be
All human bliss—
That what's most bright should soonest flee:
Yet, so it is:
For all bright things are swiftly gone,
And melt away
Like silver dew before the sun.
Ah, well-a-day!
Alas! for earth's illusive joys!
Alas! alas!
For those who set their hearts on toys,
And hopes that pass
Like summer grass—like summer grass!

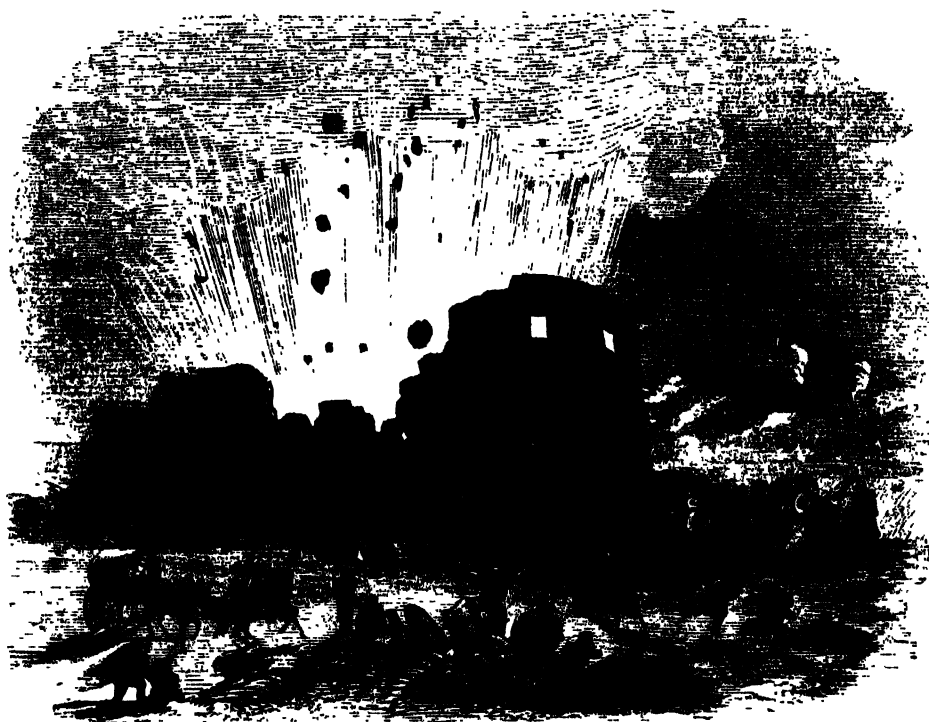
C. D.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The most famous of the artesian wells of the present day is that at Grenelle, near Paris. It was originally proposed by M. Peligot, one of the superintendents of hospitals at Paris; and M. Mulet, a smith, who had successfully sunk an artesian well at Epinay, for the Marchioness De Groullet, was appointed to carry out the undertaking. Great difficulty and considerable doubt attended the progress of the undertaking, and success was only obtained after boring to the enormous depth of 1,798 feet, or rather more than one-third of a mile. The upper stratum, or tertiary deposit, was about 45 feet in thickness; the next was formed of 370 feet of grey chalk with iron pyrites; then followed wealden clay, grey sand, sandy clay, with ammonites and other fossils; and at length, after an expenditure of about £12,000, the inexhaustible reservoir was reached. In the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick the water was obtained at a depth of 329 feet, after passing through 19 feet of gravel, 242 feet of clay and loam, and 67 feet of chalk. In boring for a well at St. Ouen, in France, five distinct sheets of water rushed up as from a vast fountain with considerable force. The well at Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton's brewery is sunk to a depth of 400 feet, yields 81 gallons per minute, and cost in sinking a sum of nearly £6,000. The well which supplies the fountains in Trafalgar-square is nearly 700 feet in depth, it having been dug 300 feet, and bored to a further depth of 400 feet. It affords a sufficient supply to keep three steam-engines, one of 40-horse power, and two of 30-horse power constantly at work.

A SHORT SERMON.

There was a much shorter sermon than Dean Swift's preached, as I have often heard, by probably one of the most eloquent preachers who have ever adorned a pulpit, the late Dean Kirwan. He was pressed (while suffering from a severe cold) to preach in the Church of St. Peter's in Dublin, for, I believe, the orphan children in the parish school; he tried to excuse himself, but at last yielded, ill as he was. After mounting the pulpit, while the church was crowded to suffocation, and having given out the text, he merely pointed with his hand to the orphan children in the aisle, and said, "*There they are.*" It is said the collection on that occasion exceeded all belief. Dean Kirwan left a son, the present eloquent Dean of Limerick.—*Notes and Queries.*



THE MALAKHOFF TOWER.

THE Russians have succeeded, notwithstanding the efforts of the Allies, in strengthening the Malakhoff Tower. They also threw up some new entrenchments a few days ago, a little to the right of Gordon's Hill. A Lancaster gun was, however, soon brought down to the right of the 21-gun battery, and after a few discharges from it, the workmen were compelled to desist and beat a hasty retreat. A heavy fire of shells was speedily thrown from the Malakhoff works, both at the Lancaster and Gordon batteries, but without doing much injury. At night, the necessary dispositions being made, the Allies worked in concert at a covered approach in a direction toward the new Russian work, which daylight alone exposed to the attention of the enemy. This approach was connected on the left with the advanced works on Frenchman's Hill; on the right with the line of advanced works held by the French on the Inkerman heights. This double advance of the enemy on the east and west sides of the deep ravine which leads to Careening Bay, is now the chief subject of interest in the right attack, and must within a very short time lead to a closer struggle. Large working parties still continue the approaches recently commenced towards Gordon's hill.

The shells from the Lancaster guns were fired into the tower with very great precision, and from a loud explosion which followed the descent of one of them, it was believed that the magazine had blown up. Some of the guns were silenced, but whatever the nature of the injury might have been, it was repaired before daylight, and on the following morning the tower opened its fire with more than usual energy. This is but another proof of the enormous resources within the reach of the enemy.

A PERSONAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE CZAR.

WITH A VIEW OF HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS.

CHAPTER II.

*Crowns have their compass—length of days their date—
Triumphs their tomb—felicity her fate.—King James I.*

TIME had not been idle while the Duke Nicholas was sojourning in England, and brief as his absence had been, great changes had already occurred, and yet greater ones were looming in the distance. The court of Alexander no longer wore that gay and brilliant aspect of festivity for which it was once so celebrated. The Angel of Death was hovering over the Winter Palace, and its dark shadow was already on the threshold—Alexander's health had given way and his mind was haunted with the presentiment of his approaching doom—

"He paused for the footfall of fate in his ear."

Depression, uneasiness, and a certain indefinable sense of coming sorrow were visible on the countenances of the courtiers; and Nicholas, unable to find a home in the palace, sought a refuge in matrimony from the cares and misgivings of a distracted court. On the 13th of July, 1817, he was married to Maria Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia. This alliance, which is said to have been pre-arranged between Alexander and King Frederick William III., was solemnised at St. Petersburg, the royal bridegroom being scarcely twenty-one, and his bride about two years younger. In accordance with the law the young princess had previously adopted the Greek religion, and with it the Christian names of Alexandre Feodorowna. "It is more than probable," says a recent writer, "that the late King of Prussia as a zealous Protestant would not have consented to an alliance with a Russian prince, had not the plan already been foreshadowed

of substituting Nicholas for Constantine as successor to the Russian throne; neither is the fact of his always calling her the Princess Charlotte instead of by either of her adopted Græco-Russian names, less indicative of King William's repugnance to his daughter's new religion."

When a woman is newly married she is usually an object of some attraction to her husband, and of some curiosity to her neighbours. This profound and original observation suggests the propriety of saying a few words about the *personnel* of the lady who, as we have already recorded, was united to the future czar on the 18th of July, 1817. To conclude that the Grand-Duchess—queen that was to be—was not strikingly and effulgently beautiful, seems to be but a natural inference from the fact that there was considerable difference of opinion on the subject of her looks. By the side of the plump and crimson-checked ladies of Russia, she seems to have been deficient in that fulness of form, and that bloom and freshness of colour which, in northern latitudes, are deemed essential to female loveliness. But this, after all, is a matter of opinion, and it cannot be imputed as a fault to a lily that it is not a rose. It is admitted on all hands that her stature was faultless—that she was "just the right height for a woman," and that there was peculiar dignity in her deportment. And what though her lip were hueless, and her cheek pale—"O call it not pale but fair!"—her brow was intellectual, and when she smiled there was no want of

"That mysterious light, the soul
Itself unsex, sheds through the face."

The late Marquis of Londonderry described her beauty as something quite remarkable; but then the marquis was very impressionable, and some allowance ought probably to be made for the soldierly enthusiasm of his character. The Marquis de Custine, who was of a colder and more discriminative nature, is prodigal in his praises of her figure and demeanour, but he cautiously abstains from committing himself to an opinion on her general beauty. "I saw the empress," he says, "rapidly descending the flight of steps in front of the pretty English-looking habitation which the emperor built in the magnificent park of Peterhoff, in the style of those villas of Gothic architecture so numerous on the banks of the Thames near Twickenham. The empress is tall, slender, and singularly graceful; she has certain motions of the hands and arms which cannot be forgotten; she was dressed in white, and wore a little white bonnet; her eyes had a melancholy expression about them, yet sweet and serene; her face was surrounded with the folds of a lace veil, a transparent scarf was draped about her shoulders, completing a most elegant morning toilette. Never had she appeared to me to greater advantage." Such is the picture that M. Custine has left us of the now Dowager Empress of all the Russias. The Prince Kolowsky was far more gracious, and did not hesitate to describe her as "a lovely woman." But

"Time, as he flies on his viewless wings,
Disenamels and withers all earthly things,"

and that not even queens—alas! that we should write it—are exempt from his desolating influences,—this royal lady affords in her own person a striking illustration. That gentleness of tone, and that placid dignity of manner which, like the tender light of sunset to a landscape, are better to a woman, in the autumn of her life, than the golden splendour of her noon-day beauty, the czarina does not seem to have been so fortunate as to retain. M. Michelson, who resided in St. Petersburg only a few

years ago and had frequent opportunities of seeing her majesty, describes her as a meagre person, of a broken constitution, her complexion sickly, her features convulsively nervous, her look unsteady, and her brow stern and haughty. The famous saying of St. Augustine, *melius fodere quam saltare*—it is better to dig than to dance, does not seem to have found much favour with the empress, for she is passionately fond of dancing—or she was so before the war broke out—and all travellers are agreed in describing her court as the very home of Terpsichore. That wretched little boy in "Blenk House," who was apprenticed to a dancing-master and was obliged to practise his steps by himself in a back-kitchen, with the key turned upon him, would have been provided with more comfortable quarters if he had had the good fortune to reside in the city of the czar. Whether those most delicious of all dancing airs, the *Olga* and the *Cracovienné*, are of Russian origin, as their names would seem to imply, is more than we can undertake to say, but we should be glad to think that we were indebted to the Winter Palace for anything half so enchanting.

"The dance goes pulsing to that Olga tune,
Whose melody even intoxicates the ear."

sings Mr. Copley in his "Reginald Mohun," and he is right for in the whole world of music there is nothing more delightful. But it will not do to think of it, else we shall begin to dance, which is not what the reader just now expects from us. A scandalous *on-dit* which for some years has pursued the queen mother's reputation for sanity, is that she is given to the practice of tight lacing, but this, readers, we dismiss contemptuously, not believing it possible that any lady ever has been or ever will be guilty of so foolish a proceeding. What we should greatly prefer to begin on, and what we positively will not fail to speak of with much greater pleasure, is the conduct of Madame Nicholas—as her husband used to call her in private life—during the prevalence of cholera in 1848-9, when her noble precept and fearless example inspired with hope and heroism the panic-stricken population, who, like the Londoners during the plague of 1665, were rushing out of the city as if it were in flames.

Though it might be hazardous to deny that considerations of *convenance* may have excited a certain influence on the Grand Duke Nicholas in his selection of a king's daughter for his wife, it cannot be questioned that the union was on the whole a happy one, and that there existed between the parties rather more of conjugal affection than historians, who, to speak the truth, are somewhat censorious, have been usually able to discover in the alliances of princely personages. Assuredly, the matrimonial experiences of this royal couple were entirely unembittered by those domestic broils which darkened and desolated the life of Prince Constantine from the day when, in an evil hour, he entrusted his destiny to that brilliant and beautiful, but passionate and impetuous lady—Juana Guidinská. Nicholas and his young wife took up their residence at the Palace of Anitschkoff, within two miles of St. Petersburg, and for eight years they continued to live there, not only in retirement, but in almost absolute solitude. There it was that their eldest son, Alexander Nicolaiwitsch, the present czar, was born, one year after their marriage. In 1819 followed the birth of the Grand-Duchess Maria (Duchess of Leuchtenburg), and in 1822, that of the Grand-Duchess of Olga (Crown Princess of Wurtemberg). Nicholas had the rank of head inspector of engineers, but his military duties were almost nominal, and "he

was never admitted to the council table when political and diplomatic questions were discussed." His active mind took refuge in study, and it is well known that during those years of seclusion he devoted himself assiduously to the task of remedying the deficiencies of his neglected education. He bestowed considerable attention on the abstract sciences, familiarised himself with history, at least in its chronological aspects, and acquired the French language so as to speak it with something of the purity and fluency of a well-bred Parisian. There, too, he acquired such a passionate yet undiscerning taste for the Fine Arts as enabled him in after years to engraft upon the barbarism of his country that superficial civilization which provoked the bitter sarcasm of Theodore Hook, that Russia was a bear with a French bonnet on her head! His habits were plain, simple, and frugal; and it is said that amid the splendid solitudes which subsequently surrounded him, he was not unfrequently heard to remark that the happiest days of his life were those which he spent at Anitschkoff. He was fond of his wife, and although one of his biographers assures us that more lately he allowed himself a latitude which, it may be observed, he rarely permitted to any of his courtiers, it is very certain that for a long series of years nothing could exceed the tenderness and minuteness of his attentions to her. A few illustrative anecdotes may be culled from many. A couple of years after her marriage, the Grand-Duchess paid a visit to her father at Berlin. Nicholas two days after her departure took post, travelled *incog.* and arrived in the Prussian capital one hour before his consort, who was not a little surprised to be welcomed by her husband. It is said to have been the only time that he was observed to indulge in a hearty laugh. Nor was this affection limited to the period during which their union had still the charm of novelty. During the burning of the Winter Palace, in 1836 (says Grötsch), Count Orloff reported to the emperor that the fire was about reaching the imperial private cabinet, or study, and asked him what he desired to be saved in it, as no time was to be lost. "Only my portfolio," was the reply, "it contains the letters of the empress, which she wrote to me during our engagement." When her health became impaired, and she was unable to leave her apartment, he used frequently to visit her there; and it is related, that at the time of the imperial visit to Naples, in 1847, he used to carry her up and down stairs in his arms. These traits of almost feminine tenderness, in one who often displayed so much of the opposite quality, are amongst the strange contrarieties of human nature, and deserve a place in the personal memoirs of this remarkable man.

Life's restless current flowed softly and noiselessly along while Nicholas devoted himself to his wife, his children, and his books, in the happy solitude of Anitschkoff. But it was not written in the stars by the finger of Providence that this tranquillity should continue. Already the day was rapidly approaching when Nicholas should exchange the gentle felicity of a country life for a career of lawless violence and guilty splendour. It does not comport with the modest pretensions of this brief memoir, which we design to invest as much as possible with a purely personal character, that we should examine the policy of Alexander, or explain the relations which in his time existed between Russia and the rest of Europe. Suffice it to say, that the emperor had outlived his popularity, and that many and frivolous were the causes of dissatisfaction which the *boyars* had, or affected to

have with him. His non-intervention in favour of Greece, during the revolution in that country, was probably his gravest offence. "It was argued that the acknowledged head of the Greek Church had no right to stand idly by, and calmly regard the slaughter of its highest functionaries and a vast number of its true children, that church having for a long series of years been placed peculiarly under the immediate protection of Russia. This argument was especially employed by the agitating parties to excite the clergy and rouse amongst the community the liveliest sympathy for Greece." But Alexander turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances, looked on with silent sorrow and made no sign. Perhaps he thought with the poet—

"Greeks only should free Greece;
Not the barbarian with his mask of peace.
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossack's prowling caravan;
Better still toil for masters than await
The slave of slaves before a Russian gate.
Numbered by hordes, a human capital—
A live estate, existing but for thrall.
Lotted by thousands, as a sweet reward
For the first courtier, in the czar's regard:
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes.
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the camel, than purvey the bear!"

Inwardly torn by conflicting counsels the emperor still remained inactive, while there was brewing around him a tempest which, had not death come to the relief of the distracted monarch, would probably have swept the diadem from his brow and the sceptre from his hand. It was in the middle of November that, oppressed with the intolerable burden of his sovereignty, tired of imperial pomp, affrighted with the phantoms of Madame Krudnesses's dismal mysticism, sick—heartily sick of life, Alexander retreated, in vain pursuit of peace, to the fragrant gardens of Toganrog, in Southern Russia, where he breathed his last in the arms of his Scotch physician, Sir James Wylie, on the first day of December, 1825.

No sooner had Nicholas been warned of the death of the emperor—which intelligence reached him while he was engaged in prayer with the rest of the imperial family in the chapel of the Winter Palace—that he hastened to the senate-house, where he volunteered to take the oath of allegiance to his elder brother Constantine, who was then residing at Warsaw with the title of generalissimo of the Polish forces, and whom he professed to regard as "the legitimate heir to the Russian throne by birthright." The state-council replied by appealing to a certain sealed packet deposited by the late emperor with the senate, on the understanding that after his death it should be opened in an extraordinary sitting, before any other operation was enacted. The packet was found to contain two documents. The first, a letter from Constantine to Alexander, dated January 14th, 1822; tendering his resignation from the throne; the second, a short note from Alexander signifying his assent to the request. Whether Nicholas was aware of the contents of the packet before it was opened is a mystery on which the grave has now closed for ever, but it is generally supposed that he had learned from his mother the whole state of the case. However this may be, it is at least certain that he expressed unbounded amazement, declaring that he was no emperor; that he did not wish to be one at the expense of his brother, and that not until Constantine had renewed his determination to resign would he put forward any claim to the throne. A tedious

correspondence ensued, and three weeks elapsed before—to use a familiar expression—the royal bird who could sing and wouldn't sing, was compelled to sing. He ascended the throne on the 24th of December, 1825.

This singular display of the *nolo episcopari* spirit has furnished a subject of extravagant encomium to all the panegyrists of the late czar, but it may be questioned how far this eulogy would stand the analysis of truth. A fanatical submission to priority of birth was a manifest departure from that iron rule of obedience to the imperial command which always marked the policy of Nicholas; while on the other hand the idea that he can have declined the crown, through any feeling of devoted affection for his brother, seems scarcely reconcilable with the fact that he was not on speaking terms with Constantine at the time. Neither is it very easy to believe that his unwillingness to undertake the kingly office can have arisen from any extraordinary sensitiveness of conscience on the subject of incurring the responsibility of governing sixty millions of his fellow-creatures, for his subsequent career shows that he looked upon life as a game of skittles, and knocked down men with as little compunction as if they were nine-pins. When all these things are taken into consideration, it may perhaps still sound uncharitable, but it can scarcely be deemed unreasonable to conclude that the reluctance which Nicholas displayed to assume the imperial purple, was little better than what is known amongst ladies as “coquetry,” and that though he seemed much afflicted, he was inwardly rejoiced at the prospect of his royal destiny. In fact, his sorrow does not appear to have been much deeper than that of Mr. Sable, the undertaker in Steele's play, of whom it is recorded that though he was paid for being sorrowful, yet the more money he got the gladder he was.

C. D.

“THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.”

I HAD always been of a jealous temperament—the spell of the green-eyed monster had been upon me from my birth. Happy am I that I can say *had*: I have been taught wisdom by experience. The waters of my life have been troubled, but there has been healing in the troubling.

I was born in a village in the West of England, one of the sunniest spots I ever beheld; a quiet rural hamlet, strange to all progress; as it had been in the days when Cavaliers and Roundheads fought, so was it in the days I knew it; the same white cottages, the same old trees, the same ivy-clad church, the same quiet old kirkyard; and still and quiet, as of yore, the little stream, for speckled trout so famed, wound its way by the glad woods, tranquil and beautiful as when Isaac Walton sat on the green bank enjoying his “gentle” art. I had lost my father ere I knew the loss, but I remember the flat stone in the churchyard, with his name inscribed thereon, just below that of a baby brother, who died two years before I was born. How many quaint old childish memories cling round that stone—how many odd fancies find lodgment in a child's brain about the dead and gone—how hard it sometimes seemed to think of a father and a baby brother asleep under the earth, when the thick snow was on the ground, and we were merry in the full blaze of the fire-light at home. I lived with my mother, a gentle, loving woman, who never left off her weeds. They were happy days, might have been still happier, but for the black spot of jealousy in my heart, which grudged a smile or a kind word if given to another. To wander with my mother in the woods, or in the green fields; to walk by

the side of the little stream, rippling like a silver ribbon in the light; to sit on a grassy knoll and listen to her soft voice, and look into her mild eyes—these were sources of great happiness to me. I was a strange child, and cared but little for the sports which children love. I soon learned to read, and then books were my companions; I had a sort of weird brotherhood, and read, and read, and read myself into premature manhood. Before I knew how to read I studied pictures—old engravings in queer heavily bound books. I learned the History of England before I could read a word: Alfred in the Danish Camp, in the Neatherd's Cottage; Canute commanding the Waves to roll back; The Death of the Red King; The Insurrection of Wat Tyler, and the rest, were all familiar to me when I was very young; so were the horrors of martyrdom, as shown in Fox's works; so were the adventures of the Pilgrim from the City of Destruction to the Land of Celestial Happiness; so were the birds, beasts, and fishes in an old Natural History Book; and so were the pictures in an old German Bible—a very rare old work, made all of pictures, which I still possess. Then I learned to read, and what a world of wonders opened on me; then I followed the wildest adventures of Eastern princes and beautiful princesses: I lived a new existence—genii and prattling barbers became my most intimate friends; I thought of them all day, I dreamed of them all night. I never went to school; my mother taught me very much herself, and my little Latin and less Greek, for I had small aptitude for languages, were communicated to me by the parson of the village.

Next to being at home, and sitting beside my mother on a tall chair, with a weird book on my lap, were my visits to the parsonage. At first I entertained a sort of dread of the old clergyman, and could never dissociate him from his white surplice and red hood; it seemed to my childish fancy a somewhat terrible dress, and the man who wore it not to be lightly approached. But after a time I got over this difficulty, and began really to like the good old man. One thing which greatly contributed to this was the position which the pastor held. He was a widower, and the father of one child—a child rather younger than myself, a beautiful fairy-like daughter, whose fair complexion, golden hair in ringlets on her shoulders, and clear blue eyes, won my young fancy then, and always reminded me of those gossamer beings of whom I have read, beautiful as the bloom upon fruit, as the down upon flowers.

I said before I never cared to play. I had no patience with the wild shouts and ringing laughter of the village children: running, leaping, kite-flying, bird-nesting, soldiering, what were they all to me? I never liked them—I never entered into them. When I was thirteen years old, I remember a big, bullying lad nearly twice my size taunting me with my want of boyish sport; he called me “Miss Mardyke,” if I recollect right, and I struck him, cut open his lip, and otherwise damaged him; he returned it, and I got a severe drubbing, but I established my honour for the time. This was long after I first met Lydia Aubert. On that great occasion her appearance made me feel as I had never felt before. I was always reserved, but at that time I lost my speech entirely, I could not conjugate the verb—not even the verb *am*—and book in hand I sat watching her all the time she remained in the room.

Gradually my visits to the parsonage became more and more frequent. I felt the attraction of something, I did not know what. The shyness and reserve which both

Lydia and myself felt wore off. We were much in each other's society; I would sit talking to her for hours together, pouring into her ear the multifarious lore of which I had become the possessor. Those splendid Eastern fictions suffered, perhaps, in my translation, but still the stories of the "Arabian Nights," of "Aladdin," of "Sinbad," were received by her with a wondrous relish, and we talked about them, descanting on their merits as children will. It was a great delight to me to relate these stories, to notice the interest I was exciting, to watch her bright eyes sparkle, and now fill with tears. I was a very wizard, and conjured up by my enchantment these gorgeously grotesque old stories. I told her all about the birds, beasts, and fishes; of Fox's Martyrs, of Bunyan's Pilgrim, of England's Book of Kings, but nothing excited her so much as the romance and poetry I had read—I never felt so happy and so proud as when I had Lydia for my listener.

But Lydia would not always listen; she was of a light and playful temperament, and, young as she was, she sometimes loved to tease me. I would prepare myself to entertain her, fix in my memory some glorious "hatch up," and, when in the summer's evening we were together in the garden of the old parsonage, I would say:—

"Lydia, I have a new story to tell you."

"But suppose I won't hear it, Harry, dear?" she would reply.

"I am sure you will like it," I would say, "it is all about genii and grand Turks."

"I am tired of genii and grand Turks; tell me something else."

Of course, my feelings were wounded—I was vexed, and I never could help showing it. I would run over a whole list of stories, and she would object to every one, promising, however, at last, to listen; and then when I made the old beginning—"once upon a time," burst out into a ringing laugh, and dart away as light as any fairy. Under such circumstances I always left, not condescending to turn my head when she came behind me and asked me to stop, but marching away in veritable Blue Beard fashion, to make myself miserable for the rest of the evening, and dream that I had slain my beautiful Fatima.

So loving, hating, quarrelling, and peace-making, over and over and over again, we passed our childish days. The parsonage had soon greater attraction for me than my home, and with Lydia for my companion, the years glided rapidly away. How different it is to look forward and to look back; what a wondrous distance is maturity from the child: how short a distance is childhood from maturity; what a long, long time it seemed ere I could call myself a man: how it seems but yesterday since I was a child. Last Sunday I glanced over the time-worn German Bible all of pictures, every book of prophet and evangelist contained in some huge allegorical design and filled with all the incidents and details in little pictured groups. How every figure called up the memory of bygone days. There was Luke's Gospel in the grim outline of a bull—how often Lydia and I have studied it together, when full of boyish sport, Tom—cousin Loverdale as she called him—twitted us for book-worms. I never liked Tom; I think I was jealous of him; and whenever Tom came, as come he did much oftener than I wanted him, it was like a dark black cloud that shut out my sunshine. But just as we had quarrelled when we were young children about the genii and the grand Turk, did Lydia and I fall out when we had grown much older and she was ripening into a beautiful woman. I

loved Lydia, but my notion was that she ought in everything to submit to me; that my opinion was to be hers; that she was to hold my sentiments, love with my love, hate with my hatred; and Lydia in very many things differed from me and would not change. She was the most inflexible girl I ever met, and I used to leave the parsonage often enough with a half resolve never to return—a resolution that faded with the morning dew.

When I was seventeen it was arranged that I should leave home and make a journey with a good and talented man, recommended by the parson. I was to see the world. I did not care to go, but still thought it a desirable thing to be done, so with the best grace I could muster I bade adieu to Lydia, and for the first time in my life quitted the place of my birth. Before I went away I had a long talk with Lydia. I was very serious and wondered that she was not as serious as I; I told her that I had always loved her, and she laughed merrily and called me "a dear sentimental boy;" but I felt that it was right that I should make the confession, and all the way to town was remarkably silent, which my tutor attributed to leaving home. What did I care who lived in the great white house with the poplar trees before it; what was it to me that here a great man was born, or that there a great man died; my mind was fully occupied with Lydia, and I hated the man who disturbed my reverie. Of course, during the nineteen months that I was absent, I received many notes from home. Letters full of maternal love from my mother, telling me everything about the dear old place, and dwelling, oh, so rapturously, on the time for my return; letters from the clergyman in his quaint clerical hand, but abounding in excellent advice, letters that were interspersed with classical quotations, and here and there a Bible text, and as many abbreviations as legal sagacity ever devised; then there were pretty frequently letters—letters which I never cared to read—from Tom, written in his wild dashing way, with here and there a blot, and here and there a misspelt word; lastly there was at rare intervals coy letters from Lydia herself, in her merry light-hearted strain—a strain which sometimes made me feel miserable, for surely I argued in my absence she ought to have been wretched—whereas her sly, jesting, playful humour, her ringing laughter was to be detected in every line. Sometimes she would not write for two months, or be content with putting just at the end of her father's epistle—"P.S. Lydia's kind love." At last the time for my return arrived, and back I came. I was to choose a profession, and already my mother and the parson had held long consultations on the varied attractions of law, physic, and divinity, and my aptitude for any one of them. I heard this from Lydia, who amused herself by styling me by the various titles of Reverend, Doctor, or Queen's Counsel, as the case might be.

How happy I was when the post-chaise rattled into the dear old village, when I saw the old familiar faces, and Tray, the butcher's dog, and Simple Simon, the horn-eyed idiot, and Ironhammer, the smith, still having his old quarrel with the red-hot iron, and bringing down his namesake with a Cyclop's strength, all came back upon me as things I had left but yesterday. How fondly my mother embraced me, and told me to my face I was quite a man; how heartily the old pastor shook me by the hand and bade me welcome home again. Where was Lydia? I asked for her, and they told me she was not very well, but I must dine at the parsonage to-morrow, then I should see her—she was so rejoiced I had come

back. How was Tom? At this the old man shook his head, saying he was afraid Tom was a little wild, he had not seen much of him lately, he was with a lawyer in a neighbouring town. Tom a little wild, and Lydia ill! how things had changed.

Next day I dined at the parsonage. Lydia, looking more pensive than was her wont, but looking far more womanly than when I had seen her last, received me kindly—too sisterly I thought. There was some mystery over her that I could not understand. When I asked her about Tom she coloured deeply, and said she had not seen him for many months. I made up my mind to see him myself, and I did. How changed he was! If he was wild and dashing when I left him he was boisterously mad now. His dress was the “fastest”—to employ a modern phrase—that I had ever seen, and his talk was of the turf, the play-house and the scandal of town. Here had I been wandering over the world, and here was Tom, who had spent a few months in London, and never quitted the shores of old England, yet making me look and feel a very simpleton beside him; I felt the glance of the green-eyed monster, and despised myself for a fool. I could not rival him; he had the advantage of me in every respect. If my journey had been extended to Thebes and I had reached the source of the Nile, I should feel a very daisy in his presence; but he was immensely kind, and gained my confidence. We became intimate. My mother and the parson warned me, but the devil that was in me was not to be exorcised till he had rent me and left me half-dead.

Lydia and I grew familiar as of old, but I always noticed the depression that was on her. I told again the story of my love, and she bent down her head and wept. I conjured her to tell me the cause of her anxiety—for anxious I knew she was—but she said “not now, not now!” I walked with her amid the glories of the golden summer and saw but her; I stood beside her in the village church when the holy psalm was raised to God, and heard but her. She was everything to me. One day—it was the fourteenth of July, a red-hot day—that I sat on the green banks of the little stream with my basket and tackle beside me. Ostensibly I was fishing; really I was thinking—dreaming a day-dream. Suddenly I heard the voice of Tom calling to me. I turned, and we shook hands pleasantly. We talked for a time on subjects the most indifferent. I left off angling, and together we wandered into the wood. After awhile the conversation turned on the inmates of the parsonage, on Lydia and her father. How kindly and respectfully he spoke of both! I listened with rapture, albeit, tinged with jealousy, as he dwelt on the attractions of my loved one, and listening still, even the jealousy gave way, for he spoke of her as *mine*. But sometimes he would hesitate, and sometimes he would sigh, and at last he said, placing his hand upon my shoulder and looking into my face:

“Friend Harry, you must not think hardly of me if I take the liberty of a friend, and whisper even unpleasant truth into your ear.”

“Oh no,” I said, “not I;” but my heart beat quick.

“You love Lydia Aubert.”

“I love her deeply, sincerely; I have ever loved her; she is dearer to me than mine own life.”

“Good; and she returns your love?”

“I hope so, I trust so; I believe she does—nay, I am certain.”

“Good. There is no black spot in your feast of love—no rival in your pathway to happiness; there is no latent love in Lydia’s breast for another?”

“Tom,” I said—my heart beat quicker, and the devil within me was awakened—“Tom, do you doubt her? I am satisfied she loves but me. I would as soon doubt myself.”

“Good,” he said again; “far be it from me to arouse you from so pleasant a dream.”

Despite all my efforts he refused to return to the subject. “He had spoken enough,” he said; “perhaps, too much already.” He had spoken enough to excite all my jealous suspicions, and when I saw Lydia again I was harsh and exacting; and, with a coldness which I never before perceived, she left me alone, and I saw her no more that evening. I was wretched—miserable. I determined to unravel the mystery. I rode over to the town where Tom was residing, and had an interview with him. From him I learnt that Lydia had been seen in company with a stranger—a fine, handsome, well-made fellow; that she had received letters from him, and that on this the suspicion rested. It was enough; I questioned Lydia closely, she would explain nothing. I became mad with passion, and left her with angry and bitter words. Next day she wrote to me, assuring me of her fidelity, but still refusing to reveal her secret. I felt that I was duped.

Two or three nights after this I was wandering alone on the banks of the stream about the village and the old kirkyard, when a strange incident occurred—an incident which proved the turning point in my life. The young moon cast a pale light on the earth, but thousands of stars were in the sky. I stood by my father’s grave; I mused on the dark, mysterious world, into which they who slept below had entered, when suddenly I heard human voices. I glanced at the parsonage window, all the lights were extinguished, except in Lydia’s room. The voices came nearer. Oh, horror! it was Lydia and a tall dark man, the outline of whose form seemed familiar to me. Lydia was speaking, but so low that I could scarcely catch the sound, yet I heard her utter these words:

“You must fly; all is forgotten, all is forgiven, but if you linger—”

“Lydia,” said the stranger, “you are too generous—”

I knew the voice, I sprang upon the man and caught him by the throat; it was Tom, cousin Tom! base traitor, none other than himself!

I knew not now what words I uttered, for I was mad. I knew that Lydia sank upon the ground, and that a few minutes afterwards I was at home; but not to rest there; with a few odd articles of clothing hastily scrambled into a leathern bag, and with no more money than the few shillings that I had about me, I hastily quitted it to return no more. Ere I left, I crept softly up into my mother’s room. The candle was burnt nearly to the socket, and she was asleep. I looked upon her and my heart was touched; had I given way to my emotion, years of misery might have been spared me, but hatred, jealousy—foul twins, rose up within me, and with one fond look—I did not dare to touch her lest she should awake—I softly crept down stairs again and started forth. The stars were shining as I fled away.

Like a guilty thing, I kept the bypaths and less frequented roads, and travelled all the night. But I must tell my story briefly. After a day or two I resolved on enlisting; the world was then “mad for fighting,” and the recruiting sergeant was ready enough to receive me. I took the king’s shilling, I mounted the gay cockade; I was trained for the work I had to do, and presently shipped off. It was six months before I left England, but I carefully eluded all discovery, though I knew that

every effort was being made to find me. When I joined the army abroad, I wrote home to tell my mother what I had done, but even then I carefully kept secret the name of the regiment. I never heard from home, I did not care to hear. I need not tell the story of the war—the battles, defeats, and triumphs which made up the life of the hero of Waterloo. What I did, I did as a desperate man, a man to whom life was no blessing, and who “felt the want to die, as the weary feel the want to sleep.” What I did, however, won for me a certain measure of renown, and I rose and passed the great gulf which divides the commissioned from the non-commissioned officer. I took my place at the table of our mess, and was kindly greeted by all those who had been so long my superiors; I saw the end of the war, and when it ended, I commanded a troop in his Majesty’s service. If the thought of return to England had ever entered my mind, it had been hastily banished. All through the war I had endeavoured as much as possible to forget the past; but when the excitement of the war was over, a strange desire sprang up in my heart to return. I battled with it till the beginning of the year 1817, and then gave way. I took ship for England—I landed on my native shore. I tarried for some time in London, but I was not at rest; I must, I felt it to be a positive necessity—I dared not write—visit my old home. I wore the dress of a private—soiled, dingy, wretched—went down by coach, and alighted two miles short of the town. Nobody I thought would recognise me, and I would have one last look at the old place, and if, haply, my mother still lived, I would make myself known to her and crave her pardon and her blessing.

It was a beautiful summer’s evening when I entered the village. I had been absent nine years. My first visit was to my mother’s house, my heart failed me, all was changed. Strangers were in the old familiar rooms. Perhaps, I thought, she had changed her residence and still dwelt in the village. I entered the churchyard, I stood beside my father’s grave, and, lo! my mother’s name was on the stone, and I wept like a child. I crept onward to the church porch, the doors were opened, the organist was practising and the solemn strains fell on my ear. How familiar the old place looked, and yet how changed. There was our seat where I had so often sat by my mother’s side—there was the window which looked out on the meadow and far away to the green wood—there was the pulpit with its cushion, sown up in brown holland—all the same. I left the church with a heavy heart. Dare I approach the parsonage? I dare! A low hedge separated the garden from the churchyard, and as I drew near I heard the ringing laugh of childhood. How often my own laugh and that of Lydia’s had rung in that place. I looked into the garden, and saw one bright-eyed little girl carefully turning the leaves of a book, while three or four other children were merrily at play. What was that book? I saw it, and my hand shook and my limbs trembled. It was the old German Bible, the wonder and delight of my earliest years.

“My child,” I said, softly, “will you tell a poor soldier what book it is you are looking at?”

She glanced up at me with a sweet smile, and said—

“A picture Bible, sir; do you like pictures?”

“I do,” I said, “and I always have loved them.” I wept, and the child saw the tears in my eyes, and, with a pitying glance, opened the little gate, and said—

“Come in, poor soldier, and sit down, mamma said we were always to be kind to poor soldiers.”

I entered and sat down beside, and we were soon

intimate. After awhile I asked her what name she bore, she told me Lydia. I thought I should have fallen when she said the word, but at that instant there came towards me one whom I recognised at once, and to whom the child cried out “Mamma!” I arose, I would have departed, but I could not stir. It was Lydia herself; all my old passion, all my old love, returned at once; but I saw and felt that it was over and past. Doubtless she was married to her cousin: doubtless that cousin had often mocked at my misery. She did not know me, but spoke kindly, and asked me to take refreshment. I could not answer, but at last, stepping hastily towards her, I whispered—

“Lydia.”

The colour fled from her cheeks and she fell into my arms. “O Harry, Harry, how have I longed for this day, and prayed and hoped till hope has made the heart sick; O, Harry, how could you doubt my love, and leave me thus to mourn; I am an orphan, Harry, and you, Harry, are the same, but I love you as I ever loved you!”

“Lydia,” I said, but my voice was broken, “are you not married?”

“Married!” she said, with something of her old smile, “oh no, dear Harry, I have been waiting for you these nine years.”

I pressed her to my heart. Need I say more? only enough to let you know the solution to the riddle. Tom was something more than rather wild: he had committed a forgery on the house in which he was employed, and the secret interview with Lydia was but to aid her cousin in his escape. Tom during my first absence had sought her love and been rejected, and had vowed revenge, how well he kept his vow the story shows. But he paid the penalty of guilt, he perished in a tavern-brawl in America. Who were these children, and why did they call Lydia, mamma? They were the children of the new rector, a gentleman who had assisted her father for two or three years before his death and with whose family she resided; and the children had two mamma’s they told me, “real mamma,” and “mamma Lydia.” So mamma Lydia became my wife—my kind, cheerful, happy, loving wife, who with her own sweet witchery has cast out at once and for ever the demon of jealousy, and made me a happy man. Such is the story of the “Girl I left behind Me.”

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN A MACKEREL BOAT.

A mackerel boat of sixteen tons, from Penzance, Cornwall, manned by five Cornish fishermen, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, all well, on the 23rd of January, on their way to Melbourne. If successful, this feat will be unprecedented. Indeed the voyage to the Cape from England was never before run in so small a boat.

A MUSICAL VOICE.

A gentleman with a “musical face” having been urged at a party to sing a song, replied that he would first tell a story, and then, if they persisted in their demands, he would execute a song. “When a boy,” he said, “he had taken lessons in singing, and on Sunday morning he went into his father’s attic to practise by himself. When in full play, he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. ‘This is pretty conduct!’ said the father; ‘pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards on Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by the neighbours! Sit down and take your book.’” The young gentleman was excused at once.



RECRUITING.

Costar Pearman. Wauns ! I'll have it, captain—give me a shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Thos. Appletree. Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too ; and if you have two lionester, simpler lads in your company than we twa be, I'll say no more.

Capt. Plume. Very well ; courage, my lads ! Now we'll sing " Over the hills and far away !"
The Recruiting Officer.

THE picturesque incident which our artist has endeavoured to illustrate is, as the reader will perceive at a glance, the well-known one of the visit of a recruiting sergeant, accompanied by his brilliant, though somewhat insidious satellites. Who is there whose faithful memory cannot recal or his vivid fancy picture the grotesque contrasts and the splendid excitement of such a scene ?

" Hark ! a martial sound is heard,
The march of soldiers, piping, drumming ;
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—
For bold recruits, the brave are coming,
Ribauds flaunting, feathers gay—
The sounds and sights are surely thrilling ;
Dazzled village-youths to-day,
Will crowd to take the British shilling !"

Never have we gazed either in fact or fancy on such a group without thinking of Captain Plume, Sergeant Kite, Costar Pearman, Thomas Appletree, and Bullock the Country Clown, in Farquhar's admirable comedy of "The Recruiting Officer." Even in the little sketch before us we can discern the old familiar faces of the whole five. There they all stand at the barrack-gate of Shrewsbury. The captain, with the elegant negligence of a military *roué*, has buckled his sword on the wrong side, and scorns to throw any other than a furtive glance at the raw recruits. The sergeant, like a man of business as he is, pulls out his money, and looking Pearman and Appletree full in the face, while Bullock, in the back-ground, peeps over their shoulders, addresses them in the language of Farquhar, " If any gentleman, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve Her Majesty and pull down the Russian

king ; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children undutiful parents ; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite at the sign of the "Raven," in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or enveigle any man ; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour. Pray, gentlemen, observe my cap. This is the cap of honour ; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger, and he that has the fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man." Neither Pearman nor Appletree appear to be of the magical altitude, but Kite winks at their defects of stature, and they return the compliment by putting faith in all his promises. The sergeant plies them with strong waters, and finding them apt, manages to emesh them both. How it happened, the following dialogue will explain :—

Kite. Hey, boys ! thus we soldiers live, drink, sing, dance, play ! We live as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live. We are all princes. Why, you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince. Now, ain't we ?

Apple. No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No !

Apple. No, I'll be a justice of the peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man !

Apple. Ay, wauns ! will I ; for since this pressing act they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done ! You are a justice of the peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke ; and a rum duke ain't I ?

Pear. Aye, but I'll be no king.

Kite. What then ?

Pear. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen !

Pear. Ay, Queen of England ; that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith ! Huzza for the Queen ! But hearkee ! You, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you ever see the Queen's picture ?

Both. No ! no ! no !

Kite. I wonder at that. I have two of them set in gold, and as like as her Majesty. God bless the mark ! See here they are set in gold. (Takes two broad-pieces out of his pocket, and gives one to each.)

Apple. Oh, the wonderful works of nature ! (looking at it.)

The passage of the coins confirms the bargain, and Appleton and Pearman, exchanging smock-frocks and liberty for pipe-clay and drill, leave the stage singing—

"Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen,
While conquering colours we display,
Over the hills and far away."

We manage such things, if not more honestly, more cautiously now, but still, as ever, the recruits are *captivæ dolis donisque coacti*.

VISIT TO A RUSSIAN BATTLE-FIELD.

An officer attached to one of the vessels which took a gallant part in the battle of Eupatoria, by throwing shells, at long range, among the Russian squadrons as they advanced to attack the Turks, has favoured us with the following sketch of a visit to the battle field:—"No sooner had the Russians retreated than the Tartar peasantry could be seen from the ships out in the fields plundering the dead. An order having come for medical officers to proceed on shore, I visited the hospital with them, and found the rooms filled with the wounded on both sides, who appeared to have suffered most in the legs from cannon balls and shells. The Russians were attended to, and their wounds dressed by the English surgeons, and the Turks by their own surgeons, some of whom were French and some Germans. Leaving this, we went to the battle-field, and there found that the Tartars had not only stripped the dead of their arms, but of every article of clothing. There lay the Russian dead, all fine young men, every one stripped naked, and lying together in groups, as many as seventeen in one place, twelve in another, six in another, and so on, as they fell, exhibiting all the horrible characteristics of military carnage, with gun-shot and sword-gashes in the head and face, the ground being strewed with arms, legs, and heads, scattered about. Many of the bodies had wounds inflicted on them after death, as was evident from their appearance, for wounds so inflicted do not bleed, but look yellow and unsightly. Several had their throats cut after death, and some their ears cut off by the savage vindictiveness of the Tartars. The bodies were singularly clean and white, so that, but for the presence of blood, one might fancy he was looking at groups of statues, fresh chiselled from the hands of the sculptor. The indignity offered to the fallen foe was not left altogether unpunished, for, as we looked at the terrible scene, a Tartar who was standing near turned up the face of one of the corpses in a manner that appeared to a French soldier to be disrespectful to the gallant dead, and yielding to the impulse of indignation which true bravery would be likely to feel under such circumstances, the Frenchman instantly resented the affront by seizing a stick and giving the exulting barbarian a good caning. Having passed over the whole field, we entered the batteries which had been attacked, and found them strewed over with fragments of shell and grape shot, rifle balls, and other implements of destruction. The houses of the town behind the batteries were knocked down, and amidst the ruins of one, surrounded by the debris of her shattered household, sat a Crimean woman in tears, a melancholy picture of desolation and bereavement. One of the most revolting spectacles that we witnessed, was the assiduity with which the Tartars—who are in a state of great destitution, their flocks having been either plundered by the Russians or sold to

the English—rushed in crowds, like birds or beasts of prey, upon the carcasses of the horses, which they were busily engaged in skinning and cutting up for food, putting the shoulders and legs into bags, and carrying them away on their backs, each with the self-satisfied air of a hunter bringing home his game, or a tradesman's wife who was proud of her marketing. Two of them would fight over a piece of carrion with as much obstinacy as if the object of their cupidity were a prize cow. Several women were most actively employed in these anatomical operations. One in particular I observed with her arms elbow-deep in the inside of a horse, and was struck with the methodical coolness and skill with which she conducted her work, deliberately cutting out the entrails and then separating the pieces of fat, which she seemed to estimate most highly, for she carefully placed them in a cloth and carried them home, leaving the less dainty morsels to such as had not epicurean tastes. These details of the horrors of war may perhaps sicken you, but they convey only a faint idea of the reality.

A SHIP SUNK BY A WHALE.

CAPT. JONES, of the late schooner Waterloo, of Portmadoc, sunk in the North Sea by a whale, after being landed at Calais by a French fishing boat, has arrived in London with his crew and makes the following report:—"The Waterloo sailed from Lynn for Schiedam (with barley) on the 19th ult. At 10 a.m. of the 21st, Lowestoft bearing W. by N., distant about 50 miles, wind E., strong gale, and high seas, vessel under double-reefed canvas, upon a wind, on the port tack, perceived a large whale to windward, coming down for the vessel, partly out of the water, and swimming at a very rapid rate, and, when about ten yards off the ship's side, dipped, and struck the vessel, under water, abreast of the fore-rigging, on the port side, with his head, with a fearful blow, when the vessel was perceived to heel and crack, and after striking the vessel the whale plunged into the deep head foremost, and rose his tail on high, nearly touching the fore-yard, and then disappeared. The pumps were fixed and worked, but by half-past 12 found she had five feet water in the well, and settling down fast, when the long-boat was cleared, and lashings cut away, and nearly floated off the decks, when all hands (six in number) jumped into her, without food or water, and the master, mate, and two men, without jackets, and only one oar and a piece of another in the boat, with the sea running very high. In about twenty minutes after abandoning the vessel she capsized, and floated for about the same space of time on her side, and then disappeared, head foremost, at about half-past one p.m. At the time she capsized there was a French fishing-boat about four miles to windward, and on seeing her capsize, immediately bore up for the sinking vessel." The boat proved to be No. 22, Captain Joseph Leelong, of Calais, which took all the crew on board, at about two p.m., when they were all most kindly treated, and landed at Calais at midnight, where they were provided for and furnished with jackets by Mr. Bonham, H.B.M. Consul, and sent to London. This circumstance fully bears out the statement made by Herman Melville, in his admirable work, entitled "The Whale," in which he recounts more than one instance of ships having been struck by malicious whales and sunk in a very few minutes.



OUR LETTER BOX.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF PATRIOTIC FUND,

16A, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
16 Feb. 1855.

PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL.

PROFITS REALISED FROM THE SALE OF THE FIRST SIX
NUMBERS OF THE JOURNAL, up to Wednesday, Feb. 14.Received this day, as above, the sum of Eighteen pounds
15s. 8d. on account of the Patriotic Fund.

£18 : 15 : 8.

J. H. LEFROY, Hon. Secretary.

The Publisher will feel obliged if persons requiring the back numbers of the PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL to complete sets, will order them either direct from the office, or of their booksellers, as soon as convenient, in order to prevent disappointment, as the demand for back numbers is daily increasing.

We cordially invite the remarks and suggestions of our readers, assuring them that even if any communication, from its length or other reasons, should not be inserted, it may often enable us to judge of what improvements may be necessary, and thus be of service to the public and to ourselves.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, LEGIBLY WRITTEN AND PREPAID, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL," 15A, STRAND. THE THIRD MONTHLY PART OF THE "PATRIOTIC FUND JOURNAL" IS NOW READY. The Part contains Five Numbers, in a handsome illustrated cover, price Elevenpence. To be had of any Bookseller or News-agent in the United Kingdom.

X. X. (Edgeware-road) Buy three pennyworth of rosemary at Covent-garden Market, and boil it over a slow fire in about a pint of water, and you will find that the liquid thus procured will do your hair more good than all the quick speculations that you could apply to it for a twelvemonth. It will make it thick and strong, though somewhat dry, but that you can easily remedy with a little—a very little—marrow oil.

F. DANNON (Hendon)—Flogging is practised in the goals of England to a certain extent, but now only in the case of very young prisoners. Formerly it was otherwise. There is an authentic case on record, and you will find it recorded either in the "Year Book," or the "Annual Register," where a very litigious person, having been sentenced by Alderman Wood of London, to imprisonment and flogging, brought an action against the sheriff, on requiring his liberty, for having forgotten the whipping. The case was actually tried in the City of London, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, a farthing.

A PEDESTRIAN.—We have heard it stated that it is in contemplation to start an "Umbrella Lending Society" in London, but we are sorry to say that we cannot give you any information on the subject. We should not advise you to embark your money in such a speculation however honestly intended, for we think it doubtful whether you would ever see it again. We never knew of any one who returned an umbrella. Did you?

C. FOX (Baker-street)—Written directions would be of little service to you in imparting the science and mystery of skating. Skates, ice, and a brave heart, and the greatest of these three is the last, are the grand requisites. Go to Holland and begin on your head.

C. W. C.—We are much obliged by the offer of your verses. They are very musical in their cadence, but you must aim at greater originality of sentiment. Perhaps you will reply with Tom Hood—

"I fear that there's nothing original in me—"

"Unless 'tis original sin."

—but try. That man was not a fool, as is generally supposed, but a philosopher, who, being asked whether he could play the flute, replied, "I don't know, for I never tried."

A LADY.—We regret that we cannot supply you with recipes for the preparation of the perfumes to which you allude, or for any others, not being ourselves either perfumers or practical chemists. Such delicacies are dear, but it is questionable whether you would save anything by compounding them yourself instead of purchasing them of a perfumer. It is customary to bury perfumes in the ground, or to preserve them in a cold cellar for years before they are used.

CIVIS.—There is a bill in preparation for the reform of the London corporation, but the war, which occupies the attention of the legislature to the exclusion of almost every other topic, has not permitted its being laid on the table. The secretary for the Home Department has given notice, however, of his intention to bring it forward immediately after Easter. For the dear love of common sense we concur with you in the hope that when the corporation is reformed it will do away with that miserable piece of bootysm, the Lord Mayor's Show.

D. (Hornfort)—It has been generally observed that very cold springs are usually succeeded by very warm summers, and for the sake of the crops it is to be hoped that such will be the case this year; but the harvest will probably be a late one. A correspondent from the north of Scotland says—"We are now in the middle of March, and not an ounce of seed is yet in the ground."

A SUNSHOWER (Blackheath)—Meteorological showers are of common occurrence in tropical countries, but they are rare in these northern latitudes; nevertheless they occasionally occur. The most remarkable was probably that of 1763, when London was visited with a tremendous tempest, and meteoric stones of extraordinary size fell in several parts of the metropolis. A criminal was ordered for execution that day on Kennington Common, for an offence which, in our time, would probably be visited with six months' imprisonment; and the mob, ignorantly supposing that the war of the elements indicated his innocence, offered violent resistance to the myrmidons of the law. The disturbance continued for many hours, and it was eight o'clock at night before the unhappy criminal suffered his terrible sentence.

C. (Manchester)—"The London Spy," from which Mr. Macaulay quotes so copiously in his "History of England," is a coarse and not particularly pure book; however, it gives a curious picture of the state of society in the seventeenth century. You may find it in the British Museum.

M. D.—The play of "Money" was first performed at the Haymarket in the year 1840, Moreau representing the hero, and the formidable Helen Faucit (who we are happy to hear is about to visit Dublin at Easter) that of the heroine. Sir E. B. Lytton is the author.

G. W. (King William-street)—Napoleon commenced his retreat on the 9th of November, when the frost covered the ground, and the men perished in battalions, and the horses fell by hundreds on the roads. What with her loss in battle, and the effects of this awful and calamitous frost, France lost in the campaign of that year more than 400,000 men.

HEMIST.—The proposal of the Earl of Randolph for the destruction of Sebastopol is, we believe, still under the consideration of the government. The veteran nobleman has declared his intention, "without further delay to communicate to the wise and energetic ally of her most gracious Majesty the means, not only to spare the remnant of the British army, but to ensure that of France, by the speedy destruction of the defences of Sebastopol. As to the fortress in the Baltic, time does not so press."

R. (Richmond)—Spain and Portugal have acceded to the European coalition, and the treaty is to be signed at Paris in a few days.

C. NEW CON (Wilmington-square)—The new electric telegraph to which you refer, is the invention of M. Bonelli, of Turin. The inventor states that by means of his telegraph, trains in motion on a railway are enabled to communicate with each other at all rates of velocity, and at the same time, with the telegraphic stations on the line, while the latter are at the same time able to communicate with the trains. M. Bonelli states that he is in possession of a system of telegraphic communication by which wires are entirely dispensed with.

AN ENGINEER (Croydon)—The Mediterranean Company have undertaken with the government to construct the Mars-des-Is and Toulon railway, sixty kilometres long, at a subvention of 500,000fr. per kilometre, and to open the line by May 1st, 1855. The contractors are Messrs. Parent and Schaken, who have just finished the Avignon railway, to be opened for passengers early in April, and for goods in July.

W. HICKMATER (Enston-square)—The law, parliamentary, and preliminary engineering expenses of the London and North Western railway amount altogether to about £1,050,000, which, large as the amount is, is less in proportion to the whole capital expended by the London and North Western than the Great Northern's £700,000 expenditure for like purposes is to the Great Northern's whole capital expended.

A CONSTANT READER (Shalfbury-crescent)—Lord Palmerston is an Englishman, but he has large estates in Ireland. The family name is Temple.

J. C. (Hall)—We have not the materials at hand to enable us to comply with your request, even if we could find time and space.

R. HOWARD (Campton-street)—The fumes given off from coffee during the process of roasting will completely remove any noxious effluvia, either from animal or vegetable matter, almost instantaneously rendering what had been a pestiferous deathly atmosphere perfectly pure.

ADOLPHUS (Thurloe-square)—The practice of writing frivolous letters to distinguished persons merely for the sake of possessing their autographs, is much to be deprecated, and we should advise you to try some more legitimate means of gaining your purpose. It is very improbable that the person whose name you mention would grant you an interview upon such a pretext. The coolness of your proposition reminds us of an anecdote told of the poet Goethe, who like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his home and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and, after the student had waited a short time in the ante-chamber, he appeared and without speaking took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

T. MAXING (Dublin)—If you do not wish to lose your money beyond hope of recovery, you will not speculate in goods for the Australian market. A circular from Melbourne asserts that nearly the whole of the evil caused there by the excess of exportations from England is due to "outsiders"—men not regularly engaged in the Australian or any other trade, but who thought they could make fortunes by consigning goods to a country supposed to be paved with gold. Medical men, bankers, merchants' clerks, clergymen, publicans, even women, have had ventures to Australia.

A. (Boston)—Homer divided the Iliad and Odyssey into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the muses; and Gregorio Leti wrote as many books as he was years old.

C. (Reading)—A Canada dollar or five shilling note is not worth more than 3s. 9d. or 3s. 9d. in this country.

FRANKMICK HAREWELL (Dow)—During the month of February there were 2,067 deaths in the British army. Of this number only six were killed by the enemy; 1,461 died of disease in the camp, and 600 in the hospitals of Scotland, &c.

CHARLES T. (High-street, Windsor)—We hear from us in the course of a day or two.

F. ROOPE (Paddock-wood)—The 16th Regiment, at Quebec, is now the only Queen's regiment of the line in Canada, if we except the Canadian Militia. The military commission for some time sitting at Quebec, has made its report, recommending the establishment of volunteer troops of militia, cavalry, field batteries and foot companies, with infantry armed as riflemen. This force is to consist of sixteen troops of cavalry, seven field batteries of artillery, five foot companies of artillery, and fifty companies of riflemen, in all 4,000 men. Non-commissioned officers and men to get eight dollars each for uniform, every three years.

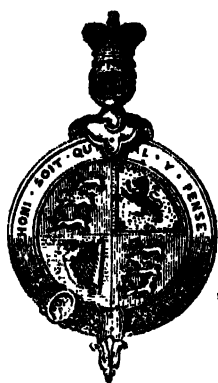
A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the ladies of Fochardshire have handsomely agreed to provide band instruments for the county regiment of militia artillery stationed at Montrose, and that the sum named as the anticipated gift is such as will make the musical equipments of the regiment open liberal and complete.

CALEDONIENSIS. Sergeant John Macpherson, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, who died at King'smead on the 9th ult., was in the 33rd year of his age. He served under Amherst in Egypt, was body servant to that great general, was wounded at the taking of the French camp on the sandy hills of Aboukir, and was also one of the Highland sergeants who accompanied his remains to Malta. Macpherson was discharged at Edinburgh in 1801, and shortly he drew a pension for fifty-four years. Immediately on his arrival in his native district, he was appointed head game-keeper to the Duke of Gordon, in Badenoch, and continued in that noble family's service, until the property was sold by the late Duke's trustees—a period of thirty-six years.

W. CILDERNS (Montague-street)—We have heard so often of the discovery of fragments of the plays of Euripides, that we are not disposed to put much faith in the paragraph going the round of the Parisian papers to the effect that M. Egger, of the Institute, has discovered in an Egyptian papyrus an unpublished fragment of a lost tragedy by the great Greek dramatist. The papyrus, it is said, formed part of the collection recently brought to France by M. Mariette, who is well-known by his discovery of the ruins of Memphis.

THE PATRIOTIC

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THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND DURING THE WAR.

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[THE DRUMMER BOY OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.]

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

A DRUMMER boy, only ten years of age, attached to the third battalion of Grenadier Guards under the command of Colonel Wood, has covered himself with glory and made a name that will be famous in the history of the present campaign. The boy accompanied his battalion to the heights of Alma, and preserved the most undaunted demeanour during the battle. At one time a twenty-four pounder passed on each side of him, and

shot and shell fell about him like hail; but notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers, or the terrible sight, the boy's heart beat with tenderness towards the poor wounded soldiers that lay around. Instead of going into a tent to take care of himself after the battle was over, he refused to take rest, but was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades in the battle-field. The boy was seen stepping carefully over one dead body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to

procure hot water. He made tea for the poor sufferers, and saved the life of Sergeant Russell and some of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted for want. Thus did this youth spend the night. At the battle of Malaklava he again assisted the wounded. This boy did his duty by day, and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At the battle of Inkerman, he was surrounded by Russians for about twenty minutes, and, to use his own words, he thought that it was "a case" with him, but he escaped unscathed. He received one shot, which went through his coat and out at the leg of his trousers, but Providence again preserved him unhurt. He helped, with all the bravery of a man, to get in the wounded, and rested not until the poor sufferers were made as comfortable as he could make them. He waited on the doctor when extracting shot from the men, and waited on the men before and after. Some of the wounded say that they should not have been alive now had it not been for this boy's unwearied watchfulness and kindness in their hours of helplessness.

A PERSONAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE CZAR.

WITH A VIEW OF HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS.
CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
Triumphs their tombs, felicity her fate.

King James I.

LITTLE children are wont to give utterance in their nurseries to a melodious sentiment, the truth of which they strikingly illustrate in their own noisy little persons—

"Needles and pins! needles and pins!
When a man's married his trouble begins."

But there is a trouble greater than that of a husband—the splendid solicitude that waits upon a monarch. No sooner had Nicholas assumed the kingly office than he had bitter experience of Shakespeare's famous saying, "unhappy lies the head that wears a crown." A military revolt was the first danger with which he had to compete. It was set on foot by Count Pestal and other discontented nobles, but Nicholas opposed a front of fierce defiance to it and crushed it in the bud. During the progress of this brief conspiracy there occurred an incident sufficiently remarkable to deserve a passing allusion.—Attired in military costume, the czar was walking one morning in the neighbourhood of the Winter Palace, when he saw advancing towards him one of the renowned regiments of guards. Their colours were flying in the early breeze, their bayonets were fixed, and the sun glared brightly on their polished helmets. They were marching the best of their way to the Senate Palace, where they meant to "pronounce"—as the Russian phrase has it—in favour of Prince Constantin. The czar drew himself up to the full dignity of his kingly station, and, folding his arms after the manner of Napoleon, walked with stern composure until the troops had approached sufficiently near to be aware of his identity. He then surveyed them with a haughty glance, and throwing into his voice a tone of high command, exclaimed, "Turn about face!—right shoulder forward!—*March!*" The soldiers obeyed mechanically. He then drew his sword, and placing himself at their head, marched them back to their barracks. In the whole career of the czar we know not of any other occurrence which has so strong a flavour of heroism as this simple incident. There is something little less than sublime in the ready wit and calm self-possession which it displays.

The mere soldiers were treated with lenity, Nicholas having requested that they should be considered as being misled; but the chief insurgents experienced merciless severity. Of one hundred and twenty-eight the punishments were thus decided—eighty-four were banished to Siberia, some for limited periods, others for life; thirty-one condemned to be decapitated, and five to the dreadful punishment of death by quartering; these five were Pestal, whose name is chiefly familiar to the English reader for the exquisite melody he is said to have composed in his cell the night before his execution, Ryleef, Kalofsky, Mouravief, and Bestcheff. The czar revised the decisions, and before ratifying them commuted the sentence of death on the thirty-one into perpetual exile. The leaders he left to the mercy of their judges, and the court not wishing to be harsher than their prince, decided that the five criminals should not be quartered but hanged. They met their fate with heroic fortitude. Owing to the ropes slipping over the hoods of their cloaks, Ryleef and Pestal were both precipitated from the scaffold into the street, and their observations on being picked up show how men can so harden themselves against the horrors of their situation, as to step into the grave with a joke in their mouths:—"Unlucky fellow that I am!" said Ryleef, "must it be that not even death succeeds with me!" "Accursed country!" cried Pestal, "where they botch everything, and can't even hang a man!" But the myrmidons of the law were more skilful in their second experiment, and soon a roll of drums and a flourish of trumpets announced that the sufferings of the prisoners had terminated.

Having now followed the career of Nicholas Romanoff from the day of his birth to that on which the overthrow of the military insurrection placed him in undisputed possession of the throne, it does not comport with the modest pretensions of this brief memoir that we should discuss the political projects which engrossed the remainder of his life; that we should tell the story of his wars with Poland, Persia, and Turkey, or that we should attempt to describe that subtle and insidious policy which under the hypocritical pretext of "protection" went on from year to year, absorbing, annexing, and demolishing adjoining states, until the aggressions of the czar had at last been pushed to such a point, that all the great powers of Europe were compelled in self-defence to confederate against him. Leaving this task to more ambitious writers, it merely remains that we should take a rapid glance at the character and genius of the man, and briefly consider his personal habits.

It is scarcely possible to suppose that Nicholas can have been in any true or genuine sense of the word, "a great man." That he was bold, ambitious, enterprising, energetic, "the first policeman in his empire and the first drill-sergeant in his army," is sufficiently credible; but that there was any attribute of moral greatness in his nature—that he was high-souled, virtuous, chivalrous, and devoted, is what the world will find it much more difficult to believe. "Nicholas is no genius," wrote M. Michelsen, "but a character." Yet the character is deficient—deficient in that which the after-reading of the grand-duke could never supply—mental refinement and human sympathy. "One tithe of the exertions lavished on details worthy of the army-tallor and the drill-sergeant," says the author of "Eastern Europe"—"one tithe of the activity wasted in scampering about high-roads, one hundredth part of the suffering caused in his empire to uphold the terrors of his name, would have sufficed

in some degree to root out from it the corruption and demoralization which now more than ever thrive, expand, and flourish there." Not only is his career regarded from a purely personal point of view, destitute of true dignity, but the condition of his subjects proclaims an utter want of moral greatness in the ruler who held undisputed sway over them. The truly great prince is he who, being good himself, imprints "the figure and inscription" of his own goodness on the people whom he governs. If the conduct of a people and the moral aspect of the country they inhabit may not be taken as indicative of the character of the man who rules them with an absolute sceptre, we confess that we are at a loss to understand by what criterion the merits of an absolute sovereign ought to be determined. But, measured by this standard, how low must be our estimation of the late czar's character! Let us glance at his capital, and what a picture meets our gaze! "The pedestrians," says M. de Laguy, "move about the streets, the markets, and the public squares, in perfect silence; it seems as though you were in a country of deaf and dumb persons; everything wears a sombre and lugubrious aspect; you feel that the people are not free, and that they are constrained in their actions. It always appeared to me when I remarked the silent and anxious air of the multitude that they were returning from an execution or a funeral. The Neva itself flows with great rapidity and without noise; its waters are deep and of a sinister colour, changing their hue like the eye of a serpent; the stream appears to be in a hurry to traverse a city that is cursed, and pass as quickly as possible the walls of the fortress, which are too frequently reeking with human blood. It is a difficult task to find two or more Russians walking together and indulging in the pleasure of a friendly and confidential conversation. They look at one another and are silent. It seems as if the knout, like some invisible agent, were hovering in the air, and that every one entertained fears for the safety of his shoulders. You do not even hear, as is the case everywhere else, the cries of the various itinerants, who sell things in the streets. Discipline is visible at every step you take. All you hear is the coachmen shouting to the foot-passengers to get on one side like the monotonous croaking of so many crows. This isolation and silence in the midst of a city inhabited by four hundred thousand souls, freeze the blood and fill the mind with a sort of terror." And then he goes on to tell us how every decency of life is disregarded—how the nobles, ruined by gambling, live on sour cabbage, cucumbers, mushrooms, salted or pickled fish, but have four horses to their carriages—how their servants are without shirts and never use a pocket-handkerchief—how the private houses are rotten with dirt—how the peasants lie, without exception, on the cold floor—how ladies and gentlemen "live and die upon a sofa" behind a screen—how vermin float on the soup, and how all classes of the community, instead of melting their sugar in their tea as Christian creatures born for immortality ought to do, nibble a lump as they drink, and throw back what remains into the sugar-basin! "And there stands the city of the czar like a city that is cursed, in which a whole population of slaves is writhing under the grasp of the terrible punishments of an implacable will!" And yet this same M. de Laguy would have us believe that the Emperor Nicholas, under whose sway such an execrable state of things existed, "was radically good, just, and humane." He assures us that the Russians were so plastic to their sovereign's will that they would "turn Chinese, Lap-

landers, or Hottentots, or would be tattooed like the New Zealanders if the czar but expressed a wish to that effect." If this were so, all we can say is that it speaks but little for the moral greatness of the czar, that having in his hands materials so ductile, plastic, and accommodating, he failed to fashion them to purposes of virtue, honour, and integrity. All travellers concur in describing the Muscovites as steeped to the lips in barbarism and depravity, and what is the worst feature in the case is, that native writers—such men as the authors of "Home Life in Russia," and "Life in the Interior of Russia"—draw a more terrible picture of the state of things in that country than even the most hostile foreigners have ever sketched. Mr. Oliphant's description was bad enough, in all conscience, but Muscovite writers have more than corroborated it. Go where he might, he found barbarism in the richest abundance, but little of civilization beyond the vices and follies which too often accompany it. Great tracts of country barren and desolate; thousands upon thousands of acres which know agriculture only by a slight superficial scratching; frosts which blockade the outlets of trade in winter; snows which are allowed to accumulate on the summer roads; women with waists immediately under their throats, and petticoats tacked up to their knees, tramping gallantly through the mud; ladies and gentlemen bathing together in the same waters with no more drapery on them than such as the waves may modestly improvise; policemen whose subsistence depends on what they can extort from the public by direct taxation; government officials whose whole philosophy is comprised in one word "peculation;" station-masters who acknowledge no other impulse to duty than such as is administered in the shape of a kick or a curse; post-boys who will forsake you in the middle of a snow-prairie unless you threaten to throttle them; post-huts devoid of all furniture and swarming with vermin; towns of fifty thousand inhabitants without a lamp; large and populous villages in a state of utter heathenism, without a church, without a school—all schools being strictly prohibited except in a few great towns; an arrogant and audacious aristocracy; a besotted and apathetic peasantry; a selfish and avaricious government which encourages public intoxication for the sake of the exchequer, yet—O shade of Walter Raleigh!—fines a man three roubles for smoking a cigar. Such were the sights which made Mr. Oliphant's eyes a calamity to him during his sojourn in Russia. What a pleasant country to be sure to live—out of! All things, they say, are relative in this world, and so they are. The elderly gentleman who travels by first-class express in England is soon comfortable enough amid his soft cushions and silken curtains. So, too, after his own, though a different fashion, is the Greenlander in his sledge, drawn by deer and pursued by wolves. Each would be perfect in his felicity were it not that a collision may smash the "Britisher," and the wolves may eat the Greenlander. Travelling in Russia, as described by Mr. Oliphant, has charms which are unknown both in Greenland and England, the chief characteristic of the system being that your chances of locomotion depend upon your being able to kick the station master and garrote the post-boy. If it can be seen that you are duly qualified to accomplish both these amiable feats you will not be called upon to undertake either, and you may be pretty sure of being conveyed at a rattling pace for the low charge of fourpence-halfpenny per mile. If, on the contrary, you can neither kick nor throttle, and have not such a knowledge of Russ as will enable you even to curse in it, your

case is hopeless ; you may sit by the road-side till the crows come for your eyes. Such is the state of things in Russia. The people—heaven help them!—lost in barbarism and ignorance, the gentry cruel, tyrannical, and treacherous, and every department of the state polluted by the most flagrant practices of speculation and corruption. Yet the panegyrists of the late czar would have us believe that the country which presents so terrible a spectacle of misconduct and misrule was governed by a great man—a man of genius and of virtue. For our part we must take leave to doubt it.

Of the czar's personal appearance the reader will not be displeased to learn something. Fournier's description of the autocrat is the best that we remember to have seen—"It has been said and repeated everywhere that the Emperor of Russia is one of the handsomest men of his empire. But what ought to have been especially remarked is, that the beauty of the czar is cold in animation, without grace and without brilliancy. He is taller than his brother Alexander, but he has neither his smile, nor that engaging exterior, nor those amiable manners which exercised such invincible attraction for all who approached him. Nicholas may be one of the tallest men in his empire—we will not contest ; but Alexander was the most amiable and the best beloved. Nicholas is stiff, starched, and absolutely freezing in his deportment. His features, stern and severe, show no impression. He has no freedom in his manner, but seems to imagine that his constrained demeanour displays dignity. You would say that he was enclosed from head to foot in armour of whalebone. His countenance exhibits the immovable regularity of a lifeless statue ; it is correctly handsome, but there is nothing transparent ; it is like marble, and it is easy to see that the kindly warmth of humanity has rarely illumined that polished brow ; his aspect betrays a constant struggle between a desire to appear benevolent, and the necessity of showing himself imperial ; he is haughty and yet does not inspire awe. What is peculiar in the expression of his countenance is the want of agreement between the mouth, which sometimes will smile, and the eye, which remains cold and unlighted. It is more difficult for Nicholas to feign to be a man than to appear as the emperor."

Such was the czar but a few days ago ; to day he is as the clod of the valley ! What an illustration does his death afford us of the matchless peroration of Sir Walter Raleigh to his "History of the World :

"O eloquent and mightie Death ! Whom none could advise, Thou hast persuaded ; what none hath dared, Thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered, Thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—'*Hic jacet.*'"

Al, yes ! Death is your true disenchanter. He breaketh the sword of the mighty, he turneth to dust the sceptre of the monarch, and writeth on all created things—*Vanity ! Vanity ! Vanity !*

C. D.

A NARRATIVE OF GHUZNEE.

DURING the war in Afghanistan in the summer of 1839, it was determined to break up the camp before Candahar, and march upon Ghuznee. The troops forming this expedition consisted of about 8,000 British, and a native contingent of 4,000 men ; making altogether an effective force of 12,000, with 40 pieces of artillery : the whole

under the command of Sir John Keane. They marched in three divisions, as a precaution against any sudden attack, but they proceeded without interruption twelve miles over the plains to the west of the fort, and halted within a mile of its walls. Ghuznee, which had been represented as almost destitute of defence, proved on the contrary to be a place of great strength, as will be apparent from the following brief description. Standing on the northern extremity of a range of hills, running due east and west, the town was protected on three sides by a broad and deep moat, supplied with water from the adjoining river. It possessed a high rampart in good repair, built on a scarped mound, about thirty-five feet in height, and flanked by numerous towers. The citadel was a square of irregular form, situated on an eminence commanding the whole place, and effectually covering the interior from any hostile fire on the hills to the north. A *fausse braye* and wet ditch surrounded the ramparts ; while the irregular form of the *enceinte* gave a good flanking fire. In addition to this, according to the reports of the engineer officers operating before it, these fortifications had been recently enlarged and strengthened ; the ditch cleared out and filled with water—stated to be unfordable, and an out-work commanding its bed had been built on the right bank. These were formidable obstacles either to mining or escalading, and as the battering train of the investing army had been left at Candahar, it was evident the fortress could not be attacked in a regular manner with any prospect of success. The garrison consisted of nearly 4,000 men, a large portion of them being well-mounted cavalry, and there were about an equal number of inhabitants in the town. They had sufficient provisions for eight months, and such was the strength of the place, that the Affghans believed it to be capable of holding out for a year against any attack. Upon being closely inspected, however, by the English general, it was discovered to possess one vulnerable point. The gate on the side of Cabool had been left free for ingress and egress, as reinforcements were expected to arrive from that city. It was arranged, therefore, that the attack should be made there, and for this purpose the troops were ordered to take up a new position in that direction, and to occupy the entire frontier space ranging between north and south east. This change effectually deprived the garrison of all chance of escape, and it also put them off their guard ; for, in their ignorance, they regarded it with great satisfaction, as evincing an intention on the part of the besiegers to abandon Ghuznee, and proceed at once upon Cabool. During the reconnoissance made by Sir John Keane, the day before this change of position took place, a brilliant and bold expedient was suggested, it is said, by Captain Thompson, of the engineers, which was, to make a dash at this gateway, blowing the gate open by bags of powder. They determined at once to adopt this plan, and to make every preparation during the night, in order to carry it into effect on the following morning. It was further resolved, that the attention of the garrison should be drawn off by a feigned attack on the opposite side, to enable the engineers to carry on their operations as secretly as possible.

About midnight, a strong detachment of the 6th Native Infantry was placed in some gardens outside the town, and soon afterwards three companies of the 35th, under Captain Hay, took up a position towards the north side of the fortress, with instructions to keep up an incessant fire of musketry upon the works. The artillery under the direction of a brigadier-general was placed in a

commanding situation on the opposite heights. Meanwhile, Captain Thompson, with the officers and men of the engineer department, crept down to the works with their terrible apparatus. They were protected by a party of her Majesty's 13th regiment, who seeking whatever cover they could find on either side the road, endeavoured to reduce the fire from the ramparts, which became very heavy on the approach of the party. The tempestuous state of the weather, however, was exceedingly favourable for the concealment of their movements, the wind blowing in such violent gusts from the east as frequently to drown all sound among the devoted garrison of the operations going on for their destruction. The explosion party comprised three officers, three sergeants, and eighteen men of the sappers, carrying 900 lbs. of powder in sand bags, with a hose more than seventy feet long. Behind these stood the storming party, in anxious expectation of the signal for action. It was composed of the grenadier companies of her Majesty's 2nd and 17th regiments, the Bengal European regiment, and a company of her Majesty's 13th regiment under the heroic Colonel Dennie, who had been appointed to the command. A second body, led by Brigadier Sale, was made up of the rest of her Majesty's 2nd and Bengal European regiments, with the whole of the 13th, excepting the company attached to Colonel Dennie's forlorn hope. Her Majesty's 17th regiment formed the support, and was directed to follow the storming party into the fort. The reserve was commanded by Sir Willoughby Cotton in person, and consisted of the unemployed companies of the 16th, 35th and 48th regiments, while Colonel Stalker, with the 19th Bombay infantry supported a division of cavalry stationed on the Cabool road to prevent a surprise from the enemy in that quarter.

It was now three o'clock in the morning, and everything was in readiness for the grand attack. So admirably had the various operations been conducted that the garrison had no suspicion of anything serious being intended till the commencement of the false attack on the north side, by Captain Hay and his party, roused them to a sense of danger. At the appointed time, these troops opened a brisk fire, which was answered from the ramparts with such artillery as could be brought to bear against it; and every time the assailants showed themselves to the enemy they were saluted with a storm of musketry. To increase the excitement of the scene, the Afghans now exhibited on their walls a succession of blue lights, evidently to afford them a clearer view of the position of their adversaries. On all sides the cannonade and roll of musketry grew more terrific, and the northern rampart especially became one sheet of flame. But the grand *coup de main* was at hand. The party to whom this critical duty was entrusted now advanced to the doomed gateway silently and rapidly, led by Lieutenant Durand, of the engineers. The besieged must have been conscious of the approach of these troops, but they could have had no suspicion of the terrible process going on, or they might easily have frustrated the whole scheme. But this absence of suspicion on their part had been calculated upon as among the chances favouring the success of the enterprise, and the event proved how correctly these calculations were made. On reaching the gate, Lieutenant Durand plainly distinguished through the crevices the movements of the guard within. The poor fellows were smoking their pipes with true Eastern composure, quite unconscious of their approaching doom. In less than two minutes the bags of powder were piled against the huge portal, the hose laid,

and the train fired; the explosion-party retiring with all possible despatch to such cover as they could find. Although still ignorant of the nature of these proceedings, the enemy's attention was at this moment aroused by the commotion at the gate, and a brilliant blue light was brought to the spot that they might ascertain what was going on. But it was too late. The powder-bags had ignited, and exploding with a tremendous crash, shivered the massive barricade to pieces and tore away solid masses of masonry and woodwork from the main building. None of the assailants were injured by the explosion, but an officer (Captain Peat), in his anxiety to witness the result of the operations, not keeping sufficiently under cover, was for a few minutes stunned by the concussion. After a short pause, the bugle sounded for the storming party to advance, and the heroic Colonel Dennie, at the head of the forlorn hope, sprang forward over the black and smoking ruins that impeded the gateway. The surprised and terrified Afghans for a moment lost their self-possession, but speedily recovering themselves, a fierce hand-to-hand encounter ensued while they contested the entrance with great bravery. Daylight had now broken; but it was still so dark where the soldiers had to grope their way between the yet standing walls that it was impossible for them to distinguish any object clearly, and they poured in their deadly volleys when almost close upon the enemy. There was, indeed, neither time nor space for regular firing. It was at first feared that the gate had been bricked up behind, a sudden angle in the passage causing that appearance; but as the leading files pressed on they caught a glimpse of the sky above the heads of their receding foes and felt assured that the town was before them. The conflict though severe was not of long duration; nothing could meet the impetuous advance of the heroic little band. Animated by the example of their daring leader, whose commanding figure was ever seen foremost in the struggle, and whose voice cheered them on to the attack, they eagerly pressed forward, overpowering all resistance; and at length a loud, exhilarating cheer announced the successful issue of the conflict. In the mean time, through some misunderstanding, the supporting columns under Brigadier Sale had commenced a retrograde movement. While advancing with the rest of the storming party to render prompt assistance to the forlorn hope, they were informed that although the gate was blown down, the passage was so choked up that Colonel Dennie had been unable to force an entrance. Unwilling to proceed in the face of such disheartening intelligence, the brigadier reluctantly ordered a retreat. This had commenced, when Captain Thompson, becoming anxious at the non-appearance of these troops, hastened to ascertain the cause of the delay, and informed General Sale that instead of being repulsed Colonel Dennie was already within the fortress. The brigadier instantly pressed forward and entered the gateway; but the momentary check occasioned by the false intelligence had well nigh produced the most disastrous results. Too much time had thus been lost before the main body followed up the advance, and Colonel Dennie who had by this time penetrated far into the fort, was left too long without support, although effecting wonders with his little band. They were driving before them a numerous body of the enemy, who rushed towards the gate in the hope of making their escape, just as Brigadier Sale's column was entering. The conflict arising from this collision was terrific. The Afghans finding themselves hemmed in on every side, rushed upon the British

with the utmost impetuosity, as if to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and so fierce was their onset, that our troops began to waver. One of the enemy, a man of powerful frame, attacked Brigadier Sale, and brought him down by a sabre-cut on the face; while dealing him a second blow, he missed his footing and fell with the gallant general to the ground. A desperate struggle for life or death then ensued between them, and the brigadier was again slightly wounded in trying to gain possession of his enemy's sword. Faint from loss of blood his situation was now most critical, and the career of the future hero of Jellalabad might have been cut short in the broken portal of Ghuznee, had not an officer of the 18th opportunely approached, and seeing his general's danger, plunged his sword into the body of the Afghan. Sir Robert Sale regained his feet, and although too weak to take any further active part in the conflict, he remained directing the troops, who had succeeded in driving the Afghans back, and establishing themselves in the town. But there was more to be accomplished before the victory could be regarded as complete. The citadel had not yet been assailed, and it was expected that the enemy would make a determined stand there. Anticipating this, Sir John Keane ordered every gun in the batteries to be brought to bear on that point. But the governor (Gholai Hyder Khan), astounded by the sudden appearance of the storming party within the walls, which he had deemed impregnable, abandoned the contest in despair and secreted himself in a distant part of the fort. When the British, therefore, led on by their commander, nothing daunted by his recent danger, reached the citadel, scarcely any resistance was offered, and in a few minutes the English colours floating proudly above the ramparts proclaimed the completion of the enterprise.

The total loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was estimated at nearly three thousand men, and more than a thousand were made prisoners. The British suffered far less severely, owing to the darkness which prevailed during the conflict being more favourable to them than the besieged. Every street was strewn with the bodies of dying and dead Afghans; and fifty-eight are said to have perished alone in a fortified house, which had been maintained by them with desperate valour. One fact, however, must be recorded to the honour of the captors of Ghuznee—their exploit was unstained by even one solitary act of peculiar atrocity. All unnecessary violence ceased with the close of the fighting, and those scenes of horror which almost invariably follow the capture of a town were unheard of here. These good dispositions on the part of the soldiery were attributed by some to their abstinence from exciting liquors, the spirit stores of the army having been exhausted for some time previously. Be that, however, as it may, we cannot but rejoice at this victory being un tarnished by those dreadful atrocities, which have too often, on similar occasions, sullied the triumphs of the British arms.

It cannot be denied, that the chief merit of the brilliant achievement just recorded belongs to Captain Thompson, the originator of the daring plan by which the capture of Ghuznee was accomplished; but upon the energy, perseverance, and courage of Colonel Dennie undoubtedly depended its successful execution. Had he faltered in his course, or entertained any misgivings as to the issue of the contest, the whole scheme would have failed, and the British army might have met with a similar fate to that which subsequently overwhelmed its unhappy remnant at Cabul. On the contrary, at the head of his gallant

little band, he rushed into the breach as soon as practicable, and was actually in possession of the fort before he received any assistance. But this gallant officer did not obtain that praise for his courageous acts which is so much prized by every soldier. In the general orders issued after the capture of the place, his name only appeared among a list of others, who, whatever might be their merits, were in no way particularly distinguished from the numerous other brave men engaged on that occasion; while Brigadier Sale was represented as having directed the leading column, thus obtaining the glory which is generally admitted as being due to Colonel Dennie alone. Conscious of the responsible and important part which he had played in the taking of Ghuznee, Colonel Dennie could not but feel deeply mortified at his services being thus slurred over. Unwilling, however, to regard it as proceeding from any ill-feeling towards himself, he attributed the omission to some mistake, and waited upon the commander-in-chief to explain the real circumstances of the case. Instead of meeting with any redress in that quarter, his representations were listened to with marked coldness, and he was altogether subjected to such treatment as filled him with surprise and indignation. So aggrieved did he feel himself, that he at once forwarded a remonstrance on the subject to the military authorities in England, but with little better success. No reply was vouchsafed to him; yet the silence of the Horse Guards speaks in his favour, for it clearly shows that his complaint was neither "frivolous" nor "vexatious." That it remained unnoticed is only one instance; among many others, of the power of those aristocratic influences which have so long proved the great bane of our military system.

This gallant officer fell afterwards at Jellalabad, when leading a column of troops against a strong fort, the defence of which was obstinately maintained by the Afghans. On approaching within a few yards of it, a ball from one of the guns struck him on the side, and before he could witness the success of the attack death had terminated his glorious career. He has been described as a man of decided talent as well as undaunted bravery, and, under happier auspices, he would, doubtless, have attained the highest rank in his profession. But empty words of praise—and not always these—were all that his long and arduous services earned for him, while upon some more fortunate superior in rank was often bestowed the reward of his brilliant actions. Such is the constitution of our military system; that it is to be feared there will always be found in the British army men who have, like Colonel Dennie, met with nothing but disappointment.

A REGIMENT OF TAILORS.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the tailors petitioned her majesty that a regiment might be raised, composed entirely of their craft, which petition her majesty was graciously pleased to grant; and her majesty ordered that they should all be mounted upon mares. In a short time the regiment was completed, and they were reviewed by her majesty just before their embarkation, who expressed great satisfaction at the handsome appearance they made. On their arrival abroad, it was not long before they had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, but at last, being overpowered by numbers, they were cut off. When the account came to the queen she seemed greatly afflicted, but, recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Thank God! I have neither lost man nor horse, for they were all tailors and mares."



[SINOPE—ATTACK ON THE TURKISH FLOTTILLA]

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF SINOPE.

ALTHOUGH Prince Gortchakoff was unable to obtain any signal victory over the forces of the sultan in the Principality, the Russian admiral in command of the Black Sea squadron perpetrated a deed which filled Europe with horror, and which history will record as one of the most disgraceful in the annals of the Russian empire. On the morning of the 30th of November, a Turkish squadron consisting of seven frigates, one sloop, one steamer, and five transports, destined to land troops at Sécoum-Kalé, was attacked while at anchor in the Bay of Sinope by the Russian fleet, and, after an engagement of four hours, completely annihilated. The Turks fought upon this occasion with the utmost gallantry. The vice-admiral, Omar Pasha, when the intention of the Russian admiral became evident, signalled to the commanders of the vessels forming his squadron, to fight the enemy as long as their ships would float—an injunction which they fulfilled to the letter. Although the Russian ships of war were greatly superior to those of the Turks, and the guns them at bay for several hours, and it was not until their ships had taken fire, and their crews were decimated by the Russian fire, that they surrendered. Two of the largest of the Russian frigates were so disabled, that they had to be taken in tow, while none escaped without serious injury. It is estimated that the Turks lost in this terrible carnage about 4,000 men, and the whole of their ships with the exception of the steamer (the "Taif"), were either sunk or burnt. The vice-admiral had one of

his legs shot off, and was carried a prisoner to Sebastopol, where he shortly afterwards died. The Russian fleet, having accomplished its object, retreated in all haste to Sebastopol.

The position in which the representatives of England and France at the Porte were placed, on hearing of the disaster at Sinope, was perplexing in the extreme; war had not been declared between England and France on the one hand, and Russia on the other, and as negotiations for peace were still pending, they felt that a collision between the hostile fleets at such a moment might lead to the most deplorable consequences. Their first thought was to send out a sufficient force to Sinope with the view of delivering the town and port from whatever portion of the Russian squadron might have remained there after the action. The extreme probability that such a measure would have led immediately to war with Russia, a result which Her Majesty's government was anxious if possible to avoid, inclined them to take the preliminary step of sending a vessel of war to make inquiry on the spot. They felt at the same time how desirable it was in other respects that the combined squadrons should at once appear in the Black Sea, and their instructions would have borne them out in taking that course, after they had acquired a positive knowledge of so large a portion of the Russian fleet as six sail-of-the-line being not only at sea, but employed in carrying destruction into the very ports of Turkey. But other considerations required a share of their attention. A professional opinion was expressed in favour of waiting for the return of the steam frigate. That opinion was grounded on the risk of missing it at sea by reason of the fogs and violent winds prevailing in the Euxine at that time of year. It was also advisable

for the admirals to be within reach of consultation when the intelligence from Sinope should enable them to come to a conclusive decision. They resolved, therefore, to despatch two French and English steamers to Sinope, to learn particulars and to render any assistance in their power to the Turks who might have survived the action.

At Sinope they learned that all the Turkish vessels to the number of eleven were destroyed: more than 4,000 Turks had perished. The survivors, with few exceptions, were taken on board the "Retribution" and the "Mogador;" and almost the whole of them were more or less wounded. They did not exceed 400 in number. The town of Sinope had suffered severely. The new batteries were dismantled. It appears that the Turks were the first to fire. This did not, however, prevent the Russians from having been the aggressors. While deploring their want of foresight, it is impossible sufficiently to admire the courage and devotion of the Turkish sailors. The six Russian line-of-battle ships quitted Sinope the day after the battle. The Turkish sailors who were brought away in the English vessels, declared that the Russians continued to fire upon them when they knew that they could make no return, their vessels being in flames and their ammunition exhausted. The officers respectively in command of the French and English vessels were instructed to avoid communication with any Russian man-of-war; but should a necessity for communicating occur, to state that they were destined for points on the Ottoman coast in connection with the interests of the two governments. If told not to proceed, they were to retire after protesting, if the Russian force were superior to theirs; but to persist in going to their destination if that force were equal or inferior. The disaster at Sinope might have been averted if energetic means had been used by the Ottoman government to send it assistance. It was well-known at Constantinople, for some days before, that a division of Russian ships of war was cruising off the port of Sinope, and that another division was off Bartin and Amastre. The commander of the Turkish fleet wrote to Constantinople, and thus described his position:—"Wednesday, about 7 o'clock according to Turkish time, seven sailing vessels and two steamers were perceived at a distance of about ten miles from Sinope. These vessels were coming with a north-east wind towards Sinope. We immediately caused the vessels of the imperial fleet which are with us to clear for action, and the two steamers 'Taif' and 'Erighly' got their machinery ready for movement; and we made preparations. Of the seven vessels, four parted company and entered into the port, and the other three vessels and the two steamers remained off Cape Indjé Bournou. Three line-of-battle ships and one brig, that is to say, four vessels, entered into the above-mentioned port, and then made long tacks towards Guirgé, after which they bore down upon us, and although they came within a distance which was far beyond range, they turned to windward under all sail, and towards the evening stood away from the land and gained an offing. The following day, Thursday, at about 6 o'clock, seven vessels were again observed, that is to say, six of-the-line and one brig, and two steamers. Three of them, under easy sail, stood towards the opening of the port above mentioned until the evening, and towards evening they bore away. In fine, six sail-of-the-line, a brig, and two steamers, are constantly off the port above-mentioned, and at one time they lie to, and at another they beat about. From six to eight frigates and two steamers have been seen off the port of Bartin and Amastre, and this news is

certain; consequently, the station of the enemy is in this neighbourhood; he may, therefore, receive reinforcements, or attack us with fire-ships. That being the case, if reinforcements are not sent to us, and our position continues the same for some time—may God preserve us from them!—it may well happen that the imperial fleet may sustain some loss." The danger to which the Turkish flotilla was exposed had not escaped observation in other quarters. Ten days before the attack was made upon it, a Turkish steamer, called the "Medari Tidjaret," was captured about fifteen miles outside of Sinope by a Russian squadron of seven sail and one war-steamer, which had been cruising within sight of Sinope for some days. The "Medari Tidjaret" was proceeding to Constantinople, and had taken on board at Sinope a quantity of rice for the use of the arsenal, a number of packages of merchandise belonging to merchants, and specie to the amount of 150,000 piastres. A merchant-vessel, which arrived at Samsoun with a Jerusalem flag, met the Russian squadron cruising in the neighbourhood of Sinope, and was boarded by several boats from one of the Russian ships, and examined to see if there were any ammunition or government stores on board for the Turks. The captain of the merchant-vessel, who was a Greek, was then ordered to go close to a Russian frigate, the captain of which interrogated him about the news from Constantinople, the number of English and French men-of-war at anchor in the Bosphorus, and asked exultingly if the capture of two Turkish steamers by the Russians had been heard of at the capital. The Greek captain stated that this Russian squadron was composed of seven sail of frigates and corvettes and one large steamer; that the vessels appeared to form a line across the Black Sea, or from north to south, and commencing about fifteen miles from the coast, so that it would be almost impossible for any ship to pass to and fro, between Samsoun and Constantinople, without being observed by the Russians. The captain of a Turkish vessel, on its way to Trebizond from Penderakli, laden with coals for the Ottoman Steam Company, when not far from Cape Kerempeh, also met four Russian two-deckers, two frigates, and a steamer. The latter boarded him and ordered him to surrender, upon which the Turkish captain told the Russian commander that his vessel contained a cargo of coals, going to Trebizond for the Austrian Lloyd's Company. On hearing this, the Russians made him take an oath that his statement was true, and, on his swearing to this effect, the commander of the steamer made him give up about 1,800 kintals, or nearly 100 tons of coals, for which a receipt was delivered to him, with directions to give it to the Austrian agent, telling him to pass the coals taken in his accounts, and that they would be paid for. The Turkish captain was then obliged to give up what ready cash he had on board (nearly 10,000 piastres), with a small cannon and a brace of pistols, and was allowed to continue his voyage.

Notwithstanding the action at Sinope, the Porte was not indisposed to conclude an honourable peace with Russia. An assembly of the general council was held on the 18th of December to consider whether peace should be concluded, and after a more than usually animated debate the decision was in favour of peace on the following bases: immediate evacuation of the Principalities by the Russian troops; preservation of the sovereign rights unimpaired, and a guarantee from the Four Powers for the future. As soon as the result of the council's deliberations was made known, the Turkish capital was thrown into a state which threatened insurrection.

The sofas, or religious students, took umbrage at the pacific decision adopted by the general council, and formed themselves into assemblies of an illegal character, expressed loudly their discontent, and threatened to wreak their vengeance on Reschid Pasha and other obnoxious ministers. Alarming statements were also made of intended violence, including the conflagration of the city, and the massacre of its Christian inhabitants. These reports, with other indications of terror, became so prevalent, that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe felt it to be his duty to lose no time in adopting precautionary measures. Such as it was in his power to take he therefore took, but with as little display or demonstration of alarm as possible. The diplomatic body assembled at his house. They addressed a letter to the Ottoman secretary of state, and steamers from the British and French squadrons were prepared for any service which might be required. Before long it became evident that the danger was less urgent than had been at first apprehended, and on sending to the Porte, they found that, although the ministers were not there, the streets were free from tumult, and the authorities prepared to maintain order. They could not, however, learn till late in the evening where Reschid Pasha, who had left his house in the morning, was to be found. At an early hour next morning they went to see that minister, who had taken refuge in his son's house at a distance from the city, and not far from the sultan's palace. While they were listening to his recital of the late occurrences, and to his opinion of their cause, a message arrived from the president of the council, to inform him that the sofas were still in a state of agitation and disobedience to the government; that the effects of their example upon the more dangerous classes of the populace were to be apprehended, and that doubts were entertained of the steadiness of the troops. Conceiving that under such circumstances there was but one course to pursue, and that further indecision would endanger the most vital interests, and render every immediate chance of peace impossible, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe went at once to the seraglio, and requested a private audience of the sultan. His majesty having received him with his usual affability, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe made no secret of what he understood to be the real state of things, and placed before his majesty in strong colours the absolute necessity of acting with vigour and determination, so as to leave no time for the rebellion to gather strength and to assume more formidable proportions. The interview ended by an assurance from his majesty that he would forthwith order the measures which had been recommended, to be carried into effect, and that he would himself pass over into his city palace in order to make an additional impression on his subjects. He informed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at the same time that he had decided on giving his formal sanction to the vote of the general council in favour of peace. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had scarcely left the palace when the sultan sent for the grand vizier, the sheik-ul-islam, and the seraskier. He apprised them of his views, and ordered them to summon a council at the Porte. He then crossed over to Constantinople, and sent an officer of his court to the assembled ministers, apprising them of his assent to the council's decision, and commanding them to take immediate measures for the maintenance of public order and the apprehension of the insurgents. His majesty's commands were executed equally without delay and without difficulty. Above two hundred of the more active sofas were seized by the soldiery, and taken before the council in detachments of ten or twelve. They were

required to explain what their insubordination meant. They replied, that the conditions prescribed by the Koran for peace after war had been disregarded. They were told in return that neither peace nor armistice existed, that the council had only declared a willingness to negotiate on terms which would keep their territory and their rights entire, and that the war would be maintained with vigour till then. Upon which they declared their loyalty and obedience to the sultan, but on being required in proof of their sincerity, to join the sultan's army, they declined, and were then condemned to exile in Candia. It appeared that the troops had behaved with perfect discipline.

Sir Hamilton Seymour at St Petersburg lost no time in remonstrating with Count Nesselrode, the chancellor of the empire, against the attack upon the Turkish squadron at Sinope. The language used by Sir Hamilton on this occasion was indicative of the feeling which the British government entertained as to the altered position in which that disaster had placed them with regard to Russia. A minute of the conversation that ensued was forwarded to Lord Clarendon, from which we extract the following:—"I said," observed Sir Hamilton, "dismiss, I entreat of you, from your mind the unfounded notion of the existence on the part of Her Majesty's government of a desire to humiliate Russia; no feeling of the sort exists. Do not imagine either that it can be for our interests that Russia should be injured—quite the contrary. Her Majesty's government consider that they have reason to complain of Russia—that the unlimited confidence placed in her assurances has been ill-repaid; but the feeling does not alter their policy, or inspire the government with the wish of returning evil for evil. The case is plainly this: Her Majesty's government have a British interest and a European interest in maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire; and they hold that the first would have been virtually destroyed if Prince Menschikoff's demand had been successful; and that the second is placed in great danger by the occupation of the Principalities, which is, moreover, a precedent and example against which it behoves all the great powers of Europe to enter a protest. Her Majesty's government accordingly have duties to perform—duties not voluntarily undertaken, but imposed upon them by Russia; and from the discharge of these duties Her Majesty's government cannot and will not shrink. Turkey must be defended from aggression. Her Majesty's government are pledged to defend her, and the obligation must be discharged. Now as to the application of this. The victory over the Turks has produced a very painful effect in England. It may be regarded as an intentional insult to the maritime powers, for the statement which has been made respecting the affair is incorrect. It is not true that the Turkish squadron had on board troops destined to attack Sécoum-Kaké. These ships were charged with provisions for Batoum, and they have been destroyed in a Turkish harbour, which is Turkish territory, which England is bound to protect." Before he had concluded this last sentence, Count Nesselrode interrupted him by strong assurances that nothing could be more unfounded than the supposition of its having been the wish of the Russian government to offer any affront to England and France. That which had happened was, he observed, the unavoidable consequence of the position taken by the two powers and of that assigned to Russia. "Turkey," said Count Nesselrode, "declares war upon us, she opens the campaign before the term laid down by herself, she

invades our territory, she takes a small fortress which she still holds, and then you find fault with us because we oppose hostilities by hostilities. But remember, I beg, that we are at war with Turkey, and that no one ever heard of a war which was not attended by acts such as you complain of. Our attack too was a defensive act. The Turkish ships were notoriously laden with military stores, intended for the tribes who are lighting up war on our borders." The count subsequently inquired whether Sir Hamilton Seymour had any communication to make to him upon the subject of the entry of the Allied fleets into the Black Sea. Sir Hamilton replied that he had not, but that, as he had before stated, they were to be sent there. Count Nesselrode inquired with what intent? To which Sir Hamilton replied by adverting to the feeling which had been produced in England and France by the affair of Sinope, and by saying that it might be assumed that it was intended to take measures for preventing the recurrence of a similar catastrophe. In the course of an amicable conversation which ensued, Count Nesselrode expressed his belief that the Russian fleet would in consequence of the advanced season be little likely to leave Sebastopol. He spoke likewise of the possible operations of the English and French ships, observing that if it were intended that their presence in the Black Sea should prevent the Turks from being attacked by the Russians, there would be little justice in the proceeding, unless it were likewise proposed that the Turks should be restrained from molesting the coast of Russia. The combined squadrons, which left their anchorage in Beicos Bay on the 3rd of January (1854), with the intention of entering the Black Sea, were prevented from doing so in consequence of a sudden change of wind and weather. On the 5th of January the weather moderated and the fleets put to sea. The admirals in command were charged with the delivery of the following letter to the Russian admiral at Sebastopol:—

"The squadron under our orders being on the point of appearing in the Black Sea, in concert with that of France, and the object of this movement being the protection of the Ottoman territory and flag against any aggression or act of hostility, we apprise your excellency of it with the view of preventing any collision which might prejudice the friendly relations existing between our governments and yours, relations which we are desirous of preserving, and which, doubtless, you also wish to maintain.

"We should be happy to learn that your excellency, animated by the same pacific intentions, has been pleased to give to the commanders of the Russian forces in the Black Sea instructions intended to prevent any event which might compromise peace."

DISCOVERY OF STONE COFFINS AT LINCOLN.

Workmen have been for the last few days employed in laying a new main of gas-pipes from the Dunston Lock through St. Martin's-lane, and up Hungate, at Lincoln. During the excavations in St. Martin's-lane enormous coffins cut out of entire stone, were discovered about three feet from the surface. One of these contained a skeleton of considerable length, and a plait of hair found in a state of extraordinary preservation. The coffin, as soon as exposed to the atmosphere, crumbled away, but we believe that the workmen have succeeded in recovering one entire. They must have been deposited there in the 15th century, or earlier, and there is no doubt that an ancient burial-ground extended about that period over a considerable space south of St. Martin's church.

THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire presented another egg of what is called "the gigantic bird of Madagascar," the species of which is now supposed to be extinct, but of which bones and eggs are being constantly found by the natives of that island. This egg is considerably larger than those of the same bird already existing in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, and of which models have been sent to all the principal museums of natural history in Europe. Its form is ellipsoid, its largest circumference is in French measure 0.925 metre (the metre is about three feet and three-and-a-half inches), and it contains about eleven-and-a-half quarts. The largest egg previously known of this bird—one of those in the museum at Paris—contains eight-and-three-quarter quarts; and it is six times bigger than an ostrich's egg, 148 times bigger than a hen's egg, and 50,000 times bigger than the egg of the humming bird.

FLAX, AS AN ARTICLE OF PROFIT.

The profits of flax-growing are very large, but great care must be taken in saving the crop. Last season, on the estate of Lord Baudou, there were upwards of 400 acres of land sown with flax, and a great number of the tenants sold their crop standing, at rates varying from £5 10s. to £8 per acre, the buyers saving the crops themselves. Amongst those who did not sell their crops were two who had a most extraordinary return. One of them, who saved three bushels of seed, had 67 stones of scutched flax, each stone weighing 10½ lb., and 20 bushels of seed, the value of which is upwards of £30, after including the expenses of scutching—being payment at the rate of £20 per acre.

REMEMBER ME NOT.

FARE thee well, O my friend, in the hour of thy gloe,
When pleasure is reigning then think not of me;
But if ever thy spirits are humbled in grief—
If the high yields no balm and the tear no relief—
Oh, think of me then in thy desolate lot,
But in blissful moments remember me not.

In the fulness of health not a thought on me cast,
I would not as a cloud o'er thy gladness be pass'd,
Mid the bliss of thy love be I far from thy mind,
As on her faithful bosom thy head is reclined;
While the sweetness of life unalloyed, is thy lot,
And thou dwell'st in its sunshine, remember me not.

I would come to thy memory when health fades away
Like the darkness of night on a chill murky day,
When the thought, although gloomy and bleak it may be,
Might yield an abatement of anguish to thee—
But oh! while prosperity beams on thy lot,
And thy heart is all happy, remember me not.

When the cold hand of death all thou lov'st shall have chill'd,
And thy heart with unuttered affliction is fill'd;
When but light to that sorrow is all other grief,
Then the sad thought of me may convey thee relief;
But while yet in her beauty she blesses thy lot,
And crowns it with fondness, remember me not.

It is not in the ramble, the feast, or the dance,
When the young heart's felicity speaks in each glance—
It is not 'mid the soothing or rapturous strain
Of music, I'd come to thy memory again—
Oh, no! while such light-hearted pastime's thy lot,
Let no pain mingle with it—remember me not.

Should adversity touch thee, oh, think of me then,
For I'd soften thy grief were I near thee again;
Should thy summer-time friends fall like flower-leaves away,
On the coming, all dark, of thine evil-fraught day,
Then, believe me still steadfast, though blighted thy lot—
But while fortune is smiling, remember me not.

THE RUSSIAN FOUNDLING.

(CONCLUSION.)

MASTERING his own feelings (for it had cost him dear to tell Etienne that he was not his son) Colonel Radowicki went straightway to Monsieur de Marsan, to whom he related in confidence the whole story. Monsieur de Marsan expressed great sympathy for the young officer, but took care not to compromise himself in any way by holding out hopes that he would consent to his marriage with Pauline before he had attained the rank of captain. On the contrary, he took occasion to hint (too politely to give offence) that had he known that Etienne was not the son of Colonel Radowicki, his consent would never have been given.

Even while Radowicki was in his room, Monsieur de Marsan was turning in his head a plan, which he began to put into execution as soon as his visitor left him. A sister of his, who had been staying with him for some time, was to leave for Paris on the morrow; he determined to send his daughter with her to avoid the recurrence of disagreeable domestic scenes when Etienne should come, as he undoubtedly would, to tell his *fiancée* his tale of distress. Hastening to his daughter's apartment, he asked her how she would like a trip to Paris with her aunt. "Oh, my dear papa!" was Pauline's reply as she threw herself into his arms. Guessing rightly that this signified that the young lady was not averse to the trip, he continued: "You can stay there a fortnight or three weeks, by which time I shall be called to Paris by important affairs, and you shall return with me." "But," said Pauline, hesitating, "is not Etienne soon going to the war?" "He is not under immediate orders," answered her father, "and you will be back here long before his departure."

Pauline spent the evening and greater part of the night in preparing for her departure. She, however, found time to write a word of adieu to Etienne, but unfortunately, when she started with her aunt before seven in the morning, being probably drowsy at that (for her) unusually early hour, she left it on her table, instead of giving it to the servant to deliver.

About mid-day Monsieur de Marsan, who was just leaving his house, met Etienne, who pale as death (he had not even laid down all the past night) was coming to seek Pauline, and learn whether he could at least hope in her love and faith. Monsieur de Marsan smiled as he came up. "Your visit is doubtless not for me, my dear Etienne; Madame de Marsan is at home, but I don't think she is visible, for she is suffering from a severe headache; Pauline left for Paris this morning."

"For Paris," gasped Etienne.

"Yes; she is going to stay a month or so with her aunt."

"With her aunt," mechanically repeated Etienne, and heedless of some other observation or question addressed to him by Monsieur de Marsan, he bowed and turned away.

"My fate is sealed," he said to himself, as he went on. "Pauline abandons me; her father is glad to break off the match; her mother, till now my friend, refuses to see me," and he walked on, hardly knowing whither he went, far out of the town and along the sea-coast.

The first glimpse of the truth that had blighted his career and crushed his hopes, had stunned him; now he was able to think again, his sufferings increased at every moment, for every moment showed him his misfortune in

a new and stronger light. He thought of the exultations of his comrades who were going to win the glory denied to him; of the disgrace of quitting his division when ordered on active service, and as none would ever know the true reason, whatever excuse might be given, some stigma would attach to his name; and some would insultingly pity him, thinking his removal from his corps, was caused by injustice in some high quarter. What if the whole secret were known, he would then assuredly be compelled to quit the service, and for what other life than that of a soldier was he fit? Worse than all this was the thought of Pauline; of her quitting him without a word, without a line; and of the coolness with which he was now treated by her family.

Thoughts of suicide had during the night flitted through the young man's brain: two years before, a school friend of his had, with less cause for despair, put a termination to his young life; but Etienne thought of Radowicki, of his father, as still he called him in his heart, and could not bear to leave him alone and desolate in the world.

The sky was lowering, the gale that had sprung up in the morning was increasing, and a heavy swell agitated the sea. Etienne sat down on the beach, and gazed moodily at the troubled waters. He could indulge his meditations uninterrupted, for no living creature was near. Close by were one or two fishermen's cottages, but their inhabitants were away. A boat was drawn up on the beach, and another was tossing about nearly opposite the cottages, but so far out at sea that it looked like a black speck on the water.

Presently a woman carrying a basket of provisions approached, entered one of the huts, and, apparently disappointed at not finding some one, called out loudly. At length, after looking all round the cottages, she came towards the sea. When she perceived that there was but one boat on the beach, and saw the little speck that was fast growing smaller, as it went farther from the shore, she began to utter such cries of distress, that Etienne, awaking from his gloomy reverie, started up, and asked what was the matter.

"They have gone out all of them in the boat, though his father beat him for it the last time, and they will all be drowned."

"Who?" said Etienne.

"My children and my brother's—four boys and three girls. I left them to the care of the eldest girl, who is thirteen, and they have taken the boat away and gone out, and they will all be drowned."

An old man, decrepit and infirm, who had crept out of one of the huts, now dragged himself up to them.

"You were at home, father, and you let them go!" said the woman, reproachfully.

"Eh! eh!" said the old man, "it was not so rough an hour ago; besides Pierre and Jean are strong—the boys swim like rats."

"Yes, but the girls, and the little one," sobbed the woman.

"Eh! eh!" replied the old man, "there is no danger—it is a good boat—the boys are strong."

But there was danger: in a few moments more, the boat that seemed to be returning towards the shore, suddenly capsized. The distance prevented the cause of the accident being perceived from the beach. A shriek of agony burst from the woman's lips. Etienne without listening to, or indeed hearing the dissuasions of the old man, who kept repeating, "The boys swim like rats, and you will not be able to save the others—you can't save them," plunged into the sea.

He had but obeyed the impulse of a generous nature without calculating probabilities of success. One vague idea had crossed his brain so rapidly that he hardly could be said to have thought it—"My life is of no value, I may as well throw it as a last chance to these poor creatures."

The plunge into the cold water had, however, the effect of recalling his wandering senses; he put forth all his strength, and struggled manfully to make his way with all possible speed, in the direction of the boat. But Etienne was not a first-rate swimmer. At swimming-schools and in smooth water he had fancied himself a proficient in the art, but had never yet buffeted the waves of an angry sea. The boat was much farther off than he had imagined; he reached it, however, exhausted and panting. One boy was clinging to it, as it floated bottom upwards on the water; the two eldest had struck out for their lives. Etienne seized hold of the child, and bearing him away, prepared with increased difficulty to return to the shore.

He had now but one hand free to struggle with the waves, and he had to contend, in returning, against a current that had proved fatal to some of the best swimmers. He felt his strength failing. Suddenly a distant shout swept over the water. He guessed that succour was at hand, and for a few seconds was inspired with fresh energy; the boy answered the shout, again it sounded, and this time nearer, but Etienne's strength was gone. He relinquished his hold of the boy, and sank. The child who could swim a little, continued struggling for a minute or two; then a boat came up, and a man drew him in. Two or three sailors, who were passing near the cottages, hearing the poor woman's tale of distress, had, as promptly as they could, launched the boat that was on the beach, and rowed to the assistance of Etienne. They were too late, nor could they even devote much time to seek for him, for the sea and wind were increasing in violence, and soon after having saved the boy, they were obliged to put about and row towards the shore for their lives.

The next morning the bodies of Etienne and two of the girls were washed ashore about a mile from the spot where they were lost.

After his interview with Monsieur de Marsan, Radowski returned to Etienne's apartments. The young man was still too cast down to hear him. In the evening he was no better. The next morning his father found him somewhat calmer from sheer fatigue and want of sleep. Radowski failing, however, to console him, gently reproached him for his impatience and want of moral courage to bear up against disappointment. "My career too was blighted in youth," said he, "from the moment of fortune I was thrown on the world—poor—an orphan, with scarce a friend; yet I bore up against all, for my mother's sake first, then for yours."

These words brought the blush of shame into Etienne's pale face, and he said, as he pressed the colonel's hand, "Bear with me, father, I cannot listen to you now, but this evening I will seek your presence, and you will find me again a man."

It was after this last visit of his father that Etienne went to inquire after Pauline, and learned that all the vague hopes he had, in the midst of his sorrows, continued to cherish were vain, and that she was lost to him forever.

In the course of the day, Radowski chanced to hear that Mademoiselle de Marsan had been sent to Paris with

her aunt. He saw in this the hand of her politic father, and trembling to think of the effect the intelligence would produce on Etienne, he awaited impatiently the evening when his son had promised to come to him resigned and strong to bear his grief.

Night came, but Etienne came not. His father sought him; and as hour after hour passed, sent messengers to discover where he was—all in vain. The vague fear gave way to the stern conviction that Etienne had sought in self-destruction a refuge from his sorrows.

"It was cruel to leave me, when for so many years I have lived for him," he exclaimed to himself, but to others he spake not a word. Ere morning dawned the colonel's grey hair had become white as snow.

But when at length the body of his beloved son was borne to the barracks, surrounded by a crowd of fishermen who told of his noble efforts to save their comrade's children, a few tears trickled down the veteran's pale and hollow cheeks—Etienne had not cruelly abandoned him; he had generously laid down his life in endeavouring to save others. Radowski could now weep over his lost son.

He obtained permission to convey the body of the young man to Paris, and buried him by the side of his mother. He quitted the army, and took a small house close by the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Every morning at day-break, the old soldier was seen kneeling by one or the other of the two graves, sometimes occupied in prayers, sometimes tending the flowers that he had caused to be planted round the tombs. The guardian seemed to know him, and opened for him at an earlier hour than for others the gates of the city of the dead.

For three months he came daily at the same hour; at the expiration of this time his visits suddenly ceased. On the tenth day of his absence a long funeral procession wound its way among the alleys of the cemetery, and the body of Colonel Radowski was laid near those of his mother and his adopted son.

A crowd of his countrymen followed those who bore him to his grave; he had deserved this of them, for though often disapproving their conduct, he had ever in his time of poverty devoted a small sum to charities destined to the relief of the poorest among them; of late years his contributions had increased with his fortunes, while he never lost an opportunity of serving with his patronage or influence a fellow exile; all he possessed he had left to them; and now, while weeds grow rank round the weather-stained and ruin-threatening monuments of some members of wealthy families, the tombs of the two exiles and the foundling are daily visited and freshly decorated by some of Radowski's countrymen—the rich proud of his virtues, the poor grateful for his benefits.

A DAY'S JOURNEY WITH A NIGHT'S DREAM.

Some two or three years ago, having been called up to London on the decease of a relative, over whose affairs myself and another had been made trustees, some question about his marriage-certificate having arisen, it was judged best that my co-trustee or myself should visit the vicar of L——, a remote village in a southern county of England, who, being a college friend of the deceased, had officiated for him on the occasion of his marriage. Hastily, therefore, dropping a line to the Rev. Arthur Johnson to explain the reason of my coming, and promising to be with him the next night, I prepared for the trip. True, a day in the third week in February was not exactly the

one most agreeable for travelling, but as the sun shone brightly, the weather promised to be fair. I left the Waterloo Station about ten o'clock in the morning.

We journeyed quickly for about an hour and a half without stopping. An elderly gentleman in the opposite corner of the carriage, who was my sole companion, first read the paper, took snuff, coughed, put on a travelling cap, offered me his paper, and quietly resigned himself into the arms of Morpheus. At the next station, however, where we stopped, a lady got in with a servant and a baby. Whenever I travel, reader, I am haunted by babies. I don't naturally care about them, either to dislike them or the reverse, but they are by no means so indifferent to me. First they stare at me, then they crow, kick my shins if opposite to me and short-coated, want to get hold of my watch-chain, and, in short, make all manner of advances, sometimes not altogether agreeable. The mother apologises, and I, of course, protest I like it, &c. This baby, however, behaved much more discreetly; it only cried just sufficient to rouse the old gentleman thoroughly, make him look very savage, and take a great deal of snuff, and then went quietly to sleep till we arrived at the next station, which we did about two o'clock. This was a junction where I had to change my carriage, and having hastily swallowed a cup of coffee and a sandwich, I jumped into the train which was to take me to the town of B—d, the nearest railway point to my destination.

The sun was now obscured by thick black clouds, and the wind howled away over the dark low moors or wet sandy sea-shore along which we passed. At last, about five o'clock, I reached B—d, and then finally took my seat in an omnibus which purported to convey me to the "Bear," from whence I was assured I could have means of conveyance to my journey's end. There was nobody else in the same omnibus, but several boxes and parcels to be deposited in the town, *en route* to the "Bear," were piled up in one corner, whence, as soon as we got into a state of motion, they issued forth, first one and then another, off their narrow ledge, striking my legs and falling on my toes in a manner which, however amusing in relation, was not at all so in the performance. We jostled and bumped over the stones, and in due course drove into the covered archway of the "Bear." I now began to make inquiries about the means of transit to the village of L—. My informers seemed not to be very clear as to its existence or its whereabouts, and all that I could toll them was that it was near the town of H—. "Oh, well, they knew H— very well," and believed they had a man who knew the place I sought. It was settled that I was to have a horse, a gig, and a Jehu, who should conduct me in safety; and whilst this was preparing, I turned in and got a cup of tea at the "Bear" before starting on my journey. All being ready, the gig made its appearance, the driver well fastened above his nose in a drab-coloured, large mother-of-pearl buttoned coat. A crowd of ostlers and stablemen of course attended—one to take the cloth off "the mare," another to carry a totally superfluous lantern, as there was a large gas-lamp at the door; a third to put in the gentleman's luggage, and a fourth to bring a bag of corn for the horse, which had been previously forgotten. At last all was complete, I took my seat beside the driver, the bag was placed by my feet, the apron tightly strapped across, the horse cloth removed: "Standy mare." "Give her the head." "All right." Whirr-r-r over the stones went the wheels, and out of the yard we dashed, and into the half-lighted street,

up the hill, and past the market-place. After this part of the journey was accomplished, "the mare" consented to proceed more rationally, and we got out of the town. Presently, by the darkness, I found we were proceeding along a fine avenue of trees, that swayed to and fro, and creaked and cracked in the cold gusty wind. This avenue, which was a long and fine one, being finished, we came to what seemed a large flat moor, cold and bleak in the extreme, which in reality was a large tract of arable land, undivided even from the road by either hedge or fence, or wall of any description. Across this expanse of country the wind swept sharply enough, and on opening my mouth to ask the driver whether the place was a moor or a common—for one or the other I fancied it must be—I found my words so completely blown down my throat that I gave up the attempt in despair, and we journeyed on in silence. It was cold, silent, melancholy work enough, and yet not without a certain grandeur; the pitchy blackness of the night alone produced that feeling, and the howling, rustling, boisterous wind which rushed round one's head, in at any possible corner of the apron, down the throat and nostrils, and then with a dissatisfied whirl, like a bee that leaves a flower on which it has found no honey, flew away to make new mischief amongst the trees, and over the flat, moor-like fields. This wind enhanced greatly the effect of the scene. Shortly after we ascended, and then descended, a very sharp and narrow hill. Now and then, however, a glimmering and faint light might be seen where there were some small scattered cottages belonging to some hamlet or village in the hollow. On, on, we go. Another hill is ascended; then we descend again; near the bottom is heard a rushing, whirring noise—plainer, louder; horses' feet, pole-bars clanging. We draw to the side of the road; it is nearer—yes—voices, horses, horses—"Jevoo, jevoo, jevoo," and away dashed the mail. We pass a village or so, and few words are exchanged, except when the driver and myself tell each other what we both knew before: "It's a very rough night." After a time I asked if we were not now near L—. "Why," replied my companion and guide, "I don't know exactly, ye see, wheresomever the place ye talk of be"—speaking broadly in the dialect of his county. Well, this was hopeful, certainly! I explained that it was near H—, and that they had informed me at the "Bear" that he would convey me there; that I was totally ignorant of the road, and had never been there in my life. After some time spent in silence and consideration, he asked if I would object to take another gig from H—, where I should, doubtless, find a guide who could take me to L—; and, seeing no better way before me, I consented, and not long after we jolted over the stones of the town of H—. The gas-lights glared in our faces, the wind howled about us somewhat less, and soon we turned into the archway of an inn. My Jehu here explained what was required, and reported that it would produce a gig and a guide; I, therefore, dismounted. Ostlers and stable-boys rushed about with lanterns—to get the gig; others, "Black Jack," who was, doubtless, deemed fittest as a match for the night; others assured me I had better remain where I was for the night, as the road was rough and tiresome, the night dark and cold—"in fact, it was not altogether safe," they hinted. I merely inquired whether they would take me, and for the rest regarded their dangers and bogies merely as inducements for me to spend the night at the inn. Having settled the payment I had to make to my late charioteer, I ascended the new vehicle and fastened myself in. We

